

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

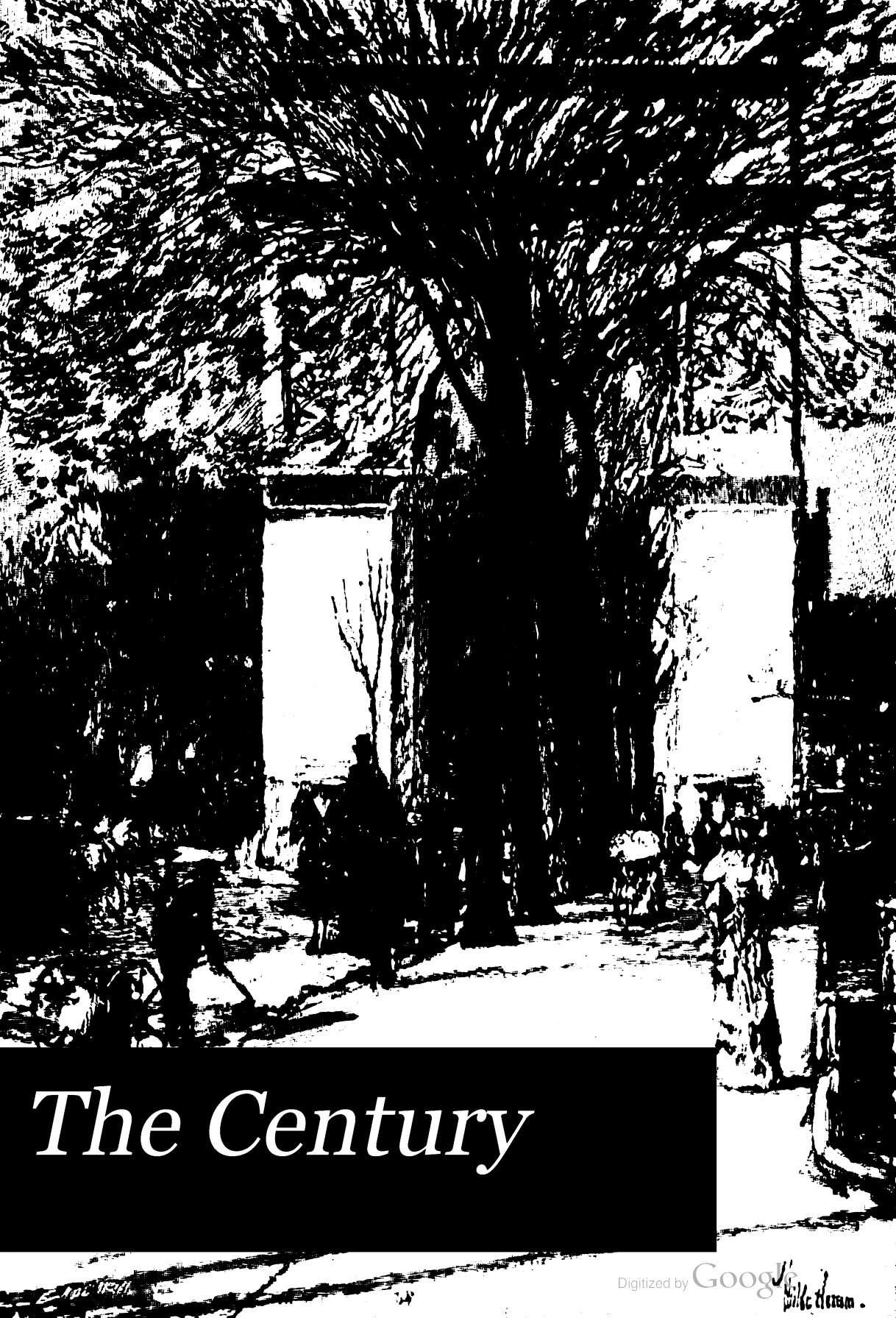
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



The Century

Digitized by Google

RaF4814

051
2.1
v.47



B'd June 1899

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE CENTURY

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

MAGAZINE.

November 1893, to April 1894



THE CENTURY CO., NEW-YORK.

T. FISHER UNWIN, LONDON.

Vol. XLVII. *New Series Vol. XXV.*

Digitized by Google

L.15/30

137:7

Copyright, 1894, by THE CENTURY CO.

051
2.1
v.47

THE DE VINNE PRESS.

Digitized by Google

INDEX

TO

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVII. NEW SERIES: VOL. XXV.

PAGE

ALMA-TADEMA, LAURENS ..... *Ellen Gosse* 483
Pictures by L. Alma-Tadema, F. L. M. Pape, Malcolm Fraser, and Harry Fenn.

AMUSEMENTS, POPULAR, A SUGGESTION AS TO ..... *Hiram M. Stanley* 476

ANDRÉ'S (MAJOR), STORY OF THE "MISCHIANZA" ..... *John André* 687

With a Preface by ..... *Sophie Howard Ward* 684
With portraits, facsimiles, and a picture by Harry Fenn.

ANTI-CATHOLIC CRUSADE, THE ..... *Washington Gladden* 789

APHORISMS ..... *Dorothea Lummis* 960

ARMY, THE, AND THE FOREST RESERVES ..... *Editorial* 471

ARNOLD, MATTHEW ..... *Florence Earle Coates* 931
With frontispiece portrait (facing page 803).

ART. See "Old Dutch Masters," "Michel," "Painters," "Alma-Tadema," "Millet."

ART, FREE, NOW FOR ..... *Editorial* 472

ARTIST'S ADVENTURES.

The Rush to Death ..... *Walter Shirlaw* 41
Pictures by the author.

Bäader ..... *F. Hopkinson Smith* 204
Pictures by the author.

A Journey to the Devil's Tower ..... *Thomas Moran* 450
Pictures by the author.

My First and Last Balloon Ascension ..... *Robert V. V. Sewell* 834
Picture by F. L. M. Pape, after sketch by A. B. Sewell.

ARTISTS, AMERICAN, THE CENTURY SERIES OF. Text by ..... *W. Lewis Fraser.*

A Morning in Spring ..... *Horatio Walker* 46, 152

The Advent Angel ..... *Ella Condie Lamb* 185, 318

Landing of Leonard Calvert at St. Mary's, 1634 ..... *Henry Sandham* 253, 317

A Woman ..... *Louis Loeb* 527, 638

Spring ..... *H. Bolton Jones* 771, 799

Young Sophocles Leading the Chorus of Victory after the Battle of Salamis ..... *John Donoghue* 837, 957

ASSYRIAN MONUMENTS. See "Bible."

ASTRONOMY. See "Comet-Finder."

ATHLETICS. See "Foot-ball."

ATHLETICS, THE DEPARTMENT OF ..... *Tudor Jenks* 958

"AUTHORS, UNKNOWN," THE RIGHTS OF ..... *Editorial* 629

BABY'S CHRISTMAS, THE ..... *Joel Chandler Harris* 284

BALTIMORE. See "Charcoal Club."

BERLIOZ, HECTOR ..... *Ernest Reyer* 304
With portrait.

BIBLE, THE, AND THE ASSYRIAN MONUMENTS ..... *Morris Jastrow, Jr.* 395
With a map and 13 pictures.

BIBLE EXPLORATION PAST AND TO COME ..... *Editorial* 472

Digitized by Google

PAGE

BISMARCK AT FRIEDRICHSRUH ..... *Eleonora Kinnicutt* 94
Pictures by C. W. Allers.

BONAPARTE.
Taking Napoleon to St. Helena, Part II (Conclusion) ..... *John R. Glover* 81
Portrait of Napoleon I., from Life 303
Another Diary of Napoleon's Trip to St. Helena 318
A Life of Napoleon Bonaparte ..... *Editorial* 949

BOOTH, EDWIN, MEMORIES AND LETTERS OF ..... *William Bispham* 132, 240
With frontispiece portrait (facing page 3), and picture of Booth as *Shylock*.

BRIBERY IN ENGLAND, THE SUPPRESSION OF ..... *Jeremiah W. Jenks* 781

BROOKS, WILLIAM R. See "Comet-Finder."

CAPTAIN JERRY ..... *Harry Stillwell Edwards* ... 478

CASTING VOTE, THE ..... *Charles Egbert Craddock* .. 47, 271
Pictures by Louis Loeb.

CATHOLIC. See "Anti-Catholic."

CHARCOAL CLUB OF BALTIMORE, THE ..... *W. Lewis Fraser* 317

CHESAPEAKE, BY THE WATERS OF ..... *John Williamson Palmer* 252
Pictures by Howard Helmick, Henry Sandham, and F. L. M. Pape.

CHETAH, HUNTING WITH THE ..... *J. Fortuné Nott* 567
Pictures by J. Smit and Gilbert Gaul.

CHLOROFORM, SIR JAMES SIMPSON'S INTRODUCTION OF ..... *Eve Blantyre Simpson* 412
With portraits.

"CHRISTIANITY OUTSIDE THE CHURCHES" ..... *A. D. Williams* 318

CHRISTMAS AND MODERN RITUALISM ..... *William B. Chisholm* 313

CHRISTMAS AT THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL. Drawn by ..... *J. Carrell Lucas* 251

CHRISTMAS, THE BABY'S ..... *Joel Chandler Harris* 284

CHRISTMAS SERMON, A ..... *Phillips Brooks* 179

CHRISTMAS THOUGHT, A ..... *Editorial* 311

CŒUR D'ALENE. (To be continued) ..... *Mary Hallock Foote* 502
Pictures by the author. 722, 895

COMET-FINDER, A ..... *Frank W. Mack* 838
With portrait and pictures by Guy Rose, W. J. Baer, and D. B. Keeler.

CONKLING AND GARFIELD ..... *Henry L. Dawes* 341, 799
Picture by Irving R. Wiles.

CURIOUS VEHICLE, THE ..... *Alexander W. Drake* 217
With drawings by Gustavus Frankenstein.

EARTHQUAKES AND HOW TO MEASURE THEM ..... *Edward S. Holden* 749
With diagrams.

ENGLISH SPEECH, WILD FLOWERS OF, IN AMERICA ..... *Edward Eggleston* 848

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT, THE DOCTRINE OF. Picture by ..... *Howard Helmick* 158

FARM, HUNTING AN ABANDONED, IN CONNECTICUT ..... *William Henry Bishop* 915

FIFTH AVENUE ..... *Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer* 5
Pictures by Childe Hassam.

FINANCE.
Lessons of the Silver Delusion ..... *Editorial* 147
Free and Other Coinage ..... *Editorial* 312
The Other Side of the Silver Question ..... *Editorial* 470
The Silver Side of the Question ..... *C. S. Thomas* 473

FLEUR-DE-LIS ..... *Kate Douglas Wiggin* 196
Pictures by Frederick L. M. Pape and Alice Barber Stephens.

FOOT-BALL.
Foot-ball in our Colleges ..... *William C. Church* 315
The Current Criticism of Foot-ball ..... *Walter Camp* 633

FOREST RESERVES, THE, AND THE ARMY ..... *Editorial* 471

FORESTRY LEGISLATION IN EUROPE ..... *B. E. Fernow* 951

FROM THE OLD WORLD TO THE NEW.
Told in Pictures by ..... *André Castaigne* 804

GARFIELD AND CONKLING ..... *Henry L. Dawes* 341, 799

GOETHE ON PAPER MONEY ..... *Munroe Smith* 954

GRANT, GENERAL, WRITING HIS MEMOIRS AT MOUNT MCGREGOR 225

Digitized by Google

PAGE

GRIEG, EDVARD ..... *William Mason* 701
With portrait.

GUESTS OF MRS. TIMMS, THE ..... *Sarah Orne Jewett* 575

HUNTING. See "Lions," "Moose," "Chetah."

INDIA, GODS OF ..... *F. Marion Crawford* 925
Pictures by Francis Lathrop, A. Brennan, etc.

INDIAN SONGS. PERSONAL STUDIES OF INDIAN LIFE ..... *Alice C. Fletcher* 421
With music, and a picture by Walter Shirlaw.

INDIAN MUSIC, A STUDY OF ..... *John Comfort Fillmore* 616
With ten examples of Indian music.

IN THE STUDIO. Picture by ..... *F. O. Small* 159

ISAM AND THE MAJOR ..... *Harry Stillwell Edwards* ... 692
Pictures by E. W. Kemble.

JACKSON, STONEWALL, THE REAL ..... *Daniel H. Hill* 623, 958

JOHN HENDERSON, ARTIST ..... *George Kennan* 57

KEARNY, PHILIP ..... *Philippe, Comte de Paris* 747

KENT, DROWSY ..... *Charles de Kay* 676
Pictures by John A. Fraser.

KITWYK STORIES ..... *Anna Eichberg King.*
Pictures by George Wharton Edwards.

The Factions of Kitwyk 27
The Singular Cleverness of Toby Van Loo 226
The Courting of Jufrow Van Loo 759

LABOR ..... *Editorial.*
Establish Trade Schools 145
Notes to the Apprentice Series 147

LANG, ANDREW ..... *Brander Matthews* 375
With two portraits.

LIGHTHOUSE, LIFE IN A (Minot's Ledge) ..... *Gustav Kobbé* 364
Pictures by W. Taber.

LINCOLN, ABRAHAM.
Lincoln's Place in History ..... *John Coleman Adams* 590
With portrait.

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address ..... *John G. Nicolay* 596
With facsimiles of the original manuscript.

Variations in the Reports of the Gettysburg Address ..... *William H. Lambert* 636
Abraham Lincoln as an Advocate ..... *Ratcliffe Hicks* 638
Lincoln's Literary Experiments ..... *John G. Nicolay* 823

LIONS, MY FIRST ..... *H. W. Seton-Karr* 22
Picture by F. L. M. Pape.

LITERARY SUCCESS, THE ONLY, WORTH HAVING ..... *Editorial* 797

LOOK FROM ABOVE DOWNWARD, THE ..... *Editorial* 949

LOURDES, A PILGRIMAGE TO ..... *Stephen Bonsal* 659
Pictures by Louis Loeb and Harry Fenn.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, ARTICLES BY.
Prefatory Note by ..... *Charles Eliot Norton.*
Humor, Wit, Fun, and Satire 125
The Five Indispensable Authors 223
The Function of the Poet 432
Criticism and Culture 515
The Imagination 716

LOWELL'S LAST GIFT TO LITERATURE ..... *Editorial* 144

LUVBYRD GOES A-COURTING ..... *Janus* 153
Pictures by C. D. Gibson.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, THE ..... *Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer* 732
Pictures by A. F. Jaccaci and A. Castaigne.

The Diana of the Tower ..... *Edward Cary* 477
See also "Madison Square," under Poetry.

Digitized by Google

PAGE

MARYLAND. See "Chesapeake."

MICHEL, GEORGE ..... *Virginia Vaughan* 71
Pictures from paintings by George Michel, and a portrait.

MILITARISM, AMERICAN ..... *Edward Berwick* 316

MILITARY INSTRUCTION IN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES ..... *Ex-President Harrison* 468

MILLET'S (JEAN FRANÇOIS) LIFE AT BARBIZON ..... *Pierre Millet* 908
With two pictures.

MINOT'S LEDGE. See "Lighthouse."

"MISCHIANZA." See "André."

MOOSE, THE VANISHING ..... *Madison Grant.* 345
Pictures by W. H. Drake and Henry Sandham. Map by August Will.

MR. CUMMINS' RELINQUISHMENT ..... *Richard Malcolm Johnston* .. 140

MR. EBENEZER BULL'S INVESTMENT ..... *Richard Malcolm Johnston* .. 558

MUSIC.

The New School of Italian Opera ..... *W. J. Henderson* 150

Hector Berlioz ..... *Ernest Reyer* 304
With portrait.

Robert Schumann ..... *Edvard Grieg* 440
With portrait.

Edvard Grieg ..... *William Mason* 701
With portrait.

Indian Songs ..... *Alice C. Fletcher* 421
With music, and a picture by Walter Shirlaw.

A Study of Indian Music ..... *John Comfort Fillmore* 616
With ten examples of Indian music.

MYTH OF LAND-BILL ALLEN, THE ..... *Washington Gladden* 609

NAPOLEON. See "Bonaparte" and "Tuileries."

NEW YORK. See "Fifth Avenue," "Madison Square Garden."

NO-ACCOUNT CREOLE, A ..... *Kate Chopin* 382
Picture by W. L. Metcalf.

OBSERVATIONS ..... *Dorothea Lummis* 159

OLD DUTCH MASTERS ..... *Timothy Cole.*
With engravings by the author and borders by Alphæus Cole.

Rembrandt and the "Night Watch" 170

Jan Steen 175

Frans Hals 333

Nicolaas Maes 563

Gerard Dou 656

Meyndert Hobbema 832

Rembrandt ..... *Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer* 163

A Picture by Rembrandt ..... *Richard Watson Gilder* 168

OUTLINES ..... *Berry Benson* 480

OUT OF HER CLASS ..... *Charles Belmont Davis* 357
Pictures by C. D. Gibson.

OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND. (Methods of Sewage Disposal) ..... *George E. Waring, Jr.* 939

PAINTERS, FAMOUS, CHATS WITH ..... *Wallace Wood* 186
Pictures by J. L. Gérôme, J. P. Laurens, Bouguereau, Puvis de Chavannes, J. J. Lefebvre, Sir Frederick Leighton, Albert Maignan, and J. E. Lenepveu.

PALMISTRY ..... *J. M. Buckley* 635

POLITICAL REFORM.

Buying and Selling Votes ..... *Editorial* 144

The Sale of Votes in New Hampshire ..... *J. B. Harrison* 149

An Experiment in Municipal Reform ..... *Editorial* 311

The New "Abolition" 470

A Test of Character 629

First Step toward Municipal Reform 630

Municipal Reform Suggestions 631

The Anti-Spoils League 632

How Bribery at Elections may be Prevented 796

Voting by Machine 950

Digitized by Google

PAGE

P'TIT MATINIC' MONOTONES ..... *George Wharton Edwards*
I. The Arrival of the Mail 498
II. The Wreck 857
Pictures by the author.

PUDD'NHEAD WILSON. (To be continued) ..... *Mark Twain* 232
Pictures by Louis Loeb. 328, 548, 772, 816

ROMANCE OF THE FAITH, A ..... *Herbert D. Ward* 528
Pictures by A. Castaigne.

SAND, GEORGE ..... *Th. Bentzon* 456

SCHUMANN, ROBERT ..... *Edvard Grieg* 440
With portrait.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER, THE HEAD OF ..... *T. T. Munger* 954

SECTS, THE UNITY OF THE ..... *William DeWitt Hyde* 956

SEWAGE. See "Out of Sight."

SIMPSON. See "Chloroform."

SKETCHES, A SET OF ..... *Howard Pyle* 210
Pictures by the author.

SOUTHERNERS, TWO GREAT, THE GENTLER SIDE OF ..... *George W. Cable* 292

STAGE, TRAGIC, ACCIDENTS OF THE ..... *Tommaso Salvini* 639

STRIKE, THE GREAT SYMPATHETIC ..... *Charles Belmont Davis* 652

SUPPLY AT ST. AGATHA'S, THE ..... *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps* 868

TADEMA. See "Alma-Tadema."

TESLA, NIKOLA ..... *Thomas Commerford Martin* 582
With portrait.

TESTS, THE ..... *Alice Wellington Rollins* 319

"TEXAS" ..... *Nellie Mackubin* 294
Picture by R. F. Zogbaum.

TIBET, DRIVEN OUT OF ..... *W. Woodville Rockhill* 877
Pictures by F. L. M. Pape, O. Toaspern, Malcolm Fraser, Harry Fenn, and Gilbert Gaul.

TIMBER-CRUISER, THE ..... *Julius Chambers* 671
Pictures by Louis Loeb.

TRAMPS, TRAMPING WITH ..... *Josiah Flynt* 99
Pictures by J. Carrell Lucas and M. Trautschold.

TRAMP AT HOME, THE ..... *Josiah Flynt* 517
Pictures by F. L. M. Pape and A. Z. Baker.

TRAMP, THE CITY ..... *Josiah Flynt* 706
Pictures by F. L. M. Pape and F. C. Martin.

TUILERIES, THE, UNDER THE SECOND EMPIRE ..... *Anna L. Bicknell* 643
With portraits, and a picture by F. L. M. Pape.

VANCOUVER CENTENARY, THE ..... *Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore* ... 798

WAR, CONFEDERATE SECRETARY OF, ESCAPE OF THE ..... *John Taylor Wood* 110
Pictures by W. Taber, from sketches by the author.

WASHINGTON, TWO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAITS OF
I. The Ramage Miniature ..... *H. S. Stabler* 544
II. Miss Sharpless's Needle-work Portrait ..... *Ella Bassett Washington* 547, 958
With reproductions of the portraits.

WATCHMAN, THE ..... *Mary Hallock Foote* 30
Picture by the author.

WEBSTER, AN ANECDOTE OF ..... *A Seventy-Niner* 477

WELSH VILLAGE, A SUMMER MONTH IN A ..... *Susan Nichols Carter* 859
Pictures by Harry Fenn.

WHITTIER, A MEMORY OF ..... *Sarah Ellen Palmer* 152

WOMEN, NOTABLE.
George Sand ..... *Th. Bentzon* 456
With portrait.

YELLOW GLOBE, THE ..... *Alexander W. Drake* 18
Decoration by the author.

Digitized by Google

POETRY.

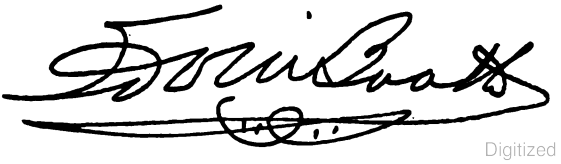
		Page
Answered	*Richard Henry Stoddard*	836
Antithesis	*Edgar Fawcett*	639
Baby Dorothy	*David L. Proudfit*	155
Biggest of All	*Charlotte Fiske Bates*	800
Bowers of Paradise, The	*Clinton Scollard*	45
Burden of Age, The	*Edith M. Thomas*	144
Century of Fashion, A	*M. L. Rayne*	160
City Sonnets	*John H. Boner*	302
Closing Year, The	*Marion Couthouy Smith*	183
Combatants	*Florence Earle Coates*	139
Convict Women of Port Blair, The	*Laura E. Richards*	394
Picture by F. L. M. Pape.		
Country and Town	*Richard Watson Gilder*	640
Dawn and Death	*Stuart Sterne*	924
Development	*Helen Nicolay*	959
Dialogue, A	*Bliss Carman*	731
Farm Superstitions	*Doane Robinson*	160, 318
Flower of Sorrow, The	*John Vance Cheney*	721
Fontainebleau, At	*Julia Schayer*	480
Fortunate One, The	*Harriet Monroe*	658
Friend, A	*Stuart Sterne*	547
Frost, The Stillness of the	*Charles G. D. Roberts*	356
Greenwood Cemetery, At	*Wendell P. Garrison*	467
Guittone d'Arezzo	*Minna Smith*	467
Her Smile	*Robert Underwood Johnson*	800
Holly Song	*Clinton Scollard*	320
Imogen	*Thomas Bailey Aldrich*	455
Irish Songs	*Jennie E. T. Dowe.*	
Pictures by Will H. Drake and Francis Day.		
"Five Little Gossoons"		156
"Molly, Let the Boys Alone"		480
"Mither's Swate Little Girleen"		586
"A Kiss will pay for it a'"		588
"The Shadow Baby"		589
"The Widdy McGee"		960
Italy, Farewell to	*Robert Underwood Johnson*	109
Kodak Fiend, The	*Joel Benton*	800
With picture.		
"Look in thy Heart"	*Titus Munson Coan*	960
Lost Friend, The	*Mary Berri Chapman*	959
Love's Rivals	*Charlotte Fiske Bates*	340
Lowell, To, on his Fortieth Birthday	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	3
Lute-Player's House, The	*Richard Henry Stoddard*	184
Madison Square, The Tower in	*Theodore C. Williams*	159
Masquerade of Time, The	*Edith M. Thomas*	382
Minerva in Boston	*Edward A. Church*	799
Miranda	*Clinton Scollard*	960
Mors Benefica	*Edmund Clarence Stedman*	803
Nature and Man	*Edith M. Thomas*	770
Only an Understanding	*M. C. S.*	160
Past, The	*Henry Jerome Stockard*	467
Pilgrim, To a	*Henry van Dyke*	204
Poetry, Exit	*Alice Williams Brotherton*	319
Poets, The	*Thomas Bailey Aldrich*	178
Poet's Rose, The	*Margaret J. Preston*	876
Point of View, The	*X X X*	160
Prayer in Thessaly, A	*John Hay*	123
Quest of the Arbutus, The	*Charles G. D. Roberts*	867
Red Box at Vesey Street, The	*H. C. Bunner*	938
Rossignol, Le	*Henry Tyrrell*	526
Terry, Ellen, in the "Merchant of Venice"	*Thomas Bailey Aldrich*	822
Uncontrolled	*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*	628
We Camped with Burns	*William Prescott Foster*	700
While Mary Slept	*Alice Archer Sewall*	230
Pictures by Frank Vincent Dumond.		
Winter Love-Song, A	*Robert Burns Wilson*	356
Year's Day, The	*Frank Dempster Sherman*	327

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE IN 1853 BY SIDNEY BROWN AT THE GALLERY OF J. H. FITZGIBBON, ST. LOUIS, MO.



Digitized by Google

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVII. NOVEMBER, 1893. No. 1.

Copyright, 1893, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

TO LOWELL, ON HIS FORTIETH BIRTHDAY.

ON the 22d of February, 1859, a dinner was given to Lowell by a few of his intimate friends, to celebrate his fortieth birthday. The following poem, hitherto unpublished, was read by Emerson. Its form is not perfect, but it bears the tower-stamp of genius, and it has a special interest in its illustration of the relations between the poets, and as a forecast of the power which Lowell should display, in the course of the swiftly following years, in his "War Poems" and the "Commemoration Ode." It has another and even more intimate interest as an expression of Emerson's lack of confidence in his own poetic powers, and his recognition of their limitation, so that he laid his tribute before his friend with the feeling that the friendship must make up for any short weight in the offering. Emerson was already fifty-six years old, and wrote but little poetry in his later years. Few poems in the select "Anthology of American Poetry" have such high personal associations as this.—*Charles Eliot Norton.*

AS I left my door,
The Muse came by,
Said, "Whither away?"
I, well pleased to praise myself,
And in such presence raise myself,
Replied, "To keep thy bard's birthday."
"O happy morn! O happy eve!"
The Muse rejoined. "And dost thou weave
For noble wight a noble rhyme,
And up to song through friendship climb?
For every guest,
Ere he can rest,
Plucks for my son or flower or fruit,
In sign of Nature's glad salute."

"Alas! thou know'st,
Dearest Muse, I cannot boast
Of any grace from thee:
To thy spare bounty, Queen, thou ow'st
No verse will flow from me.
Beside, the bard himself, profuse
In thy accomplishment,
Does Comedy and Lyric use;
And to thy sisters all too dear,
Too gifted, than that he can choose

Digitized by Google

To raise an eyebrow's hint severe
On the toiling good intention
Of ill-equipped incomprehension."

"The bard is loyal,"
Said the queen,
With haughtier mien.
"And hear thou this, my mandate royal:
Instant to the Sibyl's chair,
To the Delphic maid repair.
He has reached the middle date:
Stars to-night that culminate
Shed beams fair and fortunate.
Go, inquire his horoscope,
Half of memory, half of hope."

From Paques to Noël,
Prophets and bards,
Merlin, Llewellyn,
High-born Hoel,
Well-born Lowell,—
What said the Sibyl?
What was the fortune
She sung for him?

"*Strength for the hour.*"

Man of marrow, man of mark,
Virtue lodged in sinew stark;
Rich supplies and never stinted,
More behind at need is hinted;
Never cumbered with the morrow,
Never knew corroding sorrow;
Too well gifted to have found
Yet his opulence's bound;
Most at home in mounting fun,
Broadest joke, and luckiest pun;
Masking in the mantling tones
Of his rich, laugh-loving voice,
In speeding troops of social joys,
And in volleys of wild mirth,
Purer metal, rarest worth,
Logic, passion, cordial zeal,
Such as bard and hero feel.
Strength for the hour—
For the day sufficient power;
Well advised, too easily great
His large fleece to antedate.

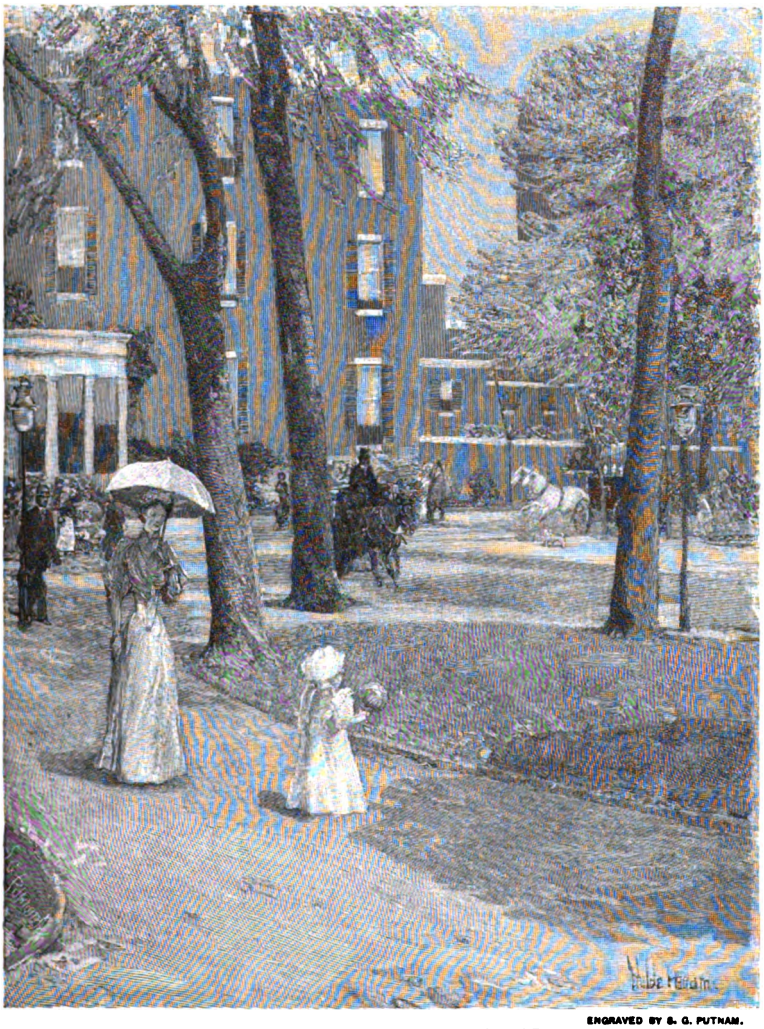
But if another temper come—
If on the sun shall creep a gloom,
A time and tide too exigent,
When the old mounds are torn and rent,
More proud, more strong competitors
Marshal the lists for emperors—
Then the pleasant bard will know
To put this frolic mask behind him,
Like an old summer cloak,
And in sky-born mail to bind him,
And single-handed cope with Time,
And parry and deal the thunder-stroke.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Digitized by Google

FIFTH AVENUE.

WITH PICTURES BY CHILDE HASSAM.



ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

FIFTH AVENUE AT WASHINGTON SQUARE.

FIFTH AVENUE begins at Washington Square, and thence runs northward for two miles and a half until it finds Central Park; for two miles and a half, again, it forms the eastern boundary of the Park; then it traverses Harlem and some last remains of shanty-town; and it ends at the Harlem River.

This is what the map says. But a street has real vitality only in so far as it is flanked by the ordered habitations of men; and considering Fifth Avenue thus, I hardly know where to place its northern termination. Along the upper portions of the Park it pauses, architecturally out of breath; and although it gets its "second wind" in Harlem, ere long it lies down again amid dust and goats, in so forlorn a plight that, near the river, its best friend would be slow to recognize it. But even if I could say, Here Fifth Avenue practically ends to-day, the words would not be worth writing. Fifth Avenue never remains long out of breath, and so the truth of to-day might be an insulting falsehood to-morrow.

My canvas is not big enough to contain a sketch of the whole of this elastic street. As choice is needful, I naturally select the parts

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

THE WASHINGTON ARCH.

which I really know rather than those which I have merely seen. I really know only those below Central Park; best of all I know those nearest to Washington Square; and as these are the oldest portions, with them our little survey may fittingly begin.

I.

LET us take the first step amid pecuniary facts.

In the year 1790, one Captain Robert Richard Randall paid £5000 sterling for twenty-one acres of good farming land lying to the northeastward of what is now Washington Square. In 1801 he died, and his will directed that a "Snug Harbor" for old salts be built upon his farm, the produce of which, he believed, would forever furnish his pensioners with a sufficiency of vegetable and cereal rations. Such, in truth, has proved to be the case. But the product has been in the secondary, not the primary, fruits of the soil — in round dollars of gold and oblong ones of green paper. Randall's trus-

Digitized by Google

tees were farther-sighted than he, and, with legislative sanction, they leased the urban farm in building lots, and set Snug Harbor on Staten Island. Leasehold property the farm still remains, and its value has certainly been much impaired by the fact. Yet hear how this value has increased. When the captain died his land was yielding $4000 a year; by 1848 the income was tenfold greater; and to-day it amounts to $350,000. No food is grown by their trustees for the snugly housed sailors of to-day; but although much is bought for them, the coffers of their home bulge fatly with the moneys that remain.

Looking a little farther up-town, I may remind you that last spring the site of the house in which Mr. Belmont had lived, on the northeast corner of Eighteenth street, was sold, with the site of its neighbor, and its stable for $615,000; and every one knew that only the site — the actual soil — had determined the price, for the buildings were instantly reduced to potsherds and powder. Compare this price with Randall's $25,000 for twenty-one acres, and you will see how the worth of ground in the lower parts of Fifth Avenue has increased during just a hundred years. Notice then that the Mr. Belmont of to-day intends to build his new house on the northeast corner of Eighty-first street, facing the park, and you see how rapidly Fifth Avenue people are going up-town; for it was only in the earlier 'fifties that his father built, and he was counted almost as a pioneer. As against the $615,000 taken in on the corner of Eighteenth street, say the newspapers, only $285,000 have been paid out at the corner of Eighty-first street for a site of somewhat similar size. But it was the intrusion of that greedy yet lavish monster called Business which determined the former sum. To understand how the value of Fifth Avenue ground as a foundation for dwelling-houses has advanced, you would have to know what the Eighteenth street corner was worth in the 'fifties, and compare that sum with the $285,000 paid this year at Eighty-first street. I am told that it was about $40,000, but the statement may be only approximately true.

Although I was born but half a mile from the starting-point of Fifth Avenue, and in a house which had just been built, I cannot quite remember Captain Randall, or even his first trustees; nor can my mother. But my mother can remember when, in the thirties, those marble-trimmed red houses were finished which stand on a part of his land, and front on Washington Square. Into one of them moved her parents with their children, coming up from Beekman street; and into another moved my father's parents and their children, coming from the corner of Chambers street and Broadway, where the Stewart Building now stands. Thus, if Randall's farm had been farmed as he decreed, some one else might now be telling you about Fifth Avenue; but as things actually happened, I have good cause to feel that no one else could consider it more sympathetically.

My mother's newly transplanted childish eyes gazed from the back windows of the Washington Square house upon a stretch of green fields dotted with real live red cows. And the neighboring avenue must have grown slowly at first, for I am told that my own freshly opened baby eyes saw, from one of its new houses near Seventeenth street, only a few others marking out its further course. I will not say precisely when this was. Dates are precious things, but when so sharply cut as to be available for home-thrusts, indifferently attractive to the feminine mind. I shall not juggle with chronology while making this little personally conducted tour through the not-far-away past, but I shall mix a gentle vapor of vagueness with my notes of time — naming, for instance, a decade or a luster instead of a definite year. Thus I may explain that such of my recollections as are clear enough to be quite trustworthy date from the days when the cruel war was very nearly over. Earlier ones are picturesquely blurred, and the earliest of all I venture to doubt myself. Can it be true that I dreamily remember a canvas hippodrome where the Fifth Avenue Hotel stands, and kids curveting in idiotic pride over imaginary mountain peaks on the rough ground of what is Madison Square? Can it be true that when we looked from our nursery windows toward Sixteenth street we saw, on a lot foolishly called vacant, the most interesting of all possible homes — an abandoned street-car fitted with a front-door and a chimney-pot, and inhabited by an Irish family of considerable size? This last — shall I say fact? — has been told me by my elders. I rejoice to say that I do not remember it; but I am sure that if it is a fact, hot must have been our envy of the little Paddies so romantically housed.

II.

LATER on, the material world in which I generally moved was bounded by Sixth Avenue and by Washington, Union, and Madison squares, although, of course, we sometimes walked farther up the avenue, and farther down Broadway where all the shops were congregated, and made veritable picnic excursions to far-off Central Park. I doubt whether any small girls who live on Fifth Avenue now are permitted to "play around the block." But this was our constant after-breakfast recreation, with not even a nurse to keep eye upon us. When we got too old to trundle

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

A WINTER MORNING. (FIFTH AVENUE AND SEVENTEENTH STREET.)

hoops and fly red balloons, we "roller-skated," plied the daring bean-shooter, or played tag or "I spy," with a lamp-post for goal and area-doors as hiding-spots. There was much amusement also in watching for the people who daily passed up and down, with less frequent resort to public vehicles than the longer distances or more hurried occupations of to-day compel. They were young men and old going down to their business, school-boys and maidens going up to their desks; all were sure to come every morning; and those whom we did not actually know by name soon had names and characters invented for them. Private carriages were few in the mornings. But there was a line of stages which turned into the avenue from Broadway at Thirteenth street, and stopped finally at Forty-second. These stages were gaily colored, and had big pictures on each side—pictures of Swiss landscapes, prairie fights, foaming steamboats, and flying trotters; and part of our morning's interest was to watch for the ones which we had severally "chosen" as the most attractive. The trotting-wagon gave Fifth Avenue its afternoon character in those days. Of course my lady's carriage was not rare, but it appeared once where we see it a hundred times to-day. The high "trap" was but just beginning to be brought, or copied, from England, with such horses as thereunto pertained. There were no hansoms, or tandems, or four-in-hands; and as for equestrians, Mr. Olmsted has told me that in the later 'fifties not a dozen saddle-horses were kept in New York, except by the riding-school, and that his first scheme for Central Park included no bridle-paths at all.

But I think that there must have been more trotters in the 'sixties than there are now. At all events, there seemed to be many more; and Harlem Lane, which now lies obliterated under the new street-lines north of the Park, was crowded with drivers, each eager for a trial of speed with whomsoever chance might bring up beside him. Of course, to get to the lane every one had to drive up the avenue, and so it was gay of a springtime afternoon, although not in the fashion of these current years. Many pretty girls trod the sidewalks, but they were rarer in vehicles; nor had the fashionable young man-about-town yet largely developed. The trotter, the sporting man, and the mature citizen of "horsey" tastes, were the figures one watched for. Most elderly citizens, however rich and staid, seem to have had these tastes when a horse always meant a trotter. It was

Digitized by Google

wonderful to behold how fat they could be, and yet find comfort in such spidery wagons. But the most amazing of all was Commodore Vanderbilt, who regularly passed behind an alert, nervous team—he looked so little alert or nervous himself, and so very saintly, with his serene, fine profile, his snowy hair, and his voluminous clerical white cravat.

On winter days the scene was the same, with a difference. There was much more snow in those years, and, as I remember, no effort was made to cart it away, although it might be partly thrown aside to the curbstone, for the sake of the laboring stages. Every man who owned a trotter owned a cutter, too, and the trotter was even faster with runners than with wheels behind him.

You should have seen the streets of New York in those days if you think they are dirty now. I cannot recollect the traditional predatory pig, but I remember how long the dirty snow remained, gradually changing into frozen dirt, and how ubiquitous, how necessary, was the crossing-sweeper when its melting seemed to flood the world. Great herds of cattle were then driven through the streets at midday on their way to the shambles. We were always on the watch for them on Tuesdays, so that we might seek refuge on some stoop which could be shut off by a gate. To-day, moreover, the bill-sticker sticketh not wherever he listeth: then he did. The frequent boards which protected vacant lots were ragged with his declarations, and long, narrow slips were liberally pasted against the curbstones over the gutters, in the neighborhood of the crossings, especially when election-day was near at hand.

"The block," I say, was our early morning play-ground; fortunately its farther side faced the shady, quiet precincts of Union Square, which were not positively forbidden to our unguarded feet; and a little later in the day we always took a decorous walk, now with due nursely protection, down Fifth Avenue to Washington Square, to visit our Quaker grandmother, whose "thee" and "thy" I remember as not less sweet than her gingersnaps.



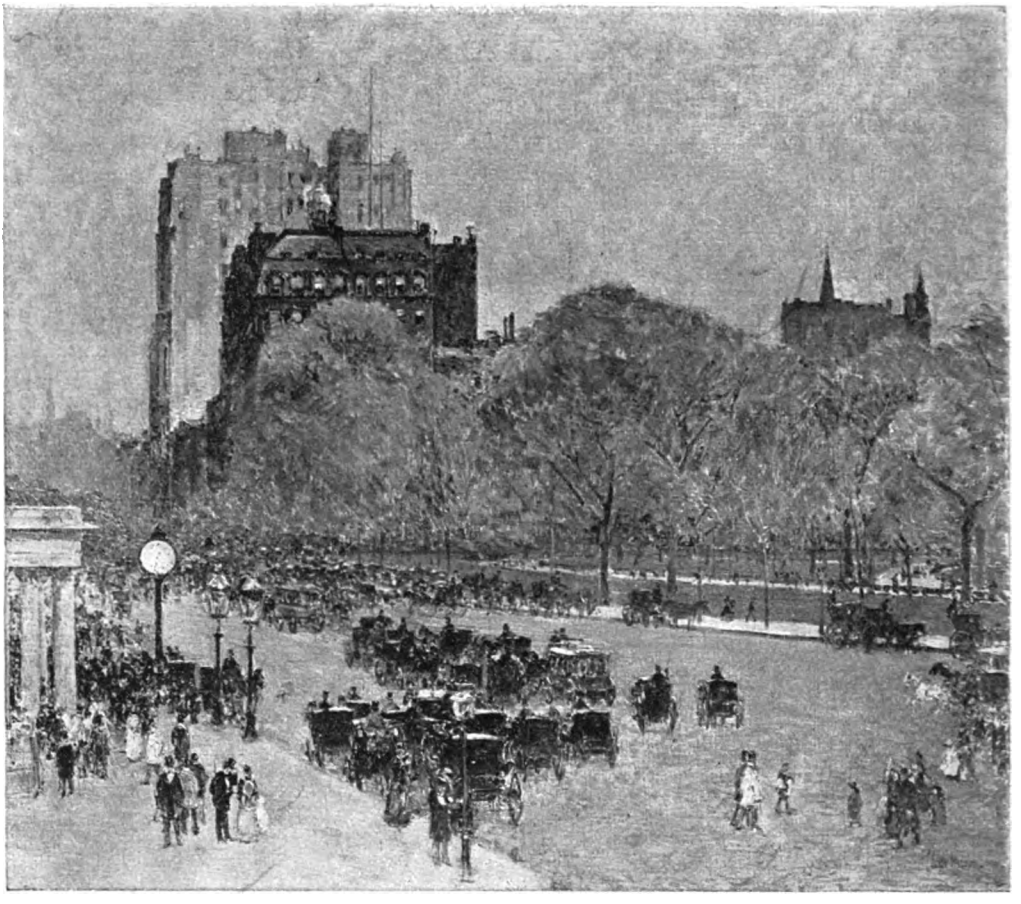
ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

CAB-STAND AT NIGHT, MADISON SQUARE.

I have already told how Union Square looked when the war was drawing to a close.[1] And Washington Square (our elders called it Washington Parade-ground) was even more quiet and shadowy. It, too, had then a high wooden paling, and only children and very peaceful, decorous loiterers filled its paths and benches. Here, too, there were pop-corn and cake-venders, and old Irishmen who sold ballads. I wonder whether any ballads are sold in New York now? They were printed on little sheets of very bad paper, strung with clothes-pins on lines against the palings, and sold for a cent apiece. And as the middle of February drew

[1] "Picturesque New-York," CENTURY MAGAZINE, December, 1892.

Digitized by Google



MADISON SQUARE AND THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK.

near, their place was taken by comic valentines which, despite their gaily-tinted pictures, were disposed of at the same temperate price. It was usually for our governesses and tutors that we purchased these valentines.

III.

NOT until some time after 1870 was the driveway opened across Washington Square, and the ill-reputed street beyond irreverently rebaptized as South Fifth Avenue. Since then a few tall apartment-houses have been built, the beautiful yellow church on the southern side whose crowning cross shines out electrically at night, and the snowy arch which says, Here the real Fifth Avenue begins. Also, the dignified monotony of the red-brick, white-trimmed block where my grandparents lived till they died has been scandalously broken by a change in one façade; and a good deal of traffic now passes through the square. But it can hardly be called one of traffic's highroads, except at dawn, when farmers' carts rumble plentifully through on their way to Jefferson Market; the streets which encircle it have not been widened, and are still places for residence, not for business; and when I think how things have happened elsewhere in New York, I am ready to affirm that Washington Square has thus far led a reasonably conservative life.

So, too, it has been with the lowest part of the avenue and its adjacent streets, thanks partly to Snug Harbor's leasehold grasp. They are not the fashionable streets they were in my childhood; but "good people" still live in them, and the number is now increasing again year by year, desecrated dwellings being restored within and without, and a belief steadily gaining ground that, whatever may happen a little farther up the avenue, this quarter-mile stretch will remain a "good residence neighborhood." We who live in this part of New York recognize its inconvenience as regards visiting many of our friends, and enjoying Central Park when the buds begin to swell. But we maintain its exceptional convenience in almost every other respect, we are proud of the

Digitized by Google

aroma of fifty years' antiquity which we breathe, and we delight to maintain that this is the only part of New York, outside the tenement districts, where a "neighborhood feeling" exists. Sometimes, down here, we even call upon a newly established neighbor whom we know only by name. Perhaps, up near the Park, you do not do this, because people with such nice names are not so apt to settle near you.



ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

A MAY AFTERNOON ON FIFTH AVENUE.

But as we come within sight of Fourteenth street the changes are many and rapidly growing. Business has got a firm foothold here, has spread its tentacles to the east and west, and is gradually creeping up and up, until who can say how soon the whole of Fifth Avenue, as far as the Park, may be a commercial street? I cannot remember the time when Dame Fashion was quite as content below as above Fourteenth street. The avenue above this point, the cross-street blocks quite near it (with a preference for Fourteenth and Twenty-third as wider streets than the others), and Union and Madison squares — these were her chosen domains; but it is only their upper portions which she now has the courage to dispute, half-heartedly, with King Business. By the time that the war was well done with, she had carried up

Digitized by Google

her dwellings in solid blocks as high as Forty-second street; but above this there were very few of them. There were open cattle-yards on the site of the Windsor Hotel; and in certain sunken lots near by were skating-ponds, provided with comfortable huts, lunch-counters, and admission-fees, where all the fashionable world, in its younger generations, skated valiantly.

When this region began to clothe itself with brown-stone and brick, the regions lower down were already beginning to alter their garments as commercial activity required. Union Square and the avenue itself were first in this act. Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets, now so radically changed, were hardly touched by trade until the elevated railroad brought them within reach of shoppers from the suburbs. No one much younger than I can realize what a wail went up in New York when the first shop-window was cut on the avenue — if I am not mistaken, at the southeast corner of Seventeenth street. The pride the city then felt in this street was something quite provincial and superb. I was often told in my small years that it was the finest street in the world. I had imagination enough not to believe this, but I thought it tremendously fine; and when the shopman camped upon it, I too put ashes on my head, and believed that what Mr. Wegg would have called the "Decline and Fall Off" of New York had certainly set in.

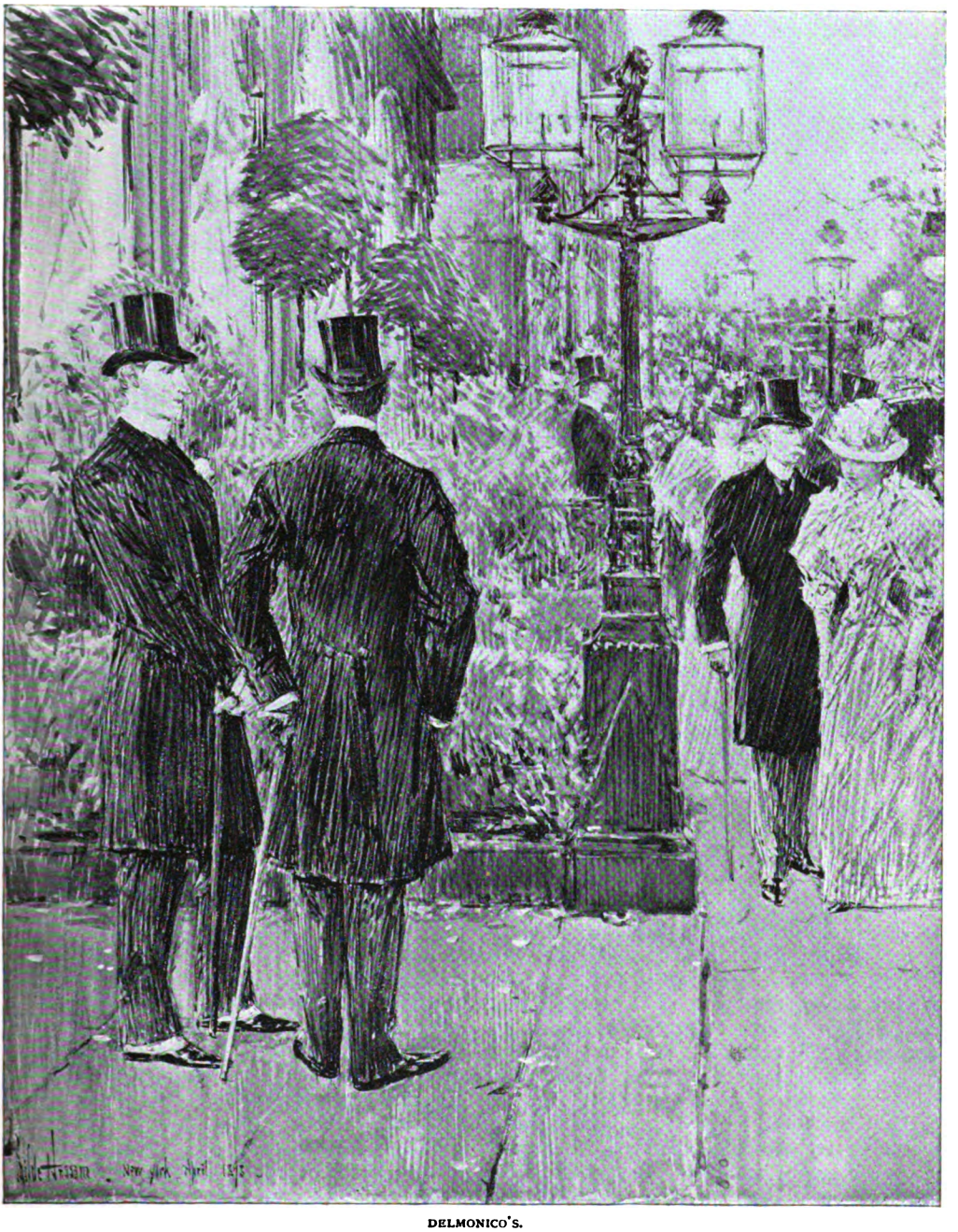
Delmonico's was then on the northeast corner of Fourteenth street. I was allowed to visit it only once or twice, but I remember that its chocolate ice-cream was quite as good as that which, possibly, the young men in Mr. Hassam's picture of its present entrance have just absorbed. On the next corner was the New York Club, then more fashionable than its younger rival, the Union, which still lives where it did then. The Manhattan Club lived opposite the New York, and the big white Stewart mansion where it lives now did not yet exist; the site was occupied by a brown-stone building — the Spingler Institute for young ladies. A riding-school stood where the Union League Club stands to-day — stands with those great columns above its door which, says one of my friends, she always likes to contemplate, because they are the only things in New York that are big and strong and have nothing whatever to do. The Century Club had then no gorgeous creamy façade, visible from Fifth Avenue; it was hidden away in a street beyond Union Square. And as for the Knickerbocker and the St. Nicholas, the Calumet, the Reform, the City, and any other clubs which now supply safe places, not only for gossip and political wire-pulling, but also for the study of the lovely ladies on the avenue — not one of them had been born.

Most people must remember the Belmont house — even in New York we do not quite forget things in six months, nor in a year or two; so, probably, the churches which stood on the corners of Twenty-first and Thirty-fifth streets are remembered also — ghosts behind the visible big business buildings. But who recollects how recently, opposite the Belmont house, on the site of Chickering Hall, there stood two low, pretty dwellings of white marble with bits of lawn in front of them? They were a great delight to us in our infancy; for infancy loves variety, and there was nothing like them elsewhere in New York.

Mixed with the fine, big yellow bulk of the "Judge" Building, I likewise see something very different — two plain but dignified "English-basement" houses, and, on the edge of the sidewalk, a huge paulownia-tree, covered every spring with a burden of large purple blossoms. A very dear and poetical aroma exhales from the ghosts of these blossoms as they clothe the specters of gnarled branches, or thickly bestrew the stones beneath; for they bloomed in sight of our own windows, and year by year were the most patent proof I had that summer was really coming, holding in her lap for me, far away on the Connecticut shore, flowers of a less exotic aspect, of a more companionable charm.

At least as late as 1870, I think, it was still good form to walk on the avenue. I do not mean when one needed to, but just for amusement. Its pavements are pretty full now of an afternoon, but every one looks as if a definite goal were in view; no one is simply "promenading." Twenty-five years ago promenading was not merely allowable — it was the fashion. The eastern side of the street was then altogether preferred: no matter how crowded it might be, the other would be empty. And the stretch especially beloved was between Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets. Here, on a bright winter afternoon, or, at a little later hour, on a shining one in spring, there were troops and troops of young women who, by no means old women yet, now drive in the Park instead: discreet, if still pleasure-loving, matrons who would no more let their daughters spend a couple of hours walking with young men up and down a bit of Fifth Avenue than they would let them go unchaperoned to the theater. But New York was a comparatively small place then, and its "society" was actually so small that everybody knew everybody else. There was less room for misconceptions as well as

Digitized by Google



DELMONICO'S.

less likelihood of disagreeable encounters; and so the most carefully nurtured girls were permitted, as children and as maidens, to do many things which their daughters do not even wish to imitate.

On Sundays, after church-time, the sauntering was very general. If you knew any one worth knowing in New York, you were pretty sure to find him on the avenue then. Farther up town there are still crowds of pedestrians at certain hours on Sunday. But they look as though they had been recruited from every part of the city and its suburbs, and from many of the forty-four States as well; and if you know only such people as to know argues that "society" knows you—why, you may walk all day and not meet a dozen of them.

Apartment-houses had not then been thought

Digitized by Google



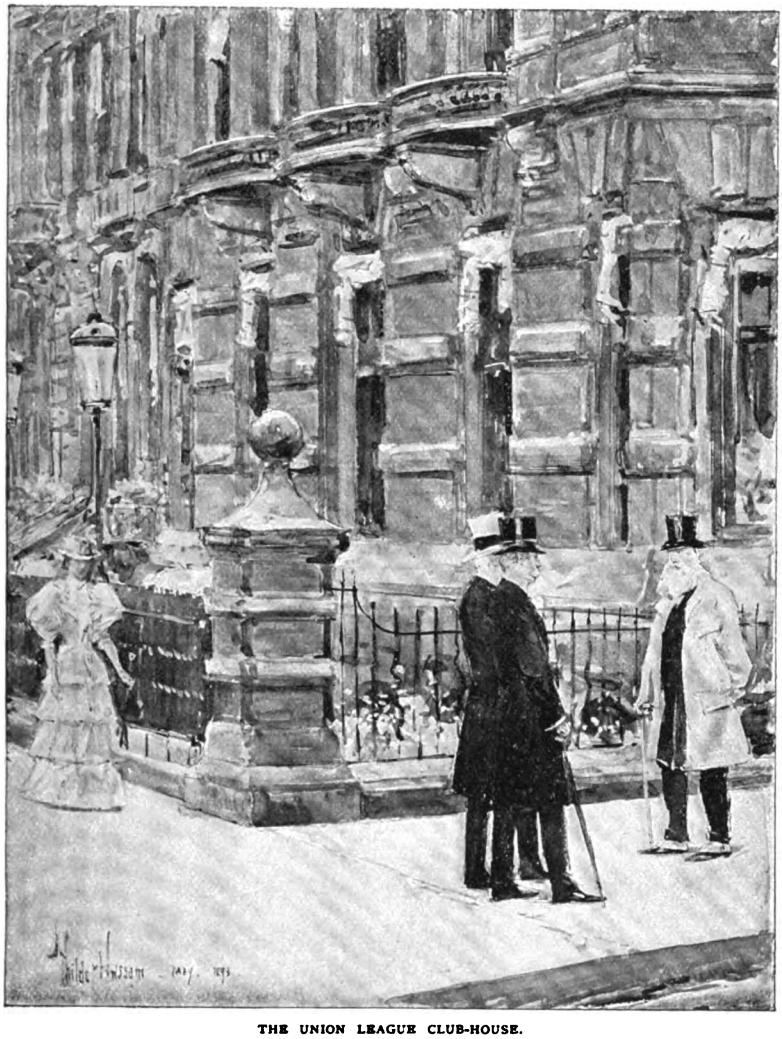
ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

THE MANHATTAN CLUB-HOUSE.

of, except to say that Americans would never consent to live in such cramped, unhome-like, and Frenchified things. When the Hotel Brunswick was evolved out of certain modest dwelling-houses (with the help, by the way, of Henry Hobson Richardson, then an unknown beginner), it was counted very tall. But Mr. Hassam shows you that it now looks modest itself against the cliff-like back-ground of the Knickerbocker apartment-house; and you will find many rivals of the Knickerbocker as you pass farther up the avenue. The whole scene, for at least a mile above Madison Square, has radically changed; and turning traitor to my childhood's faith, I confess that I do not regret the fact. This part of the avenue is not beautiful now, and I do not suppose that it ever will be. But it never was beautiful in its monotony of dull brown-stone, unintelligent architectural design, and clumsy ornamentation. Now it has, at least, more variety, more picturesqueness, more interest—gained often by the aid of exaggerated proportions and ugly forms, but often through pleasing masses of color and bits of excellent architectural detail; its widened pavements, abolishing the old ladder-like stoops, give its general perspective more dignity; and I am afraid that I have so childish a love for fine shop-windows that I can excuse many "desecrations" for their sake. At all events, the change has now been carried so far that one can only wish to see it speedily carried out to the end.

But by the end I do not mean the end of the avenue. I should like to see a consistent shopping-street below the Reservoir, but a consistent street of dwelling-houses above. And it does seem as though the stretches just below the Park can never be abandoned by those who have built themselves such comfortable, such enormously expensive, and sometimes such very beautiful houses. Perhaps even this portion of Fifth Avenue is not really beautiful. But it shows us some things of which we need not feel ashamed, no matter what kind of foreigner may be looking at them with us; and few streets in the world are gayer, brighter, more attractive than is this part of our best street when it is seen at its best. To begin with, it has such a wonderful atmosphere,—such a crystalline splendor of thin, bright air, and pure brilliant light, such a canopy of transparent sapphire, such a perspective, toward sunset, of clear amber and roseate hues. And one quite overlooks the trotting-wagons now, amid

Digitized by Google



THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB-HOUSE.

the throngs of slower but more stately steeds pulling stately and glistening coaches, filled with charming faces and satisfying silken gowns. In London you may see, I think, more faces of surprising beauty, and in Paris more gowns of astonishing delightfulness; but nowhere else such a steady stream of faces all of which you are pleased to contemplate, and of gowns with which no one can find fault. And certainly the now ubiquitous hansom adds greater picturesqueness to a street panorama than the low, open cabs of Paris and Vienna.

Between Fiftieth and Eightieth streets is now the part of Fifth Avenue where Dame Fashion is best pleased to build. But even socially the most interesting spot on the avenue is still where it breaks into the breadth of Madison Square. This, indeed, is the true center of idle New York, as Wall street is the center of busy New York. Delmonico's is the best touchstone for the testing of this fact; and although it is so plainly housed, so plebeianly cramped by the want of proper waiting-rooms for its crowding guests, Delmonico's gives no sign of moving from the corner of Twenty-sixth street. The hotels which cluster near it are as full as ever, though so many more gorgeous ones have been built up-town; the neighboring theaters are as highly favored as ever; and now the Madison Square Garden has come to assure us, wherever the fine people of New York may live, in future they must keep on coming back to this spot to amuse themselves.

I have drawn you no clear picture of Fifth Avenue, and not even a fairly comprehensive sketch. But who could briefly describe such a heterogeneous, such a perpetually changing,

Digitized by Google



SUNDAY ON FIFTH AVENUE.

Digitized by Google

street? I want to explain, however, that, although we rail much against its unreasonable variety, its giddy changes of costume, I think these very things endear it to the typical New Yorker. The trait which he likes best in everything, human or inanimate, is vitality; and what could be more alive than a street whose most familiar corners he may fail to recognize if he leaves New York for three short summer months? If there is a building which he likes especially, his enjoyment of it is augmented by his sense of insecure possession — next year it may be gone. If there is one which he especially hates, he bears the sight of it with patience — if it does not disappear, perhaps something truly beautiful may spring up beside it. If New York owned any consistently beautiful, harmoniously peaceful, nobly architectural streets, we should learn to prize them, I am sure, with the quiet contentment a Parisian feels in his Paris. But meanwhile the harlequin gaiety and bustling architectural inconsequence of Fifth Avenue perpetually feed our curiosity, sometimes awaken our more serious interest, and often give excuse for that semi-political, semi-esthetic kind of grumbling about his town which is among the true New Yorker's favorite recreations.

VIII.

For us who have long lived on or near it, Fifth Avenue is haunted by the wraiths of many crowds and of many passing shows, trivial or serious, dismal, brilliant, or impressive. Often, when the troops were going to the war, fresh regiments passed down it. I remember thus, very mistily, regular uniforms and Scottish kilts, negro recruits and the Irish Sixty-ninth, and "Billy Wilson's Zouaves"; and then, more distinctly, the worn regiments which passed up in after years, so sadly small, with colors so pathetically torn and soiled, amid greetings far less hearty, I thought with childish wrath, than their godspeeds had been.

Thus I am brought back to speak of the great, the vital, difference between my childish days and those of the little Fifth Avenue girls of to-day. It was not merely that the architectural and the social backgrounds were different. Behind these backgrounds, mingled with them, pervading every part of my life within and without my home, I see the tremendous, glorious shadow of the war. Shadow and glory are over Fifth Avenue still to all who remember as I do. You who are younger do not know how a national disaster makes a city look; you did not see the faces one met on the morning when Lincoln died; you did not watch his funeral-train pass up the avenue between the black ranks of his heart-broken children. Grant's funeral, Sherman's funeral, were impressive, truly. But the nation was safe then: who could doubt it that saw the Confederate generals bearing the great Union general's pall? When Lincoln lay dead, and just because he had died, no one felt sure that the nation was really saved; the end of the war looked to most men like the possible beginning of a worse — an anarchical — strife. And although you have heard Fifth Avenue shout for joy in recent years, — over Columbian parades, and Washington Centennial processions, and the serried sailors of friendly foreign powers, — you do not know how a city feels when it breathes the breath of a new life, if you cannot remember how people's faces looked when Sherman reached the sea, when Lee surrendered.

Thus there are parts of Fifth Avenue which are dear to me, which are tragic, festive, significant, picturesque, as no part of New York ever can be to my son. But one does not want to dwell too much upon things of tragic intermixture, even though they are seen dimly with childhood's eyes. I like best to close my vagrant little tour through yesterday and to-day in a part of the avenue which is essentially to-day's, and with a thought of scenes which had only beauty and brightness in them.

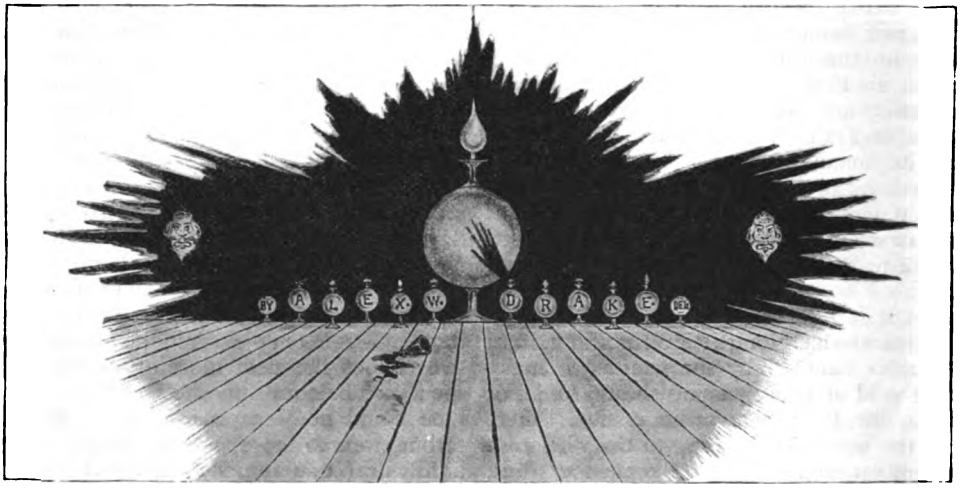
I like best to think of the day of the Columbian parade, only a year ago. It was a long day for me, — from ten o'clock in the morning until two o'clock the next morning, — and mostly spent on a balcony opposite Dr. Hall's church. One could not escape from the house, the throngs were so dense; and deadly fatigue could hardly draw one from the balcony, they were so amusing. So amusing and so pleasing to look upon, with the thought that these were our New Yorkers — born in a dozen different countries, trained amid many sorts of political conditions, but all New Yorkers now, all Americans, all republicans; and so orderly, so self-respecting, so jolly, so appreciative, enjoying even that dull and silly nocturnal procession which followed the fine one of the afternoon.

Fifth Avenue was beautiful on that October day at least, its holiday dress assumed for the first time with artistic skill, and with the invaluable help of Spanish reds and yellows. The sunshine was splendid on the white vine-wreathed pergola below Madison Square, on the canopies of flags which stretched for a mile from Twenty-sixth street up; on the decorated houses which discreetly covered themselves when they were ugly, discreetly accented their good points when they had any. From our balcony we saw the great brown church and the trees of St. Luke's Hospital to the southward, and, very far off, the white Vanderbilt house, gay in its Spanish draperies; and to the northward the big multicolored temporary

Digitized by Google

arch, and the trees of Central Park. The sunlight gilded them all day, while the myriad flags and streamers sparkled, and the color-speckled black crowds on the pavement swayed and clapped and laughed, and the soldiers tramped sturdily by, under the arch, and out of sight around its shoulder. At night, too, there was one fine moment when a blaze of crimson fire came up the street, flaring high in the air, lighting up this conspicuous architectural point and then that, with the neighboring section of the shouting crowd, while behind and before it was blackness of darkness. And then, at two o'clock in the morning, Fifth Avenue looked very queer indeed; for its crowds had mysteriously melted away, and it looked as though they had left a wrecked lumber-yard behind them, so thickly bestrewn were its stones with fragments of the boxes and boards and barrels they had stood upon. It was a charming day for those who liked noise and color and sunshine and movement, for those who liked to feel a great city's heart beat in quick gala time. It was a charming day; and no one who lived through its long merry hours will deny that Fifth Avenue's part in its pageantry was charmingly performed.

M. G. van Rensselaer.



THE YELLOW GLOBE.

A MIDNIGHT STORY.

RETURNING from the club at an hour long past midnight, I noticed a peculiar-looking person of medium height, somewhat angular, with sallow, dark complexion, dressed like any other well-to-do person, gazing intently at the large yellow globe of colored fluid in a druggist's window. The streets were deserted, and his whole attention seemed riveted on that particular yellow spot.

A few nights later, about one o'clock, I saw the man again at the same window; so, taking refuge in the shadow of a house opposite, I watched him unobserved. He stood looking earnestly at the bright yellow center of the large globe. Now he held his finger out as though he were trying some effect, or placed his hand in silhouette against the bright background. Then he moved forward and backward, with his head bent first on one side and then on the other, as though he were looking for something beyond and through the fluid. At last he walked away, casting glances backward at the fascinating yellow light, and disappeared in the darkness.

A week passed, and I saw him for the third time again scrutinizing the yellow globe. When he left I followed him, and as we passed a street-lamp I accosted him. At first I thought he resented it, but after a moment I ventured to say, "I have observed you gazing into the druggist's window, and I must say my curiosity has been excited to know what you find of such interest in a druggist's yellow light."

Then we walked on for some blocks in silence, and I thought I had offended him; but after a while he said slowly: "The hope of my life is to a certain extent bound up in that yellow spot, the center of that globe. But pardon me, you are a total stranger, and no one but—"

Just then I interrupted him by remarking,

Digitized by Google

"What a beautiful effect of light through the street, and how soft and velvety the shadows look!"

There was another long pause, and then he said, "You seem to take pleasure in the effects of light and shade."

"Oh, yes," I answered; "I really enjoy nature very much."

"What would you think of pursuing an effect year after year, as I have done?" he asked.

Now we were fairly launched, and I noticed as we passed the various gas-lights what a peculiar, wistful, far-away look the man had, and what a thoroughly artistic make-up. I also noticed that at every turn of the street he seemed to be looking for something. He would pause now and then, and stand in utter silence, watching some unusual effect in the same intent manner with which he had looked at the druggist's light. In the mean time we were getting into narrower streets, and as the shadows of the tall buildings partly hid us, he would give me bits of conversation, always on nature or kindred subjects.

"Yes," he said; "the mistake that most painters make, especially the realists, is that they paint nature as they think they see it. But what of it? 'If art is not more than nature, it is not art.' Why," said he, "look at the romantic school, both old and modern. Was it not always the embodiment of an idea? Did they not always make Nature do their bidding, with as much or as little of herself as they chose? There is Monticelli — what a wealth of beautiful color! He takes what he wants, and adds his own conception of beauty of color, so that you get his groups of figures rich and glowing and harmonious. So with Delacroix, so with Turner. Look at his 'Slave Ship.' All these men borrowed from nature so far as they chose to embody their own idea of what they wished to express."

By this time we had reached the lower part of the city, and the streets became even narrower and the odors more disagreeable. There was a sense of great coolness, like the wind from the water. On we walked. I became more and more interested, and occasionally made a remark to keep the conversation going, while my companion stopped from time to time to watch some new effect, as though he were afraid something would escape him.

"Yes," he said; "I have spent years in an experiment which I hope soon to complete. I have walked the streets by day and night; I have sailed on rivers; I have looked through old doorways, have studied all kinds of vegetation and tree-forms suited to my idea and to my notion of sky effects,— old ironwork, old houses, old fences and windows,— in fact, all nature has been to me a great storehouse from which to select my material."

By this time we had reached the river-front, and although long past midnight, I was so much interested in finding out what manner of man I had chanced upon that I would gladly have walked until daylight. I feared every moment that he would bid me good night; but if anything, he grew more confidential. My chance remark about effects had evidently won him, for some reason. As we walked on, the spars and vessels at the wharves were almost black against the sky, while the lights twinkled across the river, and the stars shone overhead. Suddenly we turned a sharp corner, and came to a great pile of old buildings with steep slate roofs — evidently in their better days sail-lofts. And now, in the gloom of one of the tallest of these buildings, he stopped, and, I thought, was about to say good night. For a time he stood as though he were thinking what he had better do. Finally he asked: "Will you come to my room? It is up many flights of stairs, but I think you may perhaps be interested in what I have to show you."

As we entered the door, which he unlocked with an old-fashioned iron key, he said: "Give me your hand. This building is unoccupied at night, with the exception of myself and a watchman, who has a small room on the ground floor." So saying, he led me up the creaking stairs, in absolute darkness. A strong smell of oakum and tar pervaded the place. On reaching the top floor, both of us out of breath, he fumbled for another key, with which he unlocked the door of his room.

Then he excused himself, and left me standing in darkness while he proceeded to strike a light. What a curious room it was! An enormous loft, with a peaked roof, and horizontal beams joining the sides of the building, and several windows of medium size — evidently an old sail-loft, but now filled with a most extraordinary collection of queer objects. At one end of the room were large panes of glass set in upright, movable frames, some of them smeared over with a peculiar mixture. At the other end of the room was a long, plain wooden table, and at its extreme end stood one of the panes of glass. Back of this I noticed a globe of yellow fluid, something like those used in the druggist's window, but not so large. Back of the globe again was a small lamp. In another corner of the room was a gigantic thistle, now dead, planted in a large flower-pot. Near it I saw a stuffed blue heron. But, most interesting of all, at the extreme end of another deal table was a model in clay of what seemed to be an old English manor-house, noble in proportion, exquisite in line, and with little glass windows. Back of this model was one of the large upright frames, holding a pane of yellow glass. Here and there were small models of fences, miniature bits of iron-

Digitized by Google

work, gateways, etc. On the walls were nailed the most eccentric sketches. There were gigantic studies of weeds, foreground plants done with strong effects in charcoal, and at one end of the room a water-color drawing on brown paper of a great rose-tree, like an enlarged rose-bush. From the ceiling hung globes filled with different-colored fluids, and old ship-lanterns, evidently for some use, not objects of bric-à-brac. In other words, I had been admitted into an immense workshop, where everything had its purpose for the work in hand only. I noticed that a small portion of the room was screened off, probably as a bedroom. Near the stove, on one side, was a cheap round table, on which were a book or two and some newspapers, as well as several new clay pipes.

I have given only an idea of my first hasty survey of the room. I was constantly discovering new objects of interest. Several large, flat, white porcelain dishes, with lips at the end, seemed to have held colored liquids of various kinds, which had dried, leaving a sediment in the bottom. Many sheets of drawing-paper on stretchers were standing about the room. This was not the den of an elegant dilettante, but the workshop of a man in earnest about something.

And now, as we settled down in the large leather-covered arm-chairs, and the long clay pipes were lighted, my strange companion became more confidential, although it was plain to be seen that by nature he was a recluse, and perhaps a brooding, melancholy man. After looking me over intently, as though he were studying my first impression of the place, he began:

"You are evidently much surprised and bewildered by the mass of objects with which I am surrounded, but they all mean a great deal to me. They all have their place in a new creation I am evolving. They have been collected, at great expense of time and trouble, to help me carry out the idea I am striving to express. Let me explain. First, I wished to render a haunted house which should be not only uncanny and weird, but beautiful as well; in fact, so beautiful that at first you would miss the horrible and mysterious, and notice the beautiful only. How many effects I have studied for this alone! The silver-gray, cold effect was the one I had first thought of, as conveying an impression of weirdness; but I finally settled on a scheme in which the whole picture should be flooded in golden light, but a

Light that never was, on sea or land —

something of the effect that you might possibly see on an Indian-summer day, when you feel an awful stillness in nature; when the little birds forget to sing, and sit in the sunshine as though they were paralyzed; when even the trees and flowers and all growing things seem to be under some magic spell; when, as you start to walk, you suddenly stand still as if fascinated by the sunlight; when the motion of everything in nature seems suspended. You can hardly understand," he added, "what this haunted house means to me. Windows have grown to have human looks, at times almost terrible. Old fences and ironwork have as keen expressions as individuals. In fact, this whole house wears its personality until I am often deeply depressed by it. Ah, I have had my life's sorrow and trouble, and horrible—" He stopped suddenly. Did I observe a faint gleam of something like a pained, agonized look in the sudden expression of his eyes and face? If so, it was gone in a moment, and the soft, beautiful look returned, although he seemed a trifle embarrassed.

"Yes," he continued; "I have worked many years at this haunted house. All there is in me shows itself here to one who can read it, in its various moods and parts: sorrow, love, hope, forgiveness — all are expressed here; and if I can leave behind me this one great picture, I shall be satisfied, even if I never do another. How long I have worked, and how earnestly I have studied for this result! Do you see those globes filled with fluid, and those upright panes of glass set in frames? They are all parts of my experiment; all yellow sunsets and peculiar effects of yellow light: yellow lights shining through mists and fogs. Why, look here!" and he handed me a large sketch-book filled with hundreds of studies. In one the trees appeared in silhouette against a sunset sky; in another there would be only a gigantic thistle, or a great rank weed, with the sky for a background. "The house," he said, "was not so difficult a matter, for I had in memory a beautiful old manor-house with its quaint gables and angles and picturesque windows."

Was it a look of horror on the man's face as he spoke of the windows? After an awkward silence he resumed: "Yes; I have thought, and planned, and worked over this picture for years." Then, as we smoked in silence, I had a good opportunity to observe him more minutely. It was evident that gentle blood ran in his veins. His head was massive and strong; there was an indescribable softness about his dark eyes, although they showed latent fire. He had a great mass of luxuriant black hair; his beard and mustache were rather long, and very becoming. But now he seemed to feel my glances, and his manner became nervous and agitated. When he again raised his eyes to mine they had grown cold and hard.

"To return to my favorite subject," he said, "I am going to have my vegetation on a grand scale. I will have thistles as large as trees if they suit my purpose. Rose-bushes shall be rose-trees."

Digitized by Google

"But the air of mystery and weirdness — how are you going to manage that?" I asked.

He did not answer me at once, but after a while said slowly: "The mysterious will be there, whatever else is lacking; and I intend to get such an effect that if innocent children come near the picture they will walk tiptoe with their fingers on their lips. Strange to say, I have decided to do it in water-color, and not in oil. Although one unquestionably does not get such solidity in water-color, it is better suited to my purpose. Look at those square porcelain dishes with lips, and those great sheets of paper near them — all parts of the experiments I have tried. I can flow washes so transparent that they are like air itself; and as for variety of texture, differences of gradation, look at that!" So saying, he handed me a sheet of paper that glowed like sunlight, while the gray house in the middle distance looked as though it were seen through golden mists, or as though its gray were powdered with gold dust.

"That," he said, "is only one of hundreds of experiments I made before I reached with certainty what I wished to express in yellow light. I see you are looking at the sketch of the rose-tree."

"Yes," I replied; "I am very much interested."

"Oh, well," he said, "they are all part and lot of my final picture, which is now almost completed. Perhaps you would like to see how I proceed from time to time with my experiments."

He then turned the light almost out. How uncanny it all seemed to me, as I stood, long past midnight, in the dim, shadowy loft! But I was so thoroughly interested that I did not indulge long in reflections. In a few moments he lighted a small lamp behind the great pane of yellow glass, which I now saw was smeared over with a weird kind of sky, while the model of the house was almost in silhouette against it. In another moment he had lighted a little lamp under the table, which shone through a small pool or pond, also made of yellow glass, which in turn threw a soft light over the front of the house. Then he illuminated the interior of his house, and through the little windows gleamed a melancholy light, subdued here and there by bits of paint carefully and most artistically added to the windows. Now he placed a small bronze heron on the shore of the miniature pond; then some bits of weeds and grasses. On one side he adjusted a group of thistles, and finally the great rose-tree in miniature at one end of the house. To these he kept adding other objects, among them a small sun-dial. Then he led me to the other end of the room, and by some hidden mechanism threw a soft, delicious, but uncanny yellow glow over the whole. The great loft was now in midnight darkness and gloom, and only this beautiful but almost specter-like, haunted little spot glowing with such strange and fascinating light. How real it appeared! I was riveted to the spot; the singular beauty of this miniature house and its surroundings grew on me. We both stood in absolute silence. What strange, hidden something was there about it that affected me so curiously? I felt cold chills begin to creep over me; the stillness became awful. I looked at my companion; he seemed lost in reverie. But it was not merely seeming, it was with real horror that he stood gazing at those little glass windows. I do not know how long we stood thus; but at last he turned up the light, and I noticed how pale he had become and how absorbed was his manner.

"Now," he said, "I will show you the picture." He went to the further end of the room and pulled a large curtain aside, exposing the painting to my view. "You see, all the appliances of my model are but mere hints to me. I use them as I use nature, and as a figure-artist uses a lay figure, taking only so much as I care for."

If I had been impressed before with all I had seen, how much more was I impressed with the picture! How beautiful! Was the sky painted, or was it real? Now I could well understand all that he had worked so hard to accomplish. Again I began to feel a mysterious awe, cold shivers creeping over me, and again the painter's manner changed. He looked pale and haggard, and an expression of pain and anguish seemed to show itself in his whole being. Another awkward pause, while the beautiful yellow sky glowed like light through amber. A queer, far-away, hold-your-breath sort of feeling came over me. I looked at the front of the house; the paths were choked with great weeds; the sun-dial was moss-covered, and on it was a lizard so quiet that it seemed petrified. On the shore of the pond the heron stood motionless. The little birds were sitting hushed in the branches of the rose-tree. Great thistles, almost black, were in the left foreground, and the gigantic rose-tree was blooming with beauty. But the something which made me shudder was the queer, fascinating light shining through the windows, which affected me like a wail from the dead. I expected the next moment to hear a piercing cry from within the house.

"You seem impressed," he said very gently, and his voice sounded sweet and low. He replaced the curtain over the picture, and, as he did so, said slowly and sadly, "Only a man with a haunted heart can paint a haunted house."

Alexander W. Drake.

Digitized by Google

MY FIRST LIONS.

HUNTING FIERCE GAME IN EASTERN AFRICA.

IN February, 1893, I left Bombay for Z——, whence a few days in a coaster landed me at K——. On the 1st of March I left the coast, on my second expedition into the interior. On this occasion I marched in a northeasterly direction toward the great waterless plain in which may possibly be comprised most of the country between the district of the great lakes and the southern border of Abyssinia.

I had an escort of eight men, armed with Snider rifles; seven baggage-camels, two riding-horses, and some donkeys; two tents, one double-roofed; double 10-bore and Martini express-rifles, 8- and 12-bore shot-guns, and means of carrying water to last six days. To this must be added provisions to last six months.

While upon the march, I killed a few large antelope for food, but without halting the caravan, except on one occasion for half an hour in order to chase and give a finishing shot to one which I had badly wounded. The largest antelope I shot was an oryx or gemsbok. I had found some gemsbok in a small gully in a range of hills, and as I felt sure they would bolt straight down the ravine when disturbed, making for the great jungle-covered plain where they generally lived, I hid myself near the mouth, sent one man up the gully along the hillside to drive them, and placed another at the mouth opposite to where I was hidden. The gemsbok did not notice this man at first, and almost galloped upon him before seeing him, and then became so frightened that they went straight up the face of the hill; then, on the man running round the spur to cut them off, one turned back and galloped past me at ninety yards. My first shot struck it in the back and killed it, the animal making a complete revolution as it fell. It was about the size and color of a large donkey, with a donkey's tail, and with horns thirty-two inches in length.

One day, while the caravan was halted, I shot a gazel, and covered it with branches to keep off vultures; but when I returned half an hour later to carry the meat to camp, it had entirely disappeared, bones and all, probably the prey of either leopard, chetah, or hyena. The same night my camp was much disturbed by two leopards wandering round and round outside, growling and making the camels very uneasy, but not daring to jump the zareba.

We marched as hard as possible for eleven days, and as we penetrated farther and farther into the interior the climate became perceptibly cooler. But still the difference was not great, though the increased dryness of the air made the heat much more bearable than it had been nearer the coast. I was also very fortunate in that several heavy thunder-showers fell opportunely, and we were enabled to fill up our water-barrels; otherwise I doubt whether I should have been able to penetrate as far as I did into the interior without a very much larger number of water-barrels and camels to carry them, entailing an increase in the number of men and in the amount of dates, rice, and clarified butter which I was obliged to carry for them.

As I had come out mainly and almost exclusively for lions, I marched without halting until I heard that there were lions in the vicinity. This intelligence I had from the wandering tribes who pasture their flocks, camels, and sometimes a few horses upon the great stretch of rolling country, half prairie, half jungle, which constitutes this burning and monotonous portion of the great continent of Africa.

While mentioning these people as wandering tribes with whom I had to deal, I might refer to what is probably a matter of speculation and surprise to those who read these lines—namely, if, as I have said, water is so scarce, how do the goats, sheep, cattle, camels, and horses manage to live without it for days and sometimes weeks together, making long journeys only at intervals to the "wells" and back? The answer is: a camel needs water not oftener than once in ten days, while the others find sufficient moisture in the early morning upon the grass and plants on which they feed to carry them over the intervals between their visits to the known supplies of water. When there is no water, horses are sometimes given milk to drink.

It was on the eleventh day that the wandering tribes told me that there were lions here, and so I gave orders to make a permanent camp, where I determined to remain until I got definite news. I knew that it would be more advantageous to remain in one place, for when it became known that a white man had arrived to shoot lions, and men came to bring me news of one, they would be able to find me more quickly and surely than if we were to shift our camp from day to day in hope

Digitized by Google

of getting nearer to the game. Besides, it was very difficult for men to find our camp at all, and I often marveled at my own men being able to return to camp as they unerringly did.

We were so near the equator that at midday the sun was almost exactly overhead, and at another time of year it would have been so; therefore, without a compass it was difficult toward noon to know the direction in which one was marching. The country is perfectly flat — so absolutely flat indeed, in certain parts, that I was reminded of a billiard-table, or of the ocean in a calm. Moreover, it was entirely covered with thin jungle, everywhere of identically the same character and appearance, one mimosa-tree differing hardly at all from another mimosa-tree in shape or size; and there were no landmarks whatever, such as open plains. So an idea may be formed of the ease with which a person not born and bred among these tribes may lose his way, if left alone in the country.

It was on the eleventh day, then,— and the third day's march into the great waterless plain,— that these African gipsies through my interpreters told me of lions in the neighborhood. Nor could I any longer doubt that I had at last actually reached a district infested with great carnivora, for we soon arrived at a large zareba, or circular inclosure of thorn-fence, within which was a second similar inclosure, divided, as is customary, into partitions for the different herds; and within the inner ring were the remains of a horse, freshly killed, with torn bridle and remains of other portions of quaint trappings of plaited hide and horsehair strewn about near by upon the ground. This, they said, was the work of a lion which, the night before, fearless of the packed flocks, of the human beings, and of the night watch-fires, had leaped both the fences and killed the horse in spite of firebrands and, no doubt, other missiles. This I was bound to believe, for outside in the now hardened mud were the largest lion tracks I had hitherto seen. Here I camped, and for some three days tried to possess myself in patience.

Early on the fourth morning an old man came hurrying in from an adjacent camp about a mile away to tell me that about midnight a lioness or lion, he was not sure which, had sprung over the wall or fence of their zareba, and had killed two sheep under their very noses, one of which it had carried off, in spite of all they could do. On arriving at the camp in the gray light of early day, I was joined by a silent and anxious-looking crowd, most of them carrying two spears and a shield; and step by step, aided by four or five of my own men, we began to follow the track. Here and there the ground was grassy, here and there it was too hard, or too rocky and stony, to show the marks of the great cat-like pads, or the trail of the dragged sheep; but farther on some one was sure to pick up either the fresh trail or the curious zigzag lines made by the legs of the sheep as they dangled and swept along the dusty earth. And so we slowly crept on and on until the sun had risen full two hours, and at last the trail became indistinct and was lost altogether. And now, by a kind of instinct in the natives, we advanced faster than when there was a trail to follow, till presently I heard a shout, and all the men began to run on, and one with his spear pointed through the trees to a huge yellow ball that was bounding on over the bushes and rocks, and I knew I had seen an uncaged African lion for the first time.

With a heavy rifle to balance on my shoulder, or on the saddle in front, and a horse to steer that would persist in endeavoring to get under the shade of every thin mimosa-bush, I lost sight of the lion for a time, and waited for the trackers to come up, as the ground was soft and sandy again, and showed the trail more favorably. Not many yards away was a thick, close, impenetrable green patch, about half an acre in extent, of bushes probably of the cactus tribe — common enough in some districts, but hereabouts there were not many such pieces of cover. Into this the trackers decided that the lioness — for such it turned out to be — had entered.

There was only one thing to be done. I had a box of matches, carried with this especial end in view. The men were all silent now, and silently I handed them the precious box, nor were any explanations needed. A gentle breeze was blowing, and softly I crept round to leeward of the patch. The horses had been taken out of the way, and the men were in a silent group out of sight upon the windward edge. Fara, my shikaree, stood behind me, and I saw him examining a conveniently adjacent mimosa-tree with interest, in view of a charge from a wounded lioness. Presently there was a whisper in my ear of "Maro! *maro!*" At the same moment there appeared the head of a lioness at an opening four or five yards away; but she hardly appeared to notice me, and instantly withdrew. The fire had barely caught the outer fringe of the cover and was scarcely ablaze. A faint column of smoke rose twenty yards away, and I could just hear the low crackling of the flames. One moment of expectation, and the queen of beasts broke cover in earnest, leaping out, and crossing my front in a kind of lumbering gallop.

I fired, and she fell, but not dead. As she lay she opened her mouth to snarl, and showed her huge white teeth, now and then giving a low, deep, resonant roar, which resembled no other sound in the world, until I approached,— as it seemed there was nothing else in the cover,— and gave her a quieting shot in the neck.

Digitized by Google

Then what a shouting, and brandishing of spears, and congratulations of the triumphant warrior by the natives, some of them shaking me by the arm, and all shouting and talking at the same time in the maddest excitement! There were two hours to wait while I sent back to camp for my photographic camera and some cold provisions, and then followed the photographing and the skinning and the jubilant procession to camp.

On the way we came across some natives who had just killed with poisoned arrows a peculiar kind of long-necked antelope. Some of my men, while I was ahead, took forcible possession of the antelope's head as a trophy. Quite a little battle was threatened, guns being leveled and arrows placed upon the string; but hearing the disturbance, I turned back, and averted the trouble with a coin. Next day, when I visited the spot where the carcass of the lioness lay, I found that every particle had vanished, bones and all.

It was not very far away that, on the same day, we came upon the body of a freshly killed camel. It had been dragged about fifty yards, and in the neck were deep marks of a lion's teeth. So that night I had a screen of thorns made, and instead of returning to camp I slept there, hoping that master lion would return to finish his breakfast, which we had inadvertently interrupted. But nothing came to disturb my night's rest, and in the morning some of my men came to find me, with my horse and some fresh milk, and before noon I was back in camp again.

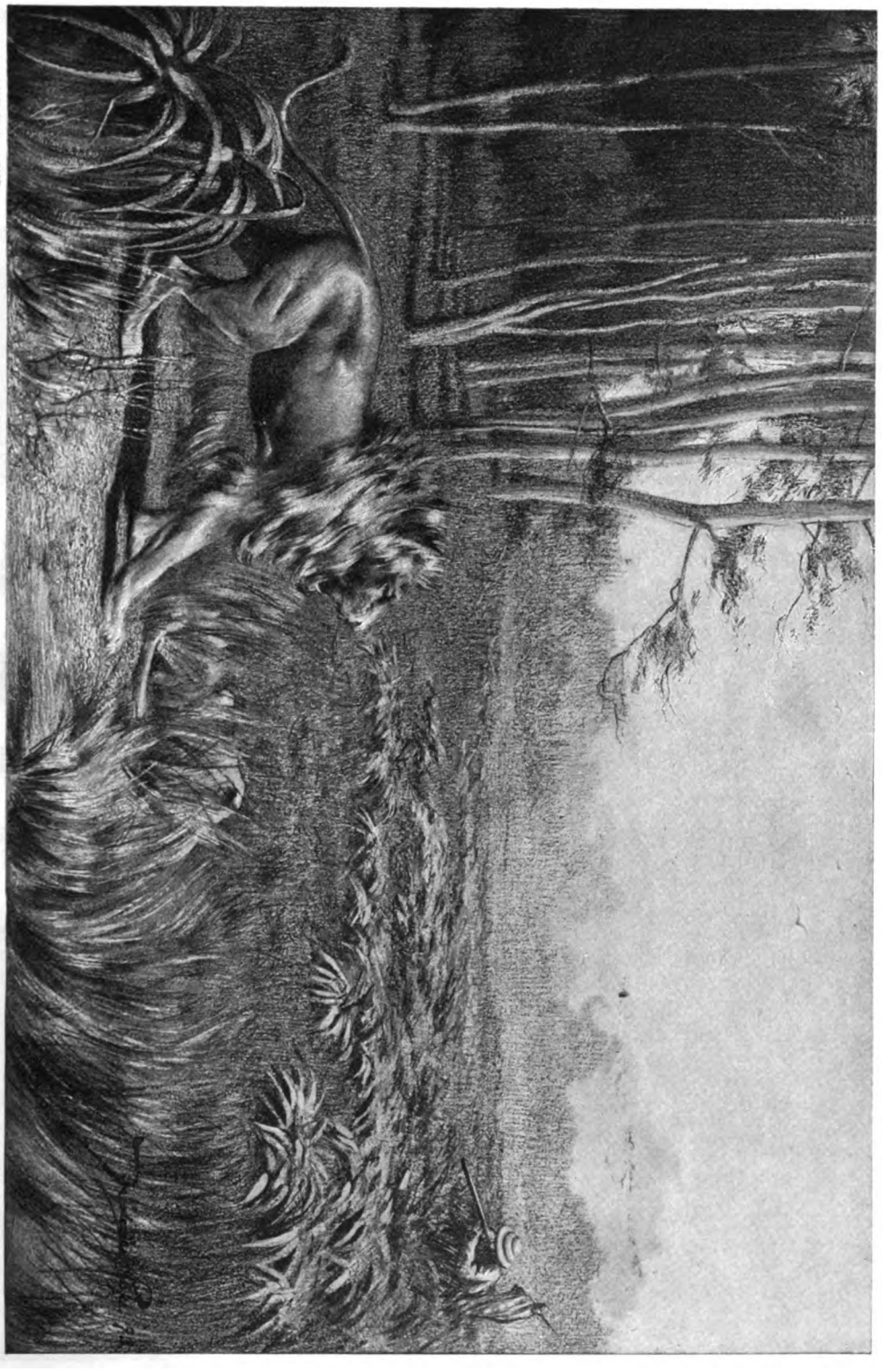
It never rains but it pours, and so I had scarcely been back half an hour when two native horsemen came galloping to the zareba in a cloud of dust, their horses very hot and tired, and themselves very thirsty. I gave them water, and then, through my interpreters, Abdi and Mohammed, they imparted to me their momentous news. They had lost a fine camel, and had been all yesterday searching for it. This morning they saw a large number of those birds of evil omen, the vultures, circling round over a particular spot upon the plain, but not daring to alight. On riding up they found their camel dead, killed by a large lion which was sitting feeding upon the carcass, and which, as the London evening papers say of the House of Commons, they had "left sitting." It was a long way, but if I came quickly I might still find the old fellow there. In less than ten minutes my horse had been brought in and saddled, and, taking some bedding, food, and plenty of water in bottles, we were off in a cloud of dust, which never left us, the two horsemen in front and five of my men running behind carrying my camera and their spears and shields, and three men of the escort who had asked to be allowed to come. These men bore Snider rifles, and I had been training them to use guns, but they were very poor shots. However, knowing the extreme improbability of our having any serious fighting at this time in this part of Africa, I did not feel much concerned about it. I knew that the mere sight of rifles and cartridge-belts would have the desired effect upon would-be robbers without our having to fire a shot, and that greater danger would result to ourselves than to our enemies from careless handling of firearms. I had therefore taken out the strikers from all the rifles but one, rendering them quite useless until they should be replaced. But now, having no spears with them, none of my escort would ever leave camp without their rifles, disabled as they were. Some days later, after a considerable amount of drill, they became so far efficient that I replaced all the strikers, putting the Sniders once more in working order.

And so for some three hours we swept along across the plain in a cloud of dust, winding in and out among the everlasting mimosa-trees, until at length the guides signified that we were approaching the spot, and pointed to the burning zone ahead, where I could see thousands of vultures circling round at an immense altitude. And now through the trees I caught sight of an orange-colored mass upon the ground, which was the carcass of the camel; and dismounting, I signaled to all the men to remain as they were, and crept on under cover of a bush, hoping that the lion was there and that I might get as near as possible without being seen.

But the mounted natives knew what the lion would do better than I, for to my indignation I saw them making a wide circuit and galloping round toward the other side. Then from behind the camel there came a huge gray thing. It was the lion, but too far for a certain shot. As he crouched with extended paws and elevated back, his head near the ground, and glaring at me in defiance, I slowly raised my rifle for a careful shot, for he seemed upon the point of charging. But as I did so he turned and lumbered off, and the shot I despatched to hasten his movements only struck the sand. Then began the chase. My horse was out of sight behind, but I was soon in the saddle and away. Meantime the two mounted natives had taken up the chase, and after running the lion for two miles, he went to bay in a thicket of small mimosa-trees. Brandishing their spears, and keeping at a respectful distance on their active little horses, the men hurled at him what were no doubt the most insulting and scornful epithets. Fara came up, as I was dismounting, just in time to hold my horse.

As I approached the clump of trees, rifle in hand, it was a moment or two before I could

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY FREDERICK S. H. PAPE.

"HE SEEMED UPON THE POINT OF CHARGING."

Digitized by Google

distinguish the lion; when I did so he was crouching full length behind a many-stemmed mimosa, facing me, and evidently in charging mood, as he was swaying his body and working his tail from side to side with great impetuosity. As I walked round outside the clump to get a flanking shot, he kept turning and facing me. So at last I sat down, and fired twice at his head between the stems; and reloading like lightning, I rested the rifle on a bush, and fired once more. Upon receiving this shot, he left his bush and came straight at me as fast as possible, without giving me time to reload the right barrel. When he was about five yards off, I gave him my last barrel in the chest, and jumped aside, and instantly everything was hidden in a cloud of dust. My last shot had broken his charge, and caused him to swerve round. When the dust settled, I saw him under the same bush as before, but badly hit; he was my lion now, and, running up to within easy range, I put two bullets into his shoulder, which finished him. Then came a renewal of the scene of savage exultation which had taken place when I killed the lioness.

The rest of the men having come up, they dragged the lion — it took eight men to move him — into a convenient place for taking his photograph; and then there was the skinning and beheading, which was no inconsiderable task. Finally the head and skin were packed upon my horse, against his objections, and we made for the nearest native encampment, there to pass the night. Our way led past the carcass of the camel, and the whole time while on the way we were met by countless streams of vultures and other large birds, hastening from the dead body of the camel to the dead body of the lion, perhaps in preference, for there was still plenty of meat upon the former. We reached the village just at nightfall, and found it packed with camels, sheep, goats, and natives; but by moving a portion of the inclosure enough room was made for me and my men, and we were supplied with some milk and a sheep, — upon payment, — but there was no water.

Next morning, on reaching camp, I found that the water had almost given out, and there was no sign of rain; and as I had heard no more news for two days of lion, I was obliged to travel coastward, feeling as though I was being slowly roasted to death.

But I was not to leave the country without a grievous disappointment; for that night a man entered my camp with the intelligence that a lion had just carried a donkey away from his zareba, which was not far off. As my men did not tell me this until nearly daybreak, fearing to wake me, we lost some precious time. However, reaching the village at eight, we followed the tracks of two lions until nearly noon, when the ground became hopelessly rocky. The men were now in a long line, and, as chance ordained it, the pair had lain down under a bush just here, and had got away without my seeing them, although some of the men did. The route taken by the lions was almost impassable for horses, and after a prolonged search we returned to camp.

That night I tethered one of my donkeys near the village, and slept with Fara in a small thorn-shelter close by, hoping they might return. About midnight my unfortunate donkey was attacked by some large animal which I thought at the time was one of the lions we were expecting.

I had distinctly heard, just before, heavy breathing close to my head on the outside of the zareba, and the sound of some creature licking its chops. Then the donkey began to growl hoarsely, — as donkeys do when they are afraid, — and then to bray piteously. Then there came a rush, and then — silence. If any life remained in the unfortunate donkey, my first shot, which went clean through its neck, must have extinguished the last spark. Presently the bloodthirsty creatures came back, and in the blackness of the night I could distinguish nothing, but fired two shots at the sound. I knew then that they were not lions, for a lion leaps upon the back of its prey, and I, being low down, could have distinguished his outline against the starry sky. They were nocturnal carnivora, probably hyenas; for when morning broke we found tracks of these voracious brutes — and nothing else.

H. W. Seton-Karr.



Digitized by Google



WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

AT sunset the canal at Kitwyk lay across the meadows like a red-and-gold shaft—silence everywhere, except for the monotonous croak of the bullfrogs and the melancholy chant of the crickets. On the banks of the canal loomed the Kitwyk windmill, its black sails heavily at rest, and on the horizon against the sunset a silhouette of wind-blown poplars, a disordered slant of queer gabled roofs, while a church spire and the flapping sail of an idle barge were strangely entangled and etched against the copper disk of the setting sun. Fading away into the misty distance stood a phalanx of windmills, their sails set to the last breath of the wind as it went down.

As the copper disk sank, it was the signal for a light in the window of the Kitwyk mill, by which Kitwyk knew that Divine Providence and Jufrow van Geldern announced the day to be at an end. Answering lights began to twinkle in the Burgemeester's house on the marketplace; in the kitchen window of the castle of Ten Brink, where Jufrow de Kock dozed gently over her Bible; lastly, in the mansion of the great Jonkheer van Loo. Not only was he great because of an ancestry that had contributed a martyr to the Duke of Alva, but because of the grandeur of Mevrouvw, his wife. It is perhaps sufficient to state that Mevrouvw possessed the one black velvet gown of Kitwyk, besides a bird of paradise, which on worthy occasions graced the noble structure on her head; at which time, also, a mighty gold watch dangled heavily before her. So conscious and loud was the tick of this stately timepiece that it had kept many a sleepy soul awake when the good dominie's sermon invited to repose. For fifty years this excellent man expounded, and then he died, leaving Kitwyk plunged in a turmoil of excitement; for rival candidates appeared, who pounded the pulpit cushions and roared to the glory of God. For the first time in the history of the church the select little band of martyrs in the gallery, who piped the hymns under the direction of the schoolmaster, and the inspiring strains of Kobus, the town trumpeter, were sufficiently awake to require no prodding



MEVROUVW'S CANDIDATE.

Digitized by Google

from the sexton with a long pole, the other end of which was furnished with a contribution-bag.

The excitement in Kitwyk culminated when Burgemeester Defregge and Mevrouvw van Loo each in turn produced a candidate. There



ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"JUFROW DE KOCK DOZED GENTLY OVER HER BIBLE."

was no illusion with respect to Mevrouvw's candidate. He earned a weary living by educating the Van Loo heir, and bore witness in his own person to the active Christian charity of Mevrouvw. He was open to such gifts as the righteous were inclined to bestow, who naturally felt for him that contemptuous interest aroused by the recognition of one's cast-off clothes, so familiar a part of one's self, on another human being. So energetic were Mevrouvw's efforts, that it was said she all but wrote his trial sermon; at all events, she added the damnations that afterward electrified Kitwyk.

It was an early June morning; the windmills were set against a glorious blue sky; the

Digitized by Google



"MISTRESS VAN LOO, WHICH IS YOUR CANDIDATE?"

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

barges at anchor were scrubbed to the glory of God. There was a lazy flap of dull red sail; the barge chimneys sent up a faint gray smoke, while the clean lace curtains at the windows proclaimed the sacredness of the day. The very brass knockers were scrubbed to an offensive splendor, and the choir in the gallery were already knocking their wooden shoes against the railing with virtuous promptness: the sexton's rod was temporarily inactive. If Mevrouvw van Loo sat in the chief seat right under the pulpit, on the other hand, the Burgemeester faced her, being one of five elders who in the circular pew about the pulpit had that sanctuary as support for their righteous backs.

Many and many a Sunday had Mevrouvw van Loo and Mynheer Defregge glared at each other throughout the entire divine service, while Jonkheer van Loo slept the sleep of the just, oblivious to the counsels of the wise as well as to divine wrath.

The procession to church was simple and effective: it consisted of the little candidate in surplice, bands, and square cap, followed by his patroness in black velvet, and under her double chin a mighty miniature of Jonkheer van Loo.

Two tow-headed urchins who by reason of their early piety were selected to ring the church bell, and whose energies had languished as the last worshiper straggled into the sacred edifice, becoming aware of the approach of Mevrouvw in the wake of her candidate, no sooner encountered her active eye, than they tolled with such energy that several pillars of the church were prematurely awakened, a terrible innovation prophetic of evil.

The elders straightened up powerfully, the sexton cuffed the nearest boy, the schoolmaster struck up a fine old choral, and Kobus tooted till the rafters rang, as the little candidate pattered up the aisle, flushing painfully, while behind him strode Mevrouvw van Loo, the black velvet, in which Kitwyk took a municipal pride, sweeping behind her.

Such was her vainglory, Mynheer Defregge declared, that she was about to mount into the pulpit, when —

In her triumphal progress she had just reached it, when the Burgemeester leaned over his pew, and whispered most audibly:

"Mistress van Loo,—he! he! he!—which is your candidate?"

"Which?"

In her interest in the affairs of Divine Providence she had for the first time forgotten one of her household duties, and Divine Providence, with very little consideration for her feelings or her efforts, permitted a most lamentable sacrilege; for with majestic stride, not unlike Mevrouvw's, who should bring up the rear but the very biggest turkey-gobbler in all Kitwyk! For a moment the two eyed each other — the turkey reproachfully inquiring for his breakfast, Mevrouvw in speechless rage. Then Mevrouvw sank on the pulpit stairs. It

Digitized by Google

was the sexton who at the hazard of his life leaned over the gallery and swung the contribution-bag in the face of the mistaken fowl, which swelled with outraged dignity, but was otherwise unmoved.

Even the Burgemeester felt for Mevrouvw. "Shoo!" he cried, and waved his cocked hat at the bird over the pew rail, while the four elders threatened him with red bandana handkerchiefs and gold-headed canes, which, combined with an empty stomach, goaded him almost to madness. Overste de Kock, in virtue of his military character, was about to leap forward and cope with the enemy, but Jufrow Rozenboom fainted just across the pew door, and there is really no knowing how it would have ended, had not Jonkheer van Loo awakened to the situation from a peaceful nap.

"Bless me! What is Ephraim doing here?" he asked placidly. Ephraim was the turkey's domestic name.

The candidate had retreated into the pulpit and bolted the door,— he knew the ferocious character of turkeys,— Mevrouvw van Loo in a panic fled up the pulpit steps, while the turkey, shrieking after the manner of his kind, stood at bay with tail outspread against the pew door of the afflicted Jufrow Rozenboom.

Then it was that Jonkheer van Loo proved himself to be of the heroic stock of the Van Loo who suffered under Alva.

Alone and unprotected he stepped into the aisle and confronted the enemy, which seemed to recognize the familiar scarlet countenance, for he partly lowered his tail, and retreated a step or two.

"Why, Ephraim, you have n't had any breakfast, have you?" said the heroic man. "Now come home with me!" which so convinced the fowl that he lowered his tail and ambled out of the sanctuary, followed by his master, who thus forcibly demonstrated the advantages of a heroic ancestry, the congregation gazing respectfully after until Jonkheer van Loo's pigtail disappeared behind the town pump.

Needless to say that Mevrouvw's candidate was defeated! Whatever the nature of the sheep might be, it was not for the shepherd to quail before a mere fowl, even if he did not hurl the Bible at him, as the rival faction declared. Neither did his discourse, in the tempestuous nature of which Kitwyk recognized the religious sentiments of Mevrouvw van Loo, prove convincing. Unawed by the black velvet or the gold watch, they declined her candidate. Both he and Ephraim, as was natural, labored under the severe resentment of that excellent lady. The retribution that awaited Ephraim and ended his earthly career was to be roasted and stuffed with chestnuts.

As the candidate could not be disposed of in the same summary fashion, he was dismissed instead; and so one cruel, cheerful June day, with a heavy heart and a meager carpet-bag, his shabby knees glistening in the sunlight, he trudged away from Kitwyk.

Anna Eichberg King.

THE WATCHMAN.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.



I.

THE far-Eastern company was counting its Western acres under water contracts. The acres were in first crops, waiting for the water. The water was dallying down its untried channel, searching the new dry earth-banks, seeping, prying, insinuating sly, minute forces which multiplied and insisted tremendously the moment a rift had been made. And the orders were to "watch" and "puddle"; and the watchmen were as other men, and some of them doubtless remembered they were working for a company.

Travis, the black-eyed young lumberman from the upper Columbia, had been sent down with a special word from the manager commending him as a tried hand, equal to any post or service. The ditch superintendent was looking for such a man. He gave him those five crucial miles between the head-gates and Glenn's Ferry, the notorious beat that had sifted Finlayson's force without yet finding a man who could keep the banks. Some said it was the arc-light saloon at Glenn's Ferry; some said it was the pretty girl at Lark's.

Whatever it was, Travis raged at it in the silent hours of his one-man watch, and the report went up the line, now three times since

Digitized by Google



NANCY.

he had taken hold, of breaks on his division. And the engineer would by no means "weaken" on a question of the work, nor did the loyal watchman ask that any one should weaken, to spare him. He was all eyes and ears; he watched by daylight and listened by dark, and the sounds he heard in his dreams were sounds of water searching the banks, swirling and sinking in holes, or of mud subsiding with a wretched flop into the insidious current.

It was a queer country along the new ditch below the head-gates: as old and sun-bleached and bony as the stony valleys of Arabia Petrea, all but that strip of green that led the eye to where the river wandered, and that warm brown strip of sown land extending field by field below the ditch.

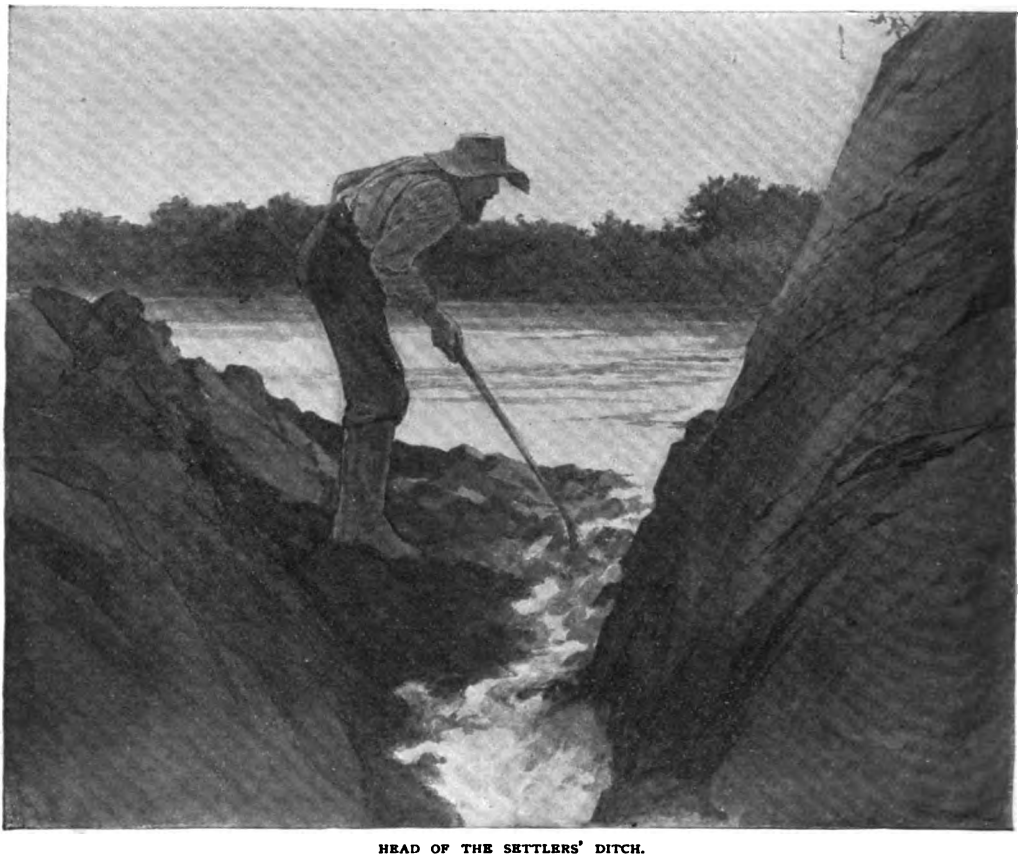
Lark's ranch was the first one below the head-gates, lying between the river and the ditch, an old homesteader's claim, subirrigated by means of rude dams ponding the natural sloughs. The worn-out land, never drained, was foul and sour, lapsing into swamps, the black alkali oozing and spreading from pools in its boggy pastures.

A few pioneer fruit-trees still bloomed and

Digitized by Google

bore, undiscouraged by neglect, and cast home-like shadows on the weedy grass around the cabin and sheds that slouched at all angles, with nails starting and shingles warping in the sun.

Similar weather-stains and odd kicks and bulges the old rancher's person exhibited when he came out to sun himself of a rimy morning, when cobwebs glittered on the short, late grass, and his joints reminded him that the rains were coming. And up and down the cow-trail below the ditch, morning and evening, went his dairy-herd to pasture; and after them loitered Nancy, on a strawberry pony with milk-white mane and tail.



HEAD OF THE SETTLERS' DITCH.

The lights and shadows chased her in and out among the willows and fleecy cotton-woods and tall swamp-grasses; but Travis rode in the glare, on the high ditch-bank, and although they passed each other daily, he had never had a good look at the "pretty girl at Lark's." But one morning the white-faced heifer broke away and bolted up the ditch-bank, and, in a cloud of sun-smitten dust, Nancy followed, a figure of virginal wrath, with scarlet cheeks and wind-blown hair. Reining her pony on the narrow bank, she called across to Travis, in a voice as clear and fresh as her colors:

"Head her off, can't you? *What* are you about!" This last to the pony, who was behaving "mean."

"Ride to the bridge, and head her this way. I can drive her up the bank," Travis responded.

Nancy obeyed him, and waited at the bridge, while he endeavored to persuade the heifer of the error of her ways. The heifer was not easily persuaded, and Travis was wet to the waist before he had got her out; but he lost nothing of the bright figure guarding the bridge, a slender shape, all pink and blue and dark blue, with hair like the sun on brown water, and a perfect seat and ringing voice, calling thanks and bewildering encouragement to her ally in the stream. And this was old Solomon's daughter!

But "Oh, my, Nancy!" the boys would groan, with excess of appreciation beyond words, and for that Nancy heeded them not; and now Travis knew that the boys were right.

"Thank you ever so much!" her clear voice lilted, as the discomfited runaway dashed down

Digitized by Google

the bank to the path she had forsaken. "I 'm ever so sorry she dug all those bad tracks in the ditch. Will they do any harm?"

Travis assured her that nothing did harm if only it were known in time.

"What is the matter with it, anyhow—the ditch? Is n't it built right?"

"The ditch is the prettiest I ever saw," Travis responded, with all the warmth of his unrequited devotion to that faithless piece of engineering. "All new ditches need watching till the banks get settled."

"Well, I should say that *you* watched! Don't you ever stir off that bank?"

"I eat and sleep, sometimes."

"You must have a pretty dry camp up above. Would n't you like some milk once in a while?"

"Thanks; I never happened to fall in with the milkman on my beat."

"We have lots to spare, and buttermilk too, if you 're not too proud to come for it. The others used to."

"I guess I don't quite catch on."

"The other watchmen—the boys who were here before you."

"Oh," said Travis, coldly.

"Well, any time you choose to come down I 'll save some for you," said the girl, as if that matter were settled.

"I 'm afraid it is rather off my beat," Travis hesitated; "but I 'm just as much obliged."

Nancy straightened herself haughtily. "Oh, it is nothing to be obliged for, if you don't care to come."

"I did not say I did n't care," Travis protested; but she was gone. The dust flew, and presently her dark-blue skirt and the pony's silver tail flashed past the willows in the low grounds.

"I shall never see her again," he mourned. "So much for those other fellows spoiling her idea of a watchman's duty. Of course she thought I could come if I wanted to. Did she ask them, I wonder?"

Nancy was piqued, but not resentful. The more he did not come, as evening after evening smiled upon the level land, the more she thought of Travis alone in his dusty camp, alone on his blinding beat; the more she dwelt upon the singularity and constancy of his refusal, the more she respected him for it.

So, one day, he did see her again. She was sitting on the bridge-planks, leaning forward, her arms in her lap, her hat tipped back, a star of white sunlight touching her forehead. She lifted her head when she heard him coming, and put her hand over her eyes, as if she were dizzy with watching the water.

"How 's the ditch?" she called in a voice of sweetest cheer. She was on her feet now, and he saw how entrancing she was in a blue muslin frock and a broad white hat with a wreath of pink roses bestrewing the tilted brim. Had they got company at the ranch? was his jealous reflection.

"How 's the ditch behaving itself these days?" she repeated.

"Much as usual, thank you," Travis beamed from his saddle.

"Breaking, as usual?"

"Yes; it broke night before last."

"Well, I don't believe it 's much of a ditch, anyhow. I would n't fret about it if I was you. Don't you think I 'm very good-natured, after your snubbing me so? Here I 've brought you a basket of apples, seeing you would n't spare time from your old ditch to come for them yourself. That, in the napkin, is a little pat of fresh butter." She lifted the grape-leaves which covered the basket. "I thought it might taste good in camp."

"Good! Well, I rather guess it will taste good! See here, I can't ever thank you for this—for bringing it yourself." He had few words, but his looks were moderately expressive.

Nancy blushed with pleasure. "Well, I had to—when folks are so wrapped up in their business. There, with Susan's compliments! Susan 's the heifer you rounded up for me in the ditch. I know she made you a lot of work, tracking holes in your banks you 're so fussy about. Do you really think it is a good ditch?"

"I am positive it is."

"Then, if anything goes wrong down here, they will lay the blame on you."

"They are welcome to. That 's what I am here for."

Nancy openly acknowledged her approval of a man that stood right up to his work, and would take no odds of any one.

"The other boys were always complaining, and saying it was the ditch. But there, I know it is mean of me to talk about them."

"I guess it won't go any further," said Travis, dryly.

"Well, I hope not. They were good boys enough, but pretty trifling watchmen, I should n't wonder."

Travis had nothing to say to this, but he made a mental note or two.

"When shall you give me a chance to return your basket?"

"Why, any time; there 's no hurry about the basket. Have you any regular times?"

He looked away, dissembling his joy in the question, and answered as if he were making an official report.

"I leave camp at six, patrol the line to the ferry and back; lay off an hour, and down again at eleven. Back in camp at three, and two hours for dinner. On again at five, and back in

Digitized by Google

camp at nine. I pass this bridge, for instance, at seven and nine of a morning, twelve and two afternoons, and six and eight in the evening."

"Six and eight," Nancy mused, with a slight increase of color. "Well, I can stop some evening, after cow-time, I suppose; but it is n't any matter about the basket."

Six evenings, going and coming, Travis delayed in passing the bridge, on the watch for Nancy; six times he filled the basket with such late field-flowers as he could find; and she never came. On the seventh evening his heart announced her for as far as his eyes beheld. This time she was in white, without her hat, and she wore a blue ribbon in her gold-brown braids — a blue ribbon in her braids and a red, red rose in each cheek; and her colors and the colors of the sky floated like flowers on the placid water.

"Well, where is the basket, then?" she merrily demanded.

"I left it behind, for luck."

"For luck? What sort of luck?"

"Six times I brought it, and you were never here; so to-night I just kicked it into the tent and came off without it. It seems to have been about the right thing to do."

"What — my basket!"

"Your basket. And it was filled with wild flowers, the prettiest I could find. It 's your own fault for not coming before."

"I never set any day that I know of. I have been up to town."

Travis was not pleased to hear it.

"Yes; and I saw your company's manager. What a young man he is! I had no idea managers were ever young. And stylish — my! I 'm sure I hope he 'll know me when he sees me again," she added, coloring, and dropping her eyes.

Travis grimly coincided in the opinion that he would. Nancy continued to strike the wrong note with cruel precision; she could not have done better had she calculated her words. And all the while looking as innocent as the shining water under her feet; and that last time she had been so kind!

And the ditch was as provoking as Nancy, rewarding his devotion with breaks that defied all explanation. It was not possible that the patience of the management could hold out much longer; and when he should have been dismissed in disgrace from his post, Nancy would lightly class him as another of those "good boys enough, but pretty trifling watchmen."

II.

THE first dry moon was just past the full. At nine o'clock the sky began to whiten above the long bare ridge of the side-hill cut. At half past, the edge of the moon's disk clove the sky-line, and the shadow of the ridge crept down among the willows and tule-beds of the bottom. At ten the shadow had shrunk; it lay black on the ditch-bank, but the whispering tree-tops below were turning in silver light that flickered along the cow-path and caught the still eye of a dark, shallow pool among the tules.

Nancy had chosen this night for a stroll to the bridge, where Travis might be expected to pass any time between eight o'clock and moonrise. Instead of Travis came a man whom she recognized as one of the watchmen from a lower division. He saluted her, after the custom of the country, claiming nothing on personal grounds but the privilege to look rather hard at the girlish figure silhouetted against the water. It was yet early enough for sky-gleams to linger on still pools, or to color the wimpling reaches of the ditch.

Nancy was disappointed: she had not come out to see a strange rider passing on Travis's gray horse. Her little plans were disconcerted. She had waited what she considered a dignified interval before seeming to take cognizance of her watchman's hours; now it appeared that the part of dignity might be overdone. Had Travis been superseded on his beat? She was conscious of missing him already. Her walk home alone through the confidential willows struck a chill of loneliness which the aspect of the house did not dispel. All was as dark and empty as she had left it. Was her father still at work at those tedious dams? This had been his given reason for frequent absences of late, after his usual working hours; though why he should choose the dark nights for mending his dams Nancy had not asked herself. To-night she wanted him or somebody to drive away this queer new ache that made the moonlight too large and still for one little girl to wander in alone.

She hunted for him. He was in none of the expected places; the dank fields were as empty as the house. She turned back to the ditch; from its high bank she could see farther into the shadowy places of the bottom.

Travis, meanwhile, had been leisurely pursuing his evening beat. He had overtaken one of his fellow-watchmen, on foot, walking to town, had lent him his horse for the last two miles to camp, and invited him to help himself to what he could find for supper, without waiting for his host.

"It is a still night," said Travis; "I will mog along slowly up the ditch, and put in a little extra listening: it 's at night the water talks."

Long after the rider had passed on, the tread of his horse's hoofs was heard diminishing on the hard-tramped bank; a loosened stone rattled down and splashed into the water; the wind

Digitized by Google

rustled in the tule-beds: then all surface sounds ceased, and the only talker was the ditch, chuckling and dawdling like an idle child, on its errand, which it could not be persuaded to take seriously, to the desert lands.

Travis came to a ticklish spot near the bridge, and stopped to listen. Here the ditch cut through beds of clean sand, where the water might sink and work back into the old ground, the sand holding it like a sponge, till all the bottom became a bog, and the banks sank in one wide-spread general wash-out. The first symptom of such deep-seated trouble would be the water's motion in the ditch — whirling round and round as if boring a hole in the bottom.

Travis laid his ear to the current, for he could check the water's movement by the sound, as a musician knows when his instrument is in tune. All seemed right at the bridge, but far up the ditch he was aware of a new demonstration. He listened awhile, and then walked on, with long, light steps, and gained upon the sound, which persisted, defining itself as a muffled churning at marked intervals, with now and then a wait between. The prodding was of some tool at work underwater at the ditch-bank.

He crossed to the upper side, and moved forward cautiously along the ridge, crouching, that his figure might not be seen against the sky.

Nancy had gone up the cow-trail, past the low grounds, and was just climbing the bank when a dark shape, of man or beast, crashed down the opposite slope and shot like a slide of rock into the water.

A half-choked cry followed the plunge, then ugly sounds of a scuffle under the ditch-bank — men breathing hard, sighing and snorting, and somebody gasped as if he were being held down till his breath was gone.

"Get in there, you old muskrat! You shall stop your own breaks if it takes your cursed carcass to do it! Now, then, have you got your breath?"

Nancy stayed only to hear that it was her father's voice, convulsed with terror and the chill of his repeated duckings, begging to be spared the anguish of drowning by night in three feet of ditch-water.

"Mr. Travis," she screamed, "you let my father be, whatever you are doing to him! Father, you come right home and get on dry clothes!"

Travis was as much amazed as if Diana with the moon on her forehead had appeared on the ditch-bank to take old Solomon Lark under her maiden protection; but no less he stuck to his prize of war.

"Your father has n't time to change his clothes just yet, Miss Nancy; he 's got some work to do first."

"Who are you, to be setting my father to work? Let go of him this minute! You are drowning him; you are choking him to death!" sobbed the frantic girl. The shadow fortunately withheld the details of her father's condition, but she had seen enough. Had Travis been drinking? was the man bereft of his senses?

He was quite himself, apparently — hideously cool, yet roused, and his voice cut like steel.

"You had better go home, Miss Nancy, and light a fire, and warm a blanket for your father's bed. He 'll be pretty cold before he gets through with this night's work."

After this cruel speech he took no more notice of Nancy, but leaped upon the ditch-bank, and began hurling earth in great shovelfuls, patting the old man on the head with his cold tool whenever he tried to clamber up after him.

"You better not try *that*," he roared in a terrible voice that wounded Nancy like a blow. "Get in there, now! Puddle, puddle, or I 'll have you buried to the ears in five minutes!"

It was shocking, hideous, like a horrible dream. The earth rattled down all about Solomon, and frequently upon him, the water was thick with mud, and the wretched old man tramped and puddled for dear life, helping to mend the hole he had secretly dug where no eye could discover till the water had fingered it, and enlarged the mischief to a break.

It was the work of vermin, and as such Travis had treated his prisoner. Nancy felt the insult as keenly as she abhorred the cruelty. She fled, hysterical with wrath and despair at her own helplessness. But while she made ready the means of consolation at home, her thinking powers came back, and between what she suspected and what she remembered, she was not wholly in the dark as to the truth between her father and Travis.

There was no one to warm Travis's blankets when he fell back upon camp about daybreak, reeking with cold perspiration, soaked with ditch-water, and sore in every muscle from his frenzy of shoveling. He had had no supper the night before; his guest had eaten all the cooked food, burned all his light-wood kindlings, and forgotten to cover the bread-pail, and his bread was full of sand. He did n't think much of those tenderfeet, who called themselves ditch-men, on that lower division, where there was no work at all to speak of.

He began — worse comfort — to consider his police work from a daughter's point of view: alas for himself and Nancy! His idyl of the ditch was shattered like the tender sky-reflections that bloomed on its still waters and vanished when the waters were troubled. His own thoughts were as that roily pool, where he had ducked the old man in the darkness.

Digitized by Google

He overslept himself, after thinking he should not sleep at all, and started down his beat not until noon of the next day. Half way to the bridge he met on the ditch-bank Nancy Lark. She gave him a note, which he dismounted to take, she vouchsafing no greeting, not even a look, and standing apart, while he read it, with the air of a martyr to duty.

Mr. Travis [the letter ran], I am a death-struck man in consequence of your outrageous treatment of me last evening. I 've took a dum chill, and it has hit me in the vitals through standing in water up to my waist with the blood soaking out of me. If you think your fool ditch is worth more than a Human's life though your company's enemy, that 's for you to settle as you can when the time comes you 'll have to. I don't ask any favors. But if you got anny desency left in you through working for that fish-livered company of bondholders coming out here to stomp us farmers into the dirt, you will call this bizness quits. I aint in no shape to fight ditches no more. You have put me where I be, and the less said on both sides the better, it looks to me. If that 's so you can say so by word or writing. I should prefer writing as I aint got that confidence I might have.

Yours truly,
SOLOMON LARK.

"Miss Nancy," said Travis, gently, "is your father very sick this morning?"

"I don't know," Nancy replied.

"Have you sent for a doctor?"

"He won't let me."

"Have you read this letter?"

She flashed an indignant look at him.

"I wish you would, then."

"It is not my letter. I don't know what 's in it, and I don't care to know."

"Do you know what your father was doing in the ditch last night?"

"Helping you to mend it, at the risk of his life, because you made him," Nancy answered quickly.

"Helping to mend a hole he made himself, so there would be a nice little break in the morning."

The subject rested there, till Travis, forced to take the defensive, asked:

"Do you believe me?"

"Believe what?"

"What I have just told you about your father?"

"Oh," she said, "it makes no difference to me. I knew my father pretty well before I ever saw you. If you think he was doing that, why, I suppose you will have to think so. But even if he was, I don't call that any reason you should half drown him, and make him work himself to death beside."

"But the water was warm! And I did the work. What was it to tread dirt for an hour or so on a summer's night? Was n't he in the ditch when I found him?"

"I don't know, I 'm sure," said Nancy. "I know that you kept him there."

"Well, I hope he 'll keep out of the ditch after this. Working at ditches at night is n't good for his health. But you need n't be alarmed about him this time. I think he 'll recover. But remember this: last night I was the company's watchman. I had an ugly piece of work to do, and I did it; but fair play or foul, whatever may happen between your father and me, remember, it is only my work, and you are not in it."

"Well, I guess I 'm in it if my father is," said Nancy; "and that is something for you to remember."

"Oh, hang the work and the ditch and all the ditches!" thought Travis; yet it was the ditch that had put color and soul and meaning into his life — that had given him sight of Nancy. And it was not his work nor his convictions about it that stood between them now; it was her woman's contempt for justice and reason where her feelings were concerned. The case was simple, as Nancy saw it; too simple, for it left him out in the cold. He would have had it complicated by a little more feeling in his direction.

"Well, have I got your answer?" she asked. "Father said I was to bring an answer, but not to let you come."

"He need not be afraid," said Travis, bitterly. "If he will leave my ditch-banks alone, I shall not meddle with him. Tell him, if there are no more breaks there will be nothing to report: this break is mended — the break in the ditch, I mean."

"Then you will not tell?" Nancy stole a look at him that was half a plea.

"You would even promise to like me a little, would n't you, if you could n't get the old man off any other way?" he mocked her sorrowfully. "Well, I had rather you hated me than have you stoop to coax me, as I 've seen girls do —"

He might be satisfied, she passionately answered; she hated him enough. She hated his work, and the hateful way he did it.

"You are an unmerciful man!" she accused him, with a sob in her voice. "You don't know the trouble my father has had, how many years he has worked, with nothing but his hands; and now your company comes and claims the water, and turns the river, that belongs to everybody, into their big ditch. I 'd like to know how they came to own this river! And when they have got it all in their ditch, all the little ditches and the ponds will go dry. We were here years before any of you ever thought of coming, or knew there was a country here at all. It 's claim-jump-

Digitized by Google

ing; and not a cent will they pay, and laugh at us besides, and call us mossbacks! I don't blame my father one bit, if he did break the ditch, and if you are here to watch, then watch!—watch me! Perhaps you think I 've had a hand in your breaks!"

Travis turned pale. He had made the mistake of trying to reason with Nancy, and now he felt he must go on, in justice to his case, though she was far away from all his arguments, rapt in the grief, the wrath, the conviction, of her plea.

"You talk as women talk who only hear one side," he replied. "But you people down here don't know the company's intentions; they don't ask, and when they do they won't believe what they are told. That talk against companies is an old politician's drive. This country is too big for single men to handle; companies save years of waiting. This one will bring the railroads and the markets, and boom up the price of land. The ditch your father hates so will make him a rich man in five years, if he does nothing but sit still and let it come.

"As for water, why do you cry before you are hurt? Nobody can steal a river! That is more politicians' talk, to make out they are the settlers' friends. We are the settlers' friends, because we are the friends of the country's boom. It can't boom without us. Why should *I* believe in this company? I 'm a poor man, a settler like your father. I 've got land of my own: but I can see we farmers can't do everything for ourselves; it 's cheaper to pay a company to help us. They are just peddlers of water, and we buy it. Who owns the other, then? Don't we own them just as much as they own us?

"Come, if you can't feel it 's so, leave hating us at least till we have done all these things you accuse us of. Wait till we take all the water and ruin your land. Most of these farmers along the river have got too much water. They are ruining their own land. So I tell your father, but he thinks he knows it all."

"He is some older than you are, anyhow."

"He is too old to be working nights in ditches. Tell him so from me, will you?"

"Oh, I 'll tell him! I don't think you will be troubled much with us around your ditch, after this. I went to the bridge last night because I thought you were nice and a friend. I had a respect for you more than for any of the others. I might have come to think better of the ditch,—but I 've had all the ditch I want, and all the watchmen. Never till I die shall I forget how my father looked," she passionately returned to the charge. "An old man like him! Why did n't you put me in and make me tread dirt for you? The water was *warm;* and I 'm enough better able than he was!"

"I 'll get right down here and let you tread on me, and be proud to have you, if it will cure the sight of what you saw me do last night. I was mad, don't you understand? I have to answer for all this foolishness of your father's, remember. It had to be stopped."

"Was there no way to stop it but half-drowning him and insulting him besides?"

"Yes, there is another way; inform the company, and have him shut up in the Pen. *I* thought I let the old man off pretty easy. But if you prefer the other way, why, next time there 's a break, we can try it."

"I 'm sure we ought to thank you for your kindness," said Nancy. "And if we are companied out of house and home and father made a criminal, we shall thank you still more. Good morning."

Their eyes met, and hers fell; she turned away, and he remounted, and rode on up the ditch, angry as a man only can be with one he might have loved, down to those dregs of bitterness that lurk at the bottom of the soundest heart.

III.

He was but an idle watchman all that day, so sure he was that the ditch was right and Solomon the author of all his troubles; and Solomon was "fixed" at last. Weariness overcame him, and at the end of his beat he slept under the lee of the ditch-bank instead of returning to his camp.

Next morning he was riding along at his usual pace when it struck him how incredibly the ditch had fallen. The line of silt which marked the water's normal depth now stood exposed and dry full two feet above its running, and the pulse of the current had weakened as though it were ebbing fast.

He put his horse to a run, and lightened ship as he went, casting off his sack of oats, then his coat, and such tools as he could spare; he might have been traced to the scene of disaster by his impedimenta strewing the ditch-bank.

The water had had hours the start of him; its work was sickening to behold. A part of the bank had gone clean out, and the ditch was returning to the river by way of Solomon Lark's alfalfa fields; the homestead itself was in danger.

He cut sage-brush, and tore up tules by the roots, and piled them as a wing-dam against the outer bank, and heaped dirt like mad upon the mats; and as he worked, alone, where forty men were needed, came Nancy, with glowing face, flying down the ditch-bank, calling the word of exquisite relief:

"I 've shut off the water. Was that right?"

Right! He had been wishing himself two men, nay, three; one at the bank, and one at the gates, and one carrying word to Finlayson.

Digitized by Google

"Can I do anything else?"

"Yes; make Finlayson's camp quick as you can." Travis panted over a shovelful of dirt he was heaving.

"Yes; what shall I tell him?"

"Tell him to send up everything he has got; every man, and team, and scraper."

Nancy was gone, but in a few moments she was back again, wringing her hands and as white as a cherry-blossom.

"The water is all down round the house, and father is alone in bed crying like a child."

"There 's nothing to cry about now. You turned off the water; see, it has almost stopped."

"Can I leave him with you?"

"Great Scott! I 'll take care of him! But go, there 's a blessed girl. You will save the ditch."

Nancy went, covering the desert miles as a bird flies; she exulted in this chance for reparation. But long after Finlayson's forces had arrived and gone to work, she came lagging wearily homeward, all of a color, herself and the pony, with the yellow road. She had refused a fresh horse at the ditch-camp, and, sparing the whip, reached home not until after dark.

Her father's excitement in his hours of loneliness had waxed to a pitch of childish frenzy. He wept, he cursed, he counted his losses, and when his daughter said, to comfort him, "Why, father, surely they must pay for this!" he threw himself about in his bed, and gave way to lamentations in which the secret of his wildness came out. He had done the thing himself; and he dared not risk suspicion, and the investigation that would follow a heavy claim for damages.

Nancy could not believe him. "Father, do be quiet; you did n't do any such thing," she insisted. "How could you, when I know you have n't stirred out of this bed since night before last? Hush, now; you are dreaming; you are out of your head."

"I guess I know what I done. I ain't crazy, and I ain't a fool. I made this hole first, before he caught me at the upper one. I made this one to keep him busy on his way up, so 's the upper one could get a good start. The upper one would n't a-hurt us. It 's jest like my cussed luck! I knew it was a-comin', but I did n't think I 'd get it like this. It 's all his fault, the great lazy loafer, sleepin' at the bottom of his beat 'stead o' comin' up as he 'd ought to have done last evening. He wasted the whole night—and calls himself a watchman!"

"Well, I 'm glad of it," Nancy cried excitedly. "I 'm just *glad* we are washed out, and I hope this will end it!" and she burst into tears, and ran out of the room.

She sat weeping and storming by herself in the dark little shed-room where her chickens were gathered from the flood.

"Nancy!" she heard her father calling, "Nancy, child! Where 's that gal taken herself off to? Are you a-settin' up your back on account of that ditch? If you are, you ain't no child of mine. I 'm dum sorry I let on a word to her about it. How do I know but she 's off with it now, to that watchman feller—I 'll be put in the papers—an old man informed on by his darter, and he on his last sick-bed! Nancy, I say, where be you a-hidin' yourself?"

Nancy returned to her forlorn charge, and after a while the old man fell asleep. She put out the lamp, for she could see to move about the room by the light of the sage-brush bonfires that flared along the ditch, lighting the men and teams, all Finlayson's force, at work upon the broken banks.

The sight was wild and alluring; she went out to watch the strange army of shadows shifting and intermingling against a wall of flame.

There was a distressful space to cross, of sand and slippery mud and drowned vegetation, including the remains of her garden; the look of everything was changed. Only the ditch-bank against the reddened sky supplied the usual landmark. Its crest was black with shovelers, and up and down, in lurid light, climbed the scraper-teams; climbed, and dumped, and dropped over the bank, to climb again, like figures in a stage procession. There was a bedlam roar and crackle of pitchy fires, rattle of harness, clank of scraper-pans, shouts of men to the cattle, oaths and words of command; and this would go forward unceasingly till the banks held water. And what was the use of contending?

Nancy felt bitterly the insignificance of such small scattered folk as her father, pitiful even in their spite. Their vengeance was like the malice of field-mice or rabbits, which the farmers fenced out of their fields into the desert where they belonged. What could such as they do either to help or hinder this invincible march of capital into the country where they with untold hardships had located the first claims? And some of them were ready enough for a little temporary relief to part with their birthright to these clever sons of Jacob.

"Out we go, to find some other wilderness for them to take away from us! We are only mossbacks," said the daughter of Esau.

As she spoke half aloud to herself, a man rushed past her down the bank, flattened himself on his hands, laid his face to the water, and drank, and paused to pant, and drank again, while she could have counted a score. Then he lifted his head, sighed, and stretched himself back with a groan of complete exhaustion.

Digitized by Google

The firelight touched his face, and showed her Travis: haggard, hollow-eyed, soaked with ditch-water, and matted with mud, looking as if he had been dragged bodily through the ditch-bank, like thread through a piece of cloth.

Nancy did not try to avoid him.

"Oh, is it you?" he marveled, softly smiling up at her. "What a splendid ride you made! Did nobody thank you? Finlayson said he could n't find you when he was leaving camp."

Nancy answered not a word: she was trembling so that she feared to betray herself by speaking.

"I was coming to say good-by when I had washed my face," he continued. "I got my time to-night."

"Your time?"

"My time-check. They are going to put another man in my place. So you need n't hate me any longer on account of the ditch; you can transfer all that to the next fellow."

"Is n't that just like them! They never can do anything fair!"

"Like who? Do you suppose I 'm going to kick about it? The only wonder is they kept me on so long."

Every word of Travis's was a knife in Nancy's conscience, to say nothing of her pride. She hugged her arms in her shawl, and rocked herself to and fro. Travis crawled up the bank a little way further, and stretched himself humbly beside her. The dark shadows under his aching eyes started a pang of pity in the girl's heart, sore beset as she was with troubles of her own.

"I 'm glad it 's duskish," he remarked, "so you can't see the sweet state I 'm in. I 'm all over top soil. You might rent me to a Chinaman for twenty-five dollars an acre; and I don't need any irrigating either."

An irresponsible laugh from Nancy was followed by a sob. Then she gathered herself to speak.

"See here, do you want to stay on this ditch?"

"Of course I do. I wanted to stay till I had straightened out my own record, and shown what the ditch can do. But no management under heaven could stand such work as this."

"Then stay, if you want to. You have only to say the word. You said you 'd inform if there was a next time, and there is. Father did it. He made this break, too. He made them both the same night, and did n't dare to tell of this one. Now, go and clear yourself, and get back your beat."

"Are you sure of this you are telling me?"

"Well, I guess so. It is n't the sort of thing I 'd be likely to make up. And I say you can tell if you want to. I make you a present of the information. If father is n't willing to take the consequences, I am; and they half belong to me. I won't have anybody sheltering us, or losing by us. We have got no quarrel with you."

"That is brave of you. I wish it was something more than brave," sighed Travis. "But I want it all myself. I can't spare this information to the company. You did n't do it for them, did you?"

"When I go telling on my father to save a ditch, I guess it will be after now," said Nancy. "If that rich company, with all its men and watchmen and teams and money, can't protect itself from one poor old man—"

"Never mind the company," said Travis. "What 's mine is mine. This word you gave to me, it does n't belong to my employers. You have saved me to myself; now I shall not go kicking myself for sleeping that night on my beat. It 's not so bad — oh, not half so bad — for me!"

"Then go tell them, and get the credit for it. Don't you mean to?"

She could not see him smile. "When I tell, you will hear of it."

"But you talked about your record."

"I shall have to go to work and make a new record. Ah, if you would be as kind as you are brave! Was it all just for pride you told me this? Don't you care, not the least bit, about my part — that I am down and out of everything?"

"It 's your own fault, then. I have told you how you can clear yourself and stay."

"And lose my chance with you! I was thinking of coming back, some day, to tell you — what you must know already. Nancy, you do know!"

"You forget," shivered Nancy; "I am the daughter of the man you called—"

"Is that fair — to bring that up now?"

"You must n't deceive yourself. There are some things that can't be forgotten."

"How did *I* know what I was saying? A man is n't always responsible."

"I heard you," said Nancy. "There are things we say when we are raging mad at a person, and there are things we say when we think them the dirt under our feet. You kept him down with your dirt-shovel, and you called him — what I can't ever forget."

"And is this the only hitch between us?"

"I should think it was enough. Who despises my father despises me."

"But I do not despise him," Travis did not scruple to assert. "The quarrel was not mine; and I 'm not a ditch-man any longer. I will apologize to your father."

"Oh, I know it costs you nothing to apologize. You don't mind father — an old man like

Digitized by Google

him! You 'd take him in, and give him his meals, and pat him on the head as you would the house-dog that bites because he 's old and cross. Well, I 'll let you know I don't want you to forgive him, and apologize, and all that stuff. I want you to get even with him."

"Be satisfied," said Travis. "The only count I have against your father is through his daughter. There is no way for me to get even with you. And when you have spoiled a man's life just for one angry word—"

"Not angry," she interrupted. "I could have forgiven you that."

"For one word, then. And you call it square when you have given me a piece of information to use for myself against you! I will go back, now, and go to work. They can't say I have n't earned my wages on this beat."

He looked down at her, longing to gather her with all her thorny sweetness to his breast; but her attitude forbade him.

"Can't we shake hands?" he said. They shook hands in silence, and he went back and finished the night in the ranks of the shovelers, to work well, to love well, and to get his discharge at last. Yet Travis was not sorry that he had taken those five miles below Glenn's Ferry. He had found something to work for.

The company's officials marveled as the weeks went by that nothing was heard of Solomon Lark. He had ever been the sturdiest beggar for damages on the ditch. If he lacked an occasion he could invent one; he was known to be a fanatic on the subject of the small farmers' wrongs; yet now, with a veritable claim to sue for, the old protestant was dumb. Had Solomon turned the other cheek? There were jokes about it in the office; they looked to have some fun with Solomon yet.

In the early autumn the joking ceased. There was a final reason for the old man's silence: Solomon was dead. His ranch was rented to a Chinese vegetable-gardener, who bought water from the ditch.

The company, through its officials, was disposed to recognize this unspoken claim that had perished on the lips of the dead. They made an estimate, and offered Nancy Lark a fair sum in consideration of her father's losses by the ditch.

It was unusual for a company to volunteer a settlement of this kind, it was still more unusual for the indemnity to be refused. Nancy declined by letter, first; the manager asked her to call at the office. She did not come. He took pains to hunt her up at the house of her friends in town. He might have delegated the call, but he made it in person, and was struck by an added dignity, a finer beauty, in the saddened face of the girl he remembered as a bit of a rustic coquette.

He went over the business with her. She was perfectly intelligent in the matter; there had been no misunderstanding. Why, then, should she not take what belonged to her? Companies were not in the habit of paying claims that were claims of sentiment.

"I have made no claim," said Nancy.

"But you have one. You inherited one. We do not propose to rob—"

She put out her hand with a gesture of appeal.

"My father had no claim. He never made one, nor meant to make one. I am the best judge of what belongs to me. I don't want this money, and I will never take one cent of it. But there is a claim you can settle, if you are hunting up claims. It won't cost you anything," she faltered, as if some unguarded impulse had hurried her into a subject she hardly knew how to go on with. She moved her chair back a little from the light.

"There was one of your watchmen on the Glenn's Ferry beat who lost his place on account of those breaks coming one after another—"

"Yes," said the manager; "there were several that did. Which man do you refer to?"

The name, she thought, was Travis. Then, blushing, she spoke out courageously:

"It was Mr. Travis. He was discharged just after the big break. You thought it was his carelessness, but it was not. I am the only one that can say so, and I know it. You lost the best watchman you ever had on the ditch when you took his name off your pay-roll. He worked for more than just his money's worth, and it hurt him to lose that place."

"Are you aware that he made the worst record of any man on the line?"

"I don't care what his record was; he kept a good watch. It 's no concern of mine to say so," she said. Trembling, and red and white, the tears shining in her honest eyes, she persisted: "He had his reasons for never explaining, and they were nothing to be ashamed of. I think you might believe me!"

"I do," said the manager, willing to spare her. "I will attend to the case of Mr. Travis when I see him. I do not think he has left the country. In fact, he was inquiring about you only the other day, in the office, and he seemed very much concerned to hear of your — of the loss you have suffered. Shall I say that you spoke a good word for him?"

"You need not do that," she answered with spirit. "He knows whether he kept watch. But you may say that I ask as a favor that he will answer all your questions; and you need not be afraid to question him."

Travis was given back his beat, but no more explicit exoneration would he accept. The rea-

Digitized by Google

son of his reinstatement was not made public, and naturally there was gossip about it among other discharged watchmen who had not been invited to try again.

Two of these cynic philosophers, popularly known as sore-heads, foregathered one morning at Glenn's Ferry, and began to discuss the management and the ditch.

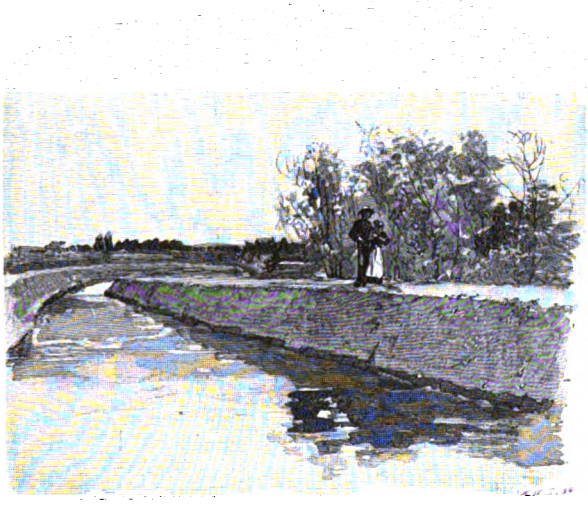
"Travis don't seem to have so much trouble with the water this year as he had last," the first ex-watchman remarked. "Used to get away with him on an average once a week, so I hear."

"He 's married his girl," the other exclaimed sarcastically. "He 's got more time to look after the ditch."

There is no sand, now, in Travis's bread. The prettiest girl on the ditch makes it for him, and walks beside him when the lights are fair and the shadows long on the ditch-bank. And it is a pleasure to record that both Nancy and the ditch are behaving as dutifully as girls and water can be expected to do when taken from their self-found paths and committed to the sober bounds of responsibility.

Flowers bloom upon its banks, heaven is reflected in its waters, fair and broad are the fertile pastures that lie beyond; but the best-trained ditch can never be a river, nor the gentlest wife a girl again.

Mary Hallock Foote.



ARTISTS' ADVENTURES: THE RUSH TO DEATH.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

IN the summer of 1890, while making for the United States government an enumeration of the Cheyenne Indian Reservation on Tongue River, Montana, and noting its condition, I was a witness to the following remarkable incident:

On the evening of September 7, a youth named Hugh Boyle was shot and killed by two Cheyenne bucks called Head Chief and Young Mule. Head Chief was so named from his position as leader of a group of bucks who dressed themselves in varied fantastic and picturesque costumes of feathers and paint, their main occupation being to dance a begging dance known as the "Omaha Dance" before the agency. Young Mule, a youth of eighteen, was one of the band, and a close companion of Head Chief, who was really the murderer, Young Mule being only an accessory.

There was no motive apparent for the act, save a savage desire to kill. The lad was unknown to the Indians, having arrived but recently on a visit to relatives, who were old settlers. On the evening of his assassination he was on the way to aid his uncle in herding cattle. It was a dark and dismal night; the road was long and isolated, and he rode on horseback. The horse, still saddled, was found the following day peacefully grazing. This was the first intimation of a mystery. After a fruitless three-day quest in the wooded hills and ravines,

Digitized by Google

a more careful search for some clue of the missing boy was made near home in the lowlands, when we came upon his hat lying in the bed of a run filled only with damp sod, and, on turning it over, saw a bullet-hole dotted with blood. Here, clearly, was a murder.

The chiefs were now called upon, and in a few hours American Horse, a prominent chief, reported that the body had been found in a run between two hills, four miles from the agency. Learning this, the agent, accompanied by a force of troops, made the ascent of the hill, a toilsome one, to the spot indicated as the place of burial.

A careful examination was made to determine whether the killing was the act of a white man or a redskin. We saw faintly visible in the fresh earth the marks of a moccasin or bare foot. The Indian chiefs, seated close in a semicircle, were looking on with great alertness. On hearing the decision, they acknowledged at once that it was the deed of two bucks, whose names they said they would divulge at the proper time, which meant when they were compelled to. The body of the boy was then unearthed, placed on an army stretcher, and conveyed to the ambulance waiting below. As the procession passed down the narrow path in single file, the silent tread of the Indians closing in the rear, it was desolate and mournful in the extreme.

The Indians condemned the murder as a cowardly act, and deeply deplored the sad mishap as tending to break the existing peace, and all pledged their faith to aid in bringing the guilty to justice. The Indian police were called together, with additional trusty members of the tribe, and were empowered to arrest the murderers. In twenty-four hours they returned, reporting that the assassins could not be found. On Saturday, the 13th, when the rations were issued, the agent called for a powwow of the chiefs. The meeting was most characteristic of Indian duplicity. They admitted that they knew who the murderers were, and thought they should be punished; but they told nothing definite. During the discussion the father of Head Chief pleaded most pathetically for the life of his son, saying he had tried to bring him up to do right to his American Father, but that he was young and rash. This eloquent appeal was delivered through an interpreter with great dignity. We were all much moved, but the situation was unchanged, when American Horse, a noble-looking Indian, bearing a strong resemblance to George Washington, offered forty ponies as a ransom for the life of the boy. The agent said that that was not justice in the eyes of white men, and expressed his determination to arrest the murderers at all hazards; whereupon the chiefs proclaimed that the two murderers would not be taken alive, but would challenge the troops, and would appear in half an hour "to kill and be killed." The agent rose to his feet, exclaiming, "We are ready; bring on your men."

In an instant the young bucks who had fringed the outer space of the agency mounted their ponies, and from camp to camp conveyed the word of challenge. Then in haste they sought the rounded edges of the hills bordering the western bank of the Lame Deer, seeking reserved seats in the natural amphitheater.



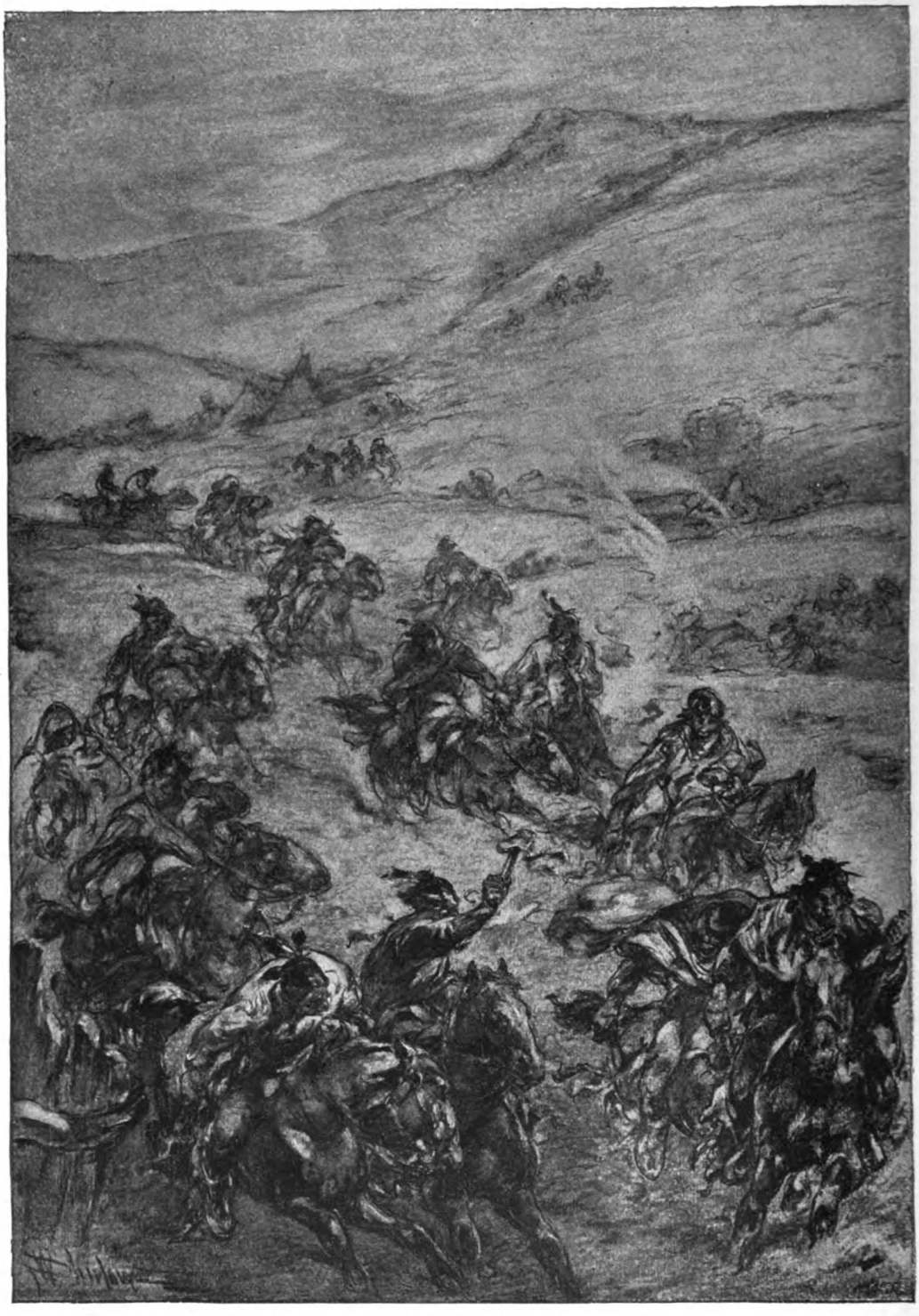
THE CHALLENGE.

Digitized by Google



NEARING THE END.

Digitized by Google



"SWEEPING THE PLAIN LIKE A WHIRLWIND."

Digitized by Google

Following them went the squaws old and young, with their papooses and their household effects.

From these picturesque groups came mournful sounds, mingled with shouts of defiance, as the exodus moved past the agency and sought points of shelter. Everything seemed to have been understood and prepared. The agent gave orders to all, including the Indian police, to arm themselves and prepare for the attack. The military, who were camped a mile below the Lame Deer, were informed, and sent troops. A force of cavalry was also quickly on hand. The aim of the troops, and of the agent, was not to kill the two culprits, but to inclose them on all sides and to secure their arrest. This just and humane desire, as the sequel shows, failed. Suddenly there appeared on a rocky point the two braves, mounted, and arrayed in their war-paint and feathers, daringly facing the unequal fight. They moved with great rapidity from point to point, shouting their battle-cry and firing, while showers of bullets plowed the ground about them. For one full hour this natural fortress was held by them, when, taken in the rear by a troop of cavalry, they were compelled to seek shelter on the plains or wooded hills beyond. Head Chief, still mounted, acted the hero, knowing that in the legends of the witnessing tribe his name would be celebrated as one who died a true brave. Unseen, he crossed the plain, taking flight for the opposite hills, where without warning he met a detachment of troops. The challenge was "to kill and be killed." So it was. Head Chief bit the dust ten feet from the point of encounter. Four bullets had done their work, and the Indian was laid low.

Young Mule, the younger Indian, unmounted, his pony having been shot, was seen bounding like a deer over the uneven ground and tangled sage-brush. He sought refuge in a dry run. Here for an hour, his ammunition still holding out, he kept at bay all who dared his capture. One sad incident preceding his death was the appeal of his mother to save him from impending doom. It was fruitless, none daring to attempt his arrest. Evidently he meant to die as his comrade had died.

His mother, now knowing that her boy was lost, came out on the open plain, her legs slashed and cut from the knee downward, the blood streaming on the ground. While the bullets cut through the brush she chanted and wailed his death-dirge. He fell by the bullet of one of the Indian police, which penetrated his heart. The Cheyenne is brave, and the young bucks died like Spartans.

The agent, the doctor, a lieutenant, an Indian chief, and I viewed the dead. As we approached the body of Head Chief, I saw the gleam of a knife. With sudden frenzy his sister sprang toward us, shielding the body from our gaze. The old chief tried to pacify her, but she burst into tears.

The tragedy over, the multitude, eight hundred strong, came down the hills pell-mell, with colors and dust flying, the young bucks leading the van, sweeping the plain like a whirlwind; the squaws coming on with shrill shouts, chanting their dirges, which mingled with the howling of the dogs,—a scene never to be forgotten.

That night the burial took place, where or how was never known; but far into the night could be heard the funeral rites.

The following morning little mounds of stones were seen dotting the hills and the plain. Head Chief's trail had been followed, and wherever blood had dropped from his wounds a heap of stones had been laid. The spot where he fell was marked with a high mound of stones, and a large feather from his head-dress stood erect on the summit. This was a great mark of respect, because he died facing the enemy. Young Mule died in a hole behind the sage-brush; as this was considered the act of a coward, his grave was left unmarked and his suffering was unnoticed.

Walter Shirlaw.

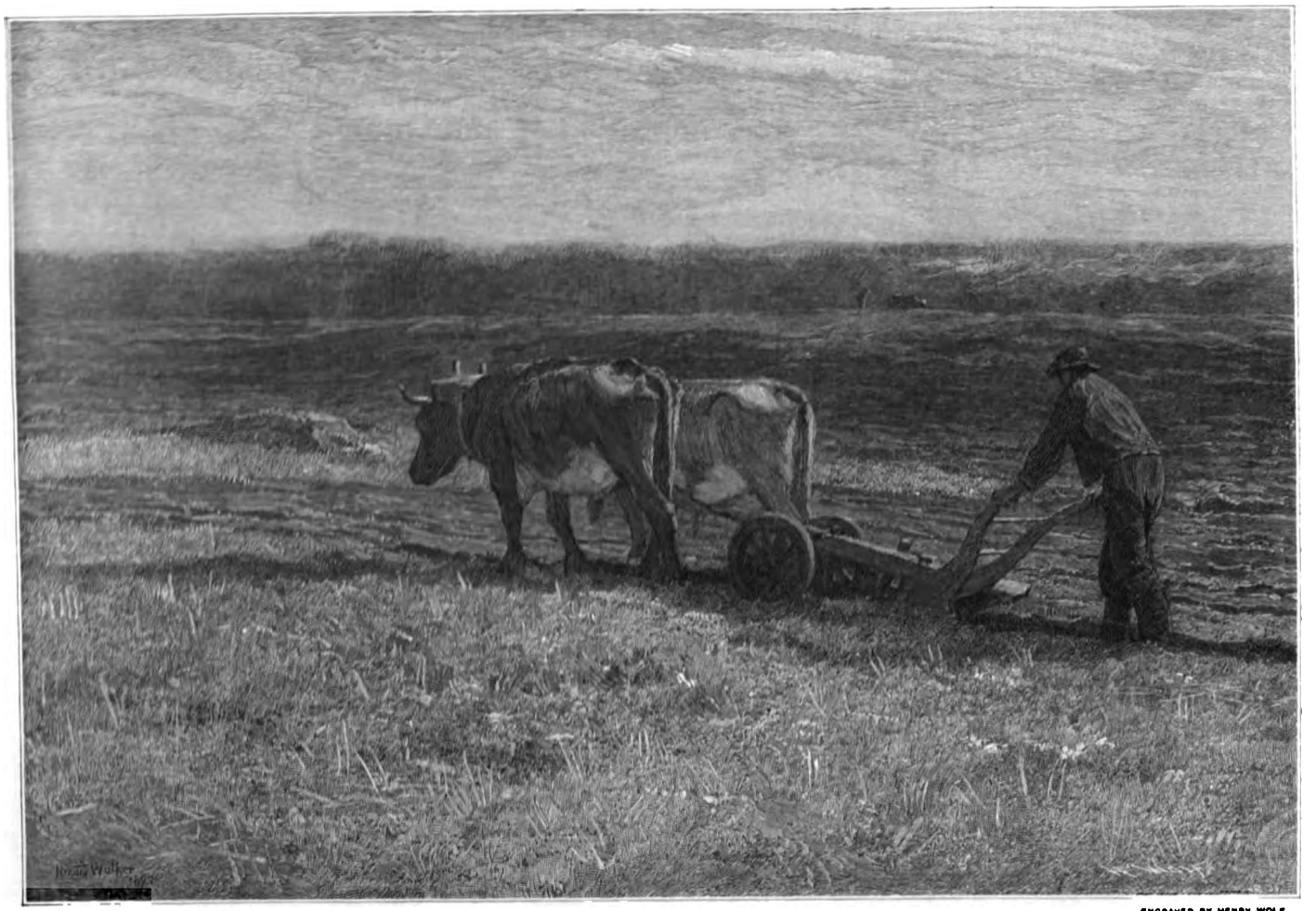
THE BOWERS OF PARADISE.

O TRAVELER, who hast wandered far
'Neath southern sun and northern star,
Say where the fairest regions are!

Friend, underneath whatever skies
Love looks in love-returning eyes,
There are the bowers of paradise.

Clinton Scollard.

Digitized by Google



SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

A MORNING IN SPRING, BY HORATIO WALKER.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

Digitized by Google

THE CASTING VOTE.

By the Author of "In the Tennessee Mountains," etc.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

AN election of civil and judicial officers was impending in Kildeer County when a comet appeared in the July sky, a mysterious, aloof, uncanny presence, that invaded the night and the stereotyped routine of nature with that gruesome effect of the phenomenal which gives to the mind so definite a realization of how dear and secure is the prosaic sense of custom.

All the lenses of the great observatories of the world had, in a manner, sought to entertain the strange visitant of the heavens. The learned had gone so far as to claim its acquaintance, to recognize it as the returning comet of a date long gone by. It even carried amidst its shining glories, along the far unimagined ways of its orbit, the name of a human being—of the man who had discovered it on its former visit, for thus splendidly does astronomy honor its votaries. Less scientific people regarded it askance as in some sort a harbinger of woe, and spoke of presage, recalling other comets, and the national commotions that came in their train—from the Deluge, with the traditional cometary influences rife in the breaking up of "the fountains of the great deep," to the victories of Mohammed II. and the threatened overthrow of Christendom, and even down to the war of 1812. Others, again, scorned superstition, and entertained merely practical misgivings concerning the weight, density, and temperature of the comet, lest the eccentric aërial wanderer should run amuck of the earth in some confusion touching the right of way through space.

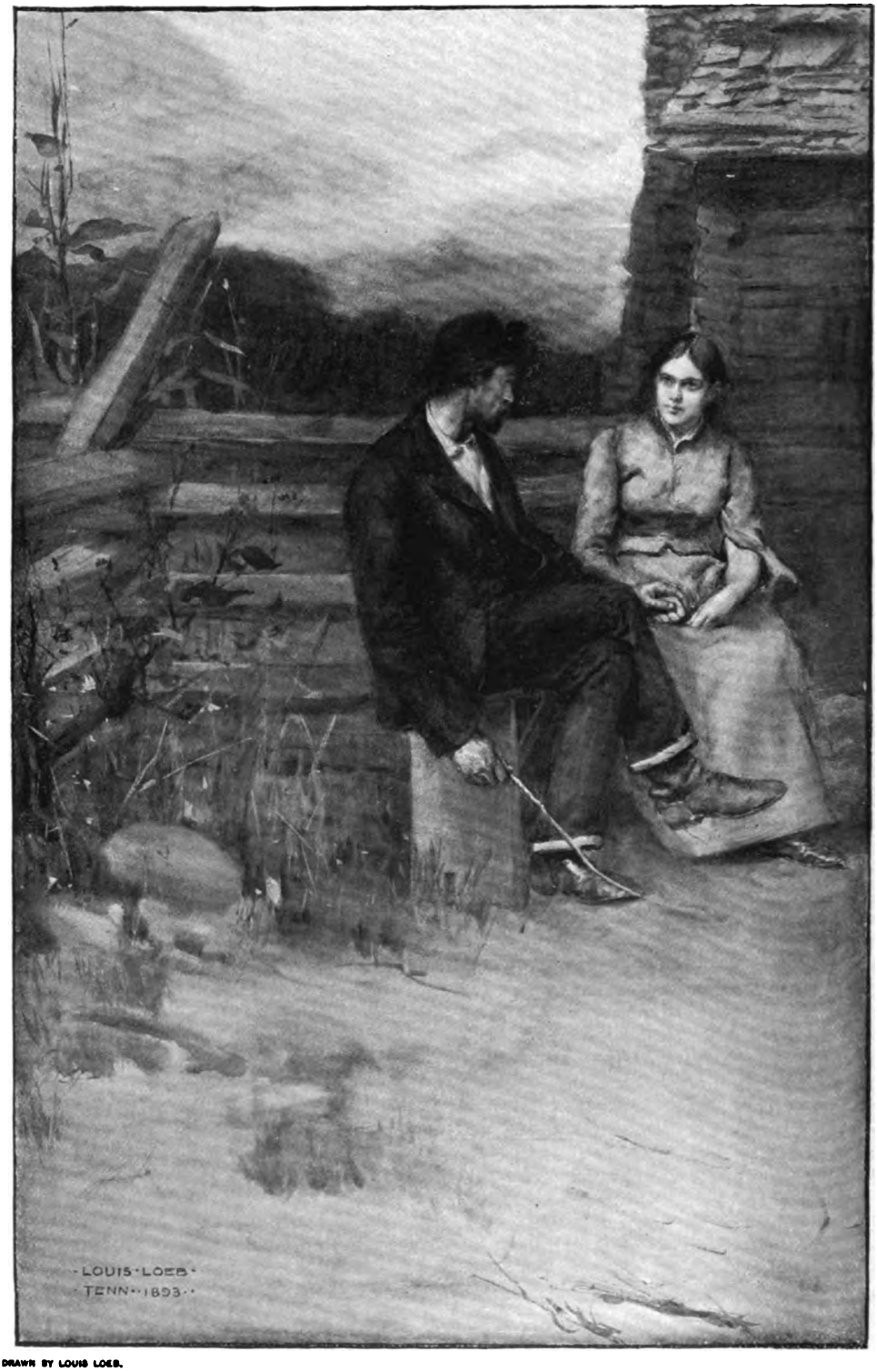
Meanwhile, it grew from the semblance of a vaporous tissue—an illuminated haze, only discernible through the telescope, the private view of the favored few—till it gradually became visible to the unassisted eye of the *profanum vulgus*, and finally it flamed across the darkling spaces with its white crown of glory, its splendid wing-like train, and its effect of motion as of a wondrous flight among the stars—and all the world, and, for aught we know, many worlds, were gazing at it.

Only in some great desert, the vast stretches of unsailed seas, or the depths of uninhabited forests, were its supernal splendors unnoted. It sunk as wistful, as tremulous, a reflection in a lonely pool in the dense mountain wilds as any simple star, a familiar of these haunts, that had looked down to mark its responsive image year after year, for countless ages, whenever the season brought it, in its place in the glittering mail of the Archer, or among the jewels of the Northern Crown, once more to the spot it had known and its tryst with its fair semblance in the water.

The great silver flake which the comet struck out upon the serene surface lay glinting there among the lesser stellar reflections, when a man, kneeling in a gully of the steep bank sloping to the "salt lick," leaned forward suddenly to gaze at it; then, with a gasp, turned his eyes upward to that flaming blade drawn athwart the peaceful sky. He did not utter a sound. The habit of silence essential to the deer-hunter kept its mechanical hold upon his nerves. Only the hand with which he grasped the half-exposed roots of a great sycamore-tree, denuded in some partial caving of the bank long ago, relaxed and trembled slightly.

He was a man of scant and narrow experience, his world the impenetrable mountain wilderness, and, though seemingly the pupil of nature, versed in the ways of beast and bird, the signs of the clouds, the seasons of burgeoning and bur, it was but of casual external aspects. He knew naught of its wondrous history, its subtler significance, its strange record—the flood-tides registered on that cliff beyond the laurel; the reptilian trail in the ledge beneath the butt of his rifle, the imprint still fast in the solid rock, albeit the species extinct; the great bones of ancient unknown beasts sunk in the depressions of this saline quagmire, which herds of them had once frequented for the salt, as did of late the buffalo, and now the timorous deer, wont to come, like shadows wavering in the wind, to lick the briny earth. The strange, glinting blade overhead had no claim on his recognition as the "comet of Aristotle," or the "evil-disposed comet" personified by the Italians as Sir Great-Lance, *il Signor Astone*, or Halley's comet, or Donati's. Self is the center of the solar system

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

"I HEV BEEN WAITIN' SO LONG, 'DOSIA."

Digitized by Google

with many souls, and around this point do all its incidents revolve. For *him* that wondrous white fire was kindled in the skies, for *him*, in special relation to his small life, to the wish nearest his hot human heart, to the clumsy scheme dear to his slow, crude brain. He thought it a warning then; and later he still thought this.

Some vague stir — the wind perhaps, perhaps a light-footed dryad — flitted past and was gone. The surface of the "lick" rippled with her footprints, and was smooth again. All the encompassing masses of trees and undergrowth about the place were densely black and opaque, giving the sense of absolute solidity and weight, except upon the verges, which were somehow shaded off into a cloudy brown against the translucent dove-tinted tissues in which the night seemed enveloped and obscured save for the white gleaming of the stars. This was the clear color that the brackish water wore as it reflected the night. It reflected suddenly a face — a face with a long velvety muzzle, a pair of spreading antlers, and dark eyes, gentle, timorous, liquidly bright. The water stirred with a sibilant lapping sound as the buck's tongue licked at the margin. Once he held up his head to listen, with his hoof lifted, then bent again to the ripples. There was scant relation between him, the native of these woods, and that wayward waif of the skies; but among the unnumbered influences and incidents of its course it served to save that humble sylvan life for a space. The hunter neither saw nor heard.

It was only when the deer with a sudden snort and a precipitate bound fled crashing through the laurel that Walter Hoxon became aware of his presence, and of the stealthy approach that had alarmed him. The approach was stealthy no longer. A quick, nervous tread, a rustling of the boughs, and as the hunter rose to his feet his elder brother emerged from the undergrowth, taller than he as they stood together on the margin of the lick, more active, sinewy, alert.

"Why n't ye take a shot at him, Wat?" cried Justus Hoxon, tumultuously. "I 'll be bound ye war nappin'," he added in keen rebuke. A pause, then Walter Hoxon pulled himself together and retorted:

"Nappin'!" in scornful falsetto. "How *could* I get a shot, with ye a-trompin' up ez n'isy ez a herd o' cattle?"

The reproach evidently struck home, for the elder said nothing. With the thoroughness characteristic of the habitual liar, Walter proceeded to add circumstance to his original statement.

"I seen the deer whenst he fust kem sidlin' an' slippin' up ter the water, oneasy an' onsartain from the fust minute. I hed jes sighted my rifle. An' hyar ye kem, a-bulgin' out o' the lau'l, an' sp'iled my shot." As the verisimilitude of his representations bore upon him, he unconsciously assumed the sentiments natural to the situation simulated.

"Who tole ye ez I war hyar, anyhows?" he demanded angrily.

"'Dosia," replied Justus Hoxon, in a mild tone. Then, with an effort at exculpation, "I 'lowed ye 'd be keen — plumb sharp set — fur news 'bout the prospec's o' the 'lection. An' she 'lowed ez ye hed kem down hyar hopin' ter git a deer. 'T war The'dosia."

At the name the other had turned slightly away and looked down, a gesture that invidious daylight might have interpreted as anxiety, or faltering, or at the least replete with consciousness. But even if open to observation, it could scarcely have signified aught to Justus Hoxon, wrapped in his own thoughts, and in his absorbing interest in the events of the day. His mental attitude was so apparent to his brother, albeit his form was barely distinguishable as they stood together by the lick, that Wat ventured a question — a bold one, it seemed to him, and he felt a chill because of its temerity.

"Glad ter see ye, I s'pose?"

"Plumb tickled ter death," exclaimed Justus, his laughing voice full of reminiscent enthusiasm. "Thar war a big crowd at Peters Cross-roads ter hear the speakin', an' a toler'ble gatherin' at Sycamore Gap. Everybody inquired partic'lar arter ye, an' whenst I tole 'em ye war tuck sick, an' could n't be thar, an' I war 'lectioneerin' in yer place, they shuck han's, an' shuck han's. One ole man — ole Sam Coggins, up ter Sims' Mill — says ter me, he says, 'I dunno yer brother, Justus Hoxon; but blister my boots, ef I don't vote fur anybody ez air kin ter you-uns, an' ez ye hev set yer heart on 'lectin' ter office.' An' the way folks inquired arter ye, an'—"

"I ain't talkin' 'bout the 'lection," Wat broke in brusquely. "I war axin' 'bout 'Dosia. She war"—he hesitated — "liable ter be glad ter see ye, I reckon."

There was a note of surprise in his brother's voice from which Wat shrank in sudden alarm. "Oh, *'Dosia!* Course she war glad. I seen her jes now, an' she told me ez ye had kem down ter the lick ter git a shot at the deer, bein' ez she hed 'lowed the venison war powerful good 'bout now. I never stayed but a minute. I says, 'The'dosia, ye an' me hev got the rest o' our lives ter do our courtin' in, but this 'lection hev got ter be tended ter *now*,' ca'se ef Wat ain't 'lected it 'll set him back all his life. Some folks 'low ez 't ain't perlite an' respec'ful, nohow, fur pore folks like we-uns ter run fur office,

Digitized by Google

like ez ef we war good ez anybody.' An' 'Dosia she jes hustled me out'n the house. 'G'long! G'long! Do *everything* 'bout'n the 'lection! Turn every stone! Time enough fur courtin' arterward! Time enough!'"

Once more he laughed contentedly. The man beside him stirred uneasily, then broke out irritably: "Waal, *I'm* powerful tired o' this 'lection foolishness, fur one. I wisht I hed never let ye push an' boost me inter it. I reckon them war right ez 'lowed pore folks like we-uns ain't fit ter run fur office, an' ain't goin' ter git 'lected. I 'd never hev dreamt o' sech ef it hed n't been fur you-uns — never in this worl'." His voice sunk moodily, and he had a flouting gesture as he turned aside.

A vicarious ambition is the most ungrateful of passions. There was something more than anger, than eager affection, than urgent reproach, than prescient alarm, albeit all rang sharply forth, in his brother's voice raised to reply; it was a keen note of helplessness, from which Walter's nerves recoiled with a sense of pain, so insistently clamorous it was.

"How kin ye say that! Fur ye ter stan' thar, ready ter throw away all yer good chances, jes 'ca'se ye hev got the rheumatics an' don't feel like viewin' the people — though it 'pears like ye air well enough ter go huntin' of deer of a damp night at a salt-lick! An' then, 'ca'se a mean-spirited half-liver flings dirt on ye an' yer fambly, fur ye ter sit down on a low stool, an' fill yer mouth with mud, an' 'low this air plenty good enough fur we-uns! 'Pore folks ain't fit ter git 'lected ter office!'" with scornful iteration. "My Lord! this hyar is a democratic kentry!" with an echo from the stump speeches of the day. "Leastwise the folks yander at Sycamore Gap 'peared ter think so. This hyar Tom Markham he war speakin' on the issues o' the day, an' bein' he 's a frien' o' Sheriff Quigley's, he tuk a turn at me an' you-uns, o' course. Tole the folks how my dad an' mam died whenst I war twelve year old, an' how the only way the fambly war n't sent ter the pore-house war 'ca'se the county folks war dil'tory, an' put it off, till they 'lowed our own house war pore enough. An' then he sot out ter be mighty funny, an' mocked the way I useter call t' other chil'n — 'Fambly, kem ter dinner, Fambly!' 'Shet up yer cryin', Fambly!' An' then tole how I cooked — gathered all sorts o' yarbs an' vegetables tergether an' set a pot ter bile, an' whenever 'Fambly' war hongry 'Fambly' tuk a snack, an' gracefully eat out'n the pot with thar fingers. An' sometimes 'Fambly' war moved ter wash thar clothes, an' they all repaired ter the ruver-bank, an' rubbed out thar rags, an' hung 'em on the bushes ter dry. An', duty done, 'Fambly' went a-wadin'; an' everybody jes laffed an' laffed!"

There was a strained tone in his voice, not far foreign to a sob, as he repeated these derisive flouts at his early and forlorn estate.

"An' now," resuming their rehearsal, "this enlightened constituency was asked ter bestow on a scion o' this same 'Fambly' — ignorant, scrub, pauper — an office of great importance to the people, that needed to fill it a man o' eddication an' experiunce, varsed in the ways o' the world — asked to bestow the office o' sheriff o' the county on a man who war so obviously incomp'tent an' illit'rate that he dars n't face the people ter make his perposterous demand!"

The wind came and went. The darkling bushes bowed and bent again. The leaves took up their testimony in elusive, sibilant mutterings. Justus Hoxon's eyes were cast upward for a moment, as he watched a massive bough of an oak-tree sway against the far sky, shutting off the stars, which became visible anew as the elastic branch swung back once more. Only the pallor of his face, and a certain lustrous liquid gleam betokening his eyes, were distinguishable to his brother, who nevertheless watched him with anxiety and quickened breathing as he went on:

"That thar feller hed sca'cely stepped down off'n that thar stump afore I war on to it. I asked fur a few minutes' attention, an' 'lowed, I did, that Mr. Markham's account o' the humble beginnin's of me an' 'Fambly' war accurate an' exac'. (Everybody hed looked fur me ter deny it, or ter git mad, or suthin', an' they war toler'ble s'prised.) 'Fambly' *did* eat out'n the pot permiscuous, an' made a mighty pore dinner thar many a day. An' 'Fambly' washed thar clothes ez described, infrequent enough, an' no doubt war ez ragged an' dirty ez they war hongry. But he hed n't told the haffen o' it. Cold winter nights, when the snow sifted in through the cracks, an' the wind blew in the rotten old door, 'Fambly' liked ter hev friz ter death. They hed the pneumonia, an' whoopin'-cough, an' croup; an' in summer, bein' a perverse set o' brats, 'Fambly' hed fever an' ager, an' flux, an' similar ailments common ter the young o' the human race, *the same ez ef 'Fambly' war folks!* 'T war 'stonishin', kem ter think of it, how 'Fambly' hed the insurance ter grow up ter *look* like folks, let alone settin' out ter run fur office; an' ef God hed n't raised 'em up some mighty good frien's in this county, I reckon thar would n't be much o' 'Fambly' left. Some folks 'low ez Providence hev got mighty leetle jedgmint in worldly affairs, an' this mus' be one o' the strikin' instances of it. These frien's gin the bigges' boy work ter do, an' that holped ter keep 'Fambly's' bodies an' souls tergether. I says I reckon I hev ploughed in the fields o' haffen the men

Digitized by Google

in our deestric'; I hev worked in the tan-yard; I hev been striker in the blacksmith shop; an all the time that pot, aforesaid, b'iled at home, an' 'Fambly' tuck thar dinner thar constant, *with* thar fingers, *ez aforesaid*. But 'Fambly' war n't so durned ragged, nuther. Good neighbors gin 'em some clothes wunst in a while, an' l'arned the gals ter sew an' cook some. An' thar kem ter be a skillet an' a fryin'-pan on the h'a'th ter holp the pot out. Why, 'Fambly' got so prosperous that one day, whenst a' ole, drunken, cripple, ragged man war passin', they enj'yed themselves mightily, laffin' at somebody po'rer than themselves. An' ole Pa'son Tyson war goin' by in his gig, an' *he* tuck note o' the finger o' scorn, an' he stopped. He said mighty leetle, but he tuck the trouble ter cut a stout hickory sprout, an' he gin 'Fambly' a good thrashin' all roun'. It lasted 'Fambly' well. They ain't laffed at 'God's pore' sence! Waal, 'Fambly' 's takin' up too much o' this enlightened assembly's attention. Enough to tell what 's kem o' 'Fambly.' The oldes' gal went ter free school, l'arned ter read, write, an' cipher, an' married Pa'son Tyson's son, ez air a minister o' the gospel a-ridin' a Methodis' circuit in north Georgy now. An' the second gal"—his voice faltered—"*she* went ter free school, l'arned mo' still o' readin' an' writin' an' cipherin', an' taught school two year down on Bird Creek, an' war goin' ter be married ter a good man, well ter do, who had built her a house, not knowin' ez God hed prepared her a mansion in the skies. She is livin' *thar* now! An' las', the Benjamin o' all the tribe, kems my brother Walter. *He* went ter school; kin read, write, an' cipher; he 's been taught ez much ez any man ez ever held the office he axes ter be 'lected ter, an' air thoroughly competent. Fac' is, gentlemen, thar 's nothin' lef' ter show fur the humble 'Fambly' Mr. Markham 's be'n tellin' 'bout, but me. I never went ter school, 'ceptin' in yer fields. I l'arned ter cure hides, an' temper steel, an' shoe horse-critters, so that pot mought be kep' a-b'ilin', an' 'Fambly' mought dine accordin' to thar humble way in them very humble days that somehow, gentlemen, I ain't got an' can't git the grace ter be 'shamed of yit."

He paused abruptly as he concluded the recital of his speech, and wiped his face with the back of his hand. "I wisht ye could hev hearn them men cheer. They jes hollered tharse'fs hoarse. They shuck hands till they mighty nigh yanked my arm out'n its socket." With the recollection, he rubbed his right arm with a gesture of pain.

Something there was in the account of this ovation that smote upon the younger brother's sense of values, and he hastened to take possession of it.

"Oh, I knowed I war powerful pop'lar in the Sycamore Gap deestric'," he said, dropping his lowering manner, that had somehow been perceptible in the darkness, and wagging his head from side to side with a gesture of great security in the affections of Sycamore Gap. "Sycamore Gap 's all right, I know; I 'll poll a big majority thar, sure."

"I reckon ye will; but I war n't so sure o' that at fust," replied the elder. "They 'peared ter me at fust ter be sorter set ag'in' us—leastwise *me*, though arter a while I could hardly git away from 'em, they war so durned friendly."

Walter cast a keen look upon him; but he evidently spoke from his simple heart, and was all unaware that he was personally the source of this sudden popularity in Sycamore Gap—his magnetism, his unconscious eloquence, and his character as shown in the simple and forlorn annals of "Fambly." And yet he was not crudely unthinking. He perceived the incongruity of his brother's successive standpoints.

"I dunno how ye kin purtend ter be so allfired sure o' Sycamore Gap," he said suddenly. "'T ain't five minutes sence ye war 'lowin' ez pore folks could n't git 'lected ter office, an' ye wished ye hed hed nothin' ter do with sech, an' 't war me ez hed jes pushed an' boosted ye inter it."

The resources of subterfuge are well nigh limitless. Walter Hoxon was an adept in utilizing them. He had seen a warning in the skies, and it had struck terror and discouragement into his heart; but not to his political prospects had he felt its application. Other schemes, deeper, treacherous, secret, seemed menaced, and his conscience, or that endowment to quake with the fear of requital that answers for conscience in some ill-developed souls, was set astir. Nevertheless, the election's broad back might suffice.

"Look a-yander, Justus," he said suddenly, pointing with the muzzle of his gun at the brilliant wayfarer of the skies, as if he might in another moment essay a shot. "That thar critter means mischief, sure ez ye air born."

The other stepped back a pace or two, and lifted his head to look.

"The comic?" he demanded. Walter's silence seemed assent. "Laws-a-massy, ye tomfool," Justus cried, "let it be a sign ter them ez run ag'in' ye! Count the comic in like a qualified voter—it kem hyar on account o' the incumbent's incompetence in office. Signs! Rolf Quigley is sign enough,—if ye want signs in 'lections,—with money, an' frien's, an' a term of office, an' the reg'lar nominee o' the party, an' ye jes an independent candidate. No star a-waggin' a tail aroun' the sky air haffen ez dangerous ter yer 'lection ez him. An' he ain't lookin' at no comic! He looked this evenin' like he 'd put his finger in his

Digitized by Google

mouth in one more minute, plumb 'shamed ter his boot-sole o' the things Markham hed said. An' Markham he kem up ter me before a crowd o' fellers, an' says, says he: 'Mr. Hoxon, I meant no reflections on yer fambly in alludin' ter its poverty, an' I honor ye fur yer lifelong exertions in its behalf. I take pride, sir, in makin' this apology.' An' I says: 'I be a' illit'rate, humble man, Mr. Markham; but I will venture the liberty to tell ye ez ye mought take mo' pride in givin' no occasion fur apologies ter poverty.' Them fellers standin' aroun' jes laffed. I knowed he did n't mean a word he said then, but war jes slickin' over the things he *hed* said on Quigley's account, 'ca'se the crowd seemed to favor me. I say, comic! Let Rolf Quigley take the comic fur a sign."

It is easy to pluck up fears that have no root. "Oh, I be goin' ter 'lectioneer all the same ez ever. Whar 's the nex' place we air bound fur?"

Walter put his hand on his brother's shoulder as he asked the question, and in the eager unfolding of plans and possibilities the two, as Justus talked, made their way along the deer-path beside the salt-lick, leaving the stars coldly glittering on the ripples, with that wonderful streak of white fire reflected among them; leaving, too, the vaguely whispering woods, communing with the wind as it came and went; reaching the slope of the mountain at last, where was perched, amid sterile fields and humble garden-patch, the little cabin in which "Fambly" had struggled through its forlorn youth to better days.

THE door was closed after this. A padlock knocked against it when the wind blew, as if spuriously announcing a visitor. The deceit failed of effect, for there was no inmate left, and the freakish gust could only twirl the lock anew, and go swirling down the road with a rout of dust in a witches' dance behind it. The passers-by took note of the deserted aspect of things, and knew that the brothers were absent electioneering, and wondered vaguely what the chances might be. This passing was somewhat more frequent than was normal along the road; for when the mists that had hung about the mountains persistently during a warm, clammy, wet season had withdrawn suddenly, and one night revealed for the first time the comet fairly ablaze in the sky, a desire to hear what was said and known about it at the Cross-roads and the settlement and the blacksmith shop took possession of the denizens of the region, and the coteries of amateur astronomers at these centers were added to daily. Some remembered a comet or two in past times, and if the deponent were advanced in years his hearers were given to understand that the present luminary could n't hold a tallow dip to the incandescent terrors he recollected. There were utilitarian souls who were disquieted about the crops, and anxiously examined growing ears of corn, expecting to find the comet's influence tucked away in the husks. Some looked for the end of the world; those most obviously and determinedly pious took, it might seem, a certain unfraternal joy in the contrast of their superior forethought in being prepared for the day of doom with the uncovenanted estate of the non-professor. A revival broke out at New Bethel; the number of mourners grew in proportion as the comet got bigger night by night. Small wonder that as evening drew slowly on, and the flaring, assertive, red west gradually paled, and the mountains began to lose semblance and symmetry in the darkness, and the river gloomed benighted in the vague circuit of its course, and a lonely star slipped into the pallid sky — darkening, too, till, rank after rank, and phalanx after phalanx, all the splendid armament of night had mustered, with that great, glamourous guidon in the midst — small wonder that the ignorant mountaineer looked up at the unaccustomed thing to mark it there, and fear smote his heart.

At these times certain of the little sequestered households far away among the wooded ranges got them within their doors, as if to place between them and the uncanny invader of the night, and the threatening influences rife in the very atmosphere, all the simple habitudes of home. The hearthstone seemed safest, the door a barrier, the home circle a guard. Others spent the nocturnal hours in the door-yard or on the porch, marking the march of the constellations faring westward, and filling the time with vague speculations, or retailing dreadful rumors of strange happenings in the neighboring coves, and wild stories of turmoil and misfortune that comets had wrought years ago.

It was at one of these makeshift observatories that Justus Hoxon stopped the first evening after his electioneering tour in the interest of his brother. The weather had turned hot and fair; a drought, a set-off to the surplusage of recent rains, was in progress; the dooryard on the side of the high slope of the mountain, apart from its availability for the surveillance of any eccentric doings of the comet, was an acceptable lounging-place for the sake of the air, the dew, the hope of a vagrant breeze, and, more than all, the ample "elbow-room" which it offered the rest of the family while he talked with Theodosia Blakely. The rest of the family — unwelcome wights! — were not disposed to make their existence obtrusive; on the contrary, they did much to further his wishes, even

Digitized by Google

to the sacrifice of personal predilection. Mrs. Blakely, her arms befloured, her hands in the dough, had observed him at the gate while she stood at the biscuit-block in the shed-room, and although pining to rush forth and ask the latest news from the settlement and the comet, she only called out in a husky undertone: "'Dosia, 'Dosia, yander 's Justus a-kemin' in the gate! Put on yer white apern, chile."

Because she had been adjured to put on her white apron, Theodosia did not put it on. She advanced to the window, about which grew, with its graceful habit, a hop-vine. A little slanting roof was above the lintel, a mere board or so, with a few warped shingles; but it made a gentle shadow, and Theodosia thought few men besides the one at the gate would have failed to see her there. He lingered a little, turning back to glance over the landscape, and then he deflected his course toward a rough bench that was placed in a corner of the rail fence, threw himself upon it, and fanned himself with his broad-brimmed hat.

"The insurance o' the critter! I 'm a mind ter leave ye a-settin' thar by yerse'f till ye be wore out waitin'," she muttered.

She hesitated a moment, then took her sunbonnet and went out to meet him.

The scene was like some great painting, with this corner in the foreground left unfinished, so minute was the detail of the distance, so elaborate and perfect the coloring of the curves of purple, and amethyst, and blue mountains afar off, rising in tiers about the cup-shaped valley. Above it hung a tawny tissue of haze, surcharged with a deeply red, vinous splendor, as if spilled from the stirrup-cup of the departing sun. He was already out of sight, spurring along unknown ways. The sky was yellow here and amber there, and a pearly flake, its only cloud, glittered white in the midst. Up the hither slope the various green of the pine and the poplar, the sycamore and the sweet-gum, was keenly differentiated, but where the rail fence drew the line of demarcation Art seemed to fail.

A crude wash of ocher had apparently sufficed for the door-yard; no weed grew here, no twig. It was tramped firm and hard by the feet of cow, and horse, and the peripatetic children, and poultry. The cabin was drawn in with careless angles and lines by a mere stroke or two; and surely no painter, no builder save the utilitarian backwoodsman, would have left it with no relief of trees behind it, no vineyard, no garden, no orchard, no background, naught; in its gaunt simplicity and ugliness it stood against its own ill-tended fields flattening away in the rear.

Such as it was, however, it satisfied all of Justus Hoxon's sense of the appropriate and the picturesque when Theodosia Blakely stepped out from the door and came slowly to meet him. The painter's art, if she were to be esteemed part of the foreground, might have seemed redeemed in her. Her dress was of light-blue homespun; her sunbonnet of deep-red calico, pushed back, showed her dark-brown hair waving in a heavy undulation from her brow, her large blue eyes with their thick black lashes, her rich brunette complexion, her delicate red lips cut in fine lines, and the gleam of her teeth as she smiled. She had a string of opaque white, wax-like beads around the neck of her dress, and the contrast of the pearly whiteness of the bauble with the creamy whiteness and softness of her throat was marked with much finish. Her figure was hardly of medium height, and, despite the suppleness of youth, as "plump as a partridge," according to the familiar saying. The clear iris of her eyes gave an impression of quick shifting on the bluish whites, and by them one could see her mood change as she approached.

She looked at him intently, speculatively, a sort of doubtful curiosity furtively suggested in her expression; but there was naught subtle or covert in the gaze that met hers — naught but the frankest pleasure and happiness. He did not move, as she advanced, nor offer formal greeting; he only smiled, secure, content, restful, as she came up and sat down on the end of the bench in the sunlight. The children, playing noisily in the back yard on the wood-pile, paused for a moment to gaze with callow interest at them; but the spectacle of "The'dosia's sweetheart" was too familiar to be of more than fleeting diversion, and they resorted once more to their pastime. Mrs. Blakely too, who with rolling-pin in her hand had turned to gaze out of the window, went back to rolling out the dough vigorously, with only the muttered comment, "Wished The'dosia did n't know how much I 'd like that man fur a son-in-law, then she 'd be willin' ter like him better herse'f."

He was unconscious of them all, as he leaned his elbow on the projecting rails of the fence at their intersection close at hand.

"Hev ye hed yer health, The'dosia?" he said softly.

"Don't I look like it?" she replied laughingly.

There was something both of cordiality and coquetry in her manner. Her large eyes narrowed as she laughed, and albeit they glittered between their closing lids, the expression was not pleasant. Levity did not become her.

"Yes, ye do," he replied seriously. "Ye 'pear ter be real thrivin' an' peart an' healthy, an' I 'm powerful glad ter see it."

His look, his words, were charged with no sort of recognition or value of her beauty:

Digitized by Google

clearly her challenge had fallen to the ground unnoticed.

"He 'd like me jes ez well ef I war all pitted up with the smallpox, or ez freckled ez a tur-r-key-aig," she thought, flushing with irritation.

Beauty is jealous of preëminence, and would fain have precedence even of love. She could take no sort of satisfaction in a captive that her bright eyes had not shackled. Somehow this love seemed to flout, to diminish, her attractions. It was like an accident. She could account for his subjection on no other grounds. As she sat silent, grave enough now and very beautiful, gazing askance and troubled upon him, he went on:

"I war so oneasy an' beset lest suthin' hed happened on the mounting, whilst I war away, ter trouble you-uns or some o' yer folks. I never hed time ter study much 'bout sech in the day, but I dreamt 'bout ye in the night, an' *all night*,"—he laughed a little,—"all sort'n mixed up things. I got ter be a plumb Joseph fur readin' dreams — only I could read the same one forty diff'rent ways, an' every way made me a leetle mo' oneasy than the t'other one. I s'pose ye hev been perlite enough ter miss me a leetle," he concluded.

She flashed her great eyes at him with a pretended stare of surprise. "My — no!" she exclaimed. "We-uns hev hed the comet ter keep us comp'ny — we ain't missed nobody!"

He laughed a little, as at a repartee, and then went on:

"Waal, the comic war a-cuttin' a pretty showy figger down yander at Colbury. 'Stonishin' how much store folks do 'pear ter set on it! They hed rigged up some sort'n peepin'-glass in the court-house yard, an' thar war mighty nigh the whole town a-squinchin' up one eye ter examinate the consarn through it — all the court off'cers, 'torney-gin'ral, an' sech, an' old Doctor Kane an' Jedge Peters, an' a whole passel o' ginerality folks. They 'lowed the glass made it 'pear bigger."

"Did it?" she asked, with sudden interest.

"Bless yer soul, chile, *I* did n't hev time ter waste on it. Jedge Peters he beckoned ter me, an' 'lowed he 'd interjuce me ter it; but I 'lowed the comic outside war plenty big enough fur me. 'Jedge,' I says, 'my mission hyar air ter make onnecessary things seem *small*, not magnified. That 's why I 'm continually belittlin' Rolf Quigley. Wat kin go on lookin' cross-eyed at the stars, ef so minded, but I be bound ter tend ter the 'lection.' An' the jedge laffed and says: 'Justus, nex' time I want ter git 'lected ter office, I 'm goin' ter git *ye* ter boost me in. Ye hev got it a sight mo' at heart than yer brother.' Fur thar war Wat, all twisted up at the small e-end o' the tellingscope, purtendin' ter be on mighty close terms with the comic, though lots o' other men said it jes dazed thar eyes, an' they could n't see *nuthin'* through it, an' mighty leetle arterward through sightin' so long one-eyed."

"Waal, how 's the prospects fur the 'lection?" she asked.

"Fine! Fine!" he answered with gusto. "Folks all be so frien'ly everywhar ter we-uns."

He leaned his shoulder suddenly back against the rough rails of the fence. His hat was in his hand. His hair, fine, thin, chestnut-brown, and closely clinging about his narrow head, was thrown back from his forehead. His clear blue eyes were turned upward, with the light of reminiscence slowly dawning in them. It may have been the reflection of the dazzling flake of cloud, it may have been some mental illumination, but a sort of radiance was breaking over the keen, irregular lines of his features, and a flush other than the floridity of a naturally fair complexion was upon his thin cheek and hollow temple.

"O The'dosia," he cried, "I can't holp thinkin', hevin' so many frien's nowadays,— whenst its 'Hail!' hyar, an' 'Howdy!' thar, an' a clap on the shoulder ter the east, an' a 'How 's yer health?' ter the west, an' a handshake ter the north, an' 'Take a drink?' ter the south, from one e-end o' the county ter the t'other,— how I fared whenst I hed jes *one* frien' in the worl', an' that war yer mother! An' how she looked the fust day she stood in the door o' my cabin up thar — kem ter nuss Elmiry through that spell she hed o' the scarlet fever. An' arterward she says ter me: 'Ye do manage s'prisin', Justus; an' I be goin' ter save ye some gyardin seed out'n my patch this year, an' ef ye 'll plow my patch I 'll loan ye my horse-critter ter plow yourn. An' the gals kin kem an' l'arn ter sew an' churn, an' sech, long o' 'Dosia.' An' how they loved ye, 'Dosia — special Elmiry!"

His eyes filled with sudden tears. They did not fall; they were absorbed somehow as he resumed:

"Sech a superflu'ty o' frien's! Ef 't war n't they 'd count fur all they 're wuth in the ballot-box, I 'd hev no use fur 'em. I kin sca'cely 'member thar names. But then I hed jes *one* — jes *one* in all the worl' — yer mother! I 'd like ter kiss her feet!" he concluded extravagantly.

"She hev got a bran-new pair o' brogans on — jes bought at the sto'," said Theodosia, with an air of demure fun.

He laughed suddenly, a trifle nervously; his balance was shaken by his outburst of enthusiasm.

"Bless her soul!" he ejaculated.

"The uppers is powerful stout an' durable, too. Bless the uppers, too," prompted Theodosia, "ez well ez the sole!"

Digitized by Google

He laughed again. Then he made a motion as though he would take her hand. But she clasped both of them demurely behind her.

"I don't hold hands with no man ez sets an' blesses another 'oman's soul by the hour," she said, with an affectation of primness.

There may have been something more serious in her playful rebuff, but in the serenity of his perfect security he did not feel it or gage its depth.

A glimpse of her mother at the window added its suggestion — a lean, sallow, lined face, full of anxious furrows, with a rim of scanty gray-streaked hair about her brow, her spectacles perched above, and beneath her flabby jaw a scraggy, wrinkled neck.

"An' she 's so powerful pretty!" Theodosia exclaimed, with an irreverent burst of laughter. "I don't wonder ye feel obligated ter bless her soul."

"She 'pears plumb beautiful to my mind," he said unequivocally,—"all of a piece with her beautiful life."

Theodosia was suddenly grave, angered into a secret, sullen irritation. These were words she loved for herself: it was but lately she had learned so to prize them. Her eyes were as bright as a deer's! Had not some one protested this, with a good round rural oath as attestation. Her hair on the back of her head, and its shape to the nape of her neck, were so beautiful — she had never seen it: how could she say it was n't? Her chin and her throat — well, if people could think snow was a prettier white, he would n't give much for *their* head-stuffin'. And her blush! her blush! It was her own fault. He would not have taken another kiss if she had not blushed so at the first that he must needs again see her cheek glow like the wild rose.

These were echoes of a love-making that had lately taken hold of her heart, that had grown insistently sweet and dear to her, that had established its sway impetuously, tyrannically over her life, that had made her seem more, doubly more, to herself, and as if she were infinitely more to her lover.

She wondered how she could ever have even tolerated this dullard, with his slow, measured preference, his unquestioning security of her heart, his doltish credulity in her and her promise, his humble gratitude to her mother,— who had often enough, in good sooth, got full value in return for aught she gave,— who appeared "beautiful" to his mind. She broke forth abruptly, her cheeks flushing, her eyes brave and bright, the subject nearest her heart on her lips, in the sudden influx of courage set astir by the mere contemplation of it.

"Waal now, tell 'bout Wat — how he enj'ys bein' a candidate, an' sech." Then, with a tremor because of her own temerity: "I have hearn o' that thar beautisome old 'oman a time or two afore, but Wat ez a candidate air sorter fraish an' new."

He turned his clear, unsuspicious eyes upon her. He had replaced his wide wool hat on his head, and he leaned forward, resting his cheek on his hand and his elbow on his knee, crossed over the other. He aimlessly flicked his long spurred boot, as he talked, with a willow wand which he carried in lieu of horse-whip.

"Waal, Wat is some similar ter a balky horse. He don't seem ter sense a word I say, nor ter be willin' ter do a thing I advise, nor even ter take heart o' grace 'bout bein' 'lected, till we gits out 'mongst folks, an' *thar* hand-shakin's and frien'liness seems ter hearten up the critter. I hev jes hed ter baig an' baig, an' plead an' plead, with that boy 'bout this an' that an' t' other, till I would n't go through ag'in what I *hev* been through ter git 'lected doorkeeper o' heaven. But," with a sudden change of tone and a flush of pride, "The'dosia, ye dunno what a' all-fired pretty speaker Wat hev got ter be. Jes stan's up ez straight an' smilin' afore all the crowd, an' jes tells off his p'ints, one, two, three, ez nip! An' the crowd always cheers an' cheers — jes bawls itse'f hoarse. Whenever thar 's a chance ter speak, Wat jes leaves them t'other candidates nowhar."

Ah, Theodosia's beauty well deserved the guerdon of sweet words. She might have been pictured as a thirsting Hebe. She had a look of quaffing some cup of nectar, still craving its depths, so immediate a joy, so intense a light, were in her widely open eyes; her lips were parted; the spray of blackberry leaves that she held near her cheek did not quiver, so had her interest petrified every muscle. She was leaning slightly forward; her red sunbonnet had fallen to the ground, and the sunlit wind tossed her dark-brown hair till the heavy masses, with their curling ends disheveled, showed tendrils of golden hue. Her round, plump arm was like ivory in the sun. The torn sleeve fell away to the elbow, and her mother, glancing out of the window, took remorseful heed of it, and wished that she herself had set a stitch in it.

"The'dosia shows herself so back'ard 'bout mendin', an' sech — she air enough ter skeer any man away. An' Justus knows jes what sech laziness means. Kin mend clothes hisse'f ez good ez the nex' one, an' useter do it too, strong an' taut, with a double thread, whenst the fambly war leetle chil'n an' gin ter bustin' out'n thar gear."

But Justus took no note of the significance of the torn sleeve.

"Why, 'Dosia," he went on, "everybody

Digitized by Google

'lowed ez Wat's speeches seemed ter sense what the people wanted ter hear. Him an' me we 'd talk it over the night before, an' Wat he 'd write down what we said on paper an' mem'rize it; an' the nex' day, why, folks that would n't hev nuthin' ter say ter him afore he spoke would be jes aidgin' up through the crowd ter git ter shake han's with him."

She smiled with delight at the picture. If it were sweet to him to praise, how sweet it was to her to listen! "Tell on!" she said softly.

Her interest flattered him; it enriched the reminiscence, dear although his memory held it. He had no doubt as to the unity of feeling with which they both regarded the incidents he chronicled. He went on with the certainty of responsive sentiment, the ease, the serenity, of a man who opens his heart to the woman he loves.

"Why, 'Dosia," he said, "often, often if it hed n't been fur the folks, I could hev run up an' dragged him off 'n the rostrum an' hugged him fur pride an' pledjure, he looked so han'some an' spoke so peart! An' ter think 't war jes our leetle Wat — the Fambly's leetle Wat — growed up ter be sech a man! Ye 'll laff at me — other folks did — whenst I tell ye that ag'in an' ag'in I jes cotch' myse'f cheerin' with the loudest. I could n't holp it."

"He 'll be 'lected, Justus?" she breathlessly inquired, and yet imperatively, as if, even though she asked, she would brook no denial.

"Oh, they all say thar 's no doubt — no doubt at all."

She drew a long breath of contentment, of pleasure. She leaned back, silent and reflective, against the rail fence behind the bench, her eyes fixed, absorbed, following the outline of other scenes than the one before them, which left no impression upon her senses — scenes to come, slowly shaping the future. All trace of the red glow of the sun had departed from the landscape. No heavy, light-absorbing, sad-hued tapestries could wear so deep a purple, such somber suggestions of green, as the circling mountains had now assumed: they were not black, and yet such depths of darkness hardly comported with the idea of color. The neutral tints of the sky were graded more definitely, with purer transparency, because of the contrast. The fine grays were akin to pearl color, to lavender, even, in approaching the zenith, to the palest of blue — so pale that the white glitter of a star alternately appeared and was lost again in its tranquil inexpressiveness. The river seemed suddenly awake; its voice was lifted loud upon the evening air, a rhythmic song without words. The frogs chanted by the waterside. Fireflies here and there quivered palely over the flat corn-fields at the back of the house. There was a light within, dully showing through the vines at the window.

"An' then, 'Dosia," said Justus, softly, "when the 'lection is over, it 's time fur ye an' me ter git married."

She roused herself with an obvious effort, and looked uncomprehendingly at him for a moment, as if she hardly heard.

"The las' one o' Fambly will be off my han's then. Fambly will hev been pervided fur — every one, Wat an' all. I hev done my bes' fur Fambly, an' I dunno but I hev earned the right ter think some fur myse'f now."

He would not perhaps have arrogated so much, except to the woman by whom he believed himself beloved. She said nothing, and he went on slowly, lingering upon the words as if he loved the prospect they conjured up.

"We-uns will hev the gyardin an' orchard, an' pastur' an' woods-lot an' fields, ter tend ter, an' the cows an' bees, an' the mare an' filly, an' peegs an' poultry, ter look arter. An' the house air all tight, the roof an' all in good repair, an' we-uns will hev it all ter ourselves."

She turned upon him with sudden interest.

"What will kem o' Wat?"

"Oh, he mus' live in town whilst sher'ff, bein' off'cer o' the court an' official keeper o' jail, though he kin app'int a jailer."

"Live in Colbury!" she exclaimed in wonderment.

Justus laughed in triumph. "Oh, I tell ye, Wat 's 'way up in the pictur's! He 'll be a reg'lar town man 'fore long, I reckon, dandified an' sniptious ez the nex' one, — marryin' one o' them finified town gals ez wear straw hats stiddier sunbonnets, though they *do* look ter be about ez flimsy an' no-'count cattle ez any I ever see," the sterling rural standpoint modifying his relish of Walter's frivolous worldly opportunities.

She tossed her head in defiance of some sudden unspoken thought. As she lifted her eyes, fired by pride, she saw the comet all a-glitter in the darkening sky.

She hardly knew that he had seized her hand; but his importunity must be answered.

"D'rec'ly after the 'lection — 'lection day, 'Dosia?" he urged.

"Ain't ye got no jedgmint," she temporized, laughing unmirthfully, "axin' sech a question ez that under that onlucky comet!"

"I hev been waitin' so long, 'Dosia!"

It was the first suggestion of complaint she had ever heard from him.

"Then ye air used ter waitin', an' 't won't kill ye ter wait a leetle longer. I 'll let ye know 'lection day."

(To be concluded in the next number.) *Charles Egbert Craddock.*

Digitized by Google

JOHN HENDERSON, ARTIST.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY FROM LIFE.



I MADE the acquaintance of John Henderson, the subject of this sketch, many years ago in the little town of South Bend, Indiana. He was at that time a passenger-car decorator in the paint-shop of the Michigan Southern Railway Company, and I, a boy of sixteen, was an operator in the telegraph-office at the railway-station. I cannot now remember how I became acquainted with him; but as his place of employment adjoined mine, I presume that I met him frequently going to and from his work, and that, attracted by his bright, intelligent face, I finally spoke to him. He was an artist — a portrait-painter — by profession; but having no pecuniary resources, and finding it impossible, at first, to support himself in his chosen field of labor, he entered the repair-shops of the railway company at South Bend, just before I made his acquaintance, as a painter and decorator of passenger-coaches. The work was as uncongenial to him as house-painting would have been to Tintoretto; but he devoted himself to it with conscientious industry for ten hours every day, in order that he might earn and save money enough to take him to New York city, where he hoped to enjoy wider opportunities for culture and to find work more directly in the line of his tastes and aspirations.

As I remember him now, he was a young fellow of twenty-two or twenty-three, with a tall, slender figure, an erect, graceful carriage, and a head and face which not only attracted attention, but seemed, to my boyish imagination, to be the head and face of a born artist. His hair was dark, and had a way of falling in short, thick, disordered curls over a high, white forehead; his features were clear-cut and regular, and gave one in some way the impression of unusual refinement and delicacy; his lips and chin, although partly concealed by a light mustache and a short Vandyke beard, were full of strength and character; and his eyes, deeply set under the bold, prominent arch of his brow, had the clear, dark color that one sees in the deep pools of a forest brook where the water has taken up the tint of countless generations of dead leaves. To me there was in his face something indescribably winning and attractive; but whether the charm lay in the keen, bright intelligence of his glance, in the quick, responsive play of facial expression, or in the ever-lurking laughter of his dark hazel eyes, I could not tell. I only knew that he attracted me and interested me more than any man whom I had ever met.

He was six or seven years older than I, and, of course, had seen more, read more, and thought more, than I; but he seemed, nevertheless, to enjoy my companionship, and often invited me to join him in the long walks that he was accustomed to take on Sunday afternoons through the woods and over the hills which border the South Bend River. He was a passionate lover of nature, and so, in an instinctive, half-animal way, was I; and this bond of sympathy drew us more closely together, perhaps, than any other. His love of nature, however, was that which is born of a keen, artistic appreciation of form, color, and grouping, while mine was simply an inherited and unenlightened instinct. He could analyze a beautiful landscape, explain it, weave imaginative fancies about it, and invest it with the glamour of poetry; while I could only feel its charm in a dumb, passive way, and say nothing. In our conversations, therefore, I generally received much more than I imparted.

Henderson made no pretensions to literary culture, but he was fairly well acquainted with the modern English poets and essayists, was well read in art, and had thought to some purpose about the problems of human life and destiny. I do not think that he was a religious man in the orthodox acceptation of the words, and I cannot remember ever having seen him in church; but his moral standards were high, his attitude toward religion was serious and reverent, and his unbelief took the form rather of sorrowful agnosticism than of aggressive hostility or contemptuous denial. He never attempted to shake my faith, nor to add to my difficulties and doubts; but his replies, when he was closely questioned, showed that the intellectual side of his nature was not satisfied with the explanation given by the Bible of man's origin, condition, and ultimate destiny.

He had, naturally, one of the brightest, sunniest, most buoyant dispositions that I have ever known. He seemed to be absolutely incapable of sullenness, was very seldom moody or depressed, and in the whole period of my early acquaintance with him he was angry, if

Digitized by Google

I remember rightly, only once. His attitude toward the petty evils, annoyances, and disappointments of life was that of a broad-minded, good-humored stoic, and his philosophy might have been summed up briefly in the brave, cheerful words of Thackeray: "The world is a mirror, and it gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it in turn will look sourly at you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion." Henderson always laughed at and with the world, and received its rudest buffet with a half-stoical, half-humorous gibe, in which there was never the least bitterness, resentment, or malice. If a breeze of annoyance ruffled for a moment the smooth serenity of his temper, it was only to break it into innumerable ripples, every one of which flashed back the sunshine in a sparkle of wit or a quick gleam of humor.

To sum up briefly my early impressions of John Henderson, I need only say that he seemed to me to be a handsome, high-spirited, pure-minded young man, with unusual buoyancy of disposition, great artistic talent, and an ambition to excel which would carry him, I felt sure, into the front ranks of his profession. He was very closely and intimately associated with me for nearly two years, and he exerted a stronger influence over me, perhaps, at that period of my life, than was exerted by any other man of my acquaintance.

In the latter part of the year 1863 I left South Bend to take a position as assistant chief operator in the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company at Cincinnati, Ohio, and my personal relations with Henderson were necessarily broken off. We wrote to each other occasionally for a time, but he was a very irregular and uncertain correspondent, at best, and when I sailed for Siberia in the summer of 1865 I lost sight of him altogether.

At some time during my three years' absence from the United States, Henderson left South Bend, went to New York city, opened a studio there, and entered in a quiet way upon the artistic career that he had planned for himself. He was successful almost from the first. The unerring certainty with which he caught the characteristic expression of a face, and the technical skill shown in his treatment and rendering of flesh-tints, soon attracted the attention not only of his fellow-artists, but of the picture-buying public, and in less than two years he had orders enough to occupy most of his time and to relieve him from all anxiety with regard to the future. When I returned from a second trip to Russia, in the spring of 1871, I was gratified to learn from friends of his family in Buffalo that his pictures had been hung more than once on the line in the annual Academy exhibitions, and that he was on the flood-tide of success and prosperity. I cannot now remember whether I corresponded with him at this period of his life, but I think not. We had been separated about eight years, my early interest in him had cooled, my circle of friends and acquaintances had widened so that his companionship was no longer essential to me, and I regarded him as one who had finally gone beyond the limits of my horizon. I thought of him now and then, and I was glad to learn that his success had justified my boyish anticipations; but I felt that we had grown away from each other, and that it would be impracticable to renew our early intimacy upon any other basis than that of renewed personal association.

In 1876 I abandoned the unsuccessful business in which I had previously been engaged, went to New York city with a capital of fifty dollars to begin life anew, took rooms in the south tower of the University Building on Washington Square, and joined the ranks of that great body of unknown or unappreciated literary workers who expect eventually to be crowned with laurels and hailed with acclamations, but who are compelled in the mean time to "cultivate literature on a little oatmeal."

One raw, chilly day in the spring of 1877, as I passed through Waverly Place on my way home from the Astor Library, I suddenly and unexpectedly encountered John Henderson. I had not seen him before in fifteen years, and I was astonished and shocked at first by the change in his appearance. In all my thoughts of him I had pictured him to myself as a man still young, still handsome, with the light of added culture in his fine intellectual face, the assured confidence of success in his manner, and the outward evidences of worldly prosperity in his dress and environment; but I found nothing of the kind. The man who responded to my greeting seemed to be prematurely old, his dark hair was already threaded with silver, his shoulders were bowed a little, as if from long sedentary work at a desk, and his face, although still handsome, was worn and haggard, and bore unmistakable traces of suffering, trouble, or grief. He had no overcoat, his clothes, although neat and carefully brushed, were shiny and threadbare, and I could see at a glance that he was very poor. He seemed delighted to meet me, and my very first words brought a faint flush of excitement to his cheeks and irradiated his worn face with the peculiar sunny smile which was so characteristic of him, and which I so well remembered. He accompanied me to my room, and in the course of a conversation which lasted an hour or more I had an oppor-

Digitized by Google

tunity to observe him more closely. He was the same cheery, buoyant, sympathetic comrade that I had known in boyhood, and yet I soon became conscious of a change in him which at first I could neither describe nor explain. We compared recollections of our life in South Bend, discussed our common friends and their fortunes, talked about Russia and Siberia, and exchanged opinions with regard to all sorts of subjects; but when he bade me good-by and left my rooms, promising to call soon again, I found myself no better able to understand the subtle change in him than I was when I first noticed it. Something had evidently happened to him — but what?

In the course of the next two or three weeks I saw him frequently, and succeeded at last in satisfying myself as to the nature of the change which at first had so puzzled me. It consisted mainly in a mysterious, impenetrable reserve with regard to his present employment and to a certain part of his past life. He would talk cheerfully and frankly about all of his adventures and experiences up to the year 1873, but over everything that had happened to him after that time he drew a curtain of silence and reserve. It was perfectly evident to me that his artistic career had been a failure and his life a disappointment; but the reasons for such failure and disappointment were not discoverable. He did not look like a man who had ever been dissipated, and, indeed, it was impossible to associate the idea of vulgar dissipation with his fine, pure, sensitive nature. His ambition, supported by his natural buoyancy of temperament, would not have been crushed, I felt sure, by any disappointment in love; his health seemed to be virtually unimpaired; and I could not imagine any adequate reason for the poverty-stricken condition in which I found him. I made two or three attempts to ascertain, by means of carefully framed questions, whether he had wholly abandoned art as a profession, and, if so, for what reason; but finding that he evaded all my inquiries, I finally said to myself: "It 's of no use. Henderson and I are a couple of lame ducks. We both have made a failure of life, we both are wretchedly poor, and we both feel sensitive about it. I have n't told him how I happened to come to New York with only money enough to pay for a month's board. Why should I expect him to tell me how he became reduced to his present shabby and overcoatless condition? My clothes are a little better than his just at present, but I don't feel at all sure that they will be so three months hence, and then he will have quite as much right to ask me as I now have to ask him, 'How did you come to be so poor?'"

Throughout the month of April, 1877, Henderson called frequently at my rooms, and we gradually became as friendly and intimate as we had been in the little telegraph-office at South Bend fifteen years before. He was almost always cheerful and buoyant, took an eager interest in everything that interested me, responded with quick, sympathetic comprehension to all my moods, and was in every respect an ideal comrade; and yet he remained an insoluble mystery.

Some time in the early part of May he came to my rooms one afternoon, apparently in trouble or distress, and said to me, with an air of embarrassment: "George, I have been forced to leave my quarters unexpectedly to-day, and I have n't been able yet to find another suitable place to stay. Would you mind my coming around here to sleep for a night or two, until I can look up a room?"

"Certainly not," I replied cordially. "Come over and stay as long as you like. I 'll have the janitor put up a cot-bed in my working-room, and if you can be comfortable there you may regard yourself as perfectly at home. It has been horribly lonesome living all by myself in this gloomy old tower, and I shall be delighted to have you here."

Before bedtime that evening Henderson moved in. I knew, of course, that he was very poor, and I conjectured that he had been forced out of his quarters by his inability to pay rent; but I was somewhat surprised, nevertheless, to find that all his worldly possessions were contained in one small black gripsack, or hand-bag. He brought with him neither pictures, nor canvas, nor drawing-implements, nor colors; and no one would have guessed, from a casual inspection of his baggage, that he was, or ever had been, an artist. I felt an intense curiosity, of course, to know what he had been doing since 1873, and how he was supporting himself; and for a week or two after he came to my rooms I watched him as closely as possible, with the hope of discovering the nature of his employment. I never saw him engaged in any other work than writing. Two or three times, when I came in unexpectedly, I found him sitting at my desk with a pen in his hand and a dozen or more closely written sheets of cheap foolscap paper lying at his left elbow; but he always rose quickly at such times, put his manuscript and writing-materials away in the little black bag, and went out, as if he did not wish to give me an opportunity to ask him what he was doing.

Some time in the early part of June he began to make obscure, veiled allusions to a probable change in his life and circumstances. He did not explain, at first, the nature of the impending change, but intimated that it would be for the better, and that I should have a share in his prospective good fortune. I had

Digitized by Google

had very little good fortune of my own up to that time, and I was quite ready to take a share of his if he had any to spare; but I really could see no valid reason for believing that good fortune was lying in ambush for either of us, and his vague references to the success and prosperity which were to be ours in the near future only served to deepen the mystery in which his life was enshrouded. I was careful, however, to conceal my skepticism, maintained a proper attitude of expectancy toward all these sublime chances, and invited further disclosures. Taking courage from my apparent comprehension and sympathy, Henderson gradually became more and more frank and confidential in his talk, until at last he informed me one morning that he expected in a very short time to receive from some unnamed source a fortune of three million dollars; that with this money he was to go to Europe on a mission, and that I was to accompany him. I think it was immediately after this conversation that the first vague doubt of Henderson's sanity entered my mind. I dismissed it at once as unfounded and, indeed, preposterous; but it returned persistently again and again as Henderson gradually unfolded to me, in vague, cloudy, but impressive outlines, his plans and expectations for the future. He never made any assertions or predictions that were absolutely incredible, nor did he talk at any time in a manner that seemed to be extravagant or irrational; but as I listened evening after evening to his conversation, the impression gradually deepened in my mind that he had undergone or was undergoing a subtle psychological change which left unimpaired all his intellectual faculties except that of judgment. In other words, it seemed to me that he was becoming over-sanguine and visionary.

About this time I made another discovery with regard to him, which added a new feature to the problem, and which seemed at first to explain his frequent but vague and mysterious references to a certain mission in which he expected shortly to be engaged. He invited me one evening to go with him to "Jerry" McAuley's prayer-meeting in Water street, which at that time was one of the worst slums in the city. I had never heard of his attending a prayer-meeting before in the whole course of his life, and I knew that his attitude toward religion in the years of his early manhood was skeptical. Could it be possible that he had become a religious enthusiast, and that the "mission" about which he talked was a mission of salvation to the degraded sinners of Water street? I determined to go to the prayer-meeting, and I was very glad afterward that I did so. It proved to be more interesting and absorbing than any tragedy that I had ever witnessed on the stage, and it revealed to me a new and hitherto unsuspected side of Henderson's life. He had become a devout Christian. He did not take any active part in the prayer-meeting, but he was evidently in full sympathy with its methods, he was well known to "Jerry" McAuley, "Happy Charlie," "Salvation Jennie," and all the other converted and rejoicing sinners of the Water-street slum, and throughout the evening he went from one to another of the poor, degraded, sin-battered wrecks of humanity who asked for the help and the prayers of the redeemed, and comforted them with whispered words of encouragement and hope. I must confess that "Jerry" McAuley's prayer-meeting made upon me a most profound impression. From that time forward I went there as often as every other night,—sometimes every night,— and discussed with Henderson for hours afterward the characters and the histories of the people whom we saw there. Although the view that he took of "Jerry" McAuley and his work seemed to me to be perfectly just and wholly sane, he continued to talk now and then in a mysterious way of his own great mission, of the extraordinary things that he expected to do, and of the share that I was to have in them, until the suspicion which I had long entertained, that he was mentally unsound, deepened almost into a conviction.

I shall never forget the evening when I first became absolutely satisfied that Henderson was insane. We had been having a long and interesting talk about astronomy, in the course of which he had vigorously attacked and I had defended the now generally accepted theory of Laplace known as the nebular hypothesis.

"It 's all very well, George," he said, "to talk about the possibility of the development of the universe from a nebula, or fiery mist, if you bear in mind that you are dealing only with conjectures. You don't really know anything about it. In the first place, what proof have you that there is any such thing as a nebula? Faint luminous masses that were once supposed to be nebulæ have been resolved by higher telescopic power into separate stars; and if there are still some which cannot be so resolved, it is simply because you have n't a telescope strong enough to show what they really are."

I remarked that I believed the existence of nebulæ had been conclusively proved with the spectroscope.

"I don't accept," he said, "all the conclusions that certain astronomers have drawn from the results of spectroscopic analysis. It 's comparatively a new thing, and I doubt very much whether the mere presence of a certain line in the spectrum of a luminous body is sufficient

Digitized by Google

proof that the light comes exclusively from a gas or a fiery mist. But, waiving that point, admitting the existence of a nebula, how are you going to get it into rotation so that it can throw off rings? And suppose it does throw off rings, the bodies into which these rings ultimately consolidate must revolve in the plane of their primaries' equators, must n't they? And yet it is a well-known fact that the moons of Uranus, for example, have a nearly retrograde movement — a movement which is at right angles to the planet's equator. How do you account for that?"

We had a long and hot discussion, in the course of which neither of us succeeded in convincing the other; and at last, having exhausted all our arguments, we lapsed into silence. Henderson sat thinking for two or three minutes, and then, as if to resume the discussion, he said, "Do you remember, George, seeing in the scientific papers an account of a new star which appeared recently in the constellation of the Swan, increased gradually in brilliancy until it reached the first magnitude, and then slowly faded away?"

"Yes," I replied; "I think I saw something of that kind in the 'Scientific American' about a month ago."

"Do you know what that star was?" he inquired.

"N-o-o," I said dubiously; "I suppose it was one of the stars classed by astronomers as variable."

"Not at all," he replied confidently; "that was the original Star of Bethlehem, sent by God the Father to herald my mission."

If a pailful of ice-water had been poured suddenly down the back of my neck, I could not have received a greater shock than that given me by this unexpected and irrational turn in an interesting and perfectly sane scientific discussion. Fortunately, Henderson did not notice my astonishment, and as I was too much dazed to speak, he went on to explain that the reappearance of the Star of Bethlehem in the constellation of the Swan marked the beginning of his public ministry; that he was shortly to be raised to the highest position in the Masonic order; and that, under his superintendence and direction, that order was to become a greater and more powerful organization than the Church.

By the time he had finished this explanation I had recovered to some extent my self-possession, and was able to make an acquiescent remark or two for the purpose of leading him on. Encouraged by my sympathetic attitude, he became more and more communicative, and talked about his mission for at least an hour, in a manner that left no further room for doubt as to his mental condition. He was, and apparently had been for years, a religious monomaniac. How this extraordinary change had been brought about — how the light-hearted, skeptical, free-thinking young artist had been transformed into a half-crazy religious fanatic — I could neither conjecture nor imagine. In vain I tried to penetrate the mystery which enshrouded the part of his life that was comprised in the period between 1873 and 1877. He would not talk about his past if he could possibly avoid it, and for a long time all my efforts were fruitless. Close personal association, however, broke down at last all barriers of reserve between us; he gave me his confidence, drew aside the veil of secrecy which had so long hidden the tragedy of his life, and told me his whole story. Inasmuch as that story has no direct bearing upon this part of my narrative, and can be better understood in the light of later events, I shall reserve it for consideration at the close of my paper.

After Henderson had confided to me the secret of his wrecked life, he made no further attempt to conceal anything from me. He talked with absolute frankness and freedom about his mission, told me all that he had done and all that he expected to do as the inspired representative of God on earth, and finally opened his little black bag and showed me more than two thousand closely written foolscap pages of manuscript, which consisted chiefly of supernatural visions and divine decrees, and which he called his "record." As I looked at this immense mass of manuscript, I no longer wondered that his shoulders were bowed, and I was quite ready to believe him when he assured me that he had been working hard.

I have not space within the limits of a single magazine article to give a detailed account of all Henderson's insane vagaries and delusions. He told me once, I remember, that he expected to purchase a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and to pay for it the sum of fifteen million dollars. At another time he said that he was to be President of the United States in February; but why in February, rather than on the 4th of March, I do not know. The bare recital of these wild fancies will perhaps give the reader the impression that Henderson was an absolute lunatic; but such was not at all the case. Off the subjects of religion and his mission, he was the sanest man of my acquaintance. He kept himself widely and accurately informed with regard to current events; he was interested in everything that interested me; he listened attentively when I read to him the manuscript of one of my magazine articles or lectures; and gave me the benefit of his excellent judgment and intelligent criticism; he would get as much excited over

Digitized by Google

the result of a boat-race or a base-ball game as if he were a young collegian; and he would even discuss, with perfect good temper, and indeed with light-hearted gaiety, the question of his own sanity. He was just as pleasant a companion as he ever had been, and during more than four fifths of the time I found it impossible even to think of him as insane. But when one of the fits of lunacy came upon him, the transformation was so abrupt, so complete, and so startling, as to suggest the idea that an unknown and alien spirit had suddenly taken possession of his body. I had a great many talks with him about his mental condition, and tried in every possible way to make him see and realize that his judgment was, in some respects, impaired; but to no purpose.

I can, perhaps, show more clearly his psychological state at this time by narrating a conversation that I had with him one evening in the latter part of June. I cannot now remember what we had been talking about, but we finally drifted in some way to the subject of his mission, and he said, with cheerful animation, "Have I ever told you, George, that I am one of the two witnesses referred to in the eleventh chapter of Revelation?"

"No," I replied; "I think not. You have referred to yourself several times as 'the King,' but I don't remember to have heard you say anything about being a witness. Who are these two witnesses? Hold on a minute until I get a Bible and look it up."

He watched me with a peculiar, inscrutable smile as I went to the bookcase for a New Testament, and then, resting his head upon one hand, he fixed his dark, glowing eyes upon me, and waited until I had found the designated chapter and began to read aloud as follows:

> And I will give power unto my two witnesses, and they shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and threescore days, clothed in sackcloth.

"Do you expect, Henderson," I said, interrupting my reading, "to have to put on sackcloth and ashes, and prophesy straightaway for three or four years?"

"I do," he replied quietly. I stared at him for a moment, and then read another verse.

> These are the two olive trees, and the two candlesticks standing before the God of the earth.

"Which do you expect to be, Henderson," I inquired, with an attempt at jocularity, "an olive-tree in sackcloth, or a prophetic candlestick?"

He regarded me for a moment with a quiet, half-amused, and at the same time compassionate smile, as one would regard a thoughtless, playful, but impertinent child, and then said gravely: "Of course the olive-tree and the candlestick are merely symbolic. I am referred to as an olive-tree, but the reference is metaphorical. I do expect, however, to be fifteen cubits in height before I die — quite as high as an olive-tree."

"What!" I gasped. "Fifteen cubits high! How much is a cubit?"

"The temple cubit is supposed to have been equivalent to about two feet," he replied imperturbably.

"Then you expect to grow to be something like thirty feet in height?"

"I do. Does it seem to you incredible? I have grown more than three inches since the 1st of January."

"Three inches! Since the 1st of January! Excuse me, I really had n't noticed it. How did you come to find out that you were growing in this extraordinary way?"

"It was revealed to me," he replied calmly, "that I should reach the stature of fifteen cubits, and I have been measuring myself from week to week, and making pencil-marks behind the door."

"Show me the pencil-marks," I said.

He took up the student-lamp, went to the door opening into the hall, and pointed out to me on the casing behind it, about six feet from the floor, a series of horizontal penciled lines, between the highest and the lowest of which there was a space of three or four inches.

"How did you measure yourself?" I inquired. "You had no one here to help you."

"I simply stood with my back to the casing," he replied, "held a book horizontally against it in such a way that it would just touch the top of my head, and then drew a pencil-line along the edge of the lower cover."

"But is n't it possible that you slanted the book at one time down a little, and at another time up a little, and so got a series of different measurements without any real change in your height?"

He admitted the possibility, but denied that he had made the pencil-marks in that way; and when further pressed with skeptical inquiries, he fell back upon the book of Revelation, which, he said, made it perfectly clear that he was to live 177 years and to attain a height of fifteen cubits.

"All right," I said at last; "I 'll agree to the fifteen cubits. Let 's see what else is to happen to you"; and turning again to the eleventh chapter of Revelation, I resumed my reading at the fifth verse as follows:

> 5. And if any man will hurt them, fire proceedeth out of their mouth, and devoureth their enemies: and if any man will hurt them, he must in this manner be killed.
> 6. These have power to shut heaven, that it

Digitized by Google

rain not in the days of their prophecy: and have power over waters to turn them to blood, and to smite the earth with all plagues, as often as they will.

7. And when they shall have finished their testimony, the beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit shall make war against them, and shall overcome them, and kill them.

8. And their dead bodies shall lie in the street of the great city, which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt, where also our Lord was crucified.

9. And they of the people and kindreds and tongues and nations shall see their dead bodies three days and an half, and shall not suffer their dead bodies to be put in graves.

"Now, Henderson," I said, "surely you don't expect, with your present body, to go to Sodom, wherever that may be, get killed there by a nameless beast from the bottomless pit, and lie unburied three days and a half in the street?"

"That is precisely what I think will happen to me," he replied, with a bright smile of hopeful anticipation, as if to lie unburied in the streets of Sodom would be the height of human felicity. "If you will read a little further on, you will see that the spirit of life from God is to reanimate my body, and that I am to ascend to heaven in a cloud."

I read a little further on, found the fact to be as stated, and then, laying aside the New Testament, I said: "Henderson, you are so provokingly sane nine tenths of the time, and your judgment is so perfectly sound with regard to every other subject except this one, that I find it almost impossible not to argue with you. I suppose it is useless to try to make you see the preposterous absurdity of your belief that you are to live 177 years and to grow to a height of thirty feet. From my point of view it is the wildest imaginable lunacy; but I know from experience that I can't make you think so. I should like, however, to ask you one more question. Don't answer it hastily,—don't refer me to the Bible,—but think about it quietly and reasonably, and give me such an answer as you would give if I asked for your opinion with regard to the value of Bierstadt's paintings. The question is this: Can you imagine any possible evidence, from any possible source, supernatural evidence not excluded, which would convince you that your judgment upon the subject of religion is unbalanced?"

He covered his eyes with one hand, and seemed, for two or three minutes, to be buried in profound reflection. At last he looked up and said: "No, George; I can't imagine any evidence which would convince me that I am not just as sane upon what you call the subject of religion as upon any other subject. But," he added, "I understand perfectly well how you look at it; I don't wonder that it sounds to you like insanity. If I were in your place, with no more light than you have, I presume that I should think and argue just as you do; but I have knowledge which is not accessible at present to you. I have put these things again and again to the test of experiment, and I *know*."

"All right," I said; "that settles it. It is perfectly clear to me that you are stark, staring crazy; but I see that it is useless to try to convince you of that fact, and I sha'n't waste any more time in argument with you. I give it up. Let 's talk about something else. If I keep on reading the book of Revelation and listening to you, I shall lose what confidence I have in my own sanity. You 're worse than a crank discussion in the Astor Place Liberal Club."

Henderson laughed a long, hearty, infectious laugh, as if he had succeeded in making me the victim of a peculiarly ingenious bit of mystification; and then, sobering a little, and wiping the tears of mirth from his eyes, he added consolingly: "Never mind, George. It 'll all come right. You 'll understand these things better one of these days. What 's the news in the evening papers? Anything about the result of the boat-race? I tell you, George, the Harvards are going to win, and don't you forget it."

"No," I replied confidently. "You are more off on that than you are on the subject of religion. According to all accounts, the Harvards are pulling a very ragged stroke, and it 's too quick and jerky—there 's no stay in it."

"You just wait and see," replied Henderson. "Sometimes even a light-weight crew will pull that quick stroke right through from start to finish without a let up and without being winded in the least. Do you remember that fast crew from the Northwest somewhere—the Showacamettes, or what was it they called themselves?—they pulled that same short, jerky stroke, and yet they cleaned out everything. They could keep it up, too, for three straight miles. The trouble with your Yale men is that they 're too heavy and logy—they have n't any dash. They 'll stay about three lengths behind, that 's where they 'll stay."

We had a long and animated discussion of the comparative merits of various crews, boats, and strokes, and before it ended, the fact that Henderson was insane had vanished absolutely from my consciousness. Familiar as I had become with his mental state, I could not listen for twenty minutes to his sane conversation without completely forgetting all his delusions, and treating him just as I should have treated any other intimate friend and comrade. I tried for a time to bear the fact of his monomania

Digitized by Google

constantly in mind, and to weigh critically in the light of it every assertion and statement that he made; but I was utterly unable to do so. His intelligence was so quick, sympathetic, and responsive, and the range of his information so wide, that before I knew it I found myself deeply interested in his talk, and completely oblivious of his infirmity. He did not bring up the subject of his alleged mission frequently, nor dwell upon it pertinaciously. Sometimes he would talk with me for three or four days without making a single reference to the supernatural, and then suddenly, without changing in the least his tone or manner, he would inform me that he expected, within the next fortnight, to have the power of turning water into blood.

About a week after the conversation to which I have just referred, Henderson came to me one afternoon with a twinkle of mischievous fun in his eyes and a faint glow of anticipated triumph in his face, and said, "Well, George, where do you think I have been?"

"I don't know," I replied. "Where?"

"I 've been to see a doctor. You insisted so the other day upon my insanity that I thought I 'd just have an examination made of myself, and get an expert opinion as to the real state of my mind. Of course I knew perfectly well that I was not insane, but I wanted, if possible, to satisfy you."

Henderson then gave me, at some length and with manifest glee, an account of his interview with the physician whom he had consulted — a man whom he had known in the days when he was sane and prosperous, but whom he had not lately seen. After the first cordial greetings and inquiries, Henderson, with a bright, sunny smile, said to his old acquaintance, "Doctor, I have a friend who thinks that I am insane. Now, I am not conscious of any mental disorder, and of course I don't believe that I am insane; but just to satisfy him, I wish you would make a thorough examination of me, and tell me what you think. If I am deranged, I 'd like to know it."

The doctor very naturally looked at Henderson with amazement. There was no suggestion of lunacy in his appearance, or in his behavior. His face, it is true, was somewhat thin and worn, but it was lighted up by a smile of peculiar sweetness and gaiety; his eyes were clear, frank, and unshrinking, with a twinkle of amusement in their depths; and his whole manner was that of a man who had perfect confidence in himself and complete control of all his intellectual faculties. The doctor was disposed, at first, to regard the matter as a joke. He had no clue, of course, to the nature of Henderson's mania; and even if he had had a clue, it is doubtful whether he would have been able to follow it. Henderson could talk rationally when he chose, even upon the subject of religion, and he was perfectly capable of deceiving, for an hour or two, not only an all-round medical practitioner, but even a trained insane-asylum expert. As soon as the doctor became satisfied that the matter was serious, he subjected Henderson to the usual physical examination, asked him a number of questions, talked with him informally for half an hour, and finally expressed his professional opinion as follows: "You can go back to your friend, Henderson, and tell him, from me, that if he thinks there is anything the matter with your mind, he is a good deal more insane than you are."

As Henderson closed his recital with this emphatic declaration of the doctor, which so completely turned the tables upon me, he burst into a fit of triumphant laughter, and said: "Now, George, who 's insane, anyhow? Confess, for once, that you were mistaken."

"I confess nothing," I replied savagely. "Did you tell your friend the doctor that you had grown three inches since the 1st of January, and that you expected to reach a height of fifteen cubits?"

"No," he said, still laughing; "I answered all his questions, but he did n't ask me anything about that."

"Of course he did n't," I rejoined, with increasing irritation. "He did n't know anything about it. I lived with you for weeks before I noticed that there was anything the matter with you. How was he to discover in half an hour what I failed to find out in a month? I never said that you were an out-and-out lunatic; I said that your judgment with regard to religious matters was unbalanced; and it is. You 're a crank!"

Henderson's only reply was another fit of chuckling laughter. The suggestion that I might possibly be more insane than he not only gratified his self-esteem, but appealed strongly to his sense of the humorous; and my irritation, instead of offending him, merely added to his amusement.

"What 's the use, Henderson, of discussing this question?" I said at last. "You can't convince me, and I don't make the least impression upon you. I will admit that you are sane enough to be a pleasant companion and a good fellow. Let 's compromise on that."

"All right, George," he replied laughingly; "I 've no desire to rub it in, if the doctor does think that you are a little deranged. We 'll drop the subject, and call it square."

As the summer of 1877 drew toward a close, Henderson gradually became shabbier in dress and more worn and haggard in appearance. I did not know how or where he obtained food,

Digitized by Google

and I thought several times that I would inquire; but as he never made any complaint, and as I knew him to be extremely proud and sensitive, I hesitated to do so. One day in the early part of September he came to me and asked me if I would lend him five dollars. I did not have five dollars at that time in the world; but I promised that I would try to get it for him in the course of the day. Something happened, however, to engross my attention, and I forgot all about it. Early the next morning Henderson came to me again, apologized for troubling me, but said he must ask for a little money, as he had had nothing to eat in twenty-four hours. Shocked and overwhelmed with remorse, I took him at once to my boarding-place in West Tenth street, gave him a hearty breakfast, and told him that although I had no money, my credit was still good, and that he might take his meals there with me until he could get some employment which would enable him at least to live.

About this time I began to urge upon him the necessity of trying to support himself by manual labor. "It 's all very well, Henderson," I said, "to write out visions and decrees from the Lord, if you think it your duty to do so; but don't give up all your time to it. Write out visions during half the day, if you must, but devote the other half to something that will bring in money."

Two or three days after this I came into my room about the middle of the afternoon, and found Henderson seated before a large drawing-board upon which were pencils, a ruler, a pair of dividers, and a large sheet of paper. "Well, Henderson," I said, "I 'm glad to see that you have gone to work at last. What are you doing?"

His pale, thin face flushed a little with embarrassment as he said, "I 'm drawing a map of the trans-Danubian principalities."

"What are you going to do with that?" I inquired in astonishment.

"I 'm planning a campaign for the Russian armies in Bulgaria," he replied; "and I could n't get along very well without a map."

"But what, in Heaven's name, have you got to do with the Russian armies in Bulgaria? Do you mean to say that you are directing those armies?"

"Certainly," he said coolly; "they have been acting under my orders for months."

"But how do you get your orders to them?" I inquired. "Bulgaria is four thousand miles away."

"I send them on postal cards," he said; "there 's no trouble about that. I used to write letters at first, but lately I have n't had money enough to buy stamps, and so I use cards."

"Do you find that your orders are obeyed?" I asked.

"Yes; in most cases. Prince Bismarck weakened a little once, and failed to follow the line of policy which I had indicated for him in his dealings with Russia; but I sent him a postal card upon which I had written the words 'God is a sure paymaster,' and it braced him up like a tonic."

The grotesque absurdity of the idea that the stern man of blood and iron had been recalled to a sense of his duty and "braced up" by an anonymous postal card from America informing him that "God is a sure paymaster" was too much for my self-restraint, and I burst into a fit of laughter.

Henderson took it good-humoredly, merely remarking, "You may laugh, George, but you 'll see the serious side of this subject some time."

"My dear fellow," I said, "I beg pardon for laughing at you. I see the serious side of the subject now, but it is serious for other reasons than those that you have in your mind. I won't laugh at you again. Tell me more about these orders that you issue for the regulation of human affairs. How do you make them up?"

Henderson then explained to me that he received the orders from the Supreme Ruler of the universe by means of what he called "visions," which came to him when he was wide awake, and which seemed, as nearly as I could understand, to consist of a series of extremely vivid pictures in his mind. He would write out full descriptions of these imaginary pictures, as they were presented to him, and then, if he failed at first to understand their significance, he would ask the Lord questions about them, writing down carefully both questions and answers. The divine responses came to him in the form of what he called a "warm pain," which began to manifest itself somewhere in the neighborhood of the diaphragm, moved slowly upward through the breast, and then either turned to the right or left or ascended to the throat. If this "warm pain" turned in the direction of the heart, the divine response was "Yes"; if to the other side, "No"; while if it moved upward to the throat, it was an indication that the question had not been properly put.

As an illustration of the nature of these visions I will briefly describe one of them. It is the shortest and simplest one that I remember. In a sort of vivid mental picture Henderson saw himself walking through an unknown street of an unknown city on a cold and very stormy night. Under a lamp-post he noticed the crouching, shrinking forms of two hungry, half-frozen cats, one black and one yellow. They were so miserable and so nearly starved to death that he felt sorry for them; and seeing on the other

Digitized by Google

side of the street a dwelling-house the bright windows of which showed that it was well lighted and warmed, he took the yellow cat in his arms, crossed the street, opened the door of the illuminated house, and put the cat into the hall, with the hope that the inmates would give it something to eat and otherwise minister to its necessities. This was the vision. Having written it out fully, Henderson began to ask the Lord questions about it as follows:

"What does the cold, stormy night symbolize?"

A "warm pain" which moved up through his stomach to his collar-bone indicated that the question had not been properly put.

"Does the cold, stormy night signify some human distress or calamity?"

The "warm pain" turned in the direction of the heart, which was equivalent to "Yes."

"Do the two cats stand for two nations, or peoples?"

"Yes."

"Is their half-starved condition an indication that the nations which they represent are suffering from hunger?"

"Yes."

"Does the yellow cat symbolize the Chinese?"

"Yes."

In this manner Henderson gradually obtained an interpretation of the vision. He had learned some time before, through the newspapers, that a famine prevailed in China and another in India. He had issued a decree stopping the Chinese famine, which was represented by the half-starved yellow cat, but had neglected the hungry black cat, which stood for the famine in India; and this vision had been sent by the Lord to remind him of his duty. He issued a decree stopping the Indian famine, and the Lord was satisfied.

I presume that it will not seem credible that the man who spent a large part of his time in writing out such wild nonsense as this was, nevertheless, an intelligent, cultivated human being, and a most agreeable, sympathetic comrade. It would not seem credible now to me if I had not my notes to prove it. Up to the very last it was just as pleasant to talk with Henderson upon most subjects as it had ever been. He lived two weeks at my boarding-house, became a general favorite there, and was never suspected even of eccentricity. I could not afford, however, in my poverty-stricken condition to pay his board indefinitely, and at the end of a fortnight he began to live again from hand to mouth, borrowing small sums of money occasionally from me to purchase the coarsest, cheapest kind of bread. Upon the sum of fifty cents he would live a whole week, and still have a few pennies left with which to buy the postal cards upon which he sent his orders to Prince Bismarck, General Skobeleff, and the Czar of all the Russias.

As the winter progressed, his condition, both mental and physical, grew steadily worse. His clothes became so shabby that I feared he would be arrested as a vagrant; the soles came off his shoes, and he replaced them with three or four thicknesses of coarse brown meat-market wrapping-paper to keep his stockingless feet from the icy pavements. The expression of his thin, worn face grew wilder and more haggard, and he lost completely his spirit and buoyancy. He borrowed money from me in smaller and smaller sums,—never until he was forced to it by dire necessity,—and, finally, he came one night to the table where I was writing, laid down upon it a solitary gold collar-button,—the only article of intrinsic value that he possessed,—and said: "George, would you be willing to lend me twenty-five cents on that collar-button? It 's gold, and I think it is worth at least as much as that."

"My dear fellow," I said, "I don't want any security for the money that I let you have. I would give you all you want if I could, but you know that I myself have no employment. I am selling books from my library to pay my room-rent and board, and just at this moment I am absolutely penniless. I had to walk up-town from the City Hall this afternoon, simply because I had n't even money enough to pay for a ride on a street-car. I 'll sell some more books in the morning, and give you as much of the proceeds as I can spare."

On the following day I sold an iconographic cyclopedia to David G. Francis, who then had a little book-store on Astor Place, paid my rent, settled my board bill in West Tenth street, and gave Henderson money enough to keep him alive for two or three weeks. So far as I can remember, he never asked me for money again. I offered him small sums two or three times, but he declined to take them, and gave me to understand that his wants were provided for.

Some time toward spring, when I had found regular employment, and was going out to my work every morning at eight o'clock, Henderson said to me: "George, I wish you would n't leave apples on the desk in your room when you go to your office. I am hungry now most of the time, and it is a constant torture to me to see them lying there and not eat them."

"Why, my poor fellow," I exclaimed, "you don't mean to say you are as near starving to death as that! I knew of course that you were poor, but I had n't the faintest idea that you were actually suffering for food. Why did n't you say something about it?"

I found out subsequently that although Henderson would not touch fruit left occa-

Digitized by Google

sionally on my desk, he had eaten apple-parings and cores which I had thrown on the floor or into the waste-paper basket, and had devoured, to the last crumb, the hard, moldy, dust-covered rind of an old Edam cheese which had been lying almost a year on the top of one of my bookcases.

I gave him money again to buy food, and when he had gained a little strength and buoyancy I tried once more to persuade him to give up the writing out of visions and to go to work at something useful and practical. "The course that you are pursuing, Henderson," I said, "is simply suicidal. You 'll kill yourself if you keep on in this way."

"I 'm not afraid, George," he said, with a half-sad, half-humorous smile; "I 'm doing God's work. He will take care of me."

"Perhaps he will," I replied skeptically; "but he seems to be neglecting his business just at present. When a man who is doing the Lord's work finds himself reduced to a diet of cheese-rind and apple-parings, I think he is fully justified in approaching the throne of grace with a respectful remonstrance."

I made repeated attempts in the winter of 1877–78 to ascertain the place of residence of Henderson's relatives, in order that I might communicate with them, inform them of his condition, and consult them as to the course that it would be best to pursue with him; but all my efforts were fruitless. Inquiries made through friends in Buffalo, where the Henderson family at one time lived, elicited the information that Mrs. Henderson and a daughter had "moved West" many years before, and that since that time nothing had been heard of them. Henderson received letters, now and then, from his sister, and sometimes read parts of them to me aloud; but as they did not come to my address, and as he never allowed me to see them, I could not find out where the writer lived. When I made inquiries with regard to his family, he either returned evasive answers, or said frankly that he did not care at that time to have his people know how he was situated. It was perfectly evident, from the tone of his sister's letters, that he had said little or nothing to her about his mission, and that she was completely ignorant both of his mental infirmity and of his extreme destitution. I was strongly tempted, at times, to force or pick the lock of his black gripsack, with the hope of finding among his papers some clue to the residence of his family; but I never could bring myself to do it.

As the spring advanced, Henderson's mania assumed a wilder and more threatening form, and I began, for the first time, to be a little afraid of him. In the earlier months of our personal association he had seemed to find pleasure in my companionship, and had always been glad to see me and talk with me when, after a brief absence, I returned to my rooms; but toward the last he became gloomy and reticent, his worn, emaciated face assumed an expression of hardness and sternness that I had never seen in it before, and he showed a disposition to avoid me, as far as possible, by staying away from the tower until late at night. This apparent avoidance of me, however, may have been due to another cause. His sensitiveness with regard to his shabby personal appearance made him dread chance meetings with strangers at my rooms, and often, in the evening, he would take off his shoes at the foot of the tower stairs, and come up noiselessly with bare feet to the third landing, where he would stop for a moment and listen. If all was still, he would come in; but if he heard voices, he would go softly down, put on again his broken, paper-soled shoes, and roam the streets until he thought my visitor had gone. Sometimes, late in the evening, when the stillness of the old tower was not broken by a sound louder than the nibbling of a mouse or the faint distant jingle of the bells on the horses of the University Place cars, I would suddenly become conscious of the presence of some one or something in the room, and, looking up from my writing, would be startled to find Henderson's pale, wild face and gaunt figure bending over me. It was like looking up suddenly, amid profound stillness, and seeing a ghost. Perhaps if he had been sane I should have thought nothing of it; but when he began to assume the appearance of a dangerous lunatic it was very unpleasant to have him steal noiselessly into the room, barefooted, and stand motionless behind my chair until a subtle nervous thrill warned me of the near presence of something that I had neither seen nor heard. Then, too, he began to manifest about this time a disposition to injure people whom he did not like, and although the methods to which he resorted were harmless, the disposition itself was significant and threatening, because it indicated a new and more serious phase of mental disorder.

He came in, I remember, one Sunday just before noon, looking particularly worn, haggard, and gloomy, threw himself into a chair by the fire, covered his eyes with one hand, and breathed a long, deep sigh.

"Where have you been, Henderson?" I inquired. "You look tired and cold."

"I have been walking back and forth in front of the Fourth Avenue Church," he replied. "I issued a decree this morning paralyzing Dr. Crosby, and I have been looking in occasionally to see if the order had been executed."

I said nothing. That night, between two and three o'clock, I happened to awake, and

Digitized by Google

noticed a light in my working-room, the door of which was ajar. I rose softly, crept to the door, and looked in. Before the base-burning stove, in my big arm-chair, sat Henderson, with nothing on but the remnants of a linen shirt, which hung in strips and streamers over his gaunt, naked body from his throat to his waist. The wind was roaring and moaning about the old University tower, rattling the window-sashes and making the mica windows of the stove click a little now and then as it sucked up and down the chimney. Henderson had just finished writing down a vision, and was counting the clicks of the little sheets of mica in the stove, which he regarded as so many divine attestations, or "seals," intended to give added solemnity to the revelation that he had just received. I watched him for two or three minutes, and then went back to bed; but I found it impossible to sleep. Henderson sat there all the remainder of the night, brooding, listening, and occasionally writing; but at the first streak of dawn he laid his papers away in the little black bag, put on his wretched clothes, and went out. When I rose, about seven o'clock, and went into my working-room, I found on my desk a sealed envelop addressed in Henderson's handwriting to me. I tore it open, and read the following letter:

April 30th, 1878.

GEORGE KENNAN, Esq.: In order to allow you and others to escape just penalties, and to close forever a subject so painful to Ourselves, We make the following order. You are hereby directed to turn over to King John before twelve o'clock, noon, May 4th, A. D. 1878, all your receipts from the copies of His records which you have made and published, except so much as may be sufficient to reward you for your work. You will also turn or make over to Him any and all interest that you now have in the publication or sale of copies of such records. It was revealed to the King this morning that any and all who fail to comply with this order will be, on the afternoon of the day mentioned, sentenced to the never-ending hell revealed in the Bible. And Our action in such cases will be final. You will be left entirely uninfluenced by superhuman power in deciding to obey or disobey this order. Choose for yourself. We have repealed the law recorded in Revelation XI requiring the punishment of all who hurt the King, and revoked any and all sentences under said law. You will make this statement known to your confederates in the business referred to, for the terms apply to them also.

Sealed by God the Saviour,
Sealed by God the Father,
Sealed by God the King,
Sealed by God the Comforter.

KING JOHN.

In the original, after "King John's" name there is a cross over a crown, and the letters "s. s."

When I came home from my office, late in the afternoon, Henderson was not to be found. I waited for him that evening until nine o'clock, ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, and still he did not come. Conjecturing that he might, perhaps, be half ashamed to meet me after leaving such a letter on my desk, and that he was waiting outside somewhere for me to go to bed, I finally turned down the gas, and sat there in the dark.

About midnight the indistinct outline of Henderson's tall, gaunt figure appeared suddenly and noiselessly at the half-open door. He had taken off his shoes at the foot of the stairs, and crept up in his bare feet so as not to make the slightest noise. The room was so dark that he could not see me, but as he glided softly in on tiptoe, I rose suddenly and turned up the gas. He was completely taken by surprise. He stared at me for a moment, and then threw himself into a chair, covered his face with one hand, and sighed in the same deep, heavy way that he had sighed on the Sunday morning when he had failed in his attempt to paralyze Dr. Crosby.

"Henderson," I said, "you have known me ever since I was a boy. A little less than a year ago you came to my rooms, told me that you were in trouble, and asked me for shelter. I invited you to stay with me and make yourself at home. Since that time we have lived here together in the closest possible intimacy. In all the years of our acquaintance, and particularly in the months of our recent association, have you ever seen anything in my behavior or my character which would lead you to suppose that I would secretly and treacherously search a friend's baggage in his absence, abstract his private papers, and publish them for my own benefit?"

The form of the question hurt him, as I intended it should. For a moment he made no reply. Then he said in a broken voice, and without uncovering his eyes, "I had to do it, George."

"Had to do what?"

"To write that letter and leave it on your desk. It was the hardest and most painful duty that I ever had to perform. I did n't understand it, — I don't understand it now, — but I acted under divine direction."

"Henderson," I said, "suppose you should receive an order from the Lord to put me to death, would you do it?"

He looked up at me for the first time since entering the room, and protested excitedly that of course he never could receive such an order, and that it was simply preposterous to suggest such a thing.

"You have n't answered my question," I said. "I did n't ask for your opinion as to the

Digitized by Google

probability or improbability of your receiving such an order; I asked what you would do if you were placed in that position. You were directed yesterday to paralyze Dr. Crosby; suppose you should be directed to-morrow to kill me, would you do it?"

He still evaded the inquiry, and at last I said, "I am not willing, Henderson, to sleep under the same roof with a man who cannot assure me that my life is safe in his hands, and I must therefore ask you to leave my rooms at your earliest possible convenience."

"All right, George," he said. "Will to-morrow morning do?"

"Yes," I replied; and bidding him good night, I went into my bedroom.

When I arose about seven o'clock the next morning, Henderson had gone, taking his little black bag with him. I did not meet him again for three days. On the fourth morning after he left my rooms I saw him walking in a course parallel with my own on the other side of the street, and looking at me as if he wished to attract my attention. I crossed, bade him good morning, and said: "Well, Henderson, how are you getting on? Where have you spent the last three nights?"

"On benches in the parks," he replied quietly, "or walking the streets."

He was thin and worn to the last degree, his eyes were heavy and deeply sunken in his head, he was shivering with cold, and looked as if he ought to be in a hospital.

"I am profoundly sorry for you, Henderson," I said; "more sorry than I know how to tell you; but I don't see how I can do anything for you."

"I don't want anything, George," he replied, "except to thank you for your kindness to me and to bid you good-by. You need n't have been afraid of me. Will you shake hands—for the last time?"

I shook hands with him, and we parted.

Day after day, week after week, and month after month passed, but I saw him no more. I finally concluded that he had died of starvation and exposure in one of the parks, or had been arrested by the police and put into a public asylum. That he was either dead or hopelessly insane I felt sure.

In November, 1878, I left New York city and went to Washington, D. C., where I took a position in the office of the Associated Press. About five years afterward, in the winter of 1883, I happened to give a course of lectures in the Congregational Church of that city, and at the conclusion of the last of them, who should come forward to shake hands with me but Henderson, plump, well fed, rosy-cheeked, fashionably dressed, and carrying a gold watch and chain! If a man whom I had seen die of a lingering, wasting disease, a man whose emaciated body I had helped to lay in the grave, had suddenly appeared to me after the lapse of five years, in perfect health and with renewed youth, I should not have been more astounded.

"For Heaven's sake, Henderson," I exclaimed, "where in the name of all that is miraculous did you come from?"

"It 's a long story, George," he replied, with the cheery, sunny smile that I so well remembered. "I 've been in a lot of places since I saw you last—Chicago, Memphis, New Orleans. Just now I am from New Orleans; I 've been down there attending the exposition."

I invited him to go with me to the Associated Press office, and there we had a long talk. He told me what he had been doing for the past three years, said that he had taken up house-painting as a means of support, and that he was fairly prosperous. He had apparently recovered in some miraculous way from his monomania, and closely as I watched him and listened to him I could not discover the slightest indication of mental derangement. I tried to get him to tell me how he had extricated himself from the desperate and apparently hopeless condition in which I last saw him in New York; but as soon as I spoke of the old University tower and our life there, his face clouded with an expression of embarrassment and distress, and he said, "Those were dark days, George; I don't like to talk about them, or even to think of them."

From this I concluded that he had become conscious, at last, of his former insane condition, that it was a source of pain and humiliation to him, and that he did not like to be questioned about it or even reminded of it. I afterward took him to my house on one of my wife's reception days, and introduced him to her and to her guests. He behaved in the drawing-room with the ease and confidence of an experienced man of the world, chatted gaily with half a dozen laughing girls, and made a favorable impression upon everybody. After that time we met at short intervals for a period of two years or more, and gradually resumed our old friendly intimacy. He seemed to be happy and prosperous; and when I saw him, just at twilight one summer evening, walking in the Smithsonian grounds with a neatly dressed young woman, I said to myself: "If there were any lingering doubt as to Henderson's complete sanity, this significant circumstance would wholly remove it. He has evidently come to his senses, and perhaps there may be some happiness in life for him yet."

Two or three weeks later he came to the Associated Press office one evening, and said, "I 'm thinking, George, of trying to get a place

Digitized by Google

in one of the departments. I don't like this house-painting; it 's wretched drudgery; and if you would take a letter to the President for me, I think I could get a situation."

"I 'll take a letter for you with pleasure," I replied; "but I don't believe it will be of any use. Most of the departmental appointments are made now under civil service rules, and I think you 'll have to stand an examination."

"I don't think I shall for the place that I want," he said. "If you 'll deliver a letter to the President for me, I think it 'll be all right."

"Very well," I replied. "Bring around your letter. I 'll deliver it, and say what I can for you."

The next day he came to the office again, handed me an unsealed letter addressed to the President, and said, "I have left it open purposely so that you can read it. I don't want you to act in the dark; and if, after reading it, you should feel any delicacy about presenting it, you may return it to me. I 'll come in again to-morrow."

When he had gone I read his letter. It was as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT: It has been revealed to me, in a vision from the Almighty God, that this country is soon to be engaged in a great war, and that I am to take charge of the Navy Department. I have to request, therefore, Mr. President, that you will appoint me to a subordinate place in that department, so that I may become familiar to some extent with its routine duties before I am called upon to assume the direction of it.

KING JOHN.

With a feeling of mingled amazement, regret, and pity, I replaced this extraordinary document in the envelop, and laid it away in a drawer. Again, and for a period of more than two years, I had been completely deceived by the apparent sanity of this unfortunate but subtle and accomplished monomaniac!

On the following evening Henderson came again to the office, chatted gaily for a while with my associate, Mr. Boynton, and then said, "Well, George, did you read my letter to the President?"

"Yes," I replied; "I have read it. I thought, Henderson, that you had recovered from that delusion. Of course you could hardly expect that I would go to the President with such a letter as that."

"No," he said; "I did n't much expect that you would, but I was instructed to give it to you. It 's all right."

He turned the conversation quickly to another subject, talked cheerfully and rationally for ten minutes, and then bade me good night. It was our last meeting. A few weeks later he disappeared from Washington as suddenly and mysteriously as he had disappeared from New York, and I have never seen him nor heard of him since.

I need only narrate, in conclusion, the story that Henderson told me in New York with regard to the misfortune which changed the whole current of his life and made a wreck of his talents, his character, and his intellect. It is briefly as follows:

Some time in the year 1873, when he was happy and prosperous in his chosen profession, and when his ambition seemed about to be crowned with success and fame, he suddenly discovered that he was becoming color-blind.[1] He stopped work at once, and did all that he could to restore his impaired vision; but neither rest nor treatment was of any avail in checking the progress of the disorder, and in less than six months he found that he could not discriminate accurately between colors, and that there was no hope of recovery. It was the death-blow to all his plans and ambitions. He closed his studio, rented a little attic room at the top of a building in a remote and unfrequented part of the city, where none of his friends could find him, and stole away, like a mortally wounded animal, to brood in solitude over the calamity that had befallen him. In this supreme crisis of his life, when all that he held most dear had suddenly been taken away from him, he remembered that his old mother had told him, when he was a little child, of the goodness and lovingkindness of God, and had assured him that if, when in trouble or distress, he would kneel by his bedside, tell the story of his grief to his Heavenly Father, and ask for help and guidance, his prayer would surely be answered. He had thought little of religion for many years; he had lost his early faith in Divine Providence and had become an agnostic; but the impressions of childhood, and especially the impressions that are associated with the loved form and face of a mother, sometimes return in later life with extraordinary vividness, and revive a faith that has long seemed dead. "If my old mother was right," Henderson said to himself, "if there be a Heavenly Father who cares for us and sympathizes with us when we are in trouble, perhaps he will lighten this blow for me, and show me what I am to do with my wrecked life." He knelt by his bedside — not perhaps with assured faith, not perhaps in the spirit of a professed Christian, but certainly in the spirit of him who cried, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief" — and asked,

[1] Since this article was written I have been informed by Dr. Burnett and Dr. Fletcher of Washington that color-blindness, as a rule, is congenital and not acquired. This fact, of course, adds another mysterious feature to the problem presented by Henderson's case.

Digitized by Google

in the name of his old mother, for divine help and guidance. With that prayer was laid, apparently, the foundation of Henderson's insanity. Not knowing in what way to look for an answer, nor in what form to expect it, he endeavored to surrender his whole intellectual nature to the Divine Spirit in such a manner that it might be influenced by that Spirit, and directed in the way that was best. To explain his attitude more clearly by means of a metaphor, he tried to transform himself into a human harp for the divine fingers, with a faint hope that he might be able to catch the celestial melody. How long he continued to pray in this way, how many times he repeated this petition, with an earnest striving to enter into spiritual communion with his Heavenly Father, I do not know; but at last, grief, solitude, and constant brooding upon the supernatural began to unbalance his reason. He undertook to ascertain the divine will in all sorts of fantastic ways. He would shut his eyes, for example, open the Bible at random, and move his forefinger slowly down a page until he felt impelled to stop. He would then open his eyes, read the text at which his finger pointed, and try to draw from it some conclusion as to the divine will. From this to dreams, visions, and impaired judgment was only a series of short steps, and in less than a year he was a confirmed religious monomaniac.

As I recall the bright promise of Henderson's early manhood, and think how cruelly his hopes and ambitions were turned into a bitter mockery, my mind goes back to his first prayer after he was stricken with color-blindness, and I ask myself the question, "Where was the merciful, loving, pitying Heavenly Father when this unfortunate half-blind, broken-hearted man knelt by his bedside in that little attic room, pleaded the promises of the Bible and the faith of his old gray-haired mother, asked for comfort, for help, and for guidance, and received such an answer?"

The only reply to the question, and the only solution of the hard problem presented by the existence of undeserved suffering and the apparent fruitlessness of unanswered prayer, seems to be that expressed in the words of Bishop Atterbury: "We shall never be able to give ourselves a satisfactory account of the divine conduct without forming such a scheme of things as shall at once take in time and eternity."

George Kennan.

GEORGE MICHEL,

THE PAINTER OF MONTMARTRE.

I.

BETWEEN forty and fifty years ago a great number of anonymous paintings, floating about vaguely among the picture-dealers of Paris, began to arouse the curiosity of artists and connoisseurs. None of them were signed, but all bore the impress of the same master hand—strange and extravagant landscapes that seemed to be dashed down upon the canvas in a fury of impetuous inspiration; desolate plains, mysterious forests, windmills stretching forth their gigantic arms; vast horizons, storm-laden skies, an atmosphere full of the breath of the tempest—pictures that interpreted nature in her wild, terrific, and pathetic moods with singular insight and fidelity. Almost all of them were transcripts of Montmartre, Chaumont, St. Laurent, St. Denis, and other of the picturesque suburbs of Paris, whose historic features were so changed and obliterated during the improvements and devastations of the Third Empire. The interest that they excited was very great. It was discovered that the name of the unknown painter was George Michel, that he had been a resident of Montmartre, and had died not long before in extreme old age. He was said to have kept a second-hand bric-à-brac shop, and to have lived in poverty and misery, struggling for a precarious existence. He was a sort of rural Silenus, who owed his inspiration to his copious libations. When he shut up his shop in the afternoon, he would go out among his favorite scenes, jot down his impressions, then stop at an inn, get drunk, and paint his pictures at a single sitting, in a frenzy of inspiration and intoxication. He did not sign his canvases for the very good reason that he was too ignorant to write his own name. He had passed the last few years of his life in a hospital, and had died there forgotten and unknown.

It was due to the energy and enthusiasm of an admirable critic and author, M. Alfred Sensier, Michel's future biographer, and several young artists and *litterateurs* with whom he was associated, that this shadow was lifted from the memory of a good and great man.

When M. Sensier published his "Etude sur George Michel," he was able to affirm that it did not contain a single statement which he

Digitized by Google

had not verified, either on the evidence of the painter's friends and family, or on that of public documents.

It was asserted that he lived in a chronic state of poverty and embarrassment, and it proves that, although burdened with the care of a large family while still a mere boy, and without a farthing of inherited income, he succeeded from the very first in supporting his family, not certainly in luxury, but at least in ease and independence.

It was said that he was an habitual toper, depending upon stimulants for his inspiration, and it turns out that he was a model of sobriety and industry; his devotion to his family and his art being the two all-absorbing passions by which his whole life was dominated and controlled. As for his inspiration, he kept it at white heat of activity, and all his faculties tense and keen, by incessant hard work.

It was asserted that his associates were among the vulgar and ignorant, and it proves that they were among the best representatives of the most select and polished circles of the nobility; and it should be remarked to Michel's credit that he, a poor man, belonging to the people by birth, and an ardent republican in conviction, maintained this intercourse, brought about by his genius and vocation, without sacrificing one iota of his independence. His friends and associates were such people as the Comte de Forbin, director of the Louvre and the royal galleries, a man of profound learning and knowledge of art; Baron d'Ivry, one of the most distinguished of the eminent connoisseurs of the past, whose privilege it was to promote the development of art at that critical period by the timely protection which he afforded the masters of a new school in their struggle for recognition; the Duc de Guiche and his young wife; Mlle. de Vigée, a woman not only of rare genius, but of singular beauty and a thousand amiable qualities.

It was asserted that he was completely overlooked and ignored as an artist in his own day; and while it is true that he made no impression upon the public at large, sharing in this the fate of Corot and other masters of modern landscape-painting who followed him, he was nevertheless singularly fortunate in being thoroughly appreciated by the artists and connoisseurs of that period; the best proof of the high favor in which he was held being that, unlike Corot, who did not sell his first picture until he was sixty, Michel, one of the most rapid painters that ever lived, could not produce rapidly enough to satisfy his purchasers.

His comparative obscurity can be readily accounted for by the multiplicity of his occupations. In order to earn a subsistence, he was compelled, during the greater part of his career, to supplement his pursuit of original art with teaching, copying, and restoring, standing at the head of all of these subordinate avocations. At the same time, his rare modesty, and the simplicity and disinterestedness of his character, prevented him from valuing truly his own gifts and capacities. He had a noble pride in his thorough knowledge of his craft, in his power to do good work, and was satisfied with this distinction. He laid no claim to being a great artist, and does not appear ever to have regarded himself in that light.

Michel's friends and patrons had, moreover, a direct personal interest in keeping him in the shade. At that time artistic coöperation was as much in vogue as literary partnerships are at present. Michel, with his fecundity of production and technical skill, was just the one to play the part of silent partner in such associations. Giving assistance to painters of more reputation and wealth, but of less ability, than himself, was one of his principal occupations; he is known to have been the *collaborateur*, in this way, of Demarne, his intimate friend, Swebach de Fontaine, Charpentier, and others.

As for Baron d'Ivry, he had the one weakness of imagining himself a great painter. Despite his rank and wealth, he adopted the profession seriously, and worked at his easel with not less industry and perseverance than if his fortune had depended upon the result, employing Michel meanwhile to help him out with his crude, amateurish efforts, which remained tame and cold despite their labored fantasy. Even he, this enthusiastic worshiper of art, the devoted friend and munificent patron not only of Michel, but of a number of his distinguished successors, notably Rousseau, Cabat, and Dupré, resorted to all sorts of devices and subterfuges (so insidious are the temptations of literary and artistic vanity) to prevent any suspicion of his dependence upon a greater artist. He went so far as to circulate a report of Michel's death at a time when they were closeted together daily, locked up in profound seclusion in his luxurious studio—the *cor cordium* of Baron d'Ivry's magnificent hotel.

II.

MICHEL was born in Paris in 1763, when society was already quivering with premonitory throes of the most terrible upheaval that the world has ever witnessed; and when, moreover, a revolution in the beautiful art which he himself practised was impending. Passion, enthusiasm, rebellion to existing authorities—all these he breathed in with the very air. He was a thorough plebeian, his father being a common laborer; but nevertheless, thanks to a certain M. du Chaillu, *fermier-général* of St.

Digitized by Google

Laurent, who was so much impressed by the child's vivacity and intelligence that he determined to take him under his protection, he was well educated, and, above all, thoroughly trained for his vocation. Michel was a pupil of the Académie St. Luc, a national institution renowned for its severe and systematic discipline, where the traditions of the old masters were sedulously guarded.

So well did the young George profit by the advantages afforded him, that at fifteen he appears to have been ready to begin the battle of life upon his own account, with the advantage of powerful friends and patrons ready to advance his interests. We find him at that early age giving lessons to Mlle. du Chaillu, and unfolding, full of hope and enthusiasm, plans for his own future studies and achievements. But at this critical moment the blind god interfered, to withdraw him from the path of honor and distinction which was opening before him so invitingly. The precocious youth fell desperately in love with a pretty young girl of his own age, and, like himself, of humble parentage, named Marguerite Legros. Their friends and guardians refused, very naturally, to listen to their supplications. Michel was forbidden to see his little sweetheart, and, desperate at being separated, the young couple eloped, hiding themselves in one of the sylvan suburbs of Paris.

But little is known of his proceedings at this juncture, or for some time to come, beyond the fact that a year from the time of his marriage his first child was born, and that when he was a youth of twenty he was the happy father of a hopeful young family of five.



PORTRAIT OF GEORGE MICHEL, ETCHED BY C. COURTRY. BY PERMISSION OF M. DURAND RUEL.

At this mature age he reappears in Paris, as full of courage and confidence in himself as ever, although now so heavily handicapped for the race. When his friends reproached him with his imprudence he would reply,—one of his many sententious sayings which are well worth preserving,—"Since there is a Providence for the drunkard, there must be one for the good workman." This Providence of the good workman was Michel's star of destiny. He trusted to it fearlessly in every emergency, and his faith was rewarded.

The character of his pursuits has already

Digitized by Google

been indicated. He was a splendid restorer and copyist, especially of the great Dutch and Flemish masters, of whom he was the worthy disciple; a capital professor and assistant artist, while always dashing off with extraordinary facility original landscapes and sketches, both in oils and water-colors, which he disposed of readily, as soon as they were produced, to picture-dealers and connoisseurs, who appreciated them at their true value, and remunerated him for them fairly, and at times with great liberality, notwithstanding the slight esteem in which they were held by the critics of the Salon, and the public at large.

Gay, genial, and with an agreeable address, he was universally liked, and made friends on every hand. The Duc de Guiche and his wife became his pupils, and not a few of the same circle followed their example. Under the direction of the Comte de Forbin, he carried on and completed the magnificent works of restoration at the Louvre, which extended over a period of many years, and constituted one of the finest achievements of his life. The famous picture-dealer M. Lebrun, who married Mlle. de Vigée, was one of his principal purchasers. Even when the ghastly Terror had transformed gay and beautiful Paris into a reeking shambles, when Mme. Lebrun had taken refuge in Italy, and the brilliant courtiers who had danced attendance in her *salon* had vanished with a shriek of dismay, the picture-dealer remained at his post, and kept Michel, who was also a fixture in Paris, continually employed in making copies of his favorite masters, with which he carried on an active trade in England, Germany, and even Russia. He frequently sold original Michels also, sometimes giving him the credit for them, but more often palming them off as *chefs-d'œuvre* of the artists whose works they resembled.

Michel's relations with Baron d'Ivry continued, with intervals of separation occasioned by the absence of the nobleman from Paris, under the empire and the restoration.

Meanwhile, amid all this stress and strain of toil, pleasure, friendship, art,—the multiple activities which he carried forward with uninterrupted energy from year to year,—Michel's domestic happiness continued unalloyed; his passion for his wife bore the test of time. It was no unusual thing for him to be called from Paris by his professional duties, and he was frequently solicited by his friends and pupils to accompany them on their travels to foreign parts; but on such occasions, however agreeable his companions, however delightful the scenes that surrounded him, however lucrative his employment, he soon became restless and unhappy, impatient to complete his engagements, or to break away from them and return to her side. He was always "homesick for his family and Montmartre"; an exile, a banished man, until again surrounded by the dear faces and familiar scenes to which he was so devotedly attached.

The painter had, however, many domestic afflictions, although his home remained to the last a true shrine of love and devotion. His children, of whom he had eventually eight, did not inherit his vigorous constitution, and, with the exception of one son, were stricken down, one after the other, in childhood and early youth. And at last, fifty years after his marriage, his wife was seized with a fatal malady. During her last illness, which was long and painful, she was attended with affectionate solicitude by Mme. de Ponlevaun, a widow living near them, with whom the Michels had long been on terms of friendly intimacy. In the following year, Michel married the excellent friend who had shared the sorrows and anxieties of his terrible bereavement. He could not have made a better choice. Mme. de Ponlevaun, who was much younger than her husband, and survived him for many years, was a woman of good position and unusual intelligence and refinement, able to appreciate the genius of the painter and to insure his happiness. She had one daughter, to whom Michel became warmly attached, and together they surrounded him to the last with all the ministering care that affection can bestow.

Michel's second marriage constitutes a turning-point in his career. The brilliant patrons and friends of his youth had been scattered or swept out of existence by the convulsions of the Revolution; by the public, with whom he had never established a vital communication, he was utterly forgotten; he had ceased to exist. The wind of inspiration that had kindled his genius had passed on and was stirring in other minds; the splendid artists of 1830 were winning renown, and he had no place in the school of which, nevertheless, he had been the earliest herald. Meanwhile, he had never been so strong and vigorous, never possessed such command of his resources; his genius was in its full maturity. His early careless indifference to the pursuit of glory was plainly instinctive, the result of temperament, of that deficiency in self-assertion and self-cognizance which was at once the source of his strength and weakness. But long before this he must have gaged his own powers, and called in question the wisdom of his course. And now for the first time he had a small income, sufficient to enable him to work for art's sake alone. The public, moreover, responding gradually to the influence of his successors, had been developing as well as himself, and would perhaps have regarded with favor the bold flights which had formerly left them unmoved; by

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

WINDMILLS. ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF W. C. VANHORNE.

Digitized by Google

the painters of the new school he would at least have been thoroughly appreciated. According to M. Sensier, "if he had chosen at this period to send to the Salon one of the great landscapes of his last manner, it would have been a bomb-shell in the camp, bringing him at once a national reputation."

Meanwhile it was not through weariness or disappointment that he buried himself alive in peaceful seclusion. He did not forsake the world to repose upon his laurels, but, on the contrary, to dedicate himself anew, with a more sublime aim, to the art which he had already so faithfully served. It was not until this period that he deployed all the resources of his genius, creating those strange and magnificent landscapes which arrested the attention of a younger generation, and have rendered his name immortal.

It has been seldom indeed—if there is any similar instance upon record, I am not aware of it—that a man has done his greatest work from sixty-five to eighty, and merely for the delight that it afforded him, without any of the incitements either of ambition or of necessity, uncheered by the applause of his contemporaries, and without expectation of being recognized by posterity.

Of his closing years, serene and prolific, Mme. Michel has left the world a detailed account. He went, shortly after his marriage, to live in a small house in Chaillu street, which he had purchased some time before, and where he remained until his death. Nothing could be more simple and unpretentious than his mode of life. He rose at seven, took a light breakfast, remained in his studio until three, busy with his brushes, and devoted the rest of the day to long walks through the lovely suburban scenery which it had been the occupation of his life to delineate. On these pleasant excursions, which were his only recreation, he was accompanied by his wife and daughter, and they went great distances, visiting in turn Chaumont, Bellevue, Vincennes, the woods of Romainville, and, above all, the picturesque declivities of Montmartre.

In 1843 he had an auction of his library and articles of vertu, of which he had a valuable collection; throwing in with his other treasures a thousand original landscapes, and two thousand large and small sketches. They were sold for a mere song, the whole collection bringing less, probably, than a single landscape would now command. The venerable painter was not in the least disconcerted. He had painted his pictures for his own pleasure, he said, and was perfectly satisfied to have found purchasers willing to buy them for not less than they would have paid for as many good apples. This sale was a memorable one, and deserves to be recorded; for it was from the studio in Chaillu street that proceeded all those mysterious landscapes which flooded the Parisian market, and shortly after his death recalled his name and memory to the world.

Michel's health remained unimpaired until he was eighty, when he had a slight stroke of paralysis, which, affecting his right side, compelled him to lay down his brush. He was still able to walk, and for a time enjoyed going into the garden; but his strength rapidly failed, and before long he grew too weak to rise from his bed. Even now, however, he did not yield to despondency; his wife and daughter were with him, and he found consolation in their society.

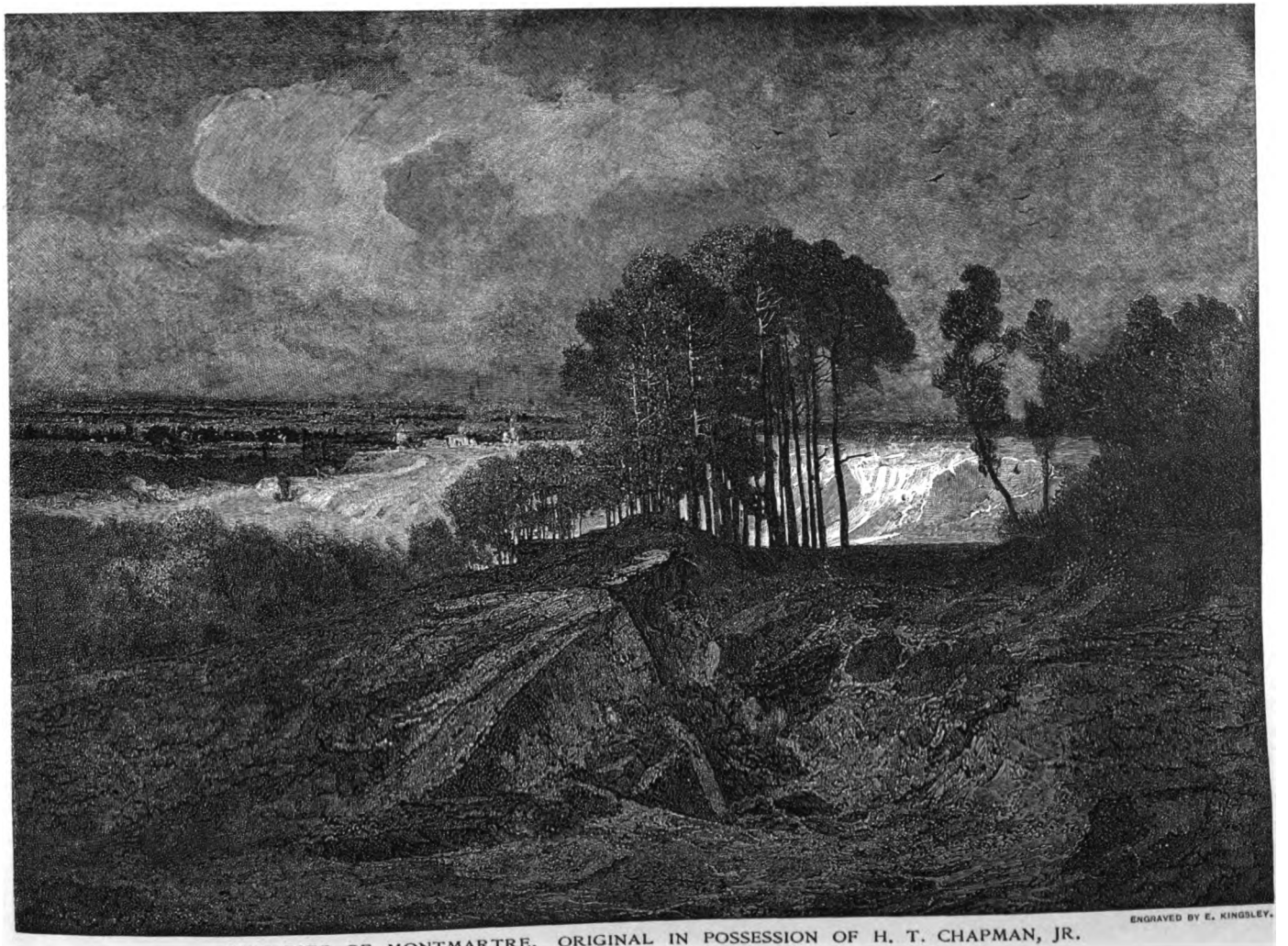
On June 7, 1843, which dawned clear and radiant,—"a perfect day of June,"—he seemed unusually well and in excellent spirits. "Do not pity me," he said to his wife; "for though my eyes are so weak, you do not know what wonderful, what glorious, landscapes I see continually moving before me. Oh, if I could but recover the use of my arms, I would paint such pictures as have never before been imagined!"

In the evening his supper was served as usual, and he chatted cheerfully with his companions, assuring them that he felt well and happy. Then there was a pause, and his wife, looking up, surprised at his continued silence, saw that her husband had ceased to breathe. His black eyes, so full of fire, were extinct. Michel had passed to another sphere. The two women fell upon their knees by his side, too much overwhelmed with awe and emotion even to weep. Already the mysterious smile of death illumined his countenance, which had become pure and radiant as that of a saint.

III.

A REVOLUTION in landscape-painting was both initiated and accomplished during the long life of George Michel. At the beginning of his career Claude and Poussin, who had been worshiped in Paris with so much ardor, had lost their authority, and that of David was beginning to decline. In the north the great Dutch and Flemish masters had carried art to a new perfection that was better understood in England than in Paris, where the *petits maîtres* by whom they had been succeeded—Demarne, Senave, Charpentier, Desfontaine, and others—were still influential. The imaginative painters of the modern school had not yet risen above the horizon, but everything was preparing for their advent: the air was vibrant with new precepts and principles, which were soon to be put into practice. Michel was undoubtedly the first to feel the impulse of this new movement, although he formed no alliance with the painters with whom he was so

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY E. KINGSLEY.

QUARRIES OF MONTMARTRE. ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF H. T. CHAPMAN, JR.

Digitized by Google

intimately associated in genius and aim. Like one of those gigantic windmills which he himself has so often depicted, whirling now to the east and now to the west, swayed by every breeze from every quarter of the horizon, he was influenced by, and reproduced at different moments, all the contradictory tendencies of his time that were striving for mastery — the noble effects of the Dutch and Flemish masters, the pedantic and frivolous mannerisms of his Parisian contemporaries, and the freedom and imaginative verve of his successors.

Like many other great artists, Michel's development is marked by three distinct periods, each with its characteristic style, according to which his works can be readily grouped. The paintings of his youth, often of great interest and beauty, are chiefly to be noted for their conscientious workmanship and their successful imitation of Ruysdael and Hobbema, his earliest guides in the realm of the ideal. He seems to have had unusual difficulty in forming his second style; there is an interregnum, during which his genius is under a cloud; he chooses as his models various of his popular contemporaries, Demarne and others, far inferior to himself, and with whom he is in fact in direct antagonism, and paints pictures that are now cold and pedantic, and again obscure, labored, and incomprehensible. From these vacillations and uncertainties he is freed by Rembrandt,—the "great wizard," as he calls him,—from whom he learned to seek his inspiration in Nature alone, rejecting all models save her living and ever-changing forms. Michel worshiped this supreme master, between whom and himself, in his later works, can be traced vivid points of resemblance. He vied with him in his love of vast distances, his passion for magical effects of light, dazzling streams of radiance alternating with somber shadows, and in the spontaneity and unaffectedness of his designs, which teem with intangible and mysterious caprices and suggestions. From the moment that he conquered his freedom,—that he can truly be said to have become a master,— his canvases glow and vibrate with strange and noble harmonies,—appalling spectacles, wild tempests, rainbows of ineffable beauty spanning storm-laden skies, cloud-chariots on fire, terrific combats in the air,—and he begins to reveal his daring imagination and fantasy.

His genius was not fully unfolded and energized, however, until he ceased to imitate even Nature, to become her interpreter and poet. Then it was that he painted those preternatural firmaments, those monotonous plains, those grim châteaux and gigantic windmills, that seem to carry the beholders back into a primordial world. He was the same Michel as of old, but wholly abandoned to his inspiration, giving full play to his ardent temperament, and to all the caprices of his fiery imagination.

In the landscapes of this period, those of his last and grand manner, the dramatic is always the dominant element. His windmills have a frightful aspect; they seem the product of another age; they whirl furiously, and appear to menace from the desolate hilltop antediluvian monsters crawling on calcareous plains. His forest paths are forbidding and sinister; they lead to the dens of malefactors, from whose gloomy portals, whose yawning chasms, one would flee with a shudder of horror and alarm. On those desolate sea-marshes it is easy to see that ghosts will chatter and ghouls wander when twilight deepens. His threatening skies, livid with a pale glare, or shrouded with terrifying battalions of uncouth clouds, are preparing to rain down plagues upon the devastated earth. Many of these scenes appear the product of a mind in delirium, but delirious with the grand, the appalling, the sublime.

There are poets of poets — witness the cult of the present day for Robert Browning — poets who are worshiped by the select few, while remaining caviar to the general; and in the same way there are painters whose works appeal only, or chiefly, to artists and connoisseurs. It is evident that Michel belongs to this class; his style, strange and extravagant, informed and overcharged with lightning flashes of passion and imagination, is one that is repellent to the average intelligence, but fascinating in the extreme to the sensitive and fastidious poet and critic. We have seen how warmly he was appreciated in his own day by famous connoisseurs like the Comte de Forbin and Baron d'Ivry; and yet at that very time the pictures which he exhibited annually in the Salon were either entirely overlooked, or mentioned with disapproval and contempt. As soon as attention was called to his paintings after his death, M. Théophile Thoré (the champion *par excellence* of neglected genius) and M. Paul Lacroix, the best critics of the day, wrote elaborate articles doing full justice to the originality and unusual quality of his art; and from that time the noble master — the "great Michel," as he is called by some of his admirers — has had an ever-increasing number of amateurs and enthusiasts, recruited from the ranks of the most eminent authors and artists, who have spared neither labor, time, nor expense in procuring examples of his art, and in endeavoring, by their criticisms and essays, to make him known to the world.

The first person to introduce his works to the picture-loving public of this country was Mr. Henry T. Chapman, Jr., the well-known connoisseur of Brooklyn, at whose house can be seen many important and beautiful examples. His landscapes are becoming a feature in many

Digitized by Google

American collections, including those of Mr. David C. Lyall of Brooklyn, Mr. W. H. M. Sistare and the late Jay Gould of New York, Mr. Potter Palmer of Chicago, and others.



ENGRAVED BY E. KINGSLEY.

A FRENCH VILLAGE. ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF ALEXANDER BARRIE.

The cult of Michel, in a word, of long standing in Paris, has recently been initiated among our own painters and connoisseurs.

It is a difficult matter to determine the rank of an artist so singular and original, and it may throw light upon the subject to compare him to his immediate successor, Corot, with whom he was allied in method, while affording a complete contrast to him in manner — the one a painter of repose and beauty, the other of terror and sublimity. Both were impressionists, and both poets, rebuking by their truly creative masterpieces, informed with feeling and imagination, the crude and glaring literalists of the present day. As a draftsman, Michel was greatly the superior of the two, and he was probably not inferior to Corot in his delicate appreciation of values and the harmony of colors. His one point of inferiority, the indication of his subordinate rank, is his lack of artistic consciousness, the definite aim, the informing purpose that will always distinguish an artist of the loftiest type. The painter of Montmartre is an improvisator, an admirable instrument upon which the higher genius plays, hurling upon the canvas, as with a single stroke, magnificent jets of powerful inspiration. His very progress is instinctive, the result of the gradual development of his personality; he goes forward from epoch to epoch, not from picture to picture. To a more deliberate intellectual artist each new work is an event, the record of a step which brings him nearer to his goal, of which he never loses sight. A single landscape was not of any more consequence to Michel than a single blossom trembling on its twig to a flowering almond-tree, than one violet to the meadow purple with bloom, or one throbbing star in a firmament of glory.

Meanwhile, it is well to remember that works of the imagination are the result of the artist's weakness not less than of his strength; they

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY E. KINGSLEY.

A LANDSCAPE. ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF J. W. MASON.

are the fruit of his whole nature. It was precisely this defect in Michel, if it is to be called a defect, from which his art derives its distinctive quality,— that naked truthfulness, as it were, that acrid, sharp reality,— a certain flamboyance, as if the very spirit of nature were scintillating in those forms, those hues, which is never found in more elaborate and humanized (if I may use the term) productions. In literature it is this quality which gives such a surpassing charm to that wild creation, "Wuthering Heights," and to many early myths and sagas of the people, for those, be it always understood, who are sensitive to that quality, and appreciative of it— a taste that is found to distinguish, as a matter of fact, not the rude and uncultivated, as might be supposed, but the subtle and fastidious critic who is himself farthest removed from the savage heart of nature of which it speaks. The polished masterpieces of not a few of the painters of to-day, themselves connoisseurs as well as artists, wealthy, courtly, accomplished, are the delight of the Philistine; the wild improvisations of Michel, the rude son of the people, are disdained by the populace, and reserve their dominating spell for the connoisseur— a striking illustration, in the occult sphere of intellect, of the truth of the adage that extremes meet.

Even in Michel's day the suburbs of Paris had lost something of their sylvan beauty; and since then they have been devastated and vulgarized by the overflowing of the manufactories and the *bourgeoisie* of Paris; but though its windmills and picturesque quarries have been swept away, Montmartre still exists, a natural pedestal whose sublimity can never be wholly destroyed. Some time after his death it became the fashion to visit Montmartre and proclaim its attractions. Théodore Rousseau, Enfantin, Bonington, revealed it, and the whole Parisian *banlieue* as well, in a new light, in their superb landscapes; Alphonse Karr took up his abode in a ruinous old building, which he called the "Château of Fogs," and living there for two years, hidden from the world, produced the book that rendered him celebrated; Gérard de Nerval followed his example, and still others have shed upon it the light of their genius. But it was by Michel that it was discovered, by him its mysterious and fantastic charm was first appreciated and embodied in art; it was his Acropolis and his Parthenon. According to M. Sensier: "If it is too much to call Michel the Ruysdael of France, it must be acknowledged that he was at least the Ruysdael of Montmartre."

Virginia Vaughan.

Digitized by Google

TAKING NAPOLEON TO ST. HELENA.[1]

FROM A MANUSCRIPT DIARY OF THE TRIP, WRITTEN BY THE ADMIRAL'S SECRETARY.

PART II.

September 5, 1815.—We had light winds, with exceeding hot weather. Among other conversation to-day, Bonaparte recounted to the admiral the following particulars of what passed between him and the Queen of Prussia at Tilsit, when (to solicit that Magdebourg might be left to Prussia) she joined the royal party there. He stated that had she arrived sooner, it is probable she would have gained her point in this particular, not only by reason of the great advantage an extremely clever and fine woman of high rank must always have when personally urging any suit she has much at heart, but also from the inclination he (Bonaparte) then had to meet as far as he conveniently could the wishes of the Emperor Alexander, who, he did not hesitate in affirming, was at the time a strongly attached and much-favored admirer of her Prussian Majesty. It was, he said, owing to the King of Prussia being apprized of this latter circumstance, and consequently being extremely jealous of the Emperor of Russia, that the former prevented the queen from coming sooner to Tilsit; and not until the Prussian ministers, toward the closing of the arrangements, urged him in the strongest manner to send for her, that they might have the benefit of her abilities and influence to second their endeavors to obtain better terms for Prussia, to which the king at last consented. When she arrived, the whole party being to dine with him (Bonaparte), she was introduced before dinner, and entered with great vivacity and ability on the subject of the approaching treaty, and strongly solicited as a personal favor to herself that he would consent to leaving Magdebourg to Prussia, which she said would bind her family to him by the strongest ties of gratitude and respect. Bonaparte said her Majesty pressed her suit warmly and cleverly, but he merely replied to all she said in general terms of civility, and avoided giving her any decided answer, or entering at all with her into the merits of the question, notwithstanding which it was evident by her behavior at dinner that she entertained sanguine hopes of succeeding. He said she sat between the Emperor of Russia and himself, and although most elegant and amiable in her manners, she did not for a moment lose sight of the object she had in view. At the dessert, on his offering her a rose he took out of a vase near him, she on taking it asked if she might consider it as a token of friendship and of his having acceded to her request. Being, however, he said, upon his guard, and resolved not to be thus caught by surprise, he parried this attack with some general remarks respecting the light in which alone civilities of this description should be regarded, and then he turned the conversation.

Notwithstanding this, however, and his having been extremely cautious throughout the evening not to allow anything to escape which might in the slightest degree authorize the queen to believe him inclined to yield to her solicitation, yet when she went away she appeared to be well satisfied and to have persuaded herself that her endeavors were not to prove unsuccessful. Bonaparte said that, thinking it would be therefore impolitic to leave the question any longer open for discussion, he caused the treaty to be signed at once on the next morning, and, of course, without any alterations in it in favor of Prussia. When the queen came the next day to dinner, he said she evidently showed herself piqued and much hurt, but she behaved with great dignity, and did not once allude to the treaty, nor to anything which had passed respecting it, until going away, when, as Bonaparte was handing her to her carriage, she mentioned to him how much he had disappointed her by the refusal of her request, and that had he complied, it would have attached the whole family to him forever, and so forth; to which he only answered that he should ever consider it as one of the greatest misfortunes of his life that it had not been within his power to obey her Majesty's commands in this affair, begging her, however, to believe it would always afford him the highest gratification to be able to meet any wish of hers, and adding more civil speeches of this kind (saying, with a self-applauding smile, "Mais tout cela n'était pas Magdebourg"); and having reached the carriage, he put her into it, bid her good-night, and left her. He added that previous, however, to her driving off, she sent for Duroc (the grand maréchal of the palace) to her carriage, when,

[1] The first part of this unique narrative will be found in the October number of THE CENTURY. Except for a few slight changes, the text of the copy of the original MS. has here been closely followed.—EDITOR.

Digitized by Google

giving vent to her feelings, which she had till then stifled, she could not refrain from tears whilst complaining to him of her great disappointment, saying how much she had been deceived in Bonaparte's character, and hurt by what had passed. Early the next morning he said he received a message from her to say that, being taken suddenly ill, she had been compelled to quit Tilsit and return home; and thus, he said, Magdebourg was retained, though perhaps he had suffered somewhat by it in the good graces of her Prussian Majesty. He said he thought her a most elegant, engaging woman, and as handsome as could be expected for thirty-five years of age. He spoke, however, very badly of her character as a wife, and particularly with reference to the Emperor Alexander, to oblige whom he mentioned (laughing heartily as he did so) that he detained the King of Prussia a whole day by announcing an intention of paying him a formal visit, of which the Emperor Alexander took a premeditated advantage by setting off to obtain thereby an uninterrupted tête-à-tête with the queen. Bonaparte played cards this evening for about an hour, and retired to his own cabin. Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were 13° 58′ N. and 25° 30′ W.

September 6. — The trade-wind continued until about four in the afternoon, when we had excessive heavy rain. Bonaparte, who was in very good spirits, had no sooner eaten his dinner than, to the surprise of all, he got up to take his usual walk on deck, notwithstanding it was still pouring with rain; and on the admiral remarking to him the same, and advising him not to go out, he treated it lightly, and said the rain would not hurt him more than the sailors whom he saw on deck catching the rain and running about in it. The admiral no longer opposed him, and out he went, accompanied by Bertrand and Las Cases, who, though obliged to attend him, seemed by no means to enjoy the idea of the wetting they were doomed to undergo. It required but a short time to obtain a complete soaking, which the trio did, and Bonaparte then retired to his own cabin, from which he did not make his appearance during the evening. Our latitude and longitude at noon were 12° 41′ N. and 23° 55′ W.

September 7 and 8. — We had moderate weather, with occasional showers, which kept the air cool. Nothing occurred worthy of remark. Our latitude and longitude at noon on the seventh were 12° 2′ N. and 22° 59′ W. Fine weather with south-southwest winds. Bonaparte, in conversing with the admiral to-day, mentioned many of the leading characters in England. He stated particularly the high respect he entertained for the character of the late Lord Cornwallis, whose manners and behavior at Amiens he spoke of as being most noble and honorable to himself and the country. He spoke in equal terms of panegyric of Mr. Fox, with whom he said he had had much conversation when he was in France. He said he had formed a great friendship for Captain Ussher, who had conveyed him to Elba,[1] and added that he had hoped to have seen him at Paris; that he had confidently looked for a visit from him there, and was much disappointed at his not coming to see him in his prosperity, as he had commenced an acquaintance with him in his adversity. He spoke of many others, but not by any means in a flattering strain. This evening he amused himself by playing at whist, and retired at his usual hour. Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were 11° 43′ N. and 22° 47′ W.

September 9. — The south-southwest wind continued, with moderate and cool weather. Bonaparte spent his forenoon in playing at chess. In the evening he told the admiral that whilst he was at Paris he gained possession of a correspondence for a foreign royal personage of high consideration in England, which spoke in very disrespectful terms of different branches of our royal family; that he (Bonaparte) had been on the point of publishing these letters in the "Moniteur," but had desisted, or rather recalled them from the publisher, at the earnest intercession of, and from consideration, of the person by whose means he obtained them. Bonaparte played this evening again at whist, and seems to have neglected his favorite game of *vingt-un*. Our latitude and longitude at noon were 11° 24′ N. and 21° 37′ W.

September 10 and 11. — We had continued fine pleasant weather. Bonaparte to-day in his conversation merely asked general questions as to the progress we had made in our voyage, and the probable time of the duration of it, the distance we were from the coast of Africa, and what was the nearest part. In the evening he played at cards, and retired at his usual hour. Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were 10° 11′ N. and 20° 56′ W.

We advanced pleasantly on our voyage. Bonaparte, in conversation to-day with the admiral respecting England, said that had he succeeded in his attempt of invasion, and had reached London, his chief object and first endeavor would have been to have there concluded a peace, which he said should have immediately been offered on "moderate terms"; but what under those circumstances he would have considered moderate terms, the admiral could not draw from him. He, however, stated the relinquishment of the right of maritime visitation of neutrals as one of the points he

1 For Captain Ussher's account of this voyage, see THE CENTURY for March, 1893.

Digitized by Google

would have insisted on. In the evening, when we had assembled at the card-table, he took up a small book of Persian tales, with which he amused himself in reading aloud to the company, making his comments on these tales, and laughing heartily at many parts of them. He reads very distinctly, much slower than he speaks, and with good emphasis; but in conversation at times it is difficult to follow him, from the quick manner in which he utters with a peculiar pronunciation. After reading for about two hours, and some commonplace conversation, he retired to his own cabin. Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were 8° 48′ N. and 19° 39′ W.

September 12.—We had a continuation of fine and pleasant weather. Having caught a shark to-day, Bonaparte, with the eagerness of a school-boy, scrambled on the poop to see it. It was not a large one, not being more than twelve feet long; it, however, was sufficiently so to astonish our French party. Our catching this shark was the subject of conversation at dinner, when Bonaparte asked what was the size of sharks in general, as also that of whales, the nature of them, the method of catching them, and other similar questions. In the evening we played at vingt-un for about an hour, and Bonaparte retired about his usual time. Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were 8° 2′ N. and 18° 1′ W.

September 13.—We had moderate weather, with south-southwest winds. Bonaparte made his appearance in the after cabin and played at piquet until dinner-time, during which he conversed relative to the Russian campaign, principally as to the force employed. After dinner he walked a considerable time with the admiral, conversing on the same subject, whom he assured in the strongest manner that the only objects he had when he undertook the Russian expedition, and all he should have asked had he been successful, was the independence of Poland (to which nation he intended leaving the free choice of their own king, only recommending to them Poniatowski as worthy of such distinction), and to make the Emperor of Russia engage to join firmly in the Continental system against commercial intercourse of any sort with England, until its Government should be brought to agree to what he termed the "independence of the seas." Bonaparte, however, subsequently, when talking of Moscow, let escape that he had procured there emissaries to disperse throughout the country amongst the Russian peasantry to bias them in his favor and against their own Government, to explain to them the miseries they suffered from the unjust state of slavery in which they were kept, and to offer them freedom and protection if they would seek it through his means. He said he had received many applications from different bodies of them; and had he been able to have maintained himself in the country, he was quite certain he should have had the mass of the population in his favor. He walked a considerable time this evening, and then adjourned to the after cabin, where he amused himself by playing at cards until near ten o'clock, when he retired. Latitude and longitude this day at noon were 7° 33′ N. and 17° 15′ W.

September 14.—We had moderate, pleasant weather. Bonaparte passed this forenoon as usual. In the evening, talking with the admiral relative to Russia, he said that prior to the death of the Emperor Paul he (Bonaparte), while he was first consul, had received seven or eight letters written in his imperial Majesty's own hand, pressing him to enter into close and intimate alliance for the express purpose of exerting the united efforts of the two countries to humble Great Britain; and the emperor proposed, if Bonaparte approved of it, to send off at once a large Russian army to act against the English interest in India. Bonaparte said he was about to despatch a confidential ambassador with full powers to make the necessary arrangements, and to communicate to the emperor his sentiments on these points, when he received the unwelcome intelligence of the emperor's assassination. He added that from the opinion the Emperor Paul seemed by his letters to entertain of him (Bonaparte), and from the great confidence he appeared to place in him, he had no doubt, if their negotiation had gone on, he would shortly have attained sufficient ascendancy with the emperor to have induced him to change the foolish and impolitic course he was then pursuing in his own country, in which case his life would probably have been saved, and he might have become an ally of great importance to the French; and therefore Bonaparte said he considered Paul's death at the moment it took place as a particularly untoward circumstance. This evening we played at whist until Bonaparte retired. Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were 7° 2′ N. and 17° 10′ W.

September 15.—Fine weather, with westerly winds. This day was passed as usual, with nothing particular worthy of remark. The whole of the squadron which left England, viz., *Northumberland* of 74 guns (Captain Ross), *Havannah* of 36 guns (Captain George Hamilton), *Redpole* of 10 guns (Captain Denman), *Peruvian* of 18 guns (Captain White), *Zenobia* of 18 guns (Captain Dobree), *Zephyr* of 14 guns (Captain Rich), *Icarus* of 10 guns (Captain Devon), *Ferret* of 10 guns (Captain Stirling), troop-ship *Ceylon* (Captain Hamilton), troop-ship *Bucephalus* (Captain Westropp),

Digitized by Google

were in company, and all perfectly healthy. Latitude and longitude at noon, 6° 7′ N. and 16° 26′ W.

September 16.—Fine weather. Bonaparte to-day asked numerous questions relative to the coast of Africa, and our distance from it. He amused himself before dinner by playing chess. In the evening, when talking with the admiral on the propriety of the different capitals of Europe being sufficiently fortified to enable them to withstand for a short time a sudden advance and attack of an enemy's army, he said he had long foreseen the propriety of having works of this kind around Paris, but he had been restrained from ordering them by his dread of the effect it might have on the public opinion; in concert with which he had considered it a requisite policy always to act, and which even in the zenith of his power he had never felt himself strong enough to disregard. He added that he knew full well the French character to be such that until the danger was at their gates they could not have borne the idea of such a precaution being for a moment necessary. This evening we changed the game of cards from vingt-un to "speculation," which became very noisy, and Bonaparte retired earlier than usual. Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were 5° 6′ N. and 15° 29′ W.

September 17. — Pleasant weather, with southwest winds. To-day at dinner Bonaparte was extremely chatty, and talked on the subject of his meditated invasion of England. The admiral asked him if he had procured any plans of our fortifications at Chatham, when he replied he had not, but that he had a general idea of the lines there, and that he had no doubt of procuring in time such further information on the subject as was necessary for him; he said he had obtained his intelligence very regularly from England by means of our smuggling boats, and that amongst others Mr. Goldsmith (the editor) had conveyed him much useful information. He said he had a personal interview with Goldsmith at Boulogne, at one of the periods he (Goldsmith) came over in one of those smuggling boats. He added that considerable sums of money had been paid to him by the police at different times, for services of this nature. He further observed that he believed Goldsmith to possess talent, although a most consummate rogue. (This was uttered with such an apparent malicious cunning as to make those at table particularly notice it.) This evening after his usual walk he joined the party in the after cabin, but instead of playing at cards he amused himself at chess until about ten, and then retired. Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were 4° 32′ N. and 14° 26′ W.

September 18. — We had light winds. From the dullness of the sailing of the troop-ships we have daily been compelled to shorten sail, with which Bonaparte has invariably found fault, showing an apparent desire for the voyage to end. His first question on making his appearance is, "What is the latitude and longitude?" then, "What progress have we made since yesterday? What distance are we from the coast of Africa? What port are we nearest to? How far are we from the line?" and so forth. No particular conversation occurred to-day either at dinner or in the evening. Our latitude and longitude at noon were 3° 55′ N. and 12° 56′ W.

September 19. — Moderate weather. Bonaparte to-day, in conversing again on his former meditated invasions, speaking of Ireland, said he had arranged everything with that country; and if he could have got safely over to it the force he intended sending, the party there was so strong in his favor that he had every reason to suppose they would have succeeded in possessing themselves of the whole island. He said he had kept up constant communication with the disaffected party, which he averred was by no means confined to the Roman Catholics, but had also a very large proportion of Protestants. He said he invariably acquiesced in everything they wished for, leaving all arrangements respecting the country, religion, etc., entirely to themselves, his grand and only object being to gain the advantageous point for him of separating Ireland from England. He said those who came to him from Ireland generally came and returned through London, by which means he obtained from them information respecting both countries; and they crossed the Channel backward and forward with little risk or difficulty by means of his friends the smugglers. But he added that notwithstanding the great advantages he thus derived from these smugglers, he found out at last they played a similar game backward and forward, and carried as much intelligence to England as they brought to him from it, and he was therefore obliged to forbid their being any longer admitted at Dunkirk, or indeed anywhere but at Gravelines, where he established particular regulations respecting them, and did not allow them to pass a barrier which he caused to be fixed for the purpose, and where he placed a guard to watch them, and to prevent their having unnecessary communication with the country. He ordered the goods and other articles they wished to have to be brought for them to this barrier, for which they paid a small additional impost. We played our usual game at vingt-un this evening. Latitude and longitude at noon were 3° 17′ N. and 11° 18′ W.

September 20. — We had southwest winds and cool weather. Bonaparte made many in-

Digitized by Google

quiries as to our progress, and our other French passengers showed much impatience at the length of the voyage. Bonaparte neither walked nor talked much to-day, and nothing occurred worthy of particular remark. Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were 2° 39′ N. and and 9° 29′ W.

September 21. — Cool and pleasant weather. To-day we had very little of General Bonaparte's company, as he was occupied all the forenoon learning English from Count Las Cases; but as yet he has never attempted to utter a word of English; and although he has been now six weeks on board, he cannot pronounce one of our names at all correctly. In the evening he played at whist, and retired early. Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were 1° 55′ N. and 7° 16′ W.

September 22. — Southwest winds and cool weather. Bonaparte's conversation to-day was confined to the ceremony of crossing the line. He inquired of the admiral the nature of the ceremony, and how it originated. His health appears good, and he certainly looks better than when he embarked on board the *Northumberland;* his spirits are even, and he appears perfectly unconcerned about his fate. This evening he again played at whist. Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were 0° 54′ N. and 5° 22′ W.

September 23. —We had a fine steady breeze, and crossed the line a little before noon; and it is an occurrence worthy of remark that this day we have passed zero of latitude and zero of longitude, and the sun the zero of its declination. This morning, soon after breakfast, as it was known we should cross the equator this forenoon, Maréchal Bertrand came and asked if it was not customary for passengers of note to make a handsome present to the sailors; and on my replying it was customary to make presents, but not to any amount, he said the emperor was no ordinary person, and therefore the present ought to be no ordinary one; and he immediately went to the admiral and asked if he had any objection to Bonaparte's sending one or two hundred napoleons as a present to the seamen, to which the admiral without hesitation refused his consent, and indeed pointedly prohibited it, saying it was the custom in a manner to give a mere trifle, but if Bonaparte was particularly anxious to make a present, he would allow five napoleons to be given, which sum was the utmost he would allow. Maréchal Bertrand argued for some time, saying one hundred napoleons was the least such a person as the emperor could offer on so extraordinary an event as his crossing the line. However, his rhetoric had no avail in altering the admiral's determination, and it ended by nothing being given in the name of Bonaparte. His suite all made their appearance at Neptune's bar, and each made a present of a napoleon. Bonaparte did not make his appearance until almost dinner-time. During the dinner he was cheerful, talked over the ceremony of shaving, and he did not by his manner show that he was at all piqued by the refusal Maréchal Bertrand met with. In the evening we played at vingt-un, and the general retired at his usual hour. This day at noon latitude 0° 9′ S., and 3° 36′ [*sic*] W. longitude.

September 24 and 25.—We had the wind from the southwest, with a steady breeze, and the weather remarkably cool. Nothing worthy of remark occurred. Our French party show much impatience at the confinement on board ship. At noon, latitude 0° 40′ S., longitude 2° 22′ W.

We had a heavy swell from the westward, with cloudy, cool weather. To-day, in conversation with the admiral, Bonaparte mentioned that a short time back he caused a survey to be taken of the grown oak throughout France fit for ship-building — the report made to him on which stated that there was actually sufficient for building a thousand sail of the line; but he said France had failed altogether in trees fit for masts, and these therefore they were obliged to get from the Baltic. He said that understanding the Corsican firs were strong and tough enough to serve for masts during the two years immediately after their being cut down (after which time they lost their elasticity and became brittle), and as plenty of them could be conveyed to France at as little expense as from the Baltic, he had endeavored to bring them into use for the French navy, authorizing their being sawed into plank after having served two years as topmasts; but this plan was not approved of by the Marine Department, as there existed extraordinary prejudice throughout the French navy against masts made from any spars except those brought from the Baltic. He said there was a large quantity of masts belonging to the French government at Copenhagen when Lord Nelson made the attack and consequent convention there, and that at the time he was alarmed for the safety of them; but the Danes kept their faith with him, and he afterward got them all safe to France, although he was compelled to have them brought almost the whole of the way by inland navigation, being much in want of them, and the coast being too closely watched by our cruisers to allow him to trust them by sea. At noon this day, latitude 1° 20′ S., and longitude 1° 16′ W.

September 26 and 27.—We had south-southwest winds and pleasant, cool weather. Nothing material occurred; the troop-ships retard us considerably, and their so doing is a great subject of complaint with our French passengers. At

Digitized by Google

noon this day, latitude 2° 4′ S., and longitude 0° 20′ W.

The cool, pleasant weather still continues, and the troop-ships drop more and more astern. Bonaparte for these last two days has been less communicative, and has kept his cabin more than usual; he seems to have entirely given up vingt-un of an evening, playing either chess or piquet in lieu. His health appears very good, and he says much of his time is occupied in learning English; however, it does not appear that he makes any very great progress. This day at noon we were in latitude 3° 12′ S., and longitude 0° 57′ E.

September 28.—Our pleasant weather still continues, with the wind from the southwest. Bonaparte walked a short time both before and after dinner; nothing in his conversation was worthy of any particular remark, as he confined it to commonplace questions. In the evening we played at vingt-un as usual, while Bonaparte played at chess. At noon this day, Latitude 4° 68′ [*sic*], and longitude 2° 25′ E.

September 29.—We had moderate and fine weather. Bonaparte appeared in very good spirits to-day, and asked various questions relative to the navy. After dinner he walked a length of time with the admiral; and speaking of the navy of France, he said he believed some of the superior officers were tolerable good seamen, but that none of them were good officers; that the best of them had been taken during the Revolution from the India and other merchant vessels; and as the French navy was so little employed, the officers were unaccustomed to command in any difficult or trying circumstances, and therefore when they had accidentally fallen into such situations they always appeared to have lost their heads, became quite confused, and whatever they did was precisely what they ought not. He said Admiral Ganteaume did very well whilst with him (Bonaparte) at his elbow when coming from Egypt; but he added, if Admiral Ganteaume had been left to himself, he would have been taken twenty times over, for he constantly wanted to change the ship's course to avoid one enemy or other, and by such over-precautions he would have lost as much by night as he gained by day. Bonaparte said he therefore obliged the admiral always to explain to him upon paper the exact situation of the ship, and the apprehended danger, after which it almost always occurred that he took upon himself to desire the admiral to continue in a straight course for Fréjus, and to this alone he attributed their having got safe. Bonaparte also said it was a curious fact that Admiral Bruix, on their way up to Alexandria, had actually explained to him very minutely the decided disadvantage a fleet must labor under by receiving at anchor an attack from an hostile fleet under sail; and yet from the want of recollection and presence of mind upon emergencies which the general had alluded to, their admiral a few weeks after received at anchor Lord Nelson's attacks, losing his own life, and nearly his whole fleet, to exemplify the correctness of his ideas and the impropriety of his conduct, but which Bonaparte said he was positive would not have been the case (inasmuch as relates to the fighting at anchor) had he himself been on the spot. Bonaparte added, on the same subject, that it struck him the French admirals had generally on coming to action lost too much time in making manœuvers about forming the line, which had ultimately proved of no adequate advantage. He had therefore desired they might be instructed for the future, on approaching an enemy, that a signal to form the line as convenient for mutual support, and afterward a signal to engage, would be always deemed fully sufficient to make to those under their orders; and after this the captain of every ship in the fleet was to be held individually responsible to the Government for getting the ship he commanded quickly into close battle, and doing his best toward the destroying of some one of the enemy, which would at all events prevent the captains from covering their own neglect, as Dumanoir had done, by attributing "errors to their chief." Bonaparte said he had, however, latterly resolved (unless some extraordinary emergency made it necessary) not to venture any more line-of-battle ships to sea until he should have had it in his power to have sent from the different ports 150 sail of the line at once, for the making up of which number he had laid all his plans. He affirmed that, from the efforts he intended to have made for this object, he believed very much time would not have elapsed before he would have completed them; in the mean time, he said, whatever it might have cost him, he had determined on always keeping ten sail of frigates at sea, for the purpose of making and improving his officers. He added that when his frigates had been sent on distant voyages or cruises, they were apt to consider their danger pretty well over when once safely through our line of cruisers on the French coast, after which they generally relaxed in their vigilance and precautions. He had therefore decided to order these ten frigates in future to cruise only in the neighborhood of England or Ireland, where they would be certain to have enemies, bad weather, and dangerous coasts to keep them always on the alert; and those which managed to escape being wrecked or captured, must of course in such situations do much more mischief to our commerce than had ever

Digitized by Google

been done by the French frigates before in the open seas and southern latitudes. To the commanders of those who returned safe from such service, he said he would have given great promotion and rewards, and as fast as he heard of any being taken or lost, he should supply their place by fresh ones. On the admiral's remarking to him the difficulty he conceived he would have found in obtaining seamen to have followed up this plan, he replied that by the conscription for the marines, which he had lately established in all the maritime departments of France, he would have had as many seamen as he pleased; its customary production without vexation would have given him 20,000 men a year, and already, for want of ships to put these seamen in, he had been obliged to form them into regiments for the protection of the coast. Admitting this, these men would only have been seamen because he chose to call them such. Bonaparte having walked this evening longer than usual, he did not join the vingt-un party, but retired early. Latitude 4° 52′ S., longitude 3° 50′ E., this day at noon.

September 30. — We had light airs and fine weather, with the wind to southwest. Bonaparte amused himself this morning by having the life of Lord Nelson read to him, and he seemed to take particular interest in that part relating to his trip to Egypt, and subsequent battle of Aboukir Bay, the account of which he has requested to have translated. This day at noon we were in latitude 5° 7′ S., and longitude 5° 6′ E.

October 1. — Our fine weather continued, with southwest winds. Bonaparte was again occupied the whole of the forenoon in listening to Bertrand reading the life of Lord Nelson. At the table he was cheerful, but confined his conversation to merely asking questions. At noon, latitude 5° 39′ S., and 6° 26′ E. longitude.

October 2. — The southwest winds still continued, and the troop-ships dropped further and further astern; nothing worthy of remark occurred. Bonaparte seemed to have quite given up the vingt-un party for chess, at which game he does not appear to make much progress. At noon this day our latitude 6° 0′ S., longitude 5° 50′ E.

October 3. — Fine weather. Bonaparte walked for a short time before dinner, asking the distance now remaining to St. Helena, and the probable time of reaching it. At dinner he conversed freely; and speaking of his campaigns, he told the admiral that at the battle of Wagram he had under his command in the field, actually engaged, a greater number of men than in any of his other battles; they amounted, he said, to about 180,000 bayonets, and at the same time he had in the field 1000 pieces of cannon. At Moscow, he said, though not much short of that number, he certainly had not so many; and at the battle of Leipsic he did not think he had more than 140,000. In answer to a question put to him by the admiral, he said he considered General Clausel to be decidedly the most able military officer now in France. Maréchal Soult and other of the maréchals were, he said, brave and able men for carrying into execution operations previously planned; but to plan and execute with large armies, in his opinion none of them were by any means equal to General Clausel. Bonaparte asked who were considered our best generals, when Sir George Bingham having mentioned Lord Lynedoch, Lord Niddry, Lord Combermere, Lord Uxbridge, and others, Bonaparte replied, "But I believe you think Lord Wellington the best." Our evening was spent similarly to the former ones. At noon this day we were in latitude 6° 53′ S., longitude 6° 40′ E.

October 4. — Fine weather, with south-southwest winds. The conversation of our passengers was confined to the fine weather we have had, and the probable speedy termination of the voyage. Every one has hitherto enjoyed good health except Madame Bertrand, whose complaints have been more mental than bodily; she has, however, suffered of late so much as not to be able to quit her cabin. The children are remarkably healthy, and certainly much improved by the voyage. Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were 7° 50′ S. and 7° 8′ E.

October 5. — Our fine weather still continues, and as our voyage shortens our squadron diminishes, having now only the *Peruvian*, *Zenobia*, and *Bucephalus* in company, the latter scarcely in sight. Nothing particular occurred to-day. Bonaparte played at piquet before dinner, and chess after. This day at noon our latitude 8° 50′ S., longitude 8° 52′ E.

October 6 and 7. — This day passed in the same unvaried routine, as to wind, weather, conversation, and passing our time, as many other previous days. Our latitude and longitude this day were 9° 35′ S. and 9° 32′ E.

The wind still continues to the south-southwest. The *Bucephalus* is no longer in sight, and the admiral seems determined not to be further delayed, therefore we may expect to reach St. Helena in another week, which I hope may be the case, as our passengers are becoming daily more and more impatient. Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were 9° 30′ S. and 9° 50′ E.

October 8. — We have been anxiously expecting the southeast trade-wind, but hitherto without avail. Bonaparte to-day walked and talked a very considerable time with the admiral, giving him a succinct account of his rise to the

Digitized by Google

eminence from which he is now fallen. Bonaparte said it was owing to the want of officers at the beginning of the revolutionary war that he was sent for (although then but a young captain of artillery) from the northern frontier, where he was serving, to take the command of the artillery before Toulon; that almost immediately after his arrival at this station, he had pointed out to General Carteaux the necessity of making a great effort to get possession of the place, which was called Fort Mulgrave by us, which he (Bonaparte) engaged to do if General Carteaux would allow him, and foretold that that place once taken would oblige the English immediately to entirely evacuate Toulon. This proposal, however, General Carteaux would not listen to, and they therefore went on sometime longer according to their former plan of attack, without materially advancing in the siege or doing any real good, until one of the representatives of the people coming to the army to overlook what they were about (as was customary at that time), Bonaparte directly laid before him his plans, and obtaining his approval, Carteaux was overruled and obliged to adopt the measures which Bonaparte had before proposed to him, which succeeding precisely according to his predictions, he was in reward promoted to the rank of general of brigade. He said he afterward went with a part of the same army into Savoy, where he rendered some further services; but it having been just then determined, in consequence of the scarcity of officers for the infantry, to draft into it some of the officers of artillery, and it falling to his (General Bonaparte's) lot to be of these, he quitted the army and went to Paris to remonstrate, and to endeavor to avoid being so exchanged, but meeting with an unfavorable reception from a general of artillery, who was a representative of the people, and who had the chief management of these arrangements. After some high words passing between them, he (Bonaparte) retired in disgust, and, putting on the dress of the Institute of Paris, to which he then belonged (having been elected to it in consequence of his proficiency in mathematics), he continued in Paris, endeavoring to keep quiet and from the armies, which he said, however, he should at last have been obliged to have joined, perhaps in a subordinate capacity, had not the advance of the Austrian general De Vins into Italy, and the retreat and alarm of the French army opposed to him, spread considerable consternation at Paris, which induced the Committee of Public Safety (who knew General Bonaparte was well acquainted with the locality of that country) to send for him to consult with him on the best measures to be adopted; and they were so satisfied with what he laid before them on the subject, that they immediately caused him to draw instructions for their general in Italy, upon his (Bonaparte's) advice and the committee then directed that General Bonaparte might remain near them in Paris to assist them on such military points as they might wish to consult him upon. The advice he gave, as before mentioned, Bonaparte said proved efficacious; their Italian army took up the position he had pointed out, and thereby was enabled to stand its ground, without falling any farther back, in spite of every effort of the Austrian general to force it, until it became strong enough to attack in its turn, which it ultimately did, and then defeated General De Vins, and was most completely successful. Bonaparte said he gained considerable credit on this account, and he remained at Paris attached to the Committee of Public Safety until the 13 Vendémiaire, the day on which the Convention was attacked by the revolted sections of Paris, which last having gained considerable advantage over the troops of the Convention, then under the command of General Menou, Bonaparte was sent for by the Convention, and placed in the command of the troops in lieu of Menou; and succeeding in defeating the revolted sections, and in restoring order, he was immediately made commandant of Paris, which situation he said gave him considerable consequence, and in which he remained until he was made commander-in-chief of the army of Italy. He said it was not until after the battle of Lodi that he entertained an idea of ever being sufficiently in consequence to authorize his some day or other interfering with the government of France; but then, finding all his plans to succeed so very far beyond his own expectations, he began to look forward (though without any decided plan) to such events as afterward took place, and he said the quantity of money which he sent from Italy to France with these views very considerably increased his popularity. After his campaign of Italy, and the consequent suspension of hostilities with Austria, he said the Directory became very jealous of his popularity, and were therefore anxious to get him into some scrape, to avoid which it required his utmost caution and *finesse;* and this induced him not only to refuse an appointment offered him to conduct the diplomatic discussions then going on with Austria, but also the appointment (which was soon afterward offered him) to command the army for the invasion of England. But when the command of the Egyptian expedition was proposed to him, he immediately saw the advantages it offered him for getting out of the way of a jealous, arbitrary Government (by its measures running itself to ruin), and by placing himself at the head of an army for an expedition

Digitized by Google

almost certain of success, leaving it open to him to return with increased popularity whenever he might judge the crisis favorable. Therefore, he said, the Directory being anxious to get him out of France, and he being equally anxious to get away from them, this Egyptian expedition did not fail to please both parties, and he warmly entered into it the moment it was proposed; but he declared the proposition of this expedition did not originate with himself. Having thus left France, Bonaparte said he anxiously looked for the events which brought him back to France; and on his return there, he was soon well assured that there no longer existed in it a party strong enough to oppose him, and he immediately planned the revolution of the 18th Brumaire.

He said that although he might on that day have run some personal risk, owing to the confusion which was general, yet everything was so arranged that it could not possibly have failed, and that the government of France from that day became inevitably and irretrievably in his hands and of those of his adherents. He said, therefore, that all the stories and reports which might have been circulated of any intentions of arresting him, and of opposing his intentions, were all nonsense, and without any foundation in truth; for his plans had been too long and too well laid to admit of being so counteracted. He said that after he became first consul, plots and conspiracies against his life were very frequent, but by vigilance and good fortune they had all been discovered and frustrated. He said that one which was the nearest proving fatal to him was that in which Pichegru, Georges, and Moreau were concerned,—thirty-six of this party had been actually in Paris six weeks without the police knowing anything of it,—and which was at last discovered by an emigrant apothecary, who, being informed against, and secured after landing from an English man-of-war, and the police having entertained some suspicions in consequence of the numbers which had been reported to have landed clandestinely about this time, it was judged this apothecary would be a likely person to bring to confession, if properly managed. Therefore, being condemned to death, and every preparation made for his execution, his life was offered him if he would give any intelligence sufficiently important to merit such indulgence, when the apothecary immediately caught at the offer, and gave the names of the thirty-six persons before alluded to, every one of whom, with Pichegru and Georges, were, by the vigorous measures adopted, found and secured in Paris within a fortnight. Bonaparte said (from what he afterward learnt) that previous to this plot being discovered it would probably have proved fatal to him, had not Georges insisted upon being appointed a consul, which Moreau and Pichegru would not hear of, and therefore Georges and his party could not be brought to act. He said also that it was to be at hand for the purpose of aiding in this conspiracy, and to take advantage of any confusion that might arise, that the Duke D'Enghien took up his residence in the neighborhood of Strasburg, in which city Bonaparte said he had certain information of the duke's having been in disguise several times. On the admiral asking Bonaparte if the report of his having sent an order for the duke's reprieve, which unfortunately arrived too late, was true, he replied it certainly was not true; that the duke was condemned for having conspired against France, and he (Bonaparte) was determined from the first moment to let the law take its course respecting him, to endeavor if possible to check the frequent conspiracies. On the admiral's mentioning that the Duke D'Enghien was taken from the territory of the Duke of Baden, Bonaparte replied that did not in his opinion alter the case of the Duke D'Enghien. He said the Duke of Baden might have reason to complain of the violation of his territory, but that was an affair to be settled between him and the Duke of Baden, and not with the Duke D'Enghien, whom, when he had got him within the territory of France (no matter how), they had full right to try and punish for any act committed by him in France against the existing Government. Having walked very late this evening, we played a game of chess and retired. At noon our latitude was 9° 55′ S., longitude 8° 56′ E.

October 9–14.— Moderate weather, with a continuation of southwest winds; nothing worth mentioning occurred to-day. Our latitude and longitude at noon were 10° 23′ S. and 7° 21′ E. Weather the same as heretofore; the *Redpole* in sight at a great distance. Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were 10° 59′ S. and 5° 41′ E.

The wind southerly. Our conversation was confined to the approaching termination of our voyage. Our latitude and longitude at noon were 12° 2′ S. and 4° 11′ E.

We have at length got the southeast trade-wind, and are making rapid strides toward St. Helena. Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were 14° 8′ S. and 4° 29′ E.

We had a steady southeast trade, and cool, pleasant weather. Bonaparte for some days past has been less communicative than usual, and our days have passed in one continued sameness. Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were 15° 23′ S. and 4° 54′ E.

Pleasant weather. Numerous were the conjectures whether or not we should see the land.

Digitized by Google

The admiral decided we should see it at six o'clock, and so correct was he in his calculations that the time we saw it did not differ a *minute*, at which Bonaparte and all the French party seemed much astonished. The *Zenobia* was despatched to apprise the governor of our approach, and we lay to for the night. Our latitude and longitude at noon were 16° 8′ S. and 5° 57′ E.

October 15.— We anchored about half-past ten, and found here the *Havannah*, *Icarus*, and *Ferret*, which had got the start of us. The governor came on board, and the admiral returned with him to determine on the spot for Bonaparte's future abode. We amused ourselves in surveying the stupendous barren cliffs of St. Helena, whose terrific appearance seemed to but ill accord with the feelings of our guests. In the evening the admiral returned, having taken a house in the town as a temporary residence for Bonaparte and his followers.

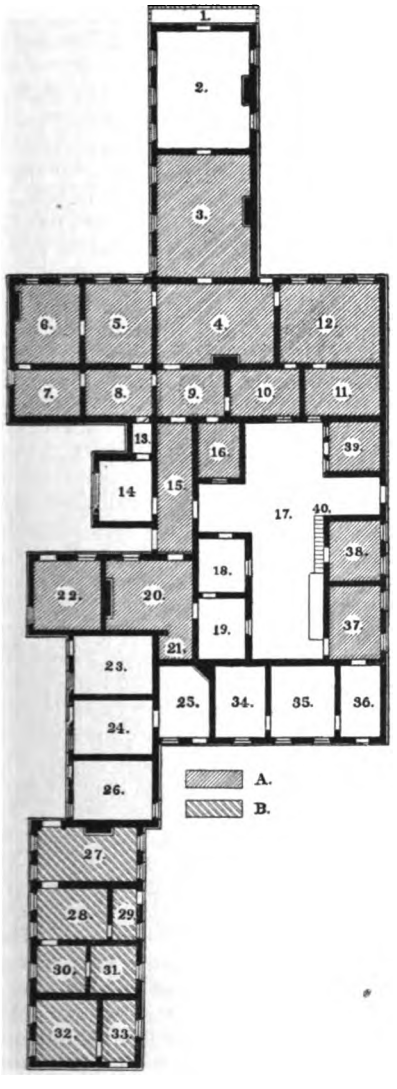
October 16.— The admiral went on shore early for the purpose of visiting Longwood House, to see how far it would be able to accommodate our guests. He returned early to dinner, and made a favorable report of the situation of Longwood. Maréchal Bertrand went on shore in the afternoon to arrange the lodging, but Bonaparte, at his own particular request, delayed disembarking until it was dark, to avoid the gaze of the inhabitants, who were crowded on the wharf to see a person who had heretofore kept nations in a state of warfare and dread for nearly twenty years. We landed about seven o'clock, and all the French party were lodged at the boarding-house taken for them at the lower end of the town. [We are informed that in the original manuscript the next entry is not dated, but was evidently written in by the same hand some months later, from notes taken at various times.—EDITOR.]

The next morning at six o'clock Bonaparte mounted on horseback, and, in company with the admiral, visited Longwood House (the residence of the lieutenant-governor, and belonging to the Company), which had been previously fixed on by the admiral and governor as the future residence of Bonaparte and his suite. Bonaparte seemed very well satisfied with the situation, and expressed a desire to occupy it as soon as possible. This house, however, requiring not only repairing but considerable enlarging, which would occupy much time, and the general mentioning his dislike to return to the town, the admiral proposed his visiting the "Briars," a small cottage (the residence of Mr. Balcombe), which was near the Longwood Road, and about a mile and a quarter from the town.

This proposition was immediately acquiesced in by Bonaparte, and on reaching this cottage he instantly expressed a wish to be allowed to occupy a small detached building on an eminence close to the cottage (built by Mr. Balcombe as a dining-room), of about twenty-two feet by sixteen, with a very small ante-room, and two garrets overhead, until Longwood House might be ready, stating there was quite room enough for him. This request was immediately complied with, and the admiral returned to the town by himself, leaving Bonaparte in charge of Mr. Balcombe's family. Bonaparte's camp-bed was put up in this room without delay; Count Las Cases and his son occupied the two garrets over it. After a few days a marquee was attached to the front of this building and fitted up as a dining-room; and here Bonaparte passed the first two months of his detention, without going out of the grounds, except in one or two instances. He seldom came out of his room until the afternoon, when he amused himself by walking in the garden, (a very productive and perfectly secluded spot, abounding with various fruits, such as mangoes, apples, guavas, pomegranates, oranges, lemons, grapes, figs, peaches, etc.), or reading in a small bower of vines, which was lined for him with canvas to keep out the rain, of which there was daily more or less. In the evening he generally invited himself into the cottage, and played cards with the family for two or three hours. Mr. Balcombe's family consists of himself (a truly good-natured and most hospitable, liberal man of plain manners), Mrs. Balcombe, two Miss Balcombes (women grown, although the one is but fifteen and the other between thirteen and fourteen), and two boys, the one about seven and the other five years old. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Balcombe understands French, but both the Miss Balcombes speak it tolerably well, and Bonaparte appeared much delighted in their society. These young ladies in a few days became perfectly familiar, and the general seemed highly pleased with their naïveté, particularly that of the younger (a pretty girl, and a most complete romp when out of sight of her father). He occasionally so completely laid aside his imperial dignity as to romp with these young ladies, who during such diversions as "Blind-man's Buff," etc., called him by the familiar appellation of "Boney"; indeed the younger, who appeared his favorite, said anything and everything to him her lively imagination dictated, asking every possible question, and he answering without the slightest apparent reserve. About the middle of December, after very great exertions of the admiral, with the aid of the crew of the *Northumberland*, Longwood House was sufficiently repaired, augmented, and furnished for Bonaparte and all his followers, with the exception of Maréchal Bertrand, for whom a small cottage near Longwood has been hired, until

Digitized by Google

some detached apartments are erected within the grounds of Longwood as a residence for him and Madame Bertrand. Longwood House, of which a plan is annexed, is nearly five miles from James Town. The first three miles of the road are up-hill and zigzag; the other part is level, round a very deep and dreary looking ravine, which, contrasted with the entrance of the grounds, adds much to their appearance, which is really that of an English gentleman's country-seat. It is built on the most level spot on the island, in a park of about four miles in circumference. The house is now made commodious and comfortable; the rooms are not large, but, including the servants' rooms, there are more than forty in number, as described in the accompanying plan, and tolerably well furnished. The air at Longwood is cooler than any other part of the island, the thermometer seldom rising above 65°. It is about 1750 feet above the level of the sea, and is surrounded by a very extensive plain, on which the 53d Regiment are encamped. The grounds of Longwood are thickly planted with an indigenous tree called gum-wood, which at a distance has a pleasing appearance, but when in the park the one continued sameness of a stunted tree with dark-green foliage is tiresome to the eye. From the house you have a commanding view to the eastward of the sea and the shipping, and to the northward the camp of the 53d forms a pleasing object in the foreground to any one except Bonaparte, who seems to loathe the sight of a British soldier, and at whose particular request great pains were taken to place the camp out of his sight. But this could not be done without giving up the very best situation for a camp. Part of the park is cultivated as a farm by the Company, and forms an agreeable variation. The grounds of Longwood are entirely private to Bonaparte (with the exception of the farmer and his laborers, who are confined to the cultivated part).



A PLAN OF LONGWOOD HOUSE.

The rooms marked A formed the original house, as occupied by the lieutenant-governor, and those marked B were the stables; all the other rooms have been added by Sir George Cockburn, who also built stabling for twelve horses, and coach-house for three carriages, with two servants' rooms attached to it. A small detached house at the extremity of the garden is also nearly completed for Count Bertrand's family.

1, Veranda; 2, Dining-room; 3, Drawing-room; 4, 5, 6, Bonaparte's private rooms; 7, Bath-room; 8, Valet's; 9, Lobby from which a staircase leads to seven servants' rooms over 4, 5, 6, and 12, added by Sir George Cockburn; 10, 11, 12, Occupied by General Montholon until his apartments, 27 to 33 inclusive, are completed; 13, Ante-room to valet's room; 14, Servants' hall; 15, Passage; 16, Pantry; 17, Yard; 18, Larder; 19, Scullery; 20, Kitchen; 21, Staircase leading to four servants' rooms over 20 and 22; 22, Captain Piontkowski's; 23, Captain of guard; 24, 25, General Gourgaud's; 26, Surgeon's; 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, General Montholon and family; 34, 35, 36, 37, Count Las Cases and son; 38, Plate-room; 39, Store-room; 40, Staircase leading to four servants' rooms over 37 and 38, added by Sir George Cockburn.

Sentries are placed around the park to prevent all intruders, and no one can enter without a pass from the governor, the admiral, or the commandant of the forces. Some distance without the park there is a second cordon of pickets and sentinels forming an *enceinte* of about twelve miles, within any part of which Bonaparte or any of his followers can amuse themselves by either walking or riding, unaccompanied by any one, but they cannot extend their excursions beyond this boundary without being accompanied by an English officer—if Bonaparte himself, by a captain, for which purpose, and to superintend the guard at Longwood Gate, and the sentries placed around the house after dark, a captain of the 53d has constantly lived in a room attached to the house. A carriage, a phaeton, and twelve horses have been furnished for Bonaparte's use, and he frequently amuses himself both on horseback and in his carriage, but he has declared he will not go without the boundary, so long as he is restricted to be accompanied by an English officer, to do away which he has used

Digitized by Google

every possible argument and endeavor with the admiral, but to no avail. Bonaparte, on first taking up his abode at Longwood, expressed a great dislike to see soldiers near him, and carried his weakness so far as to request that if it was necessary to keep constant watch over him, the sentries might not wear their uniforms; but in this request he of course did not succeed. However, to humor him, the admiral allowed the officer of the guard, who lived in the house, to wear plain clothes.

Bonaparte leads a secluded life, few or none ever going near him, although no person of respectability has been refused a pass when asked for, but so little is he now thought of, that his name is seldom or never mentioned except on the arrival of a ship; indeed, the inhabitants express so little curiosity that two thirds of them have not yet seen him (although he has been at St. Helena eight months), nor do they ever seem inclined to go a hundred yards out of their way for that purpose. Even Mrs. Wilkes, the wife of the late governor, although she was six months in the island after he arrived, went away without seeing him, whereas the curiosity of the passengers going home from India has almost exceeded credibility.

He spends most of the forenoon in the house, and gives out that he is occupied in writing his life; he breakfasts at eleven, and dines at seven. At first he seemed determined to lead the life of a gentleman and encourage society, for which purpose he invited different people to dinner, and attempted to imitate English manners, but after the first fortnight he suddenly relinquished this system, and ever since he has confined himself to his abject followers, whom I may say he tyrannizes over, and whose servility is more abject than an Englishman who has not witnessed it can possibly conceive.

The rough sketch here placed of his person [1] will give an idea of it. He is portrayed leaning against one of the guns on the quarter-deck of the *Northumberland* speaking earnestly to Maréchal Bertrand. His countenance has something in it very remarkable, but nothing peculiarly commanding, and this sketch flatters him both as to age and appearance. He is 5 feet 7 ¼ inches high, stout made, and rather corpulent; he has a full, round, fattish face; darkish-brown cropped hair, thin on the forepart of the head, and always disheveled; small eyebrows, very light gray round eyes, rather large than otherwise; a nose moderately long, inclined to aquiline; mouth small, with good small teeth; chin rather fat, turning upward, which gives a peculiar cast of countenance; sallow complexion, without whiskers; very short neck; stout shoulders inclined to be round; corpulent body, large hips and thighs, with a well-formed leg and foot. His age was forty-seven on the fifteenth of August last. His health is perfectly good, although he takes but very moderate exercise; indeed it was a subject of surprise during the passage out, as it is now, that from the life of inactivity he led, and the quantity and description of food he ate (and does eat), that his health should continue so good as never to appear to suffer the least inconvenience, or his vigor to be the least impaired.

During the passage he constantly wore a low cocked hat, with a small tricolored cockade, a green uniform coat trimmed with red, a pair of large gold epaulets, the facing of the coat cut away from the breast, and tapering to a point behind; the collar buttoned close round the throat, so as not to allow even the neck handkerchief to be seen. On the left breast he wore a large silver star of the order of the Legion of Honor, and from the button-hole the order of the Iron Crown, and a Dutch order; under the coat a broad red ribbon similar to the order of the Bath; white kerseymere breeches, silk stockings, shoes and buckles.

He generally walks with one hand in his breeches-pocket and the other in his coat-pocket. He occasionally takes snuff in moderation from an oblong box of dark-green stone, lined with gold, and set with four antique silver medals on the top, and a small gold one in front. These medals, Madame Bertrand told me, Bonaparte himself found at Rome; the silver ones bear the heads of Agrippa, Sylla, Pompey the Great, and Julius Cæsar, the gold that of Timoleon. Since he has been on shore he has substituted a plain coat, with the star, for the uniform one, and he wears military boots of a morning; in other respects his dress continues the same.

His character is difficult to be defined, but from what I have seen, learned, and heard, I think Miot, in his "Mémoires de l'Expedition en Egypte," gives a very accurate description of him when he says:

> He understands enough of mankind to dazzle the weak, to dupe the vain, overawe the timid, and to make the wicked his instruments, but of all beyond this Bonaparte is grossly and totally ignorant.

Greatness of mind or character in my opinion he possesses not, very frequently acting the part of a spoilt child. Feeling I consider him devoid of. Every religion is alike to him, and did I believe there existed such a being as an atheist, I should say Bonaparte is that being. Of those about him he seems neither to care nor feel for the privations they undergo from their blind and infatuated attachment to him, which many of his actions prove, and

[1] This sketch does not accompany the manuscript.

Digitized by Google

which the following circumstance, which occurred during the passage out, will show. Madame Bertrand had been confined to her cabin by serious illness for ten days or a fortnight. On her appearing in the cabin, we all congratulated her on her recovery. This was in the forenoon, and about two o'clock Bonaparte came into the cabin, and sat down to play at chess with General Montholon. At this time Madame Bertrand was below, but soon after made her appearance, seemingly to pay her devoirs to this once great man. Putting on one of her best smiles, she approached the table where he was playing, and where she stood by his side silent for some time, no doubt in anxious expectation of receiving the emperor's congratulations, which would have amply repaid all sufferings she had undergone. But in this, disappointment alone was her portion, for he merely stared her steadfastly in the face, and then continued his game of chess without taking the slightest further notice. She, evidently piqued, quitted the table and came over to the other side of the cabin, where she sat by me on the sofa until dinner was announced, when the admiral, as he usually did, handed her to her seat. Even sitting down at table he took not the slightest notice of her, but began eating his dinner. During the dinner, missing the bottle of claret which usually stood before him, and Madame Bertrand, ever watchful of his motions, having handed him one which was near her, he very condescendingly exclaimed, "Ah! comment se porte Madame?" and then very deliberately continued his meal. This, and this alone, was all the notice the long and serious illness of his favorite drew forth.

April 15, 1816.— Lieutenant-General Sir Hudson Lowe arrived in the *Phaeton*, and took the command as governor of St. Helena, to whom Sir George Cockburn made over his charge of Napoleon Bonaparte and all his followers, and who immediately adopted every measure which had been taken by Sir George Cockburn for the safe custody of this personage, and which are such as to render his escape next to an impossibility. Sir H. Lowe brought out permission for such of Bonaparte's followers to return to Europe as might wish so to do, but after some little hesitation they all signed a paper declaring their determination to remain, Maréchal Bertrand inserting a saving clause for himself and Madame Bertrand, expressing their wish to remain only a twelvemonth.

June 17–19.— Rear-Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm arrived in the *Newcastle* as Sir George Cockburn's successor, and all the necessary documents having been made over to him as naval commander-in-chief, on the afternoon of the 19th we quitted St. Helena, after a residence there of rather more than eight months, the latter two of which were spent in anxious expectation of our relief. St. Helena, from its situation, composition, and picturesque appearance, is perhaps a place the most singular which navigation has presented to the curious observance of man. It is situated between the two tropics, in latitude 15° 53′ S. and longitude 5° 43′ W. The atmosphere is temperate, with a continued southerly breeze. The thermometer in the country seldom exceeds 75°, or is seldom below 60° Fahrenheit; in the valley it is generally from 70 to 80. During our eight months' residence we experienced very little variation, and had continued rains. The climate is by no means so healthy as it is generally described to be, the children being sickly, and the adults suffering from the liver, of which complaint many of our men died.

Nothing can possibly be less prepossessing, nay, more horribly forbidding, than the first appearance of this isolated and apparently burnt up barren rock, which promises neither refreshment nor pleasure. To this terrific and disgusting external appearance (causing a wonderful contrast) I attribute in a great measure the many flattering and flowery descriptions which have been published of the interior beauties of this island, none of which was realized in my ideas, and it is contrast alone which in my opinion makes the scenery agreeable, the whole of which (having visited every part of the island) is far too highly colored in every publication I have read. Some of the scenes I admit to be picturesquely grand, and some spots to be highly verdant, and to those who have spent the better part of their lives in India a sojourn here for a fortnight is certainly a relief. These may view the scenery with rapture and delight, but the residence of a month at St. Helena would be tediously long to any one who has been accustomed to live in Europe. This island is about twenty-eight miles in circumference. James Town (the only one in the island) is situated in a deep valley of about a mile in length, the houses are commodious, and have a clean appearance. From Ladder Hill, which is about nine hundred feet perpendicular, to the eastward the *coup d'œil* of the town and anchorage is not only unique, but to some terrific, as the immense over-hanging rocks seem ready to escape from each other, and crush everything below. The town, and indeed most part of the island, is well supplied with good spring water, one of the principal sources of which is Diana's Peak, the highest spot on the island, and which is computed about two thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea. The interior of the island abounds with vegetables of the best quality, and the poultry is superior in flavor to any I have ever

Digitized by Google

met with. The inhabitants are friendly, obliging, and much inclined to hospitality, but, owing to the generality of them marrying young, and having large families, they have not in their power to indulge therein. The ladies are lively, agreeable, and many of them pretty, and, although self-taught, are not devoid of accomplishments. They are extremely domesticated, and it requires a residence of some time to become intimately acquainted with the different families. The hospitality of Sir George Cockburn made him an universal favorite, and his departure caused a general regret, which was strongly testified on the crowded beach as we embarked.

June 23.—The *Bucephalus* accompanied us to Ascension, where we arrived on the morning of the 23d, having seen it the preceding evening. This island was hitherto uninhabited, but since the arrival of Bonaparte at St. Helena, it has been taken possession of and garrisoned, to prevent ships harboring there to assist the possible escape thereby of Bonaparte, for which it is well adapted, being situated directly to leeward of St. Helena. Water has been found in the interior, and near the spring some land has been cultivated with success.

June 24–August 3.—The *Bucephalus* sailed for England, for which place we also sailed the following morning. We made the Cape de Verde Islands on July 6, on the 20th the Western Islands, and on the 3d of August we arrived at Spithead, thus completing twelve months on a voyage which, from peculiarity of circumstances, was far more interesting than any ever likely again to occur, at least to

John R. Glover.

August 3, 1816. N. B.—As the foregoing narrative was kept for my own gratification, and that of my friends, and being particularly averse that any part of it should get into print, I most particularly request of those to whom I may lend it, that they will on no account copy any part of it, or allow any one so to do.

THE END.

BISMARCK AT FRIEDRICHSRUH.

ONE morning in the summer of 1892, in response to an invitation from the Prince and Princess Bismarck, I journeyed from Hamburg to Friedrichsruh. The distance is about a half-hour by rail, through an unmarked but well-wooded and well-farmed country.

Arrived at Friedrichsruh, I found a victoria with liveried coachman and footman awaiting me, which attracted the gaze of the little group of blue-bloused loungers at the station. The presence of the carriage suggested the necessity of a drive; but it proved to be only a gracious form of welcome, for the entrance to the Friedrichsruh estate is but a few hundred feet from the station, and the house only a few hundred feet more from the park entrance. All is concealed on both sides by dense shrubbery and trees.

The house, of light buff stucco, is large, square, and unpretentious, and presents, as do many German country houses, its least attractive side to the stranger at the front door. The effect of terraces, flower-gardens, and broad acres is always reserved until one has crossed the threshold and emerged on the other, the home-protected, side of the dwelling. Race characteristics are strongly indicated in the architecture of a country; and it seems strange, therefore, that the impression of a desire for seclusion and exclusion should be greater in the approach to a German than to an English home. But once within, the spirit that characterizes not the hospitality of any one country, but *country* hospitality, warms and welcomes equally in both.

Upon this particular occasion, when the carriage drove up on the noisy gravel, the door was quickly opened by a pleasant-faced man-servant. With a look of family pride and importance, he led me through a tiled hallway into a room furnished with umbrella- and clothes-racks, upon which were hanging a historic-looking military cloak and slouched hat, mackintoshes and wraps for male and female, suggestive of a family circle and country drives and walks. I was then ushered into a suite of large, simply furnished drawing-rooms with open folding-doors, in the second of which the Princess Bismarck received and welcomed me most cordially. Princess Bismarck is a vivacious lady, kindly and motherly in manner, with a feminine interest, in conversation, in the personal and the concrete. Her first question, "Do you speak German?" was answered in the affirmative, and seemed to afford satisfaction, for English, she said, was a difficult language, and one in which nowadays she had little practice, except in an occasional *rencontre* at Homburg. In a few minutes I heard a slight movement, and, looking up, saw before me, as if stepping out from a Lenbach canvas, the "great man Bismarck," his two huge Danish hounds at his side. Never shall I forget the picture. I had last seen Bismarck on May 10, 1871, when, with Jules Favre at his side, he had a few minutes before signed the treaty of peace be-

Digitized by Google

tween France and Germany. Then, in the white uniform of the Cuirassier Guards, full of manly strength and suppressed triumph; now, much taller than I remembered him, still erect, but with snow-white hair and mustache, a feeble gait, and an expression of physical pain on his kindly, earnest face. The stamp of power has remained upon face and figure; Nature in him for once collected all her forces, and poured them into an iron mold.

He wore upon this occasion, as I believe is now his custom, a long black military coat, the military look being imparted more to the garment than by it; and around his throat, in place of a collar, a white kerchief, folded twice and tied in a careless knot. He gave me a kindly, hospitable greeting, and then, the prince apparently also hesitating in what language to address me, the princess exclaimed, "Ach, Ottochen, du kannst Deutsch sprechen." The great man, although he has already taken his place in history as an accomplished linguist, and especially as a good English scholar, seemed relieved when he found that he need not lay aside his native tongue to be courteous to a visitor. Probably habit, that tyrant of old age, has made an unused language irksome. Throughout Bismarck's long diplomatic career it was a well-known fact that in foreign correspondence the letter was always as clear to him as the spirit; and even the wily Beaconsfield, when laying proposals before his "Brer Fox," knew that the "plain English" of them would be fully understood. It is recorded somewhere that when Bismarck was only twenty-six years of age, the Duke of Cleveland, meeting him at a Belgian watering-place, and surprised by the fluent English and the rare expansiveness of the Prussian *junker*, exclaimed, "Truly, quite an Englishman!" — that highest of English praise.

Upon the present occasion, after the prince's first greeting to me, the princess — but here I had far better say the wife — rose quickly, straightened and smoothed her husband's coat-collar, and asked about the pain in his face, explaining to me that her husband was a great sufferer from facial neuralgia, which often made speech difficult. This recalled to my mind the chancellor's saying as long ago as the campaign of 1870, when tortured by this particular malady, "My life has been half work, half physical pain." To-day he only smiled, put his hand to his face, and said that it was "pretty bad." Then, luncheon being announced, we adjourned to the dining-room. The effect of the room was bright and homelike. The sun had just burst through storm-clouds, and the luxuriant foliage, vivid and sparkling with raindrops, seemed to be looking in. The walls of the room were hung with many portraits, and it contained a large sideboard ornamented with old pewter pitchers and drinking-mugs. At Bismarck's side at table, close to him and watching him attentively, sat the princess, and on each side of his large arm-chair crouched the two dogs, seeming not only interested in their master's conversation, but in his meal, which from time to time he shared with them. Dr. Schweninger, Bismarck's trusted physician, entered the dining-room late, and left it before luncheon was over. Schweninger is perhaps the second-best known man in Germany, because he is the only man able to command obedience from the first. The close relationship between Bismarck and his able physician, extending over many years, would be an interesting psychological study, and one that would help to prove the unwisdom of ever divorcing faith from science in the art of healing.

A mail was distributed while we were at table, and the princess read aloud a letter from her son, Count Herbert Bismarck, whose approaching marriage and the long journey to the wedding at Vienna formed the principal topic of family interest.

"How are the dogs to travel?" asked the princess.

"The dogs are to remain at home," replied Bismarck. "A pretty sight it would be were we three to go to a wedding together," looking fondly and regretfully at the great beasts at his side, and receiving an affectionate and intelligent look in return.

"Yes, indeed they shall go, and go afterward with you to Kissingen. You know that you would be unhappy without them; it can all be easily arranged," said the interested, obstacle-removing wife.

I wished to add a plea myself for the dogs, on the ground of effectiveness, remembering the impression that the group had produced upon me at first sight.

After coffee and cigars had been passed, Bismarck's long pipe, with its china bowl decorated with the family coat of arms, was brought to him and lighted. A small table at his side held a tray with long queer matches, a small rod, and other pipe appurtenances, all of which were from time to time used. Never had I seen the process of smoking require to be helped along so often; for, during animated conversation, the pipe was forgotten and allowed to go out. In this need, as in every other, I was impressed with the alertness of the attendants. Proud were they of their master, and tenderly watchful of his wishes and his physical infirmities.

And here another picture. Bismarck lying back in the large chair, puffing at his long pipe,— that historic pipe, in the cloud-smoke of which the Germany of to-day first took shape,— his face animated, strong and ever-changing, the two dogs now stretched in front at full

Digitized by Google

length, with their big heads crossed over their master's feet. "This one was a gift to me from the young emperor," said Bismarck, pointing to the larger of the two.

Talk turned upon the affectionateness and faithfulness of dogs, and some one asked how the unmerited expression, "gone to the dogs," had ever originated. Bismarck said: "The meaning of that saying has become entirely perverted. In olden times, when a pack of hounds was a necessity, not a luxury, on every country estate, horses and cattle, when they had outlived their usefulness, were slaughtered and given to the dogs for food. This is what was originally meant by 'gone to the dogs.'"

Conversation next turned upon America, and Bismarck asked much about his old friend Carl Schurz. "In 1845," he said, "I anticipated quite as little as did Schurz what the future had in store for me. My highest ambition was to become a good farmer, and to be able, eventually, to purchase the lands adjoining our estate. Occasionally I cast a hungry eye upon the office of justice of the peace, but the only chance I had to obtain it was cut off"—with a smile at the princess—"by my not succeeding in marrying the girl who could have helped me attain it."

"So much the better for me," was the princess's laughing rejoinder.

And the better for us all, thought I; for what a wholesome and blessed example of happy marriage has this historic home presented to the world during the last half-century!

Bismarck, in talking about America, said: "The security and strength of your country lie in the fact that the American race is a mixed one—a 'Sammelvolk.' History has never made a great people in any other way. Look at France. It was the invasions from Italy and the north that gave her bone and sinew. Spain was strongest because she sucked in Iberian blood. And England, what made her so great? Not the invasion of the Anglo-Saxons only, but the fact that there they joined hands with the Normans. A people may be comfortable and prosperous without an influx of foreign blood, but it will cease to be capable of great things whenever that ceases." Continuing, he said: "The Americans, to my mind, have overdone the Columbus worship. The Norwegians were the first discoverers and settlers of America. Columbus was a map- and chart-maker, and, before setting out on his own voyage, had positive proof of the existence of other continents. And it would have been far better for America and her early history had the settlement continued to be by Norwegians and other hardy tribes from the north. The Spaniards made a bad beginning in America."

Some one suggested that they did less harm to America than the discovery of American gold did to Spain; that the history of church and state in the days of Philip II., and the subjugation of the Netherlands, showed what a terrible power for evil there had been in the great piles of gold brought over from the New World. Bismarck touched upon the church history of many lands with the vigor and in the cold-steel light of the ultra-Protestant spirit of north Germany. First it was Luther and then Cromwell who seemed to be before me. Carlyle once said, "Indeed, he is the nearest approach to a Cromwell that is possible in our degenerate times." Bismarck then poured forth memories of the ultramontane contests in which Prussia asserted her state rights, and in which the Roman Catholics of Germany were torn between loyalty to country and all-suffering loyalty to church.

Bismarck referred to many topics of American interest: the influx of Russian Jews, the present condition of the negro race; how the negro compared with the Indian in educational possibilities; and then to the recent National Republican Convention at Minneapolis, which had just renominated President Harrison.

Some one at table—not Bismarck—said: "One bad thing about your country is the constant accusation brought against men in public life, that they are open to bribery and are serving the interests of individuals or corporations. It is the Americans themselves who make the charges; they do not come from the outside. Here you have it again in to-day's telegraphic reports from America, one party accusing the other of being influenced in its actions by large money interests. Your newspapers are always full of personal attack; to judge from what you say about yourselves, you must *all* be very bad."

Referring to the difficulties in our system of municipal government, Bismarck said quizzically: "You do manage things strangely. I hear that it is necessary that private individuals and societies watch the city officials in the discharge of their simplest duties; that you are not even able to get clean streets and good pavements; and yet you spend such lots of money! Politics interfere, you say? Pray, what have politics to do with such plain business as this? . . . My only relation with America nowadays is receiving letters from young ladies who ask me for my autograph."

After a while conversation turned upon the silver question, and Bismarck was asked what the results were likely to be of the coming international silver conference at Brussels. "None whatever. The question of bimetallism will not be considered on its own merits; it will be just what every country happens to want for itself. England, it is true, must face the subject some day, for she has a big silver nail in her body,—India,—but in England all national questions

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY C. W. ALLERS. FROM "FÜRST VON BISMARCK IN FRIEDRICHSRUH," BY PERMISSION OF UNION DEUTSCHE VERLAGSGESELLSCHAFT.

AFTER DINNER.

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY C. W. ALLERS. FROM "FÜRST VON BISMARCK IN FRIEDRICHSRUH," BY PERMISSION OF UNION DEUTSCHE VERLAGSGESELLSCHAFT.

THE HAT- AND CANE-RACK OF THE PRINCE.

become involved in party questions. Much will depend in this matter upon what man takes the helm."

The subject of German politics came up, and Bismarck talked much about the young emperor, his past, present, and future, and about many of the complex situations of the day. His language was so graphic, brilliant, and varied, and flowed on with such fullness of thought and illustration, that the desire not to lose or forget a word made the strain of listening to him great. It recalled what I had once heard a man, himself with a world-wide reputation for eloquence, say — "To have heard Bismarck and Mazzini talk is to have enjoyed something that can never be described."

And in all that Bismarck said there was not one word of censure, reproach, or disloyalty for his sovereign! There was an occasional flash of humor, a sudden restraint in speech — that was all. But at any mention of the old Kaiser's name, or in pointing to some gift from him, there was a tender, affectionate look, and an evident enjoyment in lingering over memories of the past that gave an inexpressible pathos to the scene. Once he handed me a German newspaper from Buenos Ayres which happened to be in his hand, saying, "You see how far behind the times I am; even the newspapers that I read are six weeks old."

When conversation first got upon the thin ice of German present-day subjects, I was fearful lest the impression I should carry away with me might be a painful one; but on the contrary, all that he said was so dignified, so fine, and withal so free, that I felt it should be both treasured and proclaimed.

Bismarck talked long about labor problems. "I am thinking seriously of handing over all the care of my estates to some one who can appear in civil processes for me when necessary. The difficulties with the working-man are complex enough in the large cities, but there at least, in the event of disagreement between employer and employed, the relationship can be severed. Not so in the country. The men on an estate consider themselves permanently employed, and look to a pension in old age, and it is very difficult to rid one's self of them when they prove unsatisfactory. And" — with an amusing expression of face — "mine think that they know everything better than I. Nobody obeys me nowadays. Why, they even delight to point out a tree which I once ordered cut down — an order which they thought unwise, and therefore selected the one alongside instead." Husband and wife pointed to some beautiful trees from the window, explaining their names and varieties. A great pleasure to Bismarck, and one that serves him well in old age, is the planting of trees — unlike the other great old statesman of our time, whose delight has always been in cutting them down, a difference which might perhaps by some be used to point a political lesson.

And here we left the dining-room and adjourned to the princess's pleasant morning-room, with books, work-basket, and fragrant June roses. The prince, whose gait was feeble, referred to his health and to his inability to do much work. "But I am seventy-eight years old; what else can one expect?" And this again reminded me of his own words, written some time ago in a family letter: "I reproach myself often with recollections of all the complainings and vain longings in which I have indulged in life, forgetting how many blessings God gives, and how many dangers surround without touching us. We must not cling to the world, nor make ourselves too much at home

Digitized by Google

in it; a little more, and we shall be beyond the troubles of this life, and our children will have reached our present standpoint, and will see with surprise that the life which they began so eagerly is already going down-hill. If I believed this to be the end of it all, it would not be worth the dressing and undressing." These words now bore to me a double impress of sincerity. They were mellow light falling upon the great alp, and softening its outlines.

The prince was urged to take his afternoon nap. "No," he said; "I will rest here awhile and will not talk. Der liebe Gott does n't send us Americans every day," with a kindly nod to me. But he did talk, and about his old friends Motley and Bancroft. "I learned much from Bancroft. My gardens here and at Varzin are full of his roses, and my fruit-trees are pruned as he taught me to prune them. And Motley! what a gentle, refined nature was his, and what good times we had together at Göttingen! Bayard Taylor, too, was a fine man. Ah, me! they are all gone!"

And once again conversation came back to Germany and the evils of the day. "Fortunately for me," said Bismarck, "when I was very young I learned to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and truly to mean it when I said, 'Thy will be done.' And this I still say, and so nothing ever *really* troubles me."

When it was suggested that it was always far easier to say "Thy will be done" at the times when the Lord's ways and our own seem to be the same, and that it must sometimes be hard to look on and see work once done apparently being undone, Bismarck exclaimed, with strength of feeling and voice: "Thank Heaven, I am not called upon to bear this trial in old age. The problems of to-day are not the ones with which I wrestled, and my work, such as it was, has not been undone. From Saxony, from Bavaria, and from other south German states come to me to-day the warmest evidences of affection, which go to prove that the unity of Germany is still strong and complete."

Soon the carriage was announced. The old gentleman escorted me to it, with the good-bys of a gracious and hospitable host. One more wave of the hand, and this great, epoch-making man had passed forever out of my sight and forever into my memory.

Eleonora Kinnicutt.

TRAMPING WITH TRAMPS.

THE AMERICAN TRAMP CONSIDERED GEOGRAPHICALLY.

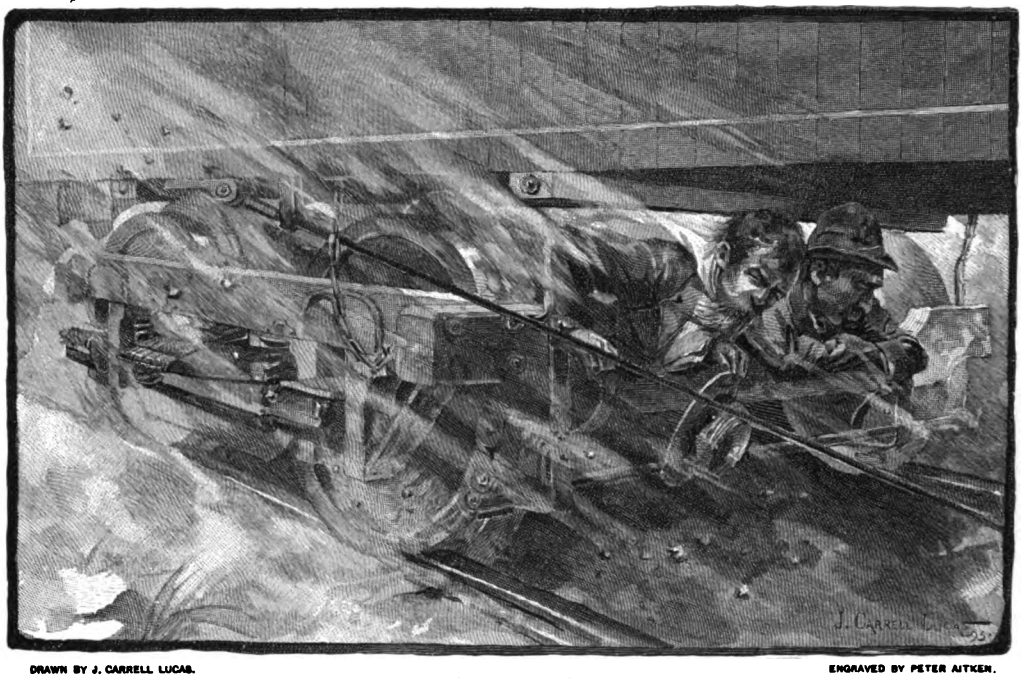
SOME years ago I was sitting one spring afternoon on a railway-tie on "The Dope"[1] when New York Barcas appeared on the scene. There was nothing very peculiar about Barcas, except his map of the United States. Not that he ever set up to be a topographer, or aspired to any rivalry with Johnston, Kiepert, or Zell, but, like the ancients, Barcas had his known and his unknown world, and, like them again, he described the land he knew just as if it was all the world there was. I came to know Barcas's map in this wise:

We were both talking about certain tramp districts in the community, and I noticed that his idea of north, south, east, and west was somewhat different from mine. So, in order that our conversation might not be troubled with petty arguments on geographical boundaries, I asked him to map out the country for me according to his "best light"; and this is how he did it. He took out his pencil and drew a line from the Canadian frontier through Chicago to St. Louis, and another line from the Atlantic through Washington to the same point, and called all the territory north of the last-named boundary the East. He drew still another line from St. Louis to the Pacific coast, and called all the States north of this and west of Chicago the West. His north comprised all Canada, but he considered the province of Quebec the most prominent tramp territory in this district. His South was all that remained below his equatorial line, but the eastern part of it he nicknamed Niggerland, while the western part, bordering on the Pacific Ocean, he called the Coast.

This was the extent of Barcas's geography when I knew him. He seemed to realize that there are other countries in the world besides this one which he and his *confrères* consider laid out for their own particular benefit; nevertheless, in daily life and conversation the other divisions of the world are so conscientiously ignored for all practical purposes, that North America may safely be said to comprise the American tramp's general idea of the earth. He knows well enough that he has brothers in other lands, but he considers them so unlucky in being left to ply their trade outside of his own peculiar paradise, that he feels it necessary to ignore them. For in spite of the constitutional Bohemianism of his nature, he is still far

[1] The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad — called "The Dope" because it is so greasy.

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY J. CARRELL LUCAS. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

A RIDE ON A TRUCK.

from being a cosmopolitan. If he has suffering brethren in other communities, his heart does not throb for their sorrow. No, indeed! He simply says: "Why don't they get out o' those blasted holes and come over here? This is the only country for the tramp." There is a great deal of truth in this, and the purpose of this article is to give an account of tramp traits, successes, and failures in this land of freedom. I intend to take up the various districts as Barcas indicated them, not, however, because his points of the compass are at all typical or representative. No; Barcas's map is not for general circulation, and for this very good reason, it would probably be difficult to find ten vagrants whose views would coincide with his or with those of any other ten idlers. This is a peculiarity of the vagabond, and it must be excused, for it has its *raison d'être*. As for the facts which I give in these pages, I may say that, as a rule, they are founded on personal observation. Some years ago I lived with the wandering beggars of this country for eight months. I tramped, begged, and slept with them, and, when necessary, I accompanied them into jail. In this way I had some excellent opportunities of seeing their life from various points of view.

THE NORTH.

THIS district (Canada) hardly belongs to the real American vagabondage. It is true that the "hobo"[1] crosses the frontier now and then, and makes a short journey into Quebec, but it can scarcely be called a trip on business. It is undertaken more for the sake of travel, and a desire to see "them fellers up in Canady," and the scenery too, if the traveler is a lover of nature, as many hoboes are. As a rule, Canada is left pretty much in the hands of the local vagabonds, who are called "Frenchies." I have never thoroughly explored their territory, and, unfortunately, cannot write as definitely and comprehensively about their character as I would wish to do. However, the following facts are true as far as they go. The main clan of Canadian tramps is composed of French-Canadians and Indians. I have never met a genuine tramp of this class who was born in France proper, yet I can well believe that there are such. The language of these beggars is a jargon partly French and partly English, with a small hobo vocabulary added thereto. Only a very few American tramps can speak this queer lingo. I have met a gipsy now and then who at least understood it, and I account for this on the ground that a large number of the words resemble those in the gipsy dialect. *Pâno*, for instance, means bread in both languages.

To be a successful beggar in Canada, one must be able to speak French, for Quebec is the main tramp district, and the local population uses this language principally. The "Galway" (Catholic priest) is perhaps

[1] The nickname of the American tramp.

Digitized by Google

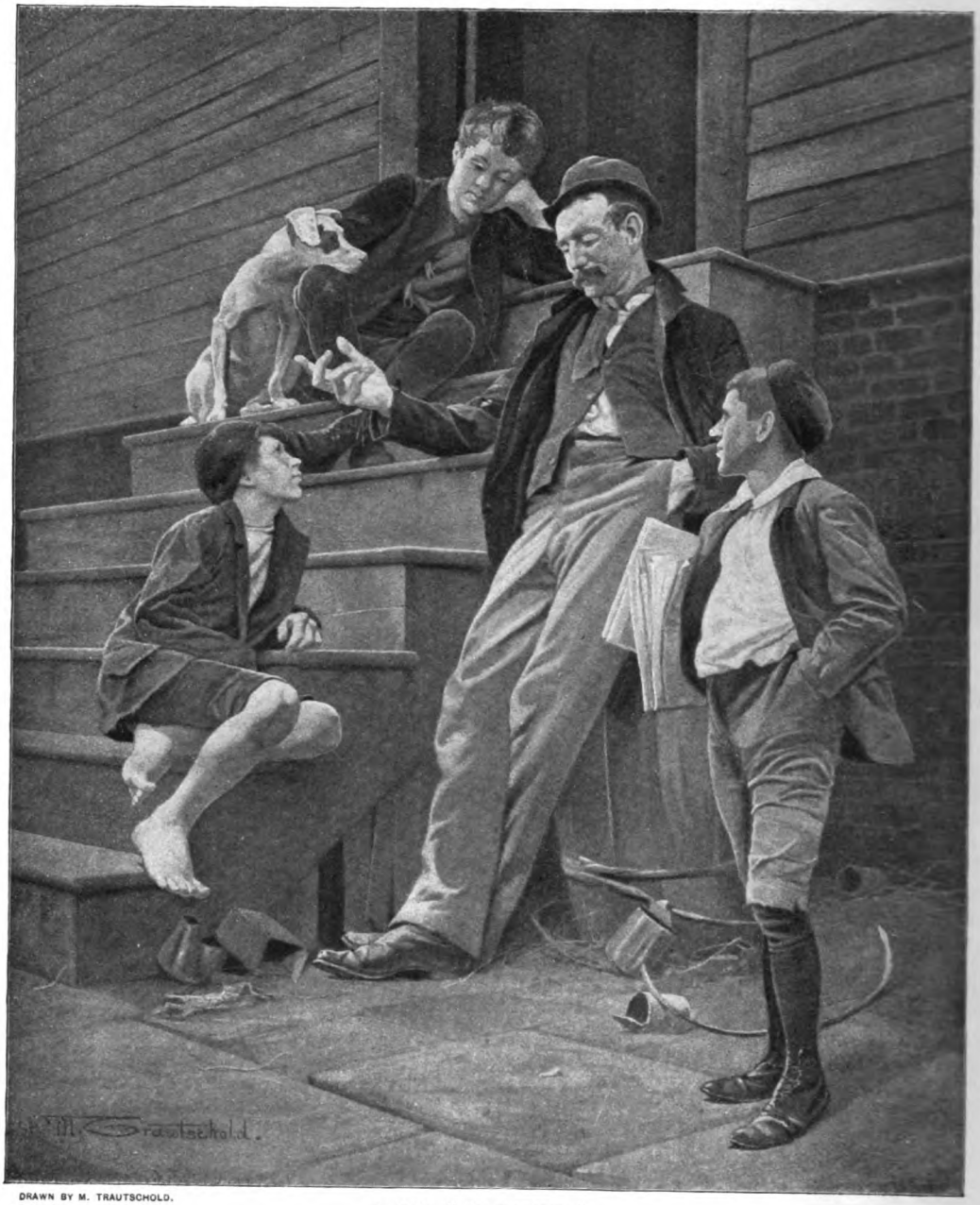


DRAWN BY M. TRAUTSCHOLD.

"STRIKING GRAVEL."

the best friend of the Frenchies; at any rate, this has been my experience. He gives alms ten times where a peasant gives once, and when a vagabond can find a cloister or a convent, he is almost sure to be well taken care of. The peasants, it must be remembered, are about all the Frenchies have after the "Gal-way." To show how wise they are in doling out their charity, it is only necessary to say that the usual Frenchy is content when he gets his three meals a day without working. And as for myself, I can say that I have gone hungry for over thirty hours at a stretch in Canada, and this, too, although I was careful to visit

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY M. TRAUTSCHOLD.

TELLING "GHOST-STORIES."

every house that I passed. But the Canadian tramp is evidently satisfied with small rewards, else he could not live long in his chosen district. As I know him, he is a slow-going fellow; fond of peace and quiet, and seldom desirous of those wild "slopping-ups" in American trampdom for which so much money is needed. If he can only have some outcast woman, or "sister," as he calls her, to accompany him on his travels, and to make the little tent, which he often carries, homelike and comfortable; and if he can have his daily *pâno*, and his usual supply of *dohun* (tobacco), he is a comparatively happy fellow. He reminds me more of the European loafer in general character than any other human parasite I can think of; and I shall be exceedingly sorry if he ever gets a foothold in the United States, because he is a vagrant down to the core, and this can hardly be said as yet of most American tramps.

Digitized by Google

It is almost impossible to touch his emotions, and he usually looks upon the world as his enemy. He can hardly be called a victim of liquor, but rather the victim of an ill-matched parentage. He is often on the mercy of the world before he knows how he came into it, and it is not wonderful that he should drift into a class where no questions are asked, and where even the murderer is received with some distinction. To reform such a man requires that the social polity itself be permeated by a higher order of ethics than governs it at present — a truth quite as applicable in certain districts of the United States as elsewhere.

THE EAST.

THE tramps of this part of the country represent the main intelligence as well as "respectability" of the brotherhood. They also comprise the most successful criminal element. But of course the vocation of the great majority is simply begging. To tell exactly where they thrive, and to particularize too carefully, would demand much more space than an article of this sort affords. The most I can do is to give a very general idea of the district.

New England, as a whole, is at present poor begging territory for those vagabonds who are not clever and not able to dress fairly well. Boston is the beggar's metropolis as well as the New England millionaire's, and, until recently, Bughouse Mary's Tramp Home was as much a Boston institution as Tremont Temple or the Common. One could find there tramps of all grades of intelligence, cleanliness, and manners. And even in the streets, I have often been able to pick out "the begging brothers" by the score from the general crowd. But it must not be forgotten that a city offers privileges to beggars which the rural districts deny, and probably, if the police authorities were more diligent than they are now, even Boston could be rid of the great majority of its worst loafers. I must admit, however, that it will be difficult ever to banish the entire tramp tribe, for some of them are exceedingly clever, and when decently clad can play the rôle of almost any member of society. For instance, I tramped through Connecticut and Rhode Island once with a "fawny man."[1] Both of us were respectably dressed, and, according to my companion's suggestion, we posed as strolling students, and always offered to pay for our meals and lodging; but the offer was never accepted. Why? Because the farmers "considered themselves repaid by the interesting accounts of our travels, and talks about politics," etc. My friend was very sharp and keen, and carried on a successful trade in spurious jewelry with some of the foolish country boys, when he was not discussing the probabilities of the Presidential election. I am sure that I could travel through New England today, if respectably clad, and be gratuitously entertained wherever I should go; and simply because the credulity of the charitable is so favorable to "traveling gentlemen."

One of the main reasons why Massachusetts is such poor territory for the usual class of vagrants is its district-jail system. In many of these jails the order and discipline are superb, and work is required of the prisoners — and work is the last thing a real tramp ever means to undertake. I cannot help looking forward to very gratifying results to trampdom from the influence of the present Massachusetts jail system. For anything which brings the roving beggar into contact with sobriety and labor is bound to have a beneficial effect. New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Michigan are all fairly good tramp States, and all swarm with allowed beggars. The most remarkable feature of vagrancy in New York State is that wonderful town known among vagrants as "The City" and also as "York." This is the most notorious tramp-nest in the United States. I have walked along the Bowery of an afternoon, and counted scores of men who never soil their hands with labor, and beg on an average a dollar a day. Even the policemen of this city are often friends of beggars, and I have seldom met a hobo who was very angry with a New York "bull." As a rule, the police officer, when finding tramps drunk on doorsteps or begging, says in a coarse and brutal voice, "Get out," and possibly gives them a rap with his club, but it is altogether too seldom that the beggar is arrested. One rather odd phase of tramp life in New York city is the shifting boundary line that marks the charity of the town. Several years ago, Eighty-ninth street was about as far up-town as one could secure fair rewards for diligent begging. Now one can see tramps, on a winter's night especially, scattered all along One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, not because this street is the only "good one," but because it is so "good" that better profits are realized than in those farther down. And for clothes, I have always found Harlem more profitable than other parts of the city. New York city is also one of the best places in the country for "snaring a kid" — persuading some youngster to accompany an older beggar on the road. There are so many ragamuffins lying around loose and unprotected in the more disreputable quarters of the town, that it is only necessary to tell them a few "ghost-stories" (fancy tales of tramp life), to make them follow the story-teller as unresistingly as the boys of Hamelin marched after the Pied Piper.

[1] A peddler of bogus jewelry.

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY M. TRAUTSCHOLD.

A "TIMBER LESSON."

Digitized by Google

Almost every third boy that one meets in American vagabondage hails from "York." This accounts for the fact that several tramps of New York birth have the same name, for even the beggar's ingenuity is not capable of always hitting upon a unique cognomen. I have met fully a dozen roadsters having the name of "Yorkey," "New York Bob," "New York Whitey," "New York Slim," etc., which makes it not only the fashion but a necessity, when hearing a city tramp's name, to ask which Whitey, which Yorkey, or which Bob it is, and a personal description is usually necessary before the fellow can be distinguished.

Over in New Jersey, I think, there are more tramps to the square mile than in any other State, excepting Pennsylvania, and one finds very nearly the same state of affairs as in "York." The neighborhood around Newark, when I was in the brotherhood, was simply infested with beggars who met there on their way into and out of New York city. They often have a "hang-out" on the outskirts of the town, where they camp quite unmolested, unless they get drunk and draw their razors, which is more than common with Eastern tramps. It is surprising, too, how well they are fed, when one remembers that they have "battered" in this community for years. It is in Pennsylvania, however, that the tramp is best fed, while I still maintain that he gets more money in New York city. I do not know of a town or village in the Keystone State where a decently clad roadster cannot get all that he cares to eat without doing a stroke of work in payment. He can travel, too, more freely than elsewhere, for the railroads intersecting the State are the most friendly in the country. There is not one which does not harbor "dead-beats," at least at night. The jails are also a great boon to the fraternity. In the majority of them there is no work to do, while some furnish tobacco and the daily papers. Consequently, in winter, one can see tramps sitting comfortably on benches drawn close to the fire, and reading their morning paper, and smoking their after-breakfast pipe, as complacently and calmly as the merchant in his counting-room. Here they find refuge from the storms of winter, and make themselves entirely at home.

Ohio and Indiana, although fairly friendly to tramps, are noted for certain "horstile" features. The main one of these is the well-known "timber lesson"—clubbing at the hands of the inhabitants of certain towns. I experienced this muscular instruction at one unfortunate time in my life, and I must say that it is one of the best remedies for vagabondage that exist. But it is very crude and often cruel. In company with two other tramps, I was made to run a gantlet extending from one end of the town of Oxford, Indiana, to the other. The boys and men who were "timbering" us threw rocks and clubbed us most diligently. I came out of the scrape with a rather sore back, and should probably have suffered more had I not been able to run with rather more than the usual speed. One of my fellow-sufferers, I heard, was in a hospital for some time. My other companion had his eye gouged terribly, and I fancy that he will never visit that town again. Apart from the "timber" custom, which, I understand, is now practised in other communities also, these two States are good begging districts. There are plenty of tramps within their boundaries, and when "the eagles are gathered together," the carcass to be preyed upon is not far away. The other States of the East have so much in common with those already described that little need be said of them. Chicago, however, deserves a paragraph. This city, although troubled with hundreds of tramps, and noted for its generosity, is nevertheless a terror to evil-doers in this, that its policemen handle beggars according to law whenever they can catch them. Instead of the tiresomely reiterated "Get out!" and the brutal club-swinging in New York, one gets accustomed in Chicago to "thirty days in the Bridewell." I know this to be true, for I have been in Chicago as a tramp for days at a time, and have investigated every phase of tramp life in the city. Of course there are thousands of cases where the beggar is not caught, but I maintain that when he is found, he is given a lesson almost as valuable as the one over in Indiana. The cities in the East which the vagabond considers his own are New York ("York"), Philadelphia ("Phillie"), Buffalo, Boston, Baltimore, Chicago (here he is very often deceived), Detroit (another place where he is deceived), and Cincinnati.

Just a word about the Eastern tramp himself. His language is a slang as nearly English as possible. Some words, however, would not be understood anywhere outside of the clan. His personal traits are great conceit, cleverness, and a viciousness which, although corresponding in the main to the same in other parts of the country, is nevertheless a little more refined, if I may use that word, than elsewhere. The number of his class it is difficult to determine definitely, but I believe that he and his companions are many thousands strong. His earnings, so far as my eight months' experience justify me in judging, range from fifty cents to over two dollars a day, besides food, provided he begs steadily. I know from personal experience that an intelligent beggar can average the above amount in cities, and sometimes in smaller towns.

Digitized by Google

THE WEST.

VAGABONDAGE in this part of the country is composed principally of "blanket-stiffs," "ex-prushuns," "gay-cats," and a small number of recognized tramps who, however, belong to none of the foregoing classes, and are known simply as "Westerners." The blanket-stiffs are men (or sometimes women) who walk, or "drill," as they say, from Salt Lake City to San Francisco about twice a year, begging their way from ranch to ranch, and always carrying their blankets with them. The ex-prushuns are young fellows who have served their apprenticeship as kids in the East, and are in the West "looking for revenge"; *i. e.*, seeking some kid whom they can press into their service, and compel to beg for them. The gay-cats are men who *will* work for "very good money," and are usually in the West in the autumn to take advantage of the high wages offered to laborers during the harvest season. The Westerners have no unique position, and resemble the Easterner, except that they as well as the majority of other Western rovers drink alcohol, diluted in a little water, in preference to other liquors. On this account, and also because Western tramps very often look down upon Eastern roadsters as "tenderfeet," there is not that brotherly feeling between the East and the West in vagrancy that one might expect. The Easterners think the Western brethren too rough and wild, while the latter think the former too tame. However, there is a continual intercourse kept up by the passing of Westerners to the East, and *vice versa*, and when neither party is intoxicated, the quarrel seldom assumes very dangerous proportions.

Of the States in the Western district, I think that Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Colorado, Washington, and a part of California are the best for tramps. Illinois is thought especially well of by vagabonds because of its "good" railroads. The Illinois Central, for instance, is known the country over as the best for a journey south, and I have known tramps to travel from New York city to Chicago, and go south by this line rather than start from New York direct for New Orleans. The "C. B. & Q." is also a great "snap"; in fact, so much so that, when I was on the road, it was called "the bums' line." In Nebraska, where the "Q." becomes the "B. & M. R.," the lines are more tightly drawn, and it behooves a roadster to take to the trucks if he is anxious to make good time. Truck-riding is necessary almost everywhere west of the Mississippi. Of course one can "fool around" freight-trains, but he is liable to be knocked off when the train is at full speed, and unless this occurs on the Desert, or where the ground is rather soft, it may prove dangerous. I once attempted to ride a "freight" on the Southern Pacific road, and it was the hardest experience I ever encountered. I hung on to the side of a cattle-car in order to keep out of the brakeman's way, but he eventually found me, and ordered me to get up on top. There I was made to turn my pockets inside out to convince him that I had no money. Being angered that I could not give him a dime, he said: "Well, hit the gravel! I can't carry you on this train." I told him that I would never hit the gravel unless he stopped the train. "You won't, eh?" he said; "well, now, we 'll see." So he chased me over his train for about fifteen minutes. I dodged here and there, and found that I was quite able to elude him as long as he alone followed me; but soon the "Con." appeared, and then the chase began in earnest. They finally pressed so near that I was compelled to climb down the side of a cattle-car. They then tantalized me by spitting and swearing. Finally the "Con." climbed down also, and stepped on my fingers, so I had to let go. Fortunately, the train was slackening its speed just then,—I really think the engineer had a hand in the matter, for he is usually a good fellow,—and I got off safely enough. But I had to "drill" twenty miles that afternoon without a bite to eat or a drink of water. In the far West after that experience I always made use of the trucks.

Iowa is usually liked very much by roadsters, but its temperance principles are thoroughly hated, as are also those of Kansas. It is needless to say, however, that in the river towns a tramp can usually have all the liquor he can stand. I was in Burlington once when there was a Grand Army celebration, which the tramps were attending (!) in full force; and the amount of "booze" that flowed was something astounding for a "dry" State. Nearly every vagrant that I met had a bottle, and when I asked where it came from, I was directed to an open saloon! A great fad in Nebraska, Iowa, and Kansas is to beg from the hotels. I have received hospitality in these places when I could get absolutely nothing at the private houses. This is especially true when the cook is a negro. He will almost always give a beggar a "set down" (square meal), and sometimes he will include a bundle of food "for the journey." Still another fad when I knew the country was to call at the penitentiaries for clothes. I saw one fellow go into Fort Madison "pen" (Iowa) one day with clothes not only tattered and torn, but infested with vermin. When he returned, I hardly knew him, he was so well dressed. Stillwater Penitentiary in Minnesota also had a notoriety for benevolence of this sort, but I cannot affirm this by personal observation.

Digitized by Google

Wisconsin, although not exactly unfriendly to tramps, is nevertheless a "poor" State, because it has no very large city, and is peopled largely by New-Englanders. Milwaukee is perhaps the best place for a beggar. The Germans will give him all the beer he wants, and feed him well besides, for they are the most unwisely generous people in this country. Where they have a settlement, a tramp can thrive almost beyond description. For instance, in Milwaukee, as in other Wisconsin towns, he can "batter" for breakfast successfully from six o'clock until eleven o'clock in the morning, and is everywhere sure of a cup of coffee. I once attempted in Milwaukee to see just how many dinners I could get inside the ordinary dinner-time, and after an hour and a half of rather lukewarm search, I returned to the "hang-out" with three bundles of food, besides three dinners which had already been disposed of. I could have continued my dining indefinitely, had my capacity continued.

San Francisco and Denver are the main dependence of tramps in the West. If one meets a westward-bound beggar beyond the Mississippi, he may usually infer that the man is on his way to Denver; and if he is found on the other side of that city, and still westward bound, his destination is almost sure to be "Frisco," or at least Salt Lake City, which is also a popular "hang-out." Denver has a rather difficult task to perform, for the city is really a junction from which tramps start on their travels in various directions, and consequently the people have more than their share of beggars to feed. I have met in the city, at one time, as many as 150 bona-fide tramps, and every one had been in the town for over a week. The people, however, do not seem to feel the burden of this riff-raff addition to the population; at any rate, they befriend it most kindly. They seem especially willing to give money. I once knew a kid, or prushun, who averaged in Denver nearly three dollars a day for almost a week, by standing in front of shops and "battering" the ladies as they passed in and out. He was a handsome child, and this, of course, must be taken into consideration, for his success was really phenomenal.

"Frisco" is even better than Denver, furnishing districts in which tramps can thrive and remain for a longer time unmolested. There are more low lodging-houses, saloons, and dives; and there is also here a large native class whose character is not much higher than that of the tramp himself, so that he is lost among them—often to his own advantage. This difficulty of identification is a help to roadsters, for there is nothing that pleases and helps them so much as to be considered "town bums," the latter being allowed privileges which are denied to strangers.

In the estimation of the tramp the West does not rank with the East. The railroads are not so "good"; there are fewer cities; even the towns are too far apart; in some districts the people are too poor; and taking the country as a whole, the inhabitants are by no means so generous. I doubt whether the average gains of Western beggars amount to more than twenty-five cents a day. In "Frisco" and Denver, as well as in a few other large towns, begging is of course much more remunerative, but in the rural parts the average wage of a beggar is even below twenty cents a day, besides food; at least, this is the result of my observation. In general the Western tramp is rough, often kind-hearted, wild and reckless; he always has his razor with him, and will "cut" whenever there is provocation. The "blanket-stiff" is perhaps the least violent of all; his long walking-tours seem to quiet his passion somewhat, and overcome his naturally wild tendencies. The "ex-prushun" is exactly the opposite, and I know of no roadster so cruel and mean to the weak as this young fellow, who is, after all, only a graduated kid. This is not so surprising, however, when one recollects that for years he has been subject to the whims and passions of various "jockers," or protectors, and naturally enough, when released from his bondage, he is only too likely to wreak his pent-up feelings on the nearest victim. After a year or two of Western life he either subsides and returns to the East, or becomes more intimately connected with the true criminal class, and attempts to do "crooked work." Several of the most notorious and successful thieves have been ex-prushuns.

Just how many tramps there are in the West it is even more difficult to decide than in the East, because they are scattered over such wide territory. Experience makes me believe, however, that there are fully half as many voluntary idlers in this part of the country as in the East. And the great majority of them, I fear, are even more irreclaimable than their comrades in other communities. They laugh at law, sneer at morality, and give free rein to appetite. Because of this many of them never reach middle age.

THE SOUTH.

TRAMP life here has its own peculiarities. There are white loafers known as "hoboes," which is the general technical term among white tramps everywhere, and there are the "shinies," who are negroes. The odd part of it all is that these two classes hardly know each other: not that they hate each other or have any color line, but simply that they apparently cannot associate together with profit. The hobo seems to do better when traveling only with hoboes,

Digitized by Google

and the shiny lives much more comfortably in his own clan. My explanation of this fact is this: both parties have learned by experience that alms are much more generously given to a white man when alone than when in company with a negro. This, of course, does not apply anywhere but in the South, for a colored tramp is just as well treated in the East and West as a white one.

My knowledge of the shinies is very meager, for I was compelled to travel as a hobo when studying vagrancy in the South, and I have never met a member of that class who knew very much about his negro *confrères*. From all that I can gather, however, I think that they resemble very closely the gay-cats, for they do work now and then, although their being on the road is usually quite voluntary, unless their natural laziness can be considered as a force impelling them into trampdom. Their dialect is as different from the usual tramp lingo as black from white, and I have never been able to master its orthography.

As the South in the main is only skimmed over by most white tramps, and as a few cities represent the true strongholds of vagrancy, it is unnecessary to give any detailed account of this region. Besides, it is only in winter that many tramps, excepting, of course, the shinies, are found here, and consequently there is not very much to describe, for they go into this part of the country principally to "rest up," and shun the cold weather prevalent in other districts. The chief destinations of wandering beggars in the South are New Orleans, St. Augustine, Jacksonville, Tallahassee, and Atlanta. Several towns in Texas are also popular "resting-places," but usually the tramps in Texas have begged their money in other States, and are there principally for "a great slopping-up," for which dissipation Texas furnishes much more suitable accommodations than any other State in the Union. The usual time for Eastern and Western tramps to start south is in October. During this month large squads of vagabonds will be found traveling toward "Orleans." I once was on an Illinois Central freight-train when seventy-three tramps were fellow-passengers, and nearly every one was bound for either Florida or Louisiana. These two States may almost be called the South so far as hoboes are concerned. New Orleans is especially a tramp-nest, and ranks second to New York in hospitality, according to my experience. In the older part of the town one can find beggars of almost every nationality, and its low dives are often supported by the visiting knights of the road. Begging, as they do, very fair sums of money, and being only too willing to spend it quickly, they afford these innkeepers of the baser sort very fair rewards for keeping up their miserable "hotels." A well-trained beggar can very often average a dollar a day in New Orleans if he begs diligently. But he must be careful not to be arrested, for the jails in the South are man-killing holes in many and many an instance. Even in the East and West several of the county prisons are bad enough, but they cannot compare in filth to some of the miserable cells of the South.

Jacksonville and St. Augustine are good "hang-outs" for tramps, and in the winter such visitors are very numerous. They make a very decent living off the transient tourists at these winter resorts. But success is so short and precarious there that many hoboes prefer New Orleans, on account of its steadier character, and seldom visit the other towns. Besides, to "batter" around the hotels in St. Augustine one should be respectably clad, and polite in manner and bearing, which, in most cases, involves far too much trouble.

The most generous people in the South are the poor, but not the negro poor, who, according to my experience, are by no means large-hearted. Take them in the East or West, and they are friendly enough, but on their native heath they are, as a rule, stingy. I have received much more hospitality from the "poor whites" than from any other people. The negroes, when I asked them for something to eat, would say: "Oh, go and ask the Missis. I can't give you anything"; and when I would call upon the "Missis," she was not to be seen. But the "poor white" would invite me into his shanty, and treat me as well as was in his power. It was not much, I must admit; but the spirit was willing though the pantry was nearly empty. In West Virginia, for instance, I have been entertained by some of the "hill people" in their log houses in the most hospitable manner. The obvious reason of this is a scarcity of tramps; when they are few, generosity is great, and the few get the benefit.

If the students of this particular phase of sociology will only look minutely and personally into the conditions under which trampdom thrives and increases in our country, Barcas's map may yet become famous. Charles Godfrey Leland once wrote an article entitled "Wanted, Sign-Posts for Ginx's Baby." It would seem that his prayer has been answered, and that this unwanted, unprovided-for member of society has found his way through forest and mountains, over rivers and prairies, till now he knows the country far better than the philanthropist who would gladly get on his track. If this topographical survey shall serve to bring him nearer what should be, and what I am convinced aims to be, a source of betterment for him, Barcas will not have lived in vain.

Josiah Flynt.

Digitized by Google

FAREWELL TO ITALY.

WE lingered at Domo d'Ossola—
Like a last, reluctant guest—
Where the gray-green tide of Italy
Flows up to a snowy crest.

The world from that Alpine shoulder
Yearns toward the Lombard plain—
The hearts that come, with rapture,
The hearts that go, with pain.

Afar were the frets of Milan;
Below, the enchanted lakes;
And—*was* it the mist of the evening,
Or the mist that the memory makes?

We gave to the pale horizon
The Naples that evening gives;
We reckoned where Rome lies buried,
And we felt where Florence lives.

And as Hope bends low at parting
For a death-remembered tone,
We searched the land that Beauty
And Love have made their own.

We would take of her hair some ringlet,
Some keepsake from her breast,
And catch of her plaintive music
The strain that is tenderest.

So we strolled in the yellow gloaming
(Our speech with musing still)
Till the noise of the militant village
Fell faint on Calvary Hill.

And scarcely our mood was broken
Of near-impending loss
To find at the bend of the pathway
A station of the Cross.

And up through the green aisle climbing
(Each shrine like a counted bead),
We heard from above the swaying
And mystical chant of the creed.

Then the dead seemed the only living,
And the real seemed the wraith,
And we yielded ourselves to the vision
We saw with the eye of Faith.

Then she said, "Let us go no farther:
'T is fit that we make farewell
While forest and lake and mountain
Are under the vesper spell."

As we rested, the leafy silence
Broke like a cloud at play,
And a browned and burdened woman
Passed, singing, down the way.

'T was a song of health and labor,—
Of childlike gladness, blent
With the patience of the toiler
That tyrants call content.

"Nay, this is the word we have waited,"
I said, "that a year and a sea
From now, in our doom of exile
Shall echo of Italy."

Just then what a burst from the bosquet—
As a bird might have found its soul!
And each by the halt of the heart-throb
Knew 't was the rossignol.

Then we drew to each other nearer
And drank at the gray wall's verge
The sad, sweet song of lovers,—
Their passion and their dirge.

And the carol of Toil below us,
And the pæan of Prayer above,
Were naught to the song of Sorrow,
For under the sorrow was Love.

. . . . .

Alas! for the dear remembrance
We chose for our amulet:
The one that is left to keep it—
Ah, how can he forget?

Robert Underwood Johnson.

Digitized by Google

ESCAPE OF THE CONFEDERATE SECRETARY OF WAR.

WITH PICTURES BY W. TABER, AFTER SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.



AS one of the aides of President Jefferson Davis, I left Richmond with him and his cabinet on April 2, 1865, the night of evacuation, and accompanied him through Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, until his capture. Except Lieutenant Barnwell, I was the only one of the party who escaped. After our surprise, I was guarded by a trooper, a German, who had appropriated my horse and most of my belongings. I determined, if possible, to escape; but after witnessing Mr. Davis's unsuccessful attempt, I was doubtful of success. However, I consulted him, and he advised me to try. Taking my guard aside, I asked him, by signs (for he could speak little or no English), to accompany me outside the picket-line to the swamp, showing him at the same time a twenty-dollar gold piece. He took it, tried the weight of it in his hands, and put it between his teeth. Fully satisfied that it was not spurious, he escorted me with his carbine to the stream, the banks of which were lined with a few straggling alder-bushes and thick sawgrass. I motioned him to return to camp, only a few rods distant. He shook his head, saying, "*Nein, nein.*" I gave him another twenty-dollar gold piece; he chinked them together, and held up two fingers. I turned my pockets inside out, and then, satisfied that I had no more, he left me.

Creeping a little farther into the swamp, I lay concealed for about three hours in the most painful position, sometimes moving a few yards almost *ventre à terre* to escape notice; for I was within hearing of the camps on each side of the stream, and often when the soldiers came down for water, or to water their horses, I was within a few yards of them. Some two hours or more passed thus before the party moved. The wagons left first, then the bugles sounded, and the president started on one of his carriage-horses, followed by his staff and a squadron of the enemy. Shortly after their departure I saw some one leading two abandoned horses into the swamp, and recognized Lieutenant Barnwell of our escort. Secreting the horses, we picked up from the debris of the camp parts of two saddles and bridles, and with some patching and tying fitted out our horses, as sad and war-worn animals as ever man bestrode. Though hungry and tired, we gave the remains of the camp provisions to a Mr. Fenn for dinner. He recommended us to Widow Paulk's, ten miles distant, an old lady rich in cattle alone.

The day after my escape, I met Judah P. Benjamin as M. Bonfals, a French gentleman traveling for information, in a light wagon, with Colonel Leovie, who acted as interpreter. With goggles on, his beard grown, a hat well over his face, and a large cloak hiding his figure, no one would have recognized him as the late secretary of state of the Confederacy. I told him of the capture of Mr. Davis and his party, and made an engagement to meet him near Madison, Florida, and there decide upon our future movements. He was anxious to push on, and left us to follow more leisurely, passing as paroled soldiers returning home. For the next three days we traveled as fast as our poor horses would permit, leading or driving them; for even if they had been strong enough, their backs were in such a condition that we could not ride. We held on to them simply in the hope that we might be able to dispose of them or exchange them to advantage; but we finally were forced to abandon one.

On the 13th we passed through Valdosta, the first place since leaving Washington, in upper Georgia, in which we were able to purchase anything. Here I secured two hickory shirts and a pair of socks, a most welcome addition to my outfit; for, except what I stood in, I had left all my baggage behind. Near Valdosta we found Mr. Osborne Barnwell, an uncle of my young friend, a refugee from the coast of South Carolina, where he had lost a beautiful estate, surrounded with all the comforts and elegances which wealth and a refined taste could offer. Here in the pine forests, as far as possible from the paths of war, and almost outside of civilization, he had brought his family of ladies and children, and with the aid of his servants, most of whom had followed him, had built with a few tools

Digitized by Google

a rough log cabin with six or eight rooms, but without nails, screws, bolts, or glass—almost as primitive a building as Robinson Crusoe's. But, in spite of all drawbacks, the ingenuity and deft hands of the ladies had given to the premises an air of comfort and refinement that was most refreshing. Here I rested two days, enjoying the company of this charming family, with whom Lieutenant Barnwell remained. On the 15th I crossed into Florida, and rode to General Finnegan's, near Madison. Here I met General Breckinridge, the late secretary of war of the Confederacy, alias Colonel Cabell, and his aide, Colonel Wilson—a pleasant encounter for both parties. Mr. Benjamin had been in the neighborhood, but, hearing that the enemy were in Madison, had gone off at a tangent. We were fully posted as to the different routes to the seaboard by General Finnegan, and discussed with him the most feasible way of leaving the country. I inclined to the eastern coast, and this was decided on. I exchanged my remaining horse with General Finnegan for a better, giving him fifty dollars to boot. Leaving Madison, we crossed the Suwanee River at Moody's Ferry, and took the old St. Augustine road, but seldom traveled in late years, as it leads through a pine wilderness, and there is one stretch of twenty miles with only water of bad quality, at the Diable Sinks. I rode out of my way some fifteen miles to Mr. Yulee's, formerly senator of the United States, and afterward Confederate senator, hoping to meet Mr. Benjamin; but he was too wily to be found at the house of a friend. Mr. Yulee was absent on my arrival, but Mrs. Yulee, a charming lady, and one of a noted family of beautiful women, welcomed me heartily. Mr. Yulee returned during the night from Jacksonville, and gave me the first news of what was going on in the world that I had had for nearly a month, including the information that Mr. Davis and party had reached Hilton Head on their way north.

Another day's ride brought us to the house of the brothers William and Samuel Owens, two wealthy and hospitable gentlemen, near Orange Lake. Here I rejoined General Breckinridge, and we were advised to secure the services and experience of Captain Dickinson. We sent to Waldo for him, and a most valuable friend he proved. During the war he had rendered notable services; among others he had surprised and captured the United States gunboat *Columbine* on the St. John's River, one of whose small boats he had retained, and kept concealed near the banks of the river. This boat with two of his best men he now put at our disposal, with orders to meet us on the upper St. John.

We now passed through a much more interesting country than the two or three hundred miles of pines we had just traversed. It was better watered, the forests were more diversified with varied species, occasionally thickets or hummocks were met with, and later these gave place to swamps and everglades with a tropical vegetation. The road led by Silver Spring, the clear and crystal waters of which show at the depth of hundreds of feet almost as distinctly as though seen through air.

We traveled incognito, known only to good friends, who sent us stage by stage from one to another, and by all we were welcomed most kindly. Besides those mentioned, I recall with gratitude the names of Judge Dawkins, Mr. Mann, Colonel Summers, Major Stork, all of whom overwhelmed us with kindness, offering us of everything they had. Of money they were as bare as ourselves, for Confederate currency had disappeared as suddenly as snow before a warm sun, and greenbacks were as yet unknown. Before leaving our friends, we laid in a three weeks' supply of stores, for we could not depend upon obtaining any further south.

On May 25 we struck the St. John's River at Fort Butler, opposite Volusia, where we met Russell and O'Toole, two of Dickinson's command, in charge of the boat; and two most valuable and trustworthy comrades they proved to be, either in camp or in the boat, as hunters or fishermen. The boat was a man-of-war's small four-oared gig; her outfit was scanty, but what was necessary we rapidly improvised. Here General Breckinridge and I gave our horses to our companions, and thus ended my long ride of a thousand or more miles from Virginia.

Stowing our supplies away, we bade goodby to our friends, and started up the river with a fair wind. Our party consisted of General Breckinridge; his aide, Colonel Wilson of Kentucky; the general's servant, Tom, who had been with him all through the war; besides Russell, O'Toole, and I—six in all. With our stores, arms, etc., it was a tight fit to get into the boat; there was no room to lie down or to stretch. At night we landed, and, like old campaigners, were soon comfortable. But at midnight the rain came down in bucketfuls, and continued till nearly morning; and notwithstanding every effort, a large portion of our supplies were soaked and rendered worthless, and, what was worse, some of our powder shared the same fate.

Morning broke on a thoroughly drenched and unhappy company; but a little rum and water, with a corn-dodger and the rising sun, soon stirred us, and with a fair wind we made a good day's run, some thirty-five miles. Except the ruins of two huts, there was no sign that a

Digitized by Google

human being had ever visited these waters, for the war and the occasional visit of a gunboat had driven off the few settlers. The river gradually became narrower and more tortuous as we approached its head waters. The banks are generally low, with a few sandy elevations, thickly wooded or swampy. Occasionally we passed a small opening, or savanna, on which were sometimes feeding a herd of wild cattle and deer; at the latter we had several pot-shots, all wide. Alligators, as immovable as the logs on which they rested, could be counted by hundreds, and of all sizes up to twelve or fifteen feet. Occasionally, as we passed uncomfortably near, we could not resist, even with our scant supply of ammunition, giving them a little cold lead between the head and shoulders, the only vulnerable place. With a fair wind we sailed the twelve miles across Lake Monroe, a pretty sheet of water, the deserted huts of Enterprise and Mellonville on each side. Above the lake the river became still narrower and more tortuous, dividing sometimes into numerous branches, most of which proved to be mere *culs-de-sac*. The long moss, reaching from the overhanging branches to the water, gave to the surroundings a most weird and funereal aspect.

On May 29 we reached Lake Harney, whence we determined to make the portage to Indian River. O'Toole was sent to look for some means of moving our boat. He returned next day with two small black bulls yoked to a pair of wheels such as are used by lumbermen. Their owner was a compound of Caucasian, African, and Indian, with the shrewdness of the white, the good temper of the negro, and the indolence of the red man. He was at first exorbitant in his demands, but a little money, some tobacco, and a spare fowling-piece made him happy, and he was ready to let us drive his beasts to the end of the peninsula. It required some skill to mount the boat securely on the wheels and to guard against any upsets or collisions, for our escape depended upon carrying it safely across.

The next morning we made an early start. Our course was an easterly one, through a roadless, flat, sandy pine-barren, with occasional thicket and swamp. From the word "go" trouble with the bulls began. Their owner seemed to think that in furnishing them he had fulfilled his part of the contract. They would neither "gee" nor "haw"; if one started ahead, the other would go astern. If by accident they started ahead together, they would certainly bring up with their heads on each side of a tree. Occasionally they would lie down in a pool to get rid of the flies, and only by the most vigorous prodding could they be induced to move.

Paul, the owner, would loiter in the rear, but was always on hand when we halted for meals. Finally we told him, "No work, no grub; no drive bulls, no tobacco." This roused him to help us. Two days were thus occupied in covering eighteen miles. It would have been less labor to have tied the beasts, put them into the boat, and hauled it across the portage. The weather was intensely hot, and our time was made miserable by day with sand-flies, and by night with mosquitos.

The waters of Indian River were a most welcome sight, and we hoped that most of our troubles were over. Paul and his bulls of Bashan were gladly dismissed to the wilderness. Our first care was to make good any defects in our boat: some leaks were stopped by a little calking and pitching. Already our supply of provisions began to give us anxiety: only bacon and sweet potatoes remained. The meal was wet and worthless, and, what was worse, all our salt had dissolved. However, with the waters alive with fish, and some game on shore, we hoped to pull through.

We reached Indian River, or lagoon, opposite Cape Carnaveral. It extends along nearly the entire eastern coast of Florida, varying in width from three to six miles, and is separated from the Atlantic by a narrow sand ridge, which is pierced at different points by shifting inlets. It is very shoal, so much so that we were obliged to haul our boat out nearly half a mile before she would float, and the water is teeming with stingarees, sword-fish, crabs, etc. But once afloat, we headed to the southward with a fair wind.

For four days we continued to make good progress, taking advantage of every fair wind by night as well as by day. Here, as on the St. John's River, the same scene of desolation as far as human beings were concerned was presented. We passed a few deserted cabins, around which we were able to obtain a few cocoanuts and watermelons, a most welcome addition to our slim commissariat. Unfortunately, oranges were not in season. Whenever the breeze left us, the heat was almost suffocating; there was no escape from it. If we landed, and sought any shade, the mosquitos would drive us at once to the glare of the sun. When sleeping on shore, the best protection was to bury ourselves in the sand, with cap drawn down over the head (my buckskin gauntlets proved invaluable); if in the boat, to wrap the sail or tarpaulin around us. Besides this plague, sand-flies, gnats, swamp-flies, ants, and other insects abounded. The little black ant is especially bold and warlike. If, in making our beds in the sand, we disturbed one of their hives, they would rally in thousands to the attack, and the only safety was in a hasty shake and change of resi-

Digitized by Google

dence. Passing Indian River inlet, the river broadens, and there is a thirty-mile straight-away course to Gilbert's Bar, or Old Inlet, now closed; then begin the Juniper Narrows, where the channel is crooked, narrow, and often almost closed by the dense growth of mangroves, juniper, saw-grass, etc., making a jungle that only a water-snake could penetrate. Several times we lost our reckoning, and had to retreat, and take a fresh start; an entire day was lost in these everglades, which extend across the entire peninsula. Finally, by good luck, we stumbled on a short "haulover" to the sea, and determined at once to take advantage of it, and to run our boat across and launch her in the Atlantic. A short half-mile over the sand-dunes, and we were clear of the swamps and marshes of Indian River, and were reveling in the Atlantic, free, at least for a time, from mosquitos, which had punctured and bled us for the last three weeks.



SAND AS A DEFENSE AGAINST MOSQUITOS.

On Sunday, June 4, we passed Jupiter Inlet, with nothing in sight. The lighthouse had been destroyed the first year of the war. From this point we had determined to cross Florida Channel to the Bahamas, about eighty miles; but the wind was ahead, and we could do nothing but work slowly to the southward, waiting for a slant. It was of course a desperate venture to cross this distance in a small open boat, which even a moderate sea would swamp. Our provisions now became a very serious question. As I have said, we had lost all the meal, and the sweet potatoes, our next mainstay, were sufficient only for two days more. We had but little more ammunition than was necessary for our revolvers, and these we might be called upon to use at any time. Very fortunately for us, it was the time of the year when the green turtle deposits its eggs. Russell and O'Toole were old beach-combers, and had hunted eggs before. Sharpening a stick, they pressed it into the sand as they walked along, and wherever it entered easily they would dig. After some hours' search we were successful in finding a nest which had not been destroyed, and I do not think prospectors were ever more gladdened by the sight of "the yellow" than we were at our find. The green turtle's egg is about the size of a walnut, with a white skin like parchment that you can tear but not break. The yolk will cook hard, but the longer you boil the egg the softer the white becomes. The flavor is not unpleasant, and for the first two days we enjoyed them; but then we were glad to vary the fare with a few shell-fish and even with snails.

From Cape Carnaveral to Cape Florida the coast trends nearly north and south in a straight line, so that we could see at a long distance anything going up or down the shore. Some distance to the southward of Jupiter Inlet we saw a steamer coming down, running close to the beach to avoid the three- and four-knot current of the stream. From her yards and general appearance I soon made her out to be a cruiser, so we hauled our boat well up on the sands, turned it over on its side, and went back among the palmettos. When abreast of us and not more than a half-mile off, with colors flying, we could see the officer of the deck and others closely scanning the shore. We were in hopes they would look upon our boat as flotsam and jetsam, of which there was

Digitized by Google



SEARCHING FOR TURTLES' EGGS.

more or less strewn upon the beach. To our great relief, the cruiser passed us, and when she was two miles or more to the southward we ventured out and approached the boat, but the sharp lookout saw us, and, to our astonishment, the steamer came swinging about, and headed up the coast. The question at once arose, What was the best course to pursue? The general thought we had better take to the bush again, and leave the boat, hoping they would not disturb it. Colonel Wilson agreed with his chief. I told him that since we had been seen, the enemy would certainly destroy or carry off the boat, and the loss meant, if not starvation, at least privation, and no hope of escaping from the country. Besides, the mosquitos would suck us as dry as Egyptian mummies. I proposed that we should meet them half-way, in company with Russell and O'Toole, who were paroled men, and fortunately had their papers with them, and I offered to row off and see what was wanted. He agreed, and, launching our boat and throwing in two buckets of eggs, we pulled out. By this time the steamer was abreast of us, and had lowered a boat, which met us half-way. I had one oar, and O'Toole the other. To the usual hail I paid no attention except to stop rowing. A ten-oared cutter with a smart-looking crew dashed alongside. The sheen was not yet off the lace and buttons of the youngster in charge. With revolver in hand he asked us who we were, where we came from, and where we were going. "Cap'n," said I, "please put away that-ar pistol; I don't like the looks of it, and I 'll tell you all about us. We 've been rebs, and there ain't no use saying we were n't; but it 's all up now, and we got home too late to put in a crop, so we just made up our minds to come down shore and see if we could n't find something. It 's all right, Cap'n; we 've got our papers. Want to see 'em? Got 'em fixed up at Jacksonville." O'Toole and Russell handed him their paroles, which he said were all right. He asked for mine. I turned my pockets out, looked in my hat, and said: "I must er dropped mine in camp, but 't is just the same as theirn." He asked who was ashore. I told him, "There 's more of we uns b'iling some turtle-eggs for dinner. Cap'n, I 'd like to swap some eggs for tobacco or bread." His crew soon produced from the slack of their frocks pieces of plug, which they passed on board in exchange for our eggs. I told the youngster if he 'd come to camp we 'd give him as many as he could eat. Our hospitality was declined. Among other questions he asked if there were any batteries on shore — a battery on a beach where there was not a white man within a hundred miles! "Up oars — let go forward — let fall — give 'way!" were all familiar orders; but never before had they sounded so welcome. As they shoved off, the coxswain said to the youngster, "That looks like a man-of-war's gig, sir"; but he paid no attention to him. We pulled leisurely ashore, watching the cruiser. The boat went up to the davits at a run, and she started to the southward again. The general was very much relieved, for it was a narrow escape.

The wind still holding to the southward and eastward, we could work only slowly to the southward, against wind and current. At times we suffered greatly for want of water; our

Digitized by Google

usual resource was to dig for it, but often it was so brackish and warm that when extreme thirst forced its use the consequences were violent pains and retchings. One morning we saw a few wigwams ashore, and pulled in at once and landed. It was a party of Seminoles who had come out of the everglades like the bears to gather eggs. They received us kindly, and we devoured ravenously the remnants of their breakfast of fish and *kountee*. Only the old chief spoke a little English. Not more than two or three hundred of this once powerful and warlike tribe remain in Florida; they occupy some islands in this endless swamp to the southward of Lake Okeechobee. They have but little intercourse with the whites, and come out on the coast only at certain seasons to fish. We were very anxious to obtain some provisions from them, but excepting kountee they had nothing to spare. This is an esculent resembling arrowroot, which they dig, pulverize, and use as flour. It makes a palatable but tough cake, cooked in the ashes, which we enjoyed after our long abstinence from bread. The old chief took advantage of our eagerness for supplies, and determined to replenish his powder-horn. Nothing else would do; not even an old coat, or fish-hooks, or a cavalry saber would tempt him. Powder only he would have for their long, heavy small-bore rifles with flint-locks, such as Davy Crockett used. We reluctantly divided with him our very scant supply in exchange for some of their flour. We parted good friends, after smoking the pipe of peace.

On the 7th, off New River inlet, we discovered a small sail standing to the northward. The breeze was very light, so we downed our sail, got out our oars, and gave chase. The stranger stood out to seaward, and endeavored to escape; but slowly we overhauled her, and finally a shot caused her mainsail to drop. As we pulled alongside I saw from the dress of the crew of three that they were man-of-war's men, and divined that they were deserters. They were thoroughly frightened at first, for our appearance was not calculated to impress them favorably. To our questions they returned evasive answers or were silent, and finally asked by what authority we had overhauled them. We told them that the war was not over so far as we were concerned; that they were our prisoners, and their boat our prize; that they were both deserters and pirates, the punishment of which was death; but that under the circumstances we would not surrender them to the first cruiser we met, but would take their paroles and exchange boats. To this they seriously objected. They were well armed, and although we outnumbered them five to three (not counting Tom), still, if they could get the first bead on us the chances were about equal. They were desperate, and not disposed to surrender their boat without a tussle. The general and I stepped into their boat, and ordered the spokesman and leader to go forward. He hesitated a moment, and two revolvers looked him in the face. Sullenly he obeyed our orders. The general said, "Wilson, disarm that man." The colonel, with pistol in hand, told him to hold up his hands. He did so while the colonel drew from his belt a navy revolver and a sheath-knife. The other two made no further show of resistance, but handed us their arms. The crew disposed of, I made an examination of our capture. Unfortunately, her supply of provisions was very small — only some "salt-horse" and hardtack, with a breaker of fresh water; and we exchanged part of them for



THROUGH A SHALLOW LAGOON.

Digitized by Google

some of our kountee and turtles' eggs. But it was in our new boat that we were particularly fortunate: sloop-rigged, not much longer than our gig, but with more beam and plenty of freeboard, decked over to the mast, and well found in sails and rigging. After our experience in a boat the gunwale of which was not more than eighteen inches out of water, we felt that we had a craft able to cross the Atlantic. Our prisoners, submitting to the inevitable, soon made themselves at home in their new boat, became more communicative, and wanted some information as to the best course by which to reach Jacksonville or Savannah. We were glad to give them the benefit of our experience, and, on parting, handed them their knives and two revolvers, for which they were very thankful.

Later we were abreast of Green Turtle Key, with wind light and ahead; still, with all these drawbacks, we were able to make some progress. Our new craft worked and sailed well, after a little addition of ballast. Before leaving the coast, we found it would be necessary to call at Fort Dallas or some other point for supplies. It was running a great risk, for we did not know whom we should find there, whether friend or foe. But without at least four or five days' rations of some kind, it would not be safe to attempt the passage across the Gulf Stream. However, before venturing to do so, we determined to try to replenish our larder with eggs. Landing on the beach, we hunted industriously for some hours, literally scratching for a living; but the ground had evidently been most effectually gone over before, as the tracks of bears proved. A few onions, washed from some passing vessel, were eagerly devoured. We scanned the washings along the strand in vain for anything that would satisfy hunger. Nothing remained but to make the venture of stopping at the fort. This fort, like many others, was established during the Seminole war, and at its close was abandoned. It is near the mouth of the Miami River, a small stream which serves as an outlet to the overflow of the everglades. Its banks are crowded to the water's edge with tropical verdure, with many flowering plants and creepers, all the colors of which are reflected in its clear waters. The old barracks were in sight as we slowly worked our way against the current. Located in a small clearing, with cocoanut-trees in the foreground, the white buildings made, with a backing of deep green, a very pretty picture. We approached cautiously, not knowing with what reception we should meet. As we neared the small wharf, we found waiting some twenty or thirty men, of all colors, from the pale Yankee to the ebony Congo, all armed; a more motley and villainous-looking crew never trod the deck of one of Captain Kidd's ships. We saw at once with whom we had to deal—deserters from the army and navy of both sides, with a mixture of Spaniards and Cubans, outlaws and renegades. A burly villain, towering head and shoulders above his companions, and whose shaggy black head scorned any covering, hailed us in broken English, and asked who we were. Wreckers, I replied; that we had left our vessel outside, and had come in for water and provisions. He asked where we had left our vessel, and her name, evidently suspicious, which was not surprising, for our appearance was certainly against us. Our head-gear was unique: the general wore a straw hat that flapped over his head like the ears of an elephant; Colonel Wilson, an old cavalry cap that had lost its visor; another, a turban made of some number 4 duck canvas; and all were in our shirt-sleeves, the colors of which were as varied as Joseph's coat. I told him we had left her to the northward a few miles, that a gunboat had spoken us a few hours before, and had overhauled our papers, and had found them all right. After a noisy powwow we were told to land, that our papers might be examined. I said no, but if a canoe were sent off, I would let one of our men go on shore and buy what we wanted. I was determined not to trust our boat within a hundred yards of the shore. Finally a canoe paddled by two negroes came off, and said no one but the captain would be permitted to land. O'Toole volunteered to go, but the boatmen would not take him, evidently having had their orders. I told them to tell their chief that we had intended to spend a few pieces of gold with them, but since he would not permit it, we would go elsewhere for supplies. We got out our sweeps, and moved slowly down the river, a light breeze helping us. The canoe returned to the shore, and soon some fifteen or twenty men crowded into four or five canoes and dug-outs, and started for us. We prepared for action, determined to give them a warm reception. Even Tom looked after his carbine, putting on a fresh cap.

Though outnumbered three to one, still we were well under cover in our boat, and could rake each canoe as it came up. We determined to take all the chances, and to open fire as soon as they came within range. I told Russell to try a shot at one some distance ahead of the others. He broke two paddles on one side and hit one man, not a bad beginning. This canoe dropped to the rear at once; the occupants of the others opened fire, but their shooting was wild from the motions of their small crafts. The general tried and missed; Tom thought he could do better than his master, and made a good line shot, but short. The general advised

Digitized by Google

husbanding our ammunition until they came within easy range. Waiting a little while, Russell and the colonel fired together, and the bowman in the nearest canoe rolled over, nearly upsetting her. They were now evidently convinced that we were in earnest, and, after giving us an ineffectual volley, paddled together to hold a council of war. Soon a single canoe with three men started for us with a white flag. We hove to, and waited for them to approach. When within hail, I asked what was wanted. A white man, standing in the stern, with two negroes paddling, replied:

"What did you fire on us for? We are friends."

"Friends do not give chase to friends."

"We wanted to find out who you are."

"I told you who we are, and if you are friends, sell us some provisions."

"Come on shore, and you can get what you want."

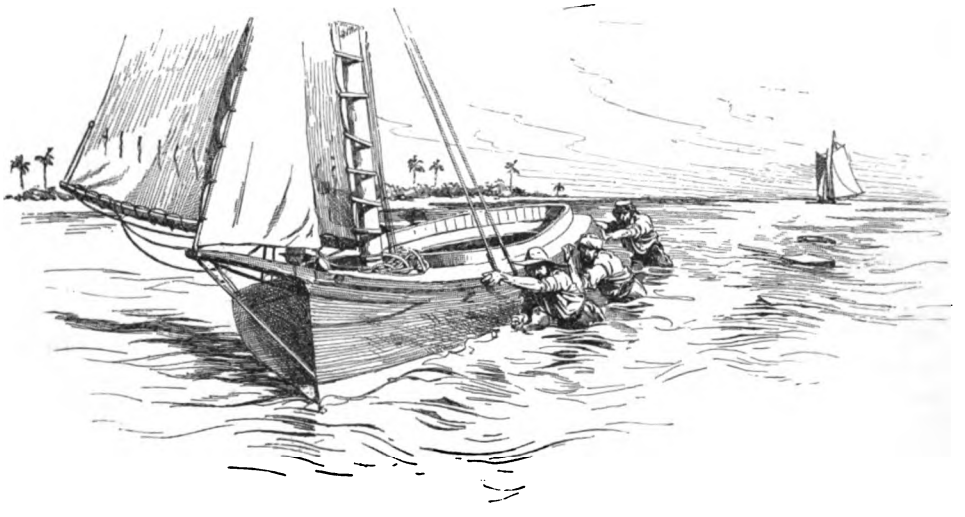
Our wants were urgent, and it was necessary, if possible, to make some terms with them; but it would not be safe to venture near their lair again. We told them that if they would bring us some supplies we would wait, and pay them well in gold. The promise of gold served as a bait to secure some concession. After some parleying it was agreed that O'Toole should go on shore in their canoe, be allowed to purchase some provisions, and return in two hours. The bucaneer thought the time too short, but I insisted that if O'Toole were not brought back in two hours, I would speak the first gunboat I met, and return with her and have their nest of freebooters broken up. Time was important, for we had noticed soon after we had started down the river a black column of smoke ascending from near the fort, undoubtedly a signal to some of their craft in the vicinity to return, for I felt convinced that they had other craft besides canoes at their disposal; hence their anxiety to detain us. O'Toole was told to be as dumb as an oyster as to ourselves, but wide awake as to the designs of our dubious friends. The general gave him five eagles for his purchase, tribute-money. He jumped into the canoe, and all returned to the fort. We dropped anchor underfoot to await his return, keeping a sharp lookout for any strange sail. The two hours passed in pleasant surmises as to what he would bring off; another half-hour passed, and no sign of his return; and we began to despair of our anticipated feast, and of O'Toole, a bright young Irishman, whose good qualities had endeared him to us all. The anchor was up, and slowly with a light breeze we drew away from the river, debating what should be our next move. The fort was shut in by a projecting point, and three or four miles had passed when the welcome sight of a canoe astern made us heave to. It was O'Toole with two negroes, a bag of hard bread, two hams, some rusty salt pork, sweet potatoes, fruit,



EXCHANGING THE BOAT FOR THE SLOOP.

Digitized by Google

and, most important of all, two breakers of water and a keg of New England rum. While O'Toole gave us his experience, a ham was cut, and a slice between two of hardtack, washed down with a jorum of rum and water, with a dessert of oranges and bananas, was a feast to us more enjoyable than any ever eaten at Delmonico's or the Café Riche. On his arrival on shore our ambassador had been taken to the quarters of Major Valdez, who claimed to be an officer of the Federals, and by him he was thoroughly cross-examined. He had heard of the breaking up of the Confederacy, but not of the capture of Mr. Davis, and was evidently skeptical of our story as to being wreckers, and connected us in some way with the losing party, either as persons of note or a party escaping with treasure. However, O'Toole baffled all his queries, and was proof against both blandishments and threats. He learned what he had expected, that they were looking for the return of a schooner; hence the smoke signal, and the anxiety to detain us as long as possible. It was only when he saw us leaving, after waiting over two hours, that the major permitted him to make a few purchases and rejoin us.



OVER A CORAL-REEF.

Night, coming on, found us inside of Key Biscayne, the beginning of the system of innumerable keys, or small islands, extending from this point to the Tortugas, nearly two hundred miles east and west, at the extremity of the peninsula. Of coral formation, as soon as it is built up to the surface of the water it crumbles under the action of the sea and sun. Sea-fowl rest upon it, dropping the seed of some marine plants, or the hard mangrove is washed ashore on it, and its all-embracing roots soon spread in every direction; so are formed these keys. Darkness and shoal water warned us to anchor. We passed an unhappy night fighting mosquitos. As the sun rose, we saw to the eastward a schooner of thirty or forty tons standing down toward us with a light wind; no doubt it was one from the fort sent in pursuit. Up anchor, up sail, out sweeps, and we headed down Biscayne Bay, a shoal sheet of water between the reefs and mainland. The wind rose with the sun, and, being to windward, the schooner had the benefit of it first, and was fast overhauling us. The water was shoaling, which I was not sorry to see, for our draft must have been from two to three feet less than that of our pursuer, and we recognized that our best chance of escape was by drawing him into shoal water, while keeping afloat ourselves. By the color and break of the water I saw that we were approaching a part of the bay where the shoals appeared to extend nearly across, with narrow channels between them like the furrows in a plowed field, with occasional openings from one channel into another. Some of the shoals were just awash, others bare. Ahead was a reef on which there appeared but very little water. I could see no opening into the channel beyond. To attempt to haul by the wind on either tack would bring us in a few minutes under fire of the schooner now coming up hand over hand. I ordered the ballast to be thrown overboard, and determined, as our only chance, to attempt to force her over the reef. She was headed for what looked like a little breakwater on our port bow. As the ballast went overboard we watched the bottom anxiously; the water shoaled rapidly, and the grating of the keel over the coral, with that peculiar tremor most unpleasant to a seaman under any circum-

Digitized by Google

stances, told us our danger. As the last of the ballast went overboard she forged ahead, and then brought up. Together we went overboard, and sank to our waists in the black, pasty mud, through which at intervals branches of rotten coral projected, which only served to make the bottom more treacherous and difficult to work on. Relieved of a half-ton of our weight, our sloop forged ahead three or four lengths, and then brought up again. We pushed her forward some distance, but as the water lessened, notwithstanding our efforts, she stopped.

Looking astern, we saw the schooner coming up wing and wing, not more than a mile distant. Certainly the prospect was blue; but one chance was left, to sacrifice everything in the boat. Without hesitation, overboard went the provisions except a few biscuits; the oars were made fast to the main-sheet alongside, and a breaker of water, the anchor and chain, all spare rope, indeed everything that weighed a pound, was dropped alongside, and then, three on each side, our shoulders under the boat's bilges, at the word we lifted together, and foot by foot moved her forward. Sometimes the water would deepen a little and relieve us; again it would shoal. Between the coral-branches we would sink at times to our necks in the slime and water, our limbs lacerated with the sharp projecting points. Fortunately, the wind helped us; keeping all sail on, thus for more than a hundred yards we toiled, until the water deepened and the reef was passed. Wet, foul, bleeding, with hardly strength enough to climb into the boat, we were safe at last for a time. As we cleared the shoal, the schooner hauled by the wind, and opened fire from a nine- or twelve-pounder; but we were at long range, and the firing was wild. With a fair wind we soon opened the distance between us.

General Breckinridge, thoroughly used up, threw himself down in the bottom of the boat; at which Tom, always on the lookout for his master's comfort, said, "Marse John, s'pose you take a little rum and water." This proposal stirred us all. The general rose, saying, "Yes, indeed, Tom, I will; but where is the rum?" supposing it had been sacrificed with everything else.

"I sees you pitchin' eberyt'ing away; I jes put this jug in hyar, 'ca'se I 'lowed you 'd want some."

Opening a locker in the transom, he took out the jug. Never was a potion more grateful; we were faint and thirsty, and it acted like a charm, and, bringing up on another reef, we were ready for another tussle. Fortunately, this proved only a short lift. In the mean time the schooner had passed through the first reef by an opening, as her skipper was undoubtedly familiar with these waters. Still another shoal was ahead; instead of again lifting our sloop over it, I hauled by the wind, and stood for what looked like an opening to the eastward. Our pursuers were on the opposite tack and fast approaching; a reef intervened, and when abeam, distant about half a mile, they opened fire both with their small arms and boat-gun. The second shot from the latter was well directed; it grazed our mast and carried away the luff of the mainsail. Several Minié balls struck on our sides without penetrating; we did not reply, and kept under cover. When abreast of a break in the reef, we up helm, and again went off before the wind. The schooner was now satisfied that she could not overhaul us, and stood off to the northward.

Free from our enemy, we were now able to take stock of our supplies and determine what to do. Our provisions consisted of about ten pounds of hard bread, a twenty-gallon breaker of water, two thirds full, and three gallons of rum. Really a fatality appeared to follow us as regards our commissariat. Beginning with our first drenching on the St. John's, every successive supply had been lost, and now what we had bought with so much trouble yesterday, the sellers compelled us to sacrifice to-day. But our first care was to ballast the sloop, for without it she was so crank as to be unseaworthy. This was not an easy task; the shore of all the keys, as well as that of the mainland in sight, was low and swampy, and covered to the water's edge with a dense growth of mangroves. What made matters worse, we were without any ground-tackle.

At night we were up to Elliott's Key, and anchored by making fast to a sweep shoved into the muddy bottom like a shad-pole. When the wind went down, the mosquitos came off in clouds. We wrapped ourselves in the sails from head to feet, with only our nostrils exposed. At daylight we started again to the westward, looking for a dry spot where we might land, get ballast, and possibly some supplies. A few palm-trees rising from the mangroves indicated a spot where we might find a little terra firma. Going in as near as was prudent, we waded ashore, and found a small patch of sand and coral elevated a few feet above the everlasting swamp. Some six or eight cocoa-palms rose to the height of forty or fifty feet, and under their umbrella-like tops we could see the bunches of green fruit. It was a question how to get at it. Without saying a word, Tom went on board the boat, brought off a piece of canvas, cut a strip a yard long, tied the ends together, and made two holes for his big toes. The canvas, stretched between his feet, embraced the rough bark so that he rapidly ascended. He threw down the green nuts, and, cutting through the thick shell, we

Digitized by Google



A ROUGH NIGHT IN THE GULF STREAM.

found about half a pint of milk. The general suggested a little milk-punch. All the trees were stripped, and what we did not use we saved for sea-stores.

To ballast our sloop was our next care. The jib was unbent, the sheet and head were brought together and made into a sack. This was filled with sand, and, slung on an oar, was shouldered by two and carried on board.

Leaving us so engaged, the general started to try to knock over some of the numerous water-fowl in sight. He returned in an hour thoroughly used up from his struggles in the swamp, but with two pelicans and a white crane. In the stomach of one of the first were a dozen or more mullet from six to nine inches in length, which had evidently just been swallowed. We cleaned them, and, wrapping them in palmetto-leaves, roasted them in the ashes, and they proved delicious. Tom took the birds in hand, and as he was an old campaigner, who had cooked everything from a stalled ox to a crow, we had faith in his ability to make them palatable. He tried to pick them, but soon abandoned it, and skinned them. We looked on anxiously, ready after our first course of fish for something more substantial. He broiled them, and with a flourish laid one before the general on a clean leaf, saying, "I 's 'feared, Marse John, it 's tough as an old muscovy drake."

"Let me try it, Tom."

After some exertion he cut off a mouthful, while we anxiously awaited the verdict. Without a word he rose and disappeared into the bushes. Returning in a few minutes, he told Tom to remove the game. His tone and expression satisfied us that pelican would not keep us from starving. The colonel thought the crane might be better, but a taste satisfied us that it was no improvement.

Hungry and tired, it was nearly night before we were ready to move, and warned by our sanguinary experience of the previous night we determined to haul off from the shore as far as possible, and get outside the range of the mosquitos. It was now necessary to determine upon our future course. We had abandoned all hope of reaching the Bahamas, and the nearest foreign shore was that of Cuba, distant across the Gulf Stream from our present position about two hundred miles, or three or four days' sail, with the winds we might expect at this season. With the strictest economy our provisions would not last so long. However, nearly a month in the swamps and among the keys of Florida, in the month of June, had prepared us to face almost any risk to escape from those shores, and it was determined to start in the morning for Cuba. Well out in the bay we hove to, and passed a fairly comfortable night; next day early we started for Cæsar's

Digitized by Google

Canal, a passage between Elliott's Key and Key Largo. The channel was crooked and puzzling, leading through a labyrinth of mangrove islets, around which the current of the Gulf Stream was running like a sluice; we repeatedly got aground, when we would jump overboard and push off. So we worked all day before we were clear of the keys and outside among the reefs, which extend three or four miles beyond. Waiting again for daylight, we threaded our way through them, and with a light breeze from the eastward steered south, thankful to feel again the pulsating motion of the ocean.

Several sail and one steamer were in sight during the day, but all at a distance. Constant exposure had tanned us the color of mahogany, and our legs and feet were swollen and blistered from being so much in the salt water, and the action of the hot sun on them made them excessively painful. Fortunately, but little exertion was now necessary, and our only relief was in lying still, with an impromptu awning over us. General Breckinridge took charge of the water and rum, doling it out at regular intervals, a tot at a time, determined to make it last as long as possible.

Toward evening the wind was hardly strong enough to enable us to hold our own against the stream. At ten, Carysfort Light was abeam, and soon after a dark bank of clouds rising in the eastern sky betokened a change of wind and weather. Everything was made snug and lashed securely, with two reefs in the mainsail, and the bonnet taken off the jib. I knew from experience what we might expect from summer squalls in the straits of Florida. I took the helm, the general the sheet, Colonel Wilson was stationed by the halyards, Russell and O'Toole were prepared to bail. Tom, thoroughly demoralized, was already sitting in the bottom of the boat, between the general's knees. The sky was soon completely overcast with dark, lowering clouds; the darkness, which could almost be felt, was broken every few minutes by lurid streaks of lightning chasing one another through black abysses. Fitful gusts of wind were the heralds of the coming blast. Great drops of rain fell like the scattering fire of a skirmish line, and with a roar like a thousand trumpets we heard the blast coming, giving us only time to lower everything and get the stern of the boat to it, for our only chance was to run with the storm until the rough edge was taken off, and then heave to. I cried, "All hands down!" as the gale struck us with the force of a thunderbolt, carrying a wall of white water with it which burst over us like a cataract. I thought we were swamped as I clung desperately to the tiller, though thrown violently against the boom. But after the shock, our brave little boat, though half filled, rose and shook herself like a spaniel. The mast bent like a whip-stick, and I expected to see it blown out of her, but, gathering way, we flew with the wind. The surface was lashed into foam as white as the driven snow. The lightning and artillery of the heavens were incessant, blinding, and deafening; involuntarily we bowed our heads, utterly helpless. Soon the heavens were opened, and the floods came down like a waterspout. I knew then that the worst of it had passed, and though one fierce squall succeeded another, each one was tamer. The deluge, too, helped to beat down the sea. To give an order was impossible, for I could not be heard; I could only, during the flashes, make signs to Russell and O'Toole to bail. Tying themselves and their buckets to the thwarts, they went to work, and soon relieved her of a heavy load.

From the general direction of the wind I knew without compass or any other guide that we were running to the westward, and, I feared, were gradually approaching the dreaded reefs, where in such a sea our boat would have been reduced to match-wood in a little while. Therefore, without waiting for the wind or sea to moderate, I determined to heave to, hazardous as it was to attempt anything of the kind. Giving the colonel the helm, I lashed the end of the gaff to the boom, and then loosed enough of the mainsail to goose-wing it, or make a leg-of-mutton sail of it. Then watching for a lull or a smooth time, I told him to put the helm a-starboard and let her come to on the port tack, head to the southward, and at the same time I hoisted the sail. She came by the wind quickly without shipping a drop of water, but as I was securing the halyards the colonel gave her too much helm, bringing the wind on the other bow, the boom flew round and knocked my feet from under me, and overboard I went. Fortunately, her way was deadened, and as I came up I seized the sheet, and with the general's assistance scrambled on board. For twelve hours or more I did not trust the helm to any one. The storm passed over to the westward with many a departing growl and threat. But the wind still blew hoarsely from the eastward with frequent gusts against the stream, making a heavy, sharp sea. In the trough of it the boat was becalmed, but as she rose on the crest of the waves even the little sail set was as much as she could stand up under, and she had to be nursed carefully; for if she had fallen off, one breaker would have swamped us, or any accident to sail or spar would have been fatal: but like a gull on the waters, our brave little craft rose and breasted every billow.

By noon the next day the weather had moderated sufficiently to make more sail, and the

Digitized by Google

sea went down at the same time. Then, hungry and thirsty, Tom was thought of. During the gale he had remained in the bottom of the boat as motionless as a log. As he was roused up, he asked:

"Marse John, whar is you, and whar is you goin'? 'Fore de Lord, dis nigger never want to see a boat again."

"Come, Tom, get us something to drink, and see if there is anything left to eat," said the general. But Tom was helpless.

The general served out a small ration of water and rum, every drop of which was precious. Our small store of bread was found soaked, but, laid in the sun, it partly dried, and was, if not palatable, at least a relief to hungry men.

During the next two days the weather was moderate, and we stood to the southward; several sail were in sight, but at a distance. We were anxious to speak one even at some risk, for our supplies were down to a pint of rum in water each day under a tropical sun, with two water-soaked biscuits. On the afternoon of the second day a brig drifted slowly down toward us; we made signals that we wished to speak her, and, getting out our sweeps, pulled for her. As we neared her, the captain hailed and ordered us to keep off. I replied that we were shipwrecked men, and only wanted some provisions. As we rounded to under his stern, we could see that he had all his crew of seven or eight men at quarters. He stood on the taffrail with a revolver in hand, his two mates with muskets, the cook with a huge tormentor, and the crew with handspikes.

"I tell you again, keep off, or I 'll let fly."

"Captain, we won't go on board if you will give us some provisions; we are starving."

"Keep off, I tell you. Boys, make ready."

One of the mates drew a bead on me; our eyes met in a line over the sights on the barrel. I held up my right hand.

"Will you fire on an unarmed man? Captain, you are no sailor, or you would not refuse to help shipwrecked men."

"How do I know who you are? And I 've got no grub to spare."

"Here is a passenger who is able to pay you," said I, pointing to the general.

"Yes; I will pay you for anything you let us have."

The captain now held a consultation with his officers, and then said: "I 'll give you some water and bread. I 've got nothing else. But you must not come alongside."

A small keg, or breaker, was thrown overboard and picked up, with a bag of fifteen or twenty pounds of hardtack. This was the reception given us by the brig *Neptune* of Bangor. But when the time and place are considered, we cannot wonder at the captain's precautions, for a more piratical-looking party than we never sailed the Spanish main. General Breckinridge, bronzed the color of mahogany, unshaven, with long mustache, wearing a blue flannel shirt open at the neck, exposing his broad chest, with an old slouch hat, was a typical bucaneer. Thankful for what we had received, we parted company. Doubtless the captain reported on his arrival home a blood-curdling story of his encounter with pirates off the coast of Cuba.

"Marse John, I thought the war was done. Why did n't you tell dem folks who you was?" queried Tom. The general told Tom they were Yankees, and would not believe us. "Is dar any Yankees whar you goin'? — 'ca'se if dar is, we best go back to old Kentucky." He was made easy on this point, and, with an increase in our larder, became quite perky. A change in the color of the water showed us that we were on soundings, and had crossed the Stream, and soon after we came in sight of some rocky islets, which I recognized as Double-Headed Shot Keys, thus fixing our position; for our chart, with the rest of our belongings, had disappeared, or had been destroyed by water, and as the heavens, by day and night, were our only guide, our navigation was necessarily very uncertain. For the next thirty miles our course to the southward took us over Salt Key Bank, where the soundings varied from three to five fathoms, but so clear was the water that it was hard to believe that the coral, the shells, and the marine flowers were not within arm's reach. Fishes of all sizes and colors darted by us in every direction. The bottom of the bank was a constantly varying kaleidoscope of beauty. But to starving men, with not a mouthful in our grasp, this display of food was tantalizing. Russell, who was an expert swimmer, volunteered to dive for some conchs and shell-fish; oysters there were none. Asking us to keep a sharp lookout on the surface of the water for sharks, which generally swim with the dorsal fin exposed, he went down and brought up a couple of live conchs about the size of a man's fist. Breaking the shell, we drew the quivering body out. Without its coat it looked like a huge grub, and not more inviting. The general asked Tom to try it.

"Glory, Marse John, I 'm mighty hungry, nebber so hungry sense we been in de almy, and I 'm just ready for ole mule, pole-cat, or any-t'ing 'cept dis worm."

After repeated efforts to dissect it we agreed with Tom, and found it not more edible than a pickled football. However, Russell, diving again, brought up bivalves with a very thin shell and beautiful colors, in shape like a large pea-pod. These we found tolerable; they served to satisfy in some small degree our craving for

Digitized by Google

food. The only drawback was that eating them produced great thirst, which is much more difficult to bear than hunger. We found partial relief in keeping our heads and bodies wet with salt water.

On the sixth day from the Florida coast we crossed Nicholas Channel with fair wind. Soon after we made the Cuban coast, and stood to the westward, hoping to sight something which would determine our position. After a run of some hours just outside of the coral-reefs, we sighted in the distance some vessels at anchor. As we approached, a large town was visible at the head of the bay, which proved to be Cardenas. We offered prayerful thanks for our wonderful escape, and anchored just off the custom-house, and waited some time for the health officer to give us pratique. But as no one came off in answer to our signals, I went on shore to report at the custom-house. It was some time before I could make them comprehend that we were from Florida, and anxious to land. Their astonishment was great at the size of our boat, and they could hardly believe we had crossed in it. Our arrival produced as much sensation as would that of a liner. We might have been filibusters in disguise. The governor-general had to be telegraphed to; numerous papers were made out and signed; a register was made out for the sloop *No Name;* then we had to make a visit to the governor before we were allowed to go to a hotel to get something to eat. After a cup of coffee and a light meal I had a warm bath, and donned some clean linen which our friends provided.

We were overwhelmed with attentions, and when the governor-general telegraphed that General Breckinridge was to be treated as one holding his position and rank, the officials became as obsequious as they had been overbearing and suspicious. The next day one of the governor-general's aides-de-camp arrived from Havana, with an invitation for the general and the party to visit him, which we accepted, and after two days' rest took the train for the capital. A special car was placed at our disposal, and on our arrival the general was received with all the honors. We were driven to the palace, had a long interview, and dined with Governor-General Concha. The transition from a small open boat at sea, naked and starving, to the luxuries and comforts of civilized life was as sudden as it was welcome and thoroughly appreciated.

At Havana our party separated. General Breckinridge and Colonel Wilson have since crossed the great river; Russell and O'Toole returned to Florida. I should be glad to know what has become of faithful Tom.

John Taylor Wood.



A PRAYER IN THESSALY.

A LOVER prayed to Eros on this wise:
"Since my love loves me not, Eros, I pray
That thou wilt take this torturing love away.
But since she is so fair, still let mine eyes,
Unloving, joy in her, her beauty prize;
Still let her voice ring out as pure and gay
To my calm heart as mating birds in May."
These words went up the blue Thessalian skies.
But e'er they reached the high god's golden seat,
The lover to retract his prayer was fain:
"Nay, let me keep the bitter with the sweet;
Better than placid bliss is love's dear pain.
My love I 'll hold and cherish, though it prove
More blighting than the frowning brows of Jove."

John Hay.

Digitized by Google

HUMOR, WIT, FUN, AND SATIRE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

PREFATORY NOTE.

IN the winter of 1855, when Lowell was thirty-six years old, he gave a course of twelve lectures before the Lowell Institute in Boston. His subject was the English Poets, and the special topics of the successive lectures were: 1, Poetry, and the Poetic Sentiment, illustrating the imaginative faculty; 2, Piers Ploughman's Vision, as the first characteristically English poem; 3, The Metrical Romances, marking the advent into our poetry of the sense of Beauty; 4, The Ballads, especially as models of narrative diction; 5, Chaucer, as the poet of real life — the poet outside of nature; 6, Spenser, as the representative of the purely poetical; 7, Milton, as representing the imaginative; 8, Butler, as the wit; 9, Pope, as the poet of artificial life; 10, On Poetic Diction; 11, Wordsworth, as representing the egotistic imaginative, or the poet feeling himself in nature; 12, On the Function and Prospects of Poetry.

These lectures were written rapidly, many of them during the period of delivery of the course; they bore marks of hastiness of composition, but they came from a full and rich mind, and they were the issues of familiar studies and long reflection. No such criticism, at once abundant in knowledge and in sympathetic insight, and distinguished by breadth of view, as well as by fluency, grace, and power of style, had been heard in America. They were listened to by large and enthusiastic audiences, and they did much to establish Lowell's position as the ablest of living critics of poetry, and, in many respects, as the foremost of American men of letters.

In the same year he was made Professor of Belles-Lettres in Harvard University, and after spending somewhat more than a year in Europe, in special preparation, he entered in the autumn of 1856 upon the duties of the chair, which he continued to occupy till 1877, when he was appointed Minister of the United States to Spain.

During the years of his professorship he delivered numerous courses of lectures to his classes. Few of them were written out, but they were given more or less extemporaneously from full notes. The subject of these courses was in general the Study of Literature, treating in different years of different special topics, from the literature of Northern to that of Southern Europe, from the Kalevala and the Niebelungen Lied to the Provençal poets; from Wolfram von Eschenbach to Rousseau; from the cycle of romances of Charlemagne and his peers to Dante and Shakspere. Some of these lectures, or parts of them, were afterward prepared for publication, with such changes as were required to give them proper literary form; and the readers of Lowell's prose works know what gifts of native power, what large and solid acquisitions of learning, what wide and delightful survey of the field of life and of letters, are to be found in his essays on Shakspere, on Dante, on Dryden, and on many another poet or prose writer. The abundance of his resources as critic in the highest sense have never been surpassed, at least in English literature.

But considerable portions of the earlier as well as of the later lectures remain unprinted, partly, no doubt, because his points of view changed with the growth of his learning, and the increasing depth as well as breadth of his vision. There is but little in manuscript which he would himself, I believe, have been inclined to print without substantial change. Yet these unprinted remains contain so much that seems to me to possess permanent value that, after some question and hesitation, I have come to the conclusion that selections from them should be published. The fragments must be read with the fact constantly held in mind that they do not always represent Lowell's mature opinions; that, in some instances, they give but the first form of thoughts developed in other connections in one or other of his later essays; that they have not received his last revision; that they have the form of discourse addressed to the ear, rather than that of literary work finished for the eye.

If so read, I trust that the reader, while he may find little in them to increase Lowell's well-established reputation, may find much in them to confirm a high estimate of his position as one of the rare masters of English prose as well as one of the most capable of critics; much to interest him alike in their intrinsic character, and in their illustration of the life and thought of the writer; and much to make him feel a keen regret that they are the final contributions of their author to the treasures of English literature.

Charles Eliot Norton.

Digitized by Google

HIPPEL, the German satirist, divides the life of man into five periods, according to the ruling desires which successively displace each other in the human soul. Our first longing, he says, is for trousers, the second for a watch, the third for an angel in pink muslin, the fourth for money, and the fifth for a "place" in the country. I think he has overlooked one, which I should be inclined to place second in point of time — the ambition to escape the gregarious nursery, and to be master of a chamber to one's self.

How charming is the memory of that cloistered freedom, of that independence, wide as desire, though, perhaps, only ten feet by twelve! How much of future tastes and powers lay in embryo there in that small chamber! It is the egg of the coming life. There the young sailor pores over the "Narratives of Remarkable Shipwrecks," his longing heightened as the storm roars on the roof, or blows its trumpet in the chimney. There the unfledged naturalist gathers his menagerie, and empties his pockets of bugs and turtles that awaken the ignorant animosity of the housemaid. There the commencing chemist rehearses the experiment of Schwarz, and singes off those eyebrows which shall some day feel the cool shadow of the discoverer's laurel. There the antiquary begins his collections with a bullet from Bunker Hill, as genuine as the epistles of Phalaris, or a button from the coat-tail of Columbus, late the property of a neighboring scarecrow, and sold to him by a schoolmate, who thus lays the foundation of that colossal fortune which is to make his children the ornaments of society. There the potential Dibdin or Dowse gathers his library on a single pendulous shelf — more fair to him than the hanging gardens of Babylon. There stand "Robinson Crusoe," and "Gulliver," perhaps "Gil Blas," Goldsmith's Histories of Greece and Rome, "Original Poems for Infant Minds," the "Parent's Assistant," and (for Sundays) the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," with other narratives of the excellent Mrs. Hannah More too much neglected in maturer life. With these are admitted also "Viri Romæ," Nepos, Florus, Phædrus, and even the Latin grammar, because they *count*, playing here upon these mimic boards the silent but awful part of second and third conspirators, a rôle in after years assumed by statelier and more celebrated volumes — the "books without which no gentleman's library can be complete."

I remember (for I must call my memory back from this garrulous rookery of the past to some perch nearer the matter in hand) that when I was first installed lord of such a manor, and found myself the Crusoe of that remote attic-island, which for near thirty years was to be my unmolested hermitage, I cast about for works of art with which to adorn it. The garret, that El Dorado of boys, supplied me with some prints which had once been the chief ornament of my great-grandfather's study, but which the growth of taste or luxury had banished from story to story till they had arrived where malice could pursue them no farther. These were heads of ancient worthies[1] — Plato, Pythagoras, Socrates, Seneca, and Cicero, whom, from a prejudice acquired at school, I shortly banished again with a *quousque tandem!* Besides those I have mentioned, there were Democritus and Heraclitus, which last, in those days less the slave of tradition, I called Heraclĭtus — an error which my excellent schoolmaster (I thank him for it) would have expelled from my head by the judicious application of a counter-irritant; for he regarded the birch as a kind of usher to the laurel, as indeed the true tree of knowledge, whose advantages could Adam have enjoyed during early life, he had known better than to have yielded to the temptation of any other.

Well, over my chimney hung those two antithetical philosophers — the one showing his teeth in an eternal laugh, while the tears on the cheek of the other forever ran, and yet, like the leaves on Keats's Grecian urn, could never be shed. I used to wonder at them sometimes, believing, as I did firmly, that to weep and laugh had been respectively the sole business of their lives. I was puzzled to think which had the harder time of it, and whether it were more painful to be under contract for the delivery of so many tears *per diem*, or to compel that ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα.[2] I confess, I pitied them both; for if it be difficult to produce on demand what Laura Matilda would call the "tender dew of sympathy," he is also deserving of compassion who is expected to be funny whether he will or no. As I grew older, and learned to look on the two heads as types, they gave rise to many reflections, raising a question perhaps impossible to solve: whether the vices and follies of men were to be washed away, or exploded by a broadside of honest laughter. I believe it is Southwell who says that Mary Magdalene went to Heaven by water, and it is certain that the tears that people shed for themselves are apt to be sincere; but I doubt whether we are to be saved by any amount of vicarious salt water, and, though the philosophers should weep us into another Noah's flood, yet commonly men have lumber enough of self-conceit to build a raft of,

[1] Some readers may recall the reference to these "heads of ancient wise men" in "An Interview with Miles Standish." — C. E. N.

[2] Countless — *i. e.*, perpetual — smile.

Digitized by Google

and can subsist a good while on that beautiful charity for their own weaknesses in which the nerves of conscience are embedded and cushioned, as in similar physical straits they can upon their fat.

On the other hand, man has a wholesome dread of laughter, as he is the only animal capable of that phenomenon — for the laugh of the hyena is pronounced by those who have heard it to be no joke, and to be classed with those γέλασματα ἀγέλαστα which are said to come from the other side of the mouth. Whether, as Shaftesbury will have it, ridicule be absolutely the test of truth or no, we may admit it to be relatively so, inasmuch as by the *reductio ad absurdum* it often shows that abstract truth may become falsehood, if applied to the practical affairs of life, because its relation to other truths equally important, or to human nature, has been overlooked. For men approach truth from the circumference, and, acquiring a knowledge at most of one or two points of that circle of which God is the center, are apt to assume that the fixed point from which it is described is that where they stand. Moreover, "Ridentem dicere verum, quid vetat?"

I side rather with your merry fellow than with Dr. Young when he says:

Laughter, though never censured yet as sin,
. . . . . .
Is half immoral, be it much indulged;
By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,
It shows a scorner, or it makes a fool;
And sins, as hurting others or ourselves.
. . . . . .
Yet would'st thou laugh (but at thine own expense),
This counsel strange should I presume to give —
"Retire, and read thy Bible, to be gay."

With shame I confess it, Dr. Young's "Night Thoughts" have given me as many hearty laughs as any humorous book I ever read.

Men of one idea,—that is, who have one idea at a time,— men who accomplish great results, men of action, reformers, saints, martyrs, are inevitably destitute of humor; and if the idea that inspires them be great and noble, they are impervious to it. But through the perversity of human affairs it not infrequently happens that men are possessed by a single idea, and that a small and rickety one — some seven months' child of thought — that maintains a querulous struggle for life, sometimes to the disquieting of a whole neighborhood. These last commonly need no satirist, but, to use a common phrase, make themselves absurd, as if Nature intended them for parodies on some of her graver productions. For example, how could the attempt to make application of mystical prophecy to current events be rendered more ridiculous than when we read that two hundred years ago it was a leading point in the teaching of Lodowick Muggleton, a noted heresiarch, "that one John Robins was the last great antichrist and son of perdition spoken of by the Apostle in Thessalonians"? I remember also an eloquent and distinguished person who, beginning with the axiom that all the disorders of this microcosm, the body, had their origin in diseases of the soul, carried his doctrine to the extent of affirming that all derangements of the macrocosm likewise were due to the same cause. Hearing him discourse, you would have been well nigh persuaded that you had a kind of complicity in the spots upon the sun, had he not one day condensed his doctrine into an epigram which made it instantly ludicrous. "I consider myself," exclaimed he, "personally responsible for the obliquity of the earth's axis." A prominent Come-outer once told me, with a look of indescribable satisfaction, that he had just been kicked out of a Quaker meeting. "I have had," he said, "Calvinistic kicks and Unitarian kicks, Congregational, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian kicks, but I never succeeded in getting a Quaker kick before." Could the fanaticism of the collectors of worthless rarities be more admirably caricatured than thus unconsciously by our passive enthusiast?

I think no one can go through a museum of natural curiosities, or see certain animals, without a feeling that Nature herself has a sense of the comic. There are some donkeys that one can scarce look at without laughing (perhaps on Cicero's principle of the *haruspex haruspicem*) and feeling inclined to say, "My good fellow, if you will keep my secret I will keep yours." In human nature, the sense of the comic seems to be implanted to keep man sane, and preserve a healthy balance between body and soul. But for this, the sorcerer Imagination or the witch Enthusiasm would lead us an endless dance.

The advantage of the humorist is that he cannot be a man of one idea — for the essence of humor lies in the contrast of two. He is the universal disenchanter. He makes himself quite as much the subject of ironical study as his neighbor. Is he inclined to fancy himself a great poet, or an original thinker, he remembers the man who dared not sit down because a certain part of him was made of glass, and muses smilingly, "There are many forms of hypochondria." This duality in his mind which constitutes his intellectual advantage is the defect of his character. He is futile in action because in every path he is confronted by the horns of an eternal dilemma, and is apt to come to the conclusion that nothing is very much worth the while. If he be independent of exertion, his life commonly runs to waste. If he turn

Digitized by Google

author, it is commonly from necessity; Fielding wrote for money, and "Don Quixote" was the fruit of a debtors' prison.

It seems to be an instinct of human nature to analyze, to define, and to classify. We like to have things conveniently labeled and laid away in the mind, and feel as if we knew them better when we have named them. And so to a certain extent we do. The mere naming of things by their appearance is science; the knowing them by their qualities is wisdom; and the being able to express them by some intense phrase which combines appearance and quality as they affect the imagination through the senses by impression, is poetry. A great part of criticism is scientific, but as the laws of art are only echoes of the laws of nature, it is possible in this direction also to arrive at real knowledge, or, if not so far as that, at some kind of classification that may help us toward that excellent property — compactness of mind.

Addison has given the pedigree of humor: the union of truth and goodness produces wit; that of wit with wrath produces humor. We should say that this was rather a pedigree of satire. For what trace of wrath is there in the humor of Chaucer, Shakspere, Rabelais, Cervantes, Sterne, Fielding, or Thackeray? The absence of wrath is the characteristic of all of them. Ben Jonson says that

> When some one peculiar quality
> Doth so possess a man that it doth draw
> All his affects, his spirits, and his powers
> In their constructions all to run one way,
> This may be truly said to be a humor.

But this, again, is the definition of a humorous character,— of a good subject for the humorist,— such as Don Quixote, for example.

Humor — taken in the sense of the faculty to perceive what is humorous, and to give it expression — seems to be greatly a matter of temperament. Hence, probably, its name. It is something quite indefinable, diffused through the whole nature of the man; so that it is related of the great comic actors that the audience begin to laugh as soon as they show their faces, or before they have spoken a word.

The sense of the humorous is certainly closely allied with the understanding, and no race has shown so much of it on the whole as the English, and next to them the Spanish — both inclined to gravity. Let us not be ashamed to confess that, if we find the tragedy a bore, we take the profoundest satisfaction in the farce. It is a mark of sanity. Humor, in its highest level, is the sense of comic contradiction which arises from the perpetual comment which the understanding makes upon the impressions received through the imagination. Richter, himself a great humorist, defines it thus:

> Humor is the sublime reversed; it brings down the great in order to set the little beside it, and elevates the little in order to set it beside the great — that it may annihilate both, because in the presence of the infinite all are alike nothing. Only the universal, only totality, moves its deepest spring, and from this universality, the leading component of Humor, arise the mildness and forbearance of the humorist toward the individual, who is lost in the mass of little consequence; this also distinguishes the Humorist from the Scoffer.

We find it very natural accordingly to speak of the breadth of humor, while wit is, by the necessity of its being, as narrow as a flash of lightning, and as sudden. Humor may pervade a whole page without our being able to put our finger on any passage, and say, "It is here." Wit must sparkle and snap in every line, or it is nothing. When the wise deacon shook his head, and said that "there was a good deal of human natur' in man," he might have added that there was a good deal more in some men than in others. Those who have the largest share of it may be humorists, but wit demands only a clear and nimble intellect, presence of mind, and a happy faculty of expression. This perfection of phrase, this neatness, is an essential of wit, because its effect must be instantaneous; whereas humor is often diffuse and roundabout, and its impression cumulative, like the poison of arsenic. As Galiani said of Nature that her dice were always loaded, so the wit must throw sixes every time. And what the same Galiani gave as a definition of sublime oratory may be applied to its dexterity of phrase: "It is the art of saying everything without being clapt in the Bastile, in a country where it is forbidden to say anything." Wit must also have the quality of unexpectedness. "Sometimes," says Barrow, "an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, gives it being. Sometimes it rises only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange, sometimes from a crafty wresting of obvious matter to the purpose. Often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless rovings of fancy and windings of language."

That wit does not consist in the discovery of a merely unexpected likeness or even contrast in word or thought, is plain if we look at what is called a *conceit*, which has all the qualities of wit — except wit. For example, Warner, a contemporary of Shakspere, wrote a long poem called "Albion's England," which

Digitized by Google

had an immense contemporary popularity, and is not without a certain value still to the student of language. In this I find a perfect specimen of what is called a conceit. Queen Eleanor strikes Fair Rosamond, and Warner says,

> Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
> Soft were those lips that bled.[1]

This is bad as fancy for precisely the same reason that it would be good as a pun. The comparison is unintentionally wanting in logic, just as a pun is intentionally so. To make the contrast what it should have been,— to make it coherent, if I may use that term of a contrast,— it should read:

> Hard was the *hand* that gave the blow,
> Soft were those lips that bled,

for otherwise there is no identity of meaning in the word "hard" as applied to the two nouns it qualifies, and accordingly the proper logical copula is wanting. Of the same kind is the conceit which belongs, I believe, to our countryman General Morris:

> Her heart and morning broke together
> In tears,

which is so preposterous that had it been intended for fun we might almost have laughed at it. Here again the logic is unintentionally violated in the word *broke*, and the sentence becomes absurd, though not funny. Had it been applied to a merchant ruined by the failure of the United States Bank, we should at once see the ludicrousness of it, though here, again, there would be no true wit:

> His heart and Biddle broke together
> On 'change.

Now let me give an instance of true fancy from Butler, the author of "Hudibras," certainly the greatest wit who ever wrote English, and whose wit is so profound, so purely the wit of thought, that we might almost rank him with the humorists, but that his genius was cramped with a contemporary, and therefore transitory, subject. Butler says of loyalty that it is

> True as the dial to the sun
> Although it be not shined upon.

Now what is the difference between this and the examples from Warner and Morris which I have just quoted? Simply that the comparison turning upon the word *true*, the mind is satisfied, because the analogy between the word as used morally and as used physically is so perfect as to leave no gap for the reasoning faculty to jolt over. But it is precisely this jolt, not so violent as to be displeasing, violent enough to discompose our thoughts with an agreeable sense of surprise, which it is the object of a pun to give us. Wit of this kind treats logic with every possible outward demonstration of respect —"keeps the word of promise to the ear, and breaks it to the sense." Dean Swift's famous question to the man carrying the hare, "Pray, sir, is that your own hare or a wig?" is perfect in its way. Here there is an absolute identity of sound with an equally absolute and therefore ludicrous disparity of meaning. Hood abounds in examples of this sort of fun — only that his analogies are of a more subtle and perplexing kind. In his elegy on the old sailor he says,

> His head was turned, and so he chewed
> His pigtail till he died.

This is inimitable, like all the best of Hood's puns. To the ear it is perfect, but so soon as you attempt to realize it to yourself, the mind is involved in an inextricable confusion of comical *non sequiturs*. And yet observe the gravity with which the forms of reason are kept up in the "and so." Like this is the peddler's recommendation of his ear-trumpet:

> I don't pretend with horns of mine,
> Like some in the advertising line,
> To magnify sounds on such marvelous scales
> That the sounds of a cod seem as large as a whale's.
>
> There was Mrs. F. so very deaf
> That she might have worn a percussion cap
> And been knocked on the head without hearing it snap.
> Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day
> She heard from her husband in Botany Bay.

Again, his definition of deafness:

> Deaf as the dog's ears in Enfield's "Speaker."

So, in his description of the hardships of the wild beasts in the menagerie,

> Who could not even prey
> In their own way,

and the monkey-reformer who resolved to set them all free, beginning with the lion; but

> Pug had only half unbolted Nero,
> When Nero bolted him.

In Hood there is almost always a combination of wit and fun, the wit always suggesting

[1] This, and one or two of the following illustrations, were used again by Mr. Lowell in his "Shakespeare Once More": Works (Riverside edition), III. 53.

Digitized by Google

the remote association of ideas, and the fun jostling together the most obvious concords of sound and discords of sense. Hood's use of words reminds one of the kaleidoscope. Throw them down in a heap, and they are the most confused jumble of unrelated bits; but once in the magical tube of his fancy, and, with a shake and a turn, they assume figures that have the absolute perfection of geometry. In the droll complaint of the lover,

> Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
> But why did you kick me down-stairs?

the self-sparing charity of phrase that could stretch the meaning of the word "dissemble" so as to make it cover so violent a process as kicking down-stairs has the true zest, the tang, of contradiction and surprise. Hood, not content with such a play upon ideas, would bewitch the whole sentence with plays upon words also. His fancy has the enchantment of Huon's horn, and sets the gravest conceptions a-capering in a way that makes us laugh in spite of ourselves.

Andrew Marvell's satire upon the Dutch is a capital instance of wit as distinguished from fun. It rather exercises than tickles the mind, so full is it of quaint fancy:

> Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
> As but the offscouring of the British sand,
> And so much earth as was contributed
> By English pilots when they heaved the lead,
> Or what by ocean's slow alluvium fell
> Of shipwrecked cockle and the muscle-shell;
> This indigestful vomit of the sea
> Fell to the Dutch by just propriety.
>
> Glad, then, as miners who have found the ore
> They, with mad labor, fished their land to shore,
> And dived as desperately for each piece
> Of earth as if 't had been of ambergreese,
> Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
> Less than what building swallows bear away,
> Or than those pills which sordid beetles roll,
> Transfusing into them their sordid soul.
>
> How did they rivet with gigantic piles
> Thorough the centre their new-catchèd miles,
> And to the stake a struggling country bound,
> Where barking waves still bait the forcèd ground!
>
> Yet still his claim the injured ocean laid,
> And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played,
> As if on purpose it on land had come
> To show them what 's their *mare liberum;*
> The fish ofttimes the burgher dispossessed,
> And sate, not as a meat, but as a guest;
> And oft the Tritons and the sea-nymphs tan
> Whole shoals of Dutch served up as Caliban,
> And, as they over the new level ranged,
> For pickled herring pickled Heeren changed.
> Therefore necessity, that first made kings,
> Something like government among them brings;
> And as among the blind the blinkard reigns
> So rules among the drownèd he that drains;
> Who best could know to pump on earth a leak,
> Him they their lord and Country's Father speak.
> To make a bank was a great plot of state,
> Invent a shovel and be a magistrate;
> Hence some small dykegrave, unperceived, invades
> The power, and grows, as 't were, a king of spades.

I have cited this long passage not only because Marvell (both in his serious and comic verse) is a great favorite of mine, but because it is as good an illustration as I know how to find of that fancy flying off into extravagance, and that nice compactness of expression, that constitute genuine wit. On the other hand, Smollett is only funny, hardly witty, where he condenses all his wrath against the Dutch into an epigram of two lines:

> Amphibious creatures, sudden be your fall,
> May man undam you and God damn you all.

Of satirists I have hitherto said nothing, because some, perhaps the most eminent of them, do not come under the head either of wit or humor. With them, as Juvenal said of himself, "facit indignatio versus," and wrath is the element, as a general rule, neither of wit nor humor. Swift, in the epitaph he wrote for himself, speaks of the grave as a place "ubi saeva indignatio cor ulterius lacerare nequeat," and this hints at the sadness which makes the ground of all humor. There is certainly humor in "Gulliver," especially in the chapters about the Yahoos, where the horses are represented as the superior beings, and disgusted at the filthiness of the creatures in human shape. But commonly Swift, too, must be ranked with the wits, if we measure him rather by what he wrote than by what he was. Take this for an example from the "Day of Judgment":

> With a whirl of thought oppressed
> I sank from reverie to rest,
> A horrid vision seized my head,
> I saw the graves give up their dead!
> Jove, armed with terrors, burst the skies,
> And thunder roars, and lightning flies!
> Amazed, confused, its fate unknown,
> The world stands trembling at his throne!
> While each pale sinner hung his head,
> Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said:
> "Offending race of human kind;
> By nature, reason, learning, blind,
> You who through frailty stepped aside,
> And you who never fell through pride,
> You who in different sects were shammed,
> And come to see each other damned
> (So some folks told you — but they knew
> No more of Jove's designs than you) —
> The world's mad business now is o'er,
> And I resent these pranks no more —
> *I* to such blockheads set my wit!
> *I* damn such fools! Go, go! you 're bit!

Digitized by Google

The unexpectedness of the conclusion here, after the somewhat solemn preface, is entirely of the essence of wit. So, too, is the sudden flirt of the scorpion's tail to sting you. It is almost the opposite of humor in one respect — namely, that it would make us think the solemnest things in life were sham, whereas it is the sham-solemn ones which humor delights in exposing. This further difference is also true: that wit makes you laugh once, and loses some of its comicality (though none of its point) with every new reading, while humor grows droller and droller the oftener we read it. If we cannot safely deny that Swift was a humorist, we may at least say that he was one in whom humor had gone through the stage of acetous fermentation and become rancid. We should never forget that he died mad. Satirists of this kind, while they have this quality of true humor, that they contrast a higher with a lower, differ from their nobler brethren inasmuch as their comparison is always to the disadvantage of the higher. They purposely disenchant us — while the others rather show us how sad a thing it is to be disenchanted at all.

Ben Jonson, who had in respect of sturdy good sense very much the same sort of mind as his namesake Samuel, and whose "Discoveries," as he calls them, are well worth reading for the sound criticism they contain, says:

> The parts of a comedy are the same with [those of] a tragedy, and the end is partly the same; for they both delight and teach: the comics are called *didaskaloi*[1] of the Greeks, no less than the tragics. Nor is the moving of laughter always the end of comedy; that is rather a fowling for the people's delight, or their fooling. For, as Aristotle says rightly, the moving of laughter is a fault in comedy, a kind of turpitude that depraves some part of a man's nature without a disease. As a wry face moves laughter, or a deformed vizard, or a rude clown dressed in a lady's habit and using her actions; we dislike and scorn such representations, which made the ancient philosophers ever think laughter unfitting in a wise man. So that what either in the words or sense of an author, or in the language and actions of men, is awry or depraved, does strongly stir mean affections, and provoke for the most part to laughter. And therefore it was clear that all insolent and obscene speeches, jests upon the best men, injuries to particular persons, perverse and sinister sayings (and the rather, unexpected) in the old comedy did move laughter, especially where it did imitate any dishonesty, and scurrility came forth in the place of wit; which, who understands the nature and genius of laughter cannot but perfectly know.

He then goes on to say of Aristophanes that

> he expressed all the moods and figures of what was ridiculous, oddly. In short, as vinegar is not accounted good till the wine be corrupted, so jests that are true and natural seldom raise laughter with that beast the multitude. They love nothing that is right and proper. The farther it runs from reason or possibility, with them the better it is.

In the latter part of this it is evident that Ben is speaking with a little bitterness. His own comedies are too rigidly constructed according to Aristotle's dictum, that the moving of laughter was a fault in comedy. I like the passage as an illustration of a fact undeniably true, that Shakspere's humor was altogether a new thing upon the stage, and also as showing that satirists (for such were also the writers of comedy) were looked upon rather as censors and moralists than as movers of laughter. Dante, accordingly, himself in this sense the greatest of satirists, in putting Horace among the five great poets in limbo, qualifies him with the title of *satiro*.

But if we exclude the satirists, what are we to do with Aristophanes? Was he not a satirist, and in some sort also a censor? Yes; but, as it appears to me, of a different kind, as well as in a different degree, from any other ancient. I think it is plain that he wrote his comedies not only to produce certain political, moral, and even literary ends, but for the fun of the thing. I am so poor a Grecian that I have no doubt I miss three quarters of what is most characteristic of him. But even through the fog of the Latin on the opposite page I can make out more or less of the true lineaments of the man. I can see that he was a master of language, for it becomes alive under his hands — puts forth buds and blossoms like the staff of Joseph, as it does always when it feels the hand and recognizes the touch of its legitimate sovereigns. Those prodigious combinations of his are like some of the strange polyps we hear of that seem a single organism; but cut them into as many parts as you please, each has a life of its own and stirs with independent being. There is nothing that words will not do for him; no service seems too mean or too high. And then his abundance! He puts one in mind of the definition of a competence by the only man I ever saw who had the true flavor of *Falstaff* in him — "a million a minute and your expenses paid." As Burns said of himself, "The rhymes come skelpin, rank and file." Now they are as graceful and sinuous as water-nymphs, and now they come tumbling head over heels, throwing somersaults, like clowns in the circus, with a "Here we are!" I can think of nothing like it but Rabelais, who had the same extraordinary gift of getting all the *go* out of words. They do not merely play with words; they romp with them, tickle them, tease them, and somehow the words seem to like it.

I dare say there may be as much fancy and fun in "The Clouds" or "The Birds," but neither of

[1] Teachers.

Digitized by Google

them seems so rich to me as "The Frogs," nor does the fun anywhere else climb so high or dwell so long in the region of humor as here. Lucian makes Greek mythology comic, to be sure, but he has nothing like the scene in "The Frogs" where Bacchus is terrified with the strange outcries of a procession celebrating his own mysteries, and of whose dithyrambic songs it is plain he can make neither head nor tail. Here is humor of the truest metal, and, so far as we can guess, the first example of it. Here is the true humorous contrast between the ideal god and the god with human weaknesses and follies as he had been degraded in the popular conception. And is it too absurd to be within the limits even of comic probability? Is it even so absurd as those hand-mills for grinding out so many prayers a minute which Huc and Gabet saw in Tartary?

Cervantes was born on October 9, 1547, and died on April 23, 1616, on the same day as Shakspere. He is, I think, beyond all question, the greatest of humorists. Whether he intended it or not,—and I am inclined to believe he did,—he has typified in Don Quixote, and Sancho Panza his esquire, the two component parts of the human mind and shapers of human character — the imagination and understanding. There is a great deal more than this; for what is positive and intentional in a truly great book is often little in comparison with what is accidental and suggested. The plot is of the meagerest. A country gentleman of La Mancha, living very much by himself, and continually feeding his fancy with the romances of chivalry, becomes at last the victim of a monomania on this one subject, and resolves to revive the order of chivalry in his own proper person. He persuades a somewhat prosaic neighbor of his to accompany him as squire. They sally forth, and meet with various adventures, from which they reap no benefit but the sad experience of plentiful rib-roasting. Now if this were all of "Don Quixote," it would be simply broad farce, as it becomes in Butler's parody of it in Sir Hudibras and Ralpho so far as mere external characteristics are concerned. The latter knight and his squire are the most glaring absurdities, without any sufficient reason for their being at all, or for their adventures, except that they furnished Butler with mouthpieces for his own wit and wisdom. They represent nothing, and are intended to represent nothing.

I confess that, in my judgment, Don Quixote is the most perfect character ever drawn. As *Sir John Falstaff* is, in a certain sense, always a gentleman,— that is, as he is guilty of no crime that is technically held to operate in defeasance of his title to that name as a man of the world,— so is Don Quixote, in everything that does not concern his monomania, a perfect gentleman and a good Christian besides. He is not the merely technical gentleman of three descents — but the *true* gentleman, such a gentleman as only purity, disinterestedness, generosity, and fear of God can make. And with what consummate skill are the boundaries of his mania drawn! He only believes in enchantment just so far as is necessary to account to Sancho and himself for the ill event of all his exploits. He always reasons rightly, as madmen do, from his own premises. And this is the reason I object to Cervantes's treatment of him in the second part — which followed the other after an interval of nearly eight years. For, except in so far as they delude themselves, monomaniacs are as sane as other people, and besides shocking our feelings, the tricks played on the Don at the Duke's castle are so transparent that he could never have been taken in by them.

Don Quixote is the everlasting type of the disappointment which sooner or later always overtakes the man who attempts to accomplish ideal good by material means. Sancho, on the other hand, with his proverbs, is the type of the man with common sense. He always sees things in the daylight of reason. He is never taken in by his master's theory of enchanters,— although superstitious enough to believe such things possible,— but he *does* believe, despite all reverses, in his promises of material prosperity and advancement. The island that has been promised him always floats before him like the air-drawn dagger before *Macbeth*, and beckons him on. The whole character is exquisite. And, fitly enough, when he at last becomes governor of his imaginary island of Barataria, he makes an excellent magistrate — because statesmanship depends for its success so much less on abstract principle than on precisely that traditional wisdom in which Sancho was rich.

James Russell Lowell.

Digitized by Google

MEMORIES AND LETTERS OF EDWIN BOOTH.

IT is to the honor of the American stage that so many of its conspicuous figures have been men and women not merely of upright lives, but remarkable for the beauty of their private characters. It was well known to his fellow-countrymen that Edwin Booth possessed amiable and noble traits which stood the test of grievous afflictions; and yet it was, of course, chiefly as an artist that he filled the public eye, and commanded so rare and universal a popularity. We know that the author and editor of the following memoirs and letters of the tragedian has been moved to the publication of them in THE CENTURY solely by the desire that the generation to whom was displayed the genius of the great actor should have the means of better realizing that side of his personality which made his friendship so exquisite a privilege. In these familiar epistles and intimate recollections shine forth the winning companion, the generous friend, the honest man, rather than the actor of power and fascination — though glimpses of the artist who for so many years dominated the American stage here and there break through the simple narrative.— EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

THE beginning of my friendship with Edwin Booth was purely accidental. I had often seen him on the stage, but never elsewhere, till one day in the spring of 1864, while I was living in Philadelphia. I had gone down town in the morning on some business, and had met Edwin Adams, who was at that time a member of the stock company of the Walnut Street Theater. While walking together we passed the theater, and Mr. Adams, wishing to stop there a moment, asked me to go in with him. After he had finished his business at the box-office he walked to the entrance of the parquet, which at that time of day was dark and gloomy, and called to me to look with him at what appeared to be a human figure crouching on one of the seats, and presently said: "I believe that 's Booth. Come down with me and see him."

It proved to be as he suspected; there Booth sat, in the gloom and quiet of the theater, alone with his thoughts. We were introduced, and very soon began to talk of spiritualism, which at that time was occupying a large share of the public attention, and in the so-called manifestations of which Booth had had a great deal of experience, especially under the guidance of the celebrated Judge Edmunds, and his accomplished daughter, in New York. Booth at this time was a firm believer in the ability of the denizens of the world of spirits to communicate their thoughts and messages to friends in this world through so-called "mediums," and he related to us many strange and moving experiences which had come to him in the course of these investigations. Our conversation was long and interesting, and when I found that the time had passed too rapidly, and that I must go up town again, Booth offered to walk up with me, and we went together as far as the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. John S. Clarke, where he was then staying.

Just as I was leaving him he asked me to come and see him, and named the following Sunday morning when he would be at home. I did not need any urging, for my first interview had so strongly impressed me that I was but too glad of the chance of another, and so when Sunday came I went to Mr. Clarke's house, and passed the whole morning with Booth. During this second interview he told me a great deal about himself, his early history, his life with his father in traveling together about the country, his Californian and Australian experiences, all of which was deeply interesting and increased my admiration of him, for it was all told in the most modest manner, and as a looker-on rather than as the one to whom the events had happened. During this engagement in Philadelphia I saw him nearly every evening, sitting with him in his dressing-room at the theater, and when the play was over either walking with him to Mr. Clarke's, or rambling through the quiet streets, smoking and talking of all sorts of things, and there was something so magical, so mysterious, in his conversation that I gladly listened as long as he was willing to talk.

For the next year I saw him constantly, either in Philadelphia or in New York, where he was then playing at the Winter Garden, in those marvelous revivals of Shakspere's plays which made his fame as a stage manager only second to his fame as an actor. Then came the horror of the event of Good Friday night of 1865, and Edwin Booth was stricken to the ground. Nothing but the love that was poured out for him by his friends saved him from madness. For days his sanity hung in the balance, and we all were fearful of the result, but nature and friendship gained the victory, and though his very soul was torn with anguish, his clear strong brain reasserted itself, and he was himself again.

Digitized by Google

But for nearly a year he withdrew from the stage, and it was only when the call of the public for his return became too strong to be longer withstood that he consented to play again. During the time that he was in retirement it was my great privilege to pass nearly every evening with him. I had come to New York to live in the spring of 1865, and being alone here could follow my inclinations in being with him as much as he desired. We used to sit in his library on the first floor of the house he occupied in Nineteenth street, east of Broadway, where his mother, his sister Rosalie, and his little daughter Edwina were with him. Often we would talk so late that when we were ready to go to bed (we were never ready to stop talking), it was too late for me to go to my lodgings, and he would insist on my turning in with him, which I would do, sharing his room and bed. Often in the evening we would stroll through the dark streets, for it was only at this time that he would venture out, hardly knowing what kind of a reception would be his if he were recognized, for, to its eternal infamy be it said, one of the leading (?) papers of New York had denounced him in the most bitter manner, and had said that neither he nor any of his name would ever again be permitted to appear upon the stage of any theater in the United States. It is a singular comment on this that the only vote ever cast by Edwin Booth for president of the United States was for Abraham Lincoln in 1864, and that he saved the life of one of Abraham Lincoln's sons. Booth himself told me of this occurrence. He had started for Philadelphia from New York, and while he was standing on the platform of a car, still in the Pennsylvania railroad station at Jersey City, and just as the train was about to move, a young lad, going from one car to another, stumbled, and would have fallen between them, had not Edwin caught him by the collar of the coat and landed him in safety by his side. The boy, whom Edwin had never seen before, evidently recognized him, and holding out his hand said to him, "That was a narrow escape, Mr. Booth," and thanked him warmly. Two weeks later Edwin received a letter from General Adam Badeau in which the latter mentioned that Robert Lincoln had told him that it was his life that had thus been saved.

Hoping to give him some mental exercise while he was in retirement, I persuaded him to begin his autobiography in a series of letters to his little daughter, thinking that he might be able to continue them if his interest was once aroused in the work, and knowing that they would be invaluable at some time in the future. Once or twice a week he would read to me what he had written, and it was intensely interesting. His experiences were so often amusing, and he showed such a keen sense of humor in his account of them, that we had many a good laugh over his stories, and I was greatly in hope that this beginning would be followed up as years went on, and that some day the manuscript would become a book. But when in 1866 he returned to the stage, all his time and mind were filled with the preparation of the various plays which he revived with such magnificence, and this so absorbed him that he discontinued his writing and put his manuscript aside, till one day in a fit of disgust with his own work he destroyed it.

After Booth's return to the stage, one play after another was produced by him at the Winter Garden in the most complete and sumptuous manner, no cost being spared to make those revivals perfect. I saw a great deal of him during this period, but nearly always at night, sitting with him in his dressing-room at the theater when he came out after an act, smoking, and drinking black coffee, which used to be made for him in great quantities by his colored man "Jim." Sometimes after the play his brain would be so full of excitement that instead of going at once to his house in Nineteenth street he would want to walk through the streets for an hour or two, and so we would wander about, not knowing or caring where, till he grew quiet and was ready to go home. Then again he would like to drive, and we would go about the park for an hour or two in a Boston buggy, in which he was very fond of driving.

In 1867, while he was in the midst of a most successful season, the Winter Garden Theater was burned down, Booth's losses being great and irreparable. I heard of the fire during the day, and as early as possible went up to Nineteenth street to see him. I found him perfectly calm and cool, and when I asked him if it were true as the papers said, that he had lost his entire theatrical wardrobe, he replied, "Yes, I have not even a wig or a pair of tights."

For many years one of his dreams had been to build a theater which should be the home of the legitimate drama and a school of acting, where the plays of Shakspere and the great dramatists should be presented in a style of splendor and perfection such as the world had never seen before, and where the most eminent members of the stage would have a pride in playing, and in being permanently established—in short an American edition of the Théâtre Français. We had often talked about this, and now the time seemed to have come to realize his dream. The history of the building and management of what was known as Booth's Theater may some day be written by one who was more intimately connected with all the details than I was; it is sufficient to say here that by the time it was ready to open, which was the night of February 3, 1869, the

Digitized by Google

ground and building, and the scenery and dresses for "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Winter's Tale," had cost Edwin Booth about twelve hundred thousand dollars, every penny of which he had earned by the practice of his profession, exclusive of a mortgage on the ground, and not one dollar of which was paid in by any other person.

During the period of the building of this theater Mr. Booth traveled very extensively, and in one of his engagements in Chicago was supported by Miss Mary McVickar, whom he married in the summer of 1869. His plan in constructing this beautiful home of the drama included on the Sixth Avenue side an apartment for his own use, and studios for artists, and for several years after the theater was opened he resided in this apartment. It was charmingly arranged in two stories, being what was known as a duplex apartment. In the theater itself there was a very convenient and pleasant ante-room to Mr. Booth's dressing-room, where he would sit between the acts, when it was not necessary to make any change in his dress, and receive his friends. Many a night I have sat there with him while he puffed great clouds of smoke from his pipe, which was his one comfort in the intervals of his work, and friends came and went in quick succession. It was a veritable levee, made picturesque by the fact that our host was for the time *Othello*, *Richelieu*, *Hamlet*, or *Richard III.*

At these times he was in his very best mood, and would tell story after story of his life and adventures, and of his meeting with famous men and women — all of the deepest interest, and told in the most vivid manner. One story of his trip to the Sandwich Islands remains with me. He had gone there in 1854 in company with his comrade, Mr. David C. Anderson, *en route* to Australia, and they were to play in the Royal Hawaiian Theater. They had hired a native to paste up the bills announcing the performance; this had to be done with a preparation named "poë-poë," made from a vegetable called "tara-tara" which is a favorite food in Honolulu; but the poor man was so hungry that yielding to temptation he incontinently ate up the paste, and to their surprise no bills appeared. When the reason was ascertained they feared to trust another native, and it was therefore agreed that as Booth was the younger he should act as bill-poster, and it came to pass that every night after the performance Edwin went about the city with his play-bills and bucket of paste, and put up with his own hands the posters announcing what the company would play on the following night. And he assured me that he did this honestly, and did not eat any of the paste!

Another story related to a skull which Edwin had in his room. It was that of a noted horse-thief named Fontaine, *alias* Lovett, whose case had aroused the interest of Junius Brutus Booth, who had unavailingly tried to save him from the gallows, whereupon Fontaine had bequeathed this to him as a token of gratitude. But Mrs. Booth was horrified by it, and at once sent it back to the physician to whose care it had been intrusted for delivery to her husband. Years after this, one day when Edwin was in Louisville, preparing for his work at night, a small negro boy made his appearance with a basket covered by a white cloth. "What 's that?" said Edwin. "Dunno, sah," said the boy; "guess it 's a present from massa." "Take the cloth off," said Edwin, and the boy did as he was told, but shrieked aloud and fled quickly from the room. On looking in the basket, Booth saw the skull, and with it a note from the physician saying that he was restoring it to its proper owner.

Booth's interpretations of difficult passages in Shakspere's plays were most clear and convincing. I remember his telling how he first came to understand the real meaning of *Hamlet's* saying to *Polonius*, "Yourself, sir, shall grow as old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward." He was walking on the seashore, I think near Long Branch, and suddenly saw a crab come out of the water, and watching it attentively saw it walk out *backward* from its shell, which it left on the sand, thus proving Shakspere's marvelous knowledge of nature, for this crab was what is known as a "shedder," and in leaving its old shell regained its youth, and entered on a new career.

The early years of Booth's Theater were most successful, and money poured in on him, but his expenses were enormous, and in the production of his plays no money consideration had any weight — literally nothing was done to see how cheaply results could be accomplished, but everything that money could procure in the way of scenery, dresses, and appointments was obtained, and the results were beyond anything ever seen in this line anywhere in the world. Very often, however, it was impossible for the audience to imagine that these plays had cost so much to produce, for the effects could have been obtained just as well with much cheaper material, and when the crash came, as it did in a few years, people wondered where the money had been spent. It was because Edwin Booth worshiped Shakspere, and was determined that in the production of his plays everything should be as nearly real and perfect as art and money could make them. He did not always succeed in getting such actors as he wanted. I remember one night when he was playing *Hamlet*, and when his *Horatio* was a par-

Digitized by Google

ticularly bad one, I went into his dressing-room after the first act, and criticized somewhat severely the actor who had undertaken the part, ending by saying in a moment of heat, "It is too bad that you should have such a *Horatio*. I am almost tempted to play the part myself." Booth, who had been sitting quietly in his great chair smoking a huge meerschaum, sprang from his seat, and taking me by the hand said, "It 's a bargain — you shall do it. You shall go on to-morrow night. Will you?" For a moment the impulse to do what he wanted was almost irresistible, but in another I recollected myself, and laughingly declined, on the score that I could not mix up a business man's life with the work of an actor. He often referred to this episode in after years, and said he would have put me on as his *Horatio* if I had accepted, as he was in earnest, and knew I could have done it. Thus another bad actor was not added to the stage.

The winter and spring seasons of 1869–70 of Booth's Theater were wonderful successes, and it seemed as if the future was secure. In July, 1870, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Booth, but lived for a few hours only. No other child came from this marriage; his daughter Edwina is his only child, and she, as is well known, is the daughter of his first wife, Mary Devlin.

The summer of this year he passed at Long Branch, in a very lovely place which he had bought. The house was a pleasant, comfortable one, and was surrounded by pine woods. The change was a good one for both Mr. Booth and his wife, and when autumn came he decided to make a western journey, hoping to earn money enough to pay off the indebtedness remaining on the theater, and thinking it was not wise for him to play at Booth's Theater too much of the time.

The first letter I received from him while he was on this tour is as follows:

CINCINNATI, November 6, 1870.

I PROMISED you when last we met in the woods at Long Branch a letter from some place at some time; and being at present domiciled with those who are your acquaintances as well, I am reminded of my neglect. Living in a trunk, and flying about from place to place with daily rehearsals, and the fatiguing constant nightly labour, render me unfit for "literary pursuits," and so my letters accumulate and stand in hideous heaps, reproachfully reminding me of far-away friends neglected thro' sheer lack of energy to write a mere "how d' ye do."

I shall be at home at Xmas (God willing), and will follow Jefferson at Booth's in January. This is rather unexpected, tho' I 'm rather glad of it, for I am sick of traveling, and it is not the thing for Mary, who has been confined to the house for a week past. We are stopping with Macauley, who is keeping house here, and very kindly invited us to stay with him during my engagement at his theatre. . . . My business has been excellent, and I have accomplished a great deal toward the liquidation of my indebtedness on the theatre; a few years more and I will feel at ease, if I don't kill myself in the West. I tell you it is not child's play rehearsing two and three hours a day, and acting the same at night. The strain upon the nervous system is terrific. I can't get rest enough in one night to revive my energies. William! when that pile of granite is paid for, I 'll retire and act only once in a while by way of recreation.

Drop me a line. I go to Pittsburg after this week — thence to Philadelphia. . . . With affection hold me ever yours, EDWIN.

The other letter received from him during this engagement is dated

PHILADELPHIA, December 18, 1870.

THE sad news of Mrs. M——'s death reached me two days before your letter came — from my mother. It was not unexpected. I knew I had seen her for the last time, yet the shock was none the less sudden and painful. I have written M——, but of course one can give no relief in such cases. I shall be in New York the day after Xmas, to remain, I trust, many months, though not for rest, which I so much require. I hope I shall see you soon and often during my sojourn, and play numerous billiards on a smaller table than the one you beat me on. . . . I sort o' miss you here. Philadelphia seems almost strange to me not seeing your face in it. But I presume you despise the provinces now, and seldom visit this humble burgh. My business is as good as it usually is here; you know the prices are lower than elsewhere. Throughout the West the prices charged for admission are always raised to the New York scale, but here the same old rate is asked, and it does not count up so furiously at the week's end.

. . . I am sorry I will not be home at Xmas; we had such a jolly time last year. Santa Claus gave me as much delight as the children had, and though I got no *bon-bons* I took an active part, and afforded Mary much amusement by "the old man's friskyness and jollity."

The early village cock will soon remind me that I have a rehearsal at 10½ in the morning, and that, you know, is an unusual hour for my appearance, so I 'll bid good-night and say my prayers. Wishing you a merry Xmas and happy New Year, ever yours, EDWIN.

On his return to New York he resumed his work in Booth's Theater, playing with very great brilliancy and fire, and reviving several of Shakspere's plays with unexampled magnificence, and with great pecuniary success. At the close of the season he went to Long Branch. In June of 1871 I went to Europe, and just before I sailed had the following note from him:

LONG BRANCH, June 17, 1871.

I REJOICE at the opportunity you have to "see the sights owre the pond," yet grieve at thy gone-

Digitized by Google

ness. I 'll sit here and pine amid the oaks till your return. Dr. C—— will lose *un autre élève.* I was compelled to discontinue my study under him, for, tho' I acknowledge the value of his system, it requires too continuous practice, far more than I can give it, and his coming always upsets our family arrangements somehow; we felt tied down to certain days, and that mars one's enjoyment of the country, you know. My wife's head is always too full of household duties, and mine with theatrical matters to give any attention to school books now. I have not heard from him since I notified him of my resolution, but trust he does not feel hurt at it. I 'd like to see you ere you go, but know not when I shall go to town. Write me from Europe. Ever yours, EDWIN.

I remained abroad till the autumn of 1871, and on my return to New York resumed our close friendship, and saw much of Booth. The season of 1871–72 was another series of artistic successes, and one play followed another in as perfect form as it was possible to produce it. In the autumn of 1872 I was again in England, and on my return home went into the country to live for the winter. The season was a severe one, and as I was always out of town in the evenings my chances of seeing Booth were very few, but I heard constantly that matters were going very badly with the theater, and that it was getting into deep water. Edwin had no business education, and had had to trust everything to others, and they, to speak very mildly, mismanaged his affairs terribly. But the result came at last, and in February of 1874 his paper went to protest, and the theater had to close. Booth was then playing in Detroit, and I wrote to him very hurriedly. His reply is dated

DETROIT, February 15, 1874.

. . . "IF I were tedious as a king" I could but thank you, my dear boy, for all the good things you say to me. As it is "I am not of many words, but I thank you," briefly, but sincerely, with all my heart. You were almost the first to send me words of sympathy, tho' I am sure all my friends feel it. This is by no means the heaviest blow my life has felt, and I shall recover from it very shortly if my creditors have any feeling whatever.

My disappointment is great, to be sure, but I have the consciousness of having tried to do what I deemed my duty. Since the talent God has given me can be made available for no other purpose, I believe the object I devote it to to be worthy of self-sacrifice.

I gave up all that most men hold dearest, wealth and luxurious ease; nor do I complain because that unlucky "slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" has spilled all my tea.

With a continuance of the health and popularity the good Lord has thus far blessed me with, I will pay every "sou," and exclaim with "Don Cæsar," tho' in a different spirit, "I have done great things — if you doubt me ask my creditors."

Of course I see some years of hard work before me, all for a "dead horse" too, not a very cheering prospect. But I 'll "worry" it thro', and thank God with all my heart when I can cry "quits" with my neighbor. Adieu! Ever yours, EDWIN.

As a simple matter of record I will mention that he gave up everything he had,— literally,— books, pictures, furniture, and various pieces of property he owned, and everything went to the creditors of the theater, the theater itself passing into the hands of the mortgagee, Mr. Oliver Ames of Boston. In due time Edwin received his discharge in bankruptcy, and once more faced the world a poor, but upright man.

From 1874 till 1878 I remained in the country, and during this time our intercourse was necessarily interrupted. I saw him but rarely, as he did not live in New York, and passed most of the time in traveling, and acting in places out of this city. But in the autumn of 1878 I resumed my residence in town, and renewed my close friendship with him. He was then recouping his fortune, and was living in an apartment in Madison avenue above Twenty-seventh street.

In April of this year he started on a professional tour through the West, sending me a few lines just before he left New York. His note is dated

TUESDAY, A. M., April 1, 1879.

I HAVE been waiting for the note you wished to send to Whiffen, but must send his music to him this A. M. else I 'll forget him, and therefore I wait no longer.

I inclose the check for $50. Whatever else is required,— I mean for the draft,— enter it against me. In rapid transit, yours ever, NEDWIN.

This signature of "Nedwin" was in consequence of my having given him this name in one of my notes, and it seemed to take his fancy. The check he sent me was to pay for some work that had been done for him by Mr. Richard Sims, Assistant Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum. The next letter is dated

RUSSELL HOUSE, Detroit, April 6, 1879.

I HAD N'T an opportunity to acknowledge your note before I left. I am truly sorry for the loss of H——'s little one, *his* loss, rather, for surely the "little one" has gained by the exchange. 'T is a sad blow to the parents, and we must mourn for the living, not the dead.

If the check was not enough for the draft, make a *mem.* of it and I 'll "settle up" with you. I sent the "Moods and Tenses" with a note of thanks to Whiffen by my man Henry Flohr, but know not if it reached him. I sent it to the penciled address on the back of the sheet of music. Please ask him, if you should meet him.

Did you want Sims' letter? I have it (I think) "safely stowed," and will either keep it or send

Digitized by Google

it to you. Hope soon to hear some report from him; meanwhile Dr. John B. (Booth), of — somewhere West, will send me some account of the family *deadheads*. We encountered snow-storms, and lots of the stuff hip-deep along the route hither, but here it is clear and quite warmish. I begin my "walk" to-morrow, and shall try to keep the track till after Friday night; then, on Saturday, start for Chicago. Have not yet seen C. and to tell [the] truth I don't know him from t'other ones (there are three of 'em), and I "pheel phoolish" not to be acquainted with those I 've known so long. When I distinguish C. from McC. and W., I 'll deliver your message to him. Ever yours, EDWIN.

In July of this year he went to Saratoga for his wife's health, and his next letter is dated

SARATOGA, July 20, 1879.

. . . ONE is kept too busy enjoying life here to think of so much exertion as writing requires. . . 'T is my first experience, and it far surpasses any previous one at other summer places. I mean in the easy, home-like, happy-go-luckyish life one *can* (if he likes) have here. There is really less dress and show than I 've found at Long Branch, to say nothing of Newport. . . I hope to see my Newport place, if but for a day's glimpse, this summer, but we are so well, and so well suited here, that I doubt if we 'll leave till the very last rose of summer . . Races, hops, electric lights, illuminated fountains, and music, . . . constitute the delights of our lazy life. That 's about all we do, aside from the labor of eating and dressing, the latter of which I, of course, do a *heap* of! Adieu, ever yours, NED.

But in the course of another month they tired of Saratoga, and went elsewhere.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL, Philadelphia,
October 26, 1879.

I FAILED to see you during my brief sojourn in the city, after my Saratoga and Lake George tour, although I made several resolves to do so. When I return, after this week, I hope to see you "frequent."

I found it necessary to abandon our contemplated trip to Newport, which I still regret, for I 'd like much to see my grove. (I 'm passionately fond of trees, especially when near the water.)

I have acted two weeks in Baltimore to tolerable business only,— folks still out o' town,— and I begin my second week of this engagement to-morrow night, with business thus far about the same. After a rest of one week I shall begin a tour of four weeks in New York at the Opera House. Could I have foreseen the fate of Booth's I should have taken my chances of an engagement there instead, but that may come later — in the early spring, perhaps. . . . Ever yours,
NED.

The next letter was written during his following engagement in New York.

NEW YORK, November 27, 1879.

I INCLOSE my card for admission and check for seats, and hope they are good ones and that you will enjoy the play. It is a favorite of mine, and I like to act the part of Richard II. when I 'm in the humour.

After my engagement is ended will be the time for sociability; when I 'm at work the whole household is at "sixes and sevens." Yours ever,
EDWIN.

In the autumn of 1879 Booth resolved to go to England in the following spring, and as I had had several good voyages on the Cunard steamship *Gallia* I recommended that vessel to him, and we had made an engagement to take Mrs. Booth down to see it. This explains the note that follows:

ON DECK, June 22, 1880.

BISPHAM AHOY!

Monday be it — 8 bells, sharp! "Meet me at the *Gallia* when it strikes twelve." Latitude 40. Naughty-cally yours, NED.

I had begun to make an itinerary for him, and before they sailed had completed it for England, France, Belgium, the Rhine, and a portion of Germany; and this he used, as will be seen from some of the succeeding letters written during his tour in Europe.

On the 15th of June, 1880, just before he sailed for England, a testimonial in the form of a breakfast was given him at Delmonico's. A more notable gathering of the most celebrated men in art, literature, the stage, and other professions, it has never been my lot to witness. Music and flowers helped to make the occasion most brilliant.

The next letter is from Dublin.

SHELBOURNE HOTEL
(you know where, be jabers!),
July 4teenth, Ateen hunder an' 80.

. . . . I DETERMINED that when I reached Dublin I 'd stop several days to breathe and write letters, but somehow I have not been able to accomplish more than a few necessary London notes in reply to those received. Well, here we are, both in health, and well pleased with our experience, both by land and sea, thus far. But barring the antiquities and the beds and the civility and gouging and the weather, all that I 've yet seen falls behind America. Spread-eagleism has always disgusted me, but during the past few days I have felt my tail and wing feathers sprout awful.

I find myself pooh-poohing everything I see, taste, or smell, and comparing them with what we 'av at 'ome, you know. The gap of Dunlo — some place at Killarney — was wild and very picturesque, with its views and peasant ghouls, but the lovely lakes are but a feeble hint of what Lake George affords. By the by, how delicious the Irish are in Ireland!

We have been here since Monday night (after the

Digitized by Google

only pleasant day we 've yet had, and which was spent in the cars); 't is now Wednesday; on Friday we start toward Belfast, breaking our journey by two or three stops *en route* to visit ruins, battle-fields, etc., and to distribute shillings. The rain is pouring at present, and if it continues thus to-morrow we will have a dull drive to Kingston, whither we go to see the swells of Ireland.

Our passage over was simply disgusting in its monotony of canal-like calmness; not the suggestion of a sea till the last day, and then it barely reminded us that we were not on a North River trip. The conveniences and general comforts were too much like luxury, while the propriety and good feeling among the passengers were horrid in their sameness. Still, I hope we will find the same nuisances when we return. I 've already been solicited by two London managers, but I shall wait till I get on the ground before I pitch my tent. We have followed your guide thus far, but shall depart a little from it as we go onward. I was afraid to *drive* from Cork to Killarney, the distance was too great. At the latter place the proprietor knew me, had seen me in Booth's Theatre, and even here I 've found myself well known. The consul called before I had been here an hour. All this is comfortable enough; hope it will continue. Will write you again from point to point, as we go. . . . No more to-night. Adieu, till further notice, etc. Ever yours,

NED.

BAILEY'S HOTEL, GLOSTER ROAD,
KENSINGTON, August 25, 1880.

YOU have brought us at last to London. We followed your lead tolerably close, with here and there a switch off, or, as they say here, a "shunt," to some place off the level line, reaching here the day before yesterday, earlier than we anticipated. After a few days' rest we shall start for Ammergau, but I fear with small chances for any decent accommodations, for hundreds are daily telegraphing for rooms and seats. We shall probably know to-morrow when we 'll go. My engagement at the Princess' will begin about the middle or close of October with "Hamlet." From all I hear expectation is rife: I hope I shall not disappoint, I should say *blight*, it. Your little book was of great service to us, and of course it kept you constantly with us on our winding ways thro' abbey ruins and castle dittos. We were doing Tunbridge Wells, when suddenly we determined to start after dinner for London, which we did. This hotel is all I could desire, save its location, which is too far from the theatres, but otherwise desirable. . . The family health is good, excepting my wife's bad cough, which still distresses her. I fear, when fog-time comes, she will suffer worse; at present we have sunshine, a new device, and [it] works very well. I hope they will continue the use of it while I am here, it seems so homelike and Yankee.

Most places have pleased us; some were disappointing. One great objection is the body of sight-seers one meets. To think of my being paraded in Shakspere's home by a lot of Americans! I went there to reverence and dream, not to be lionized and puffed and introduced. To enjoy such a visit one should be alone, or with one or two sympathizing spirits. Then the "blarsted" guides who gabble their shilling's worth of twaddle at you — bah! Well, old boy, we are at last in the great world, where I shall soon be known or lost in the fog. A few weeks will decide. I wish I could feel as hopeful and confident as my friends do. I can't get up an ounce of steam, try as I will. I 've often thought, while driving through these English lanes, that I was foolish in not having a hedge set out at Newport; it would have been in fine condition now. If you have occasion to communicate with P—— (I forget the name) ask what can be done; the cost, etc., of a holly hedge or Osage Orange,—by no means an arbor vitæ, I don't like 'em,—and if this English thorn could be obtained. Ever yours,

NED.

The next letter is dated from

ST. JAMES HOTEL, PICCADILLY,
October 4, 1880.

. . . OF course you received, after you wrote, a letter from me relative to my change of programme and London engagement. It was so sudden a spring upon me that I can yet hardly realize it. I begin when the theatre is ready, perhaps November 17. . . . In the mean time I shall be flurried and worried with numberless bothers, and all in a fog.

Did I tell you of the P. P. at Ammergau? I forget to whom I 've written since then. We had a wretched time, and were, in one sense disappointed with the affair. As a theatrical performance it was remarkable; as a dramatic performance it fell far below the expectations raised by the exaggerated letters published, some by distinguished people. The effect produced was that of sincere interest, but I could perceive no devout or religious feeling manifested by any, auditors or actors. I believe that Biblical subjects, well acted, if kept within the bounds of reverence (I mean if they do not come too near the point of sacrilege), would be of great good service. These people, strange to say, do not shock you, but I hardly believe their performance serves any purpose. Altho' I 'm glad I 've seen it, I would not care to go again.

I 've already written more than I thought I could, for my head is stuffy and aches. My wife is under Dr. Mackenzie's treatment, who speaks encouragingly of her case, but she has a terrible cough and is very hoarse. We have seen nothing here. Paris tired us in a very few days, and its horrid smells and filth marred our enjoyment of what we saw there.

We had to skip the Rhine, because of arrangements made for us at Ammergau which required haste. So we went along it by rail, and "pooh-poohed" all the way from Cologne to ——, where we left it, like truly disgusted Yanks. By the by, I smelt no smell in Cologne to equal those of Paris. But of course Paris leads in everything. Coquelin's acting at the Français was excellent, the best I saw in Paris; Croisette and the rest were of less account. . . . Good-night, with love to all of yours,

NED.

In this letter came the following written in pencil on a card:

Digitized by Google

I have just rec'd a N. Y. "Mirror" full of Abbey's intentions regarding the Passion Play at Booth's. See Winter, if you can, and ask him to use his influence for me, as one of the leaders of the "stage-coach," and selfishly (perhaps) because my name is associated with the *outrage*, as well as for the sake of Christendom, against this sacrilege. As for the pious peasants — well, that may be all right, but I notice they charge full fare for wretched accommodations, and sell their photographs in character at a higher rate than you can get them in the Munich shops! But I shall write Winter as soon as I can. A "Herald" man interviewed me in Paris. I told him just what I 've said to you (in fewer words), and Kate Field told me that *he* told her a contrary version of my opinion. Let America know that I deprecate any such attempt as Abbey proposes. I think he is misled; he is a good fellow, and I am sure he would not for the sake of gain and popularity give such a damning blow at the drama, which can do good work, if properly directed, without resort to such unnecessary methods. I scribble this in haste to catch the mail. NED.

As is well known, Mr. Abbey's proposal was not carried out, and the "Passion Play" was not given at Booth's Theater. The feeling was universally against it, and as soon as Mr. Abbey perceived this, he with characteristic good judgment abandoned the idea. Thus far, though several attempts have been made to play it, it has never been produced here.

(To be continued.)

William Bispham.



COMBATANTS.

HE seemed to call me, and I shrank dismayed,
Deeming he threatened all I held most dear;
But when at last his summons I obeyed,
Perplexed and full of fear,
I found upon his face no angry frown —
Only a vizor down.

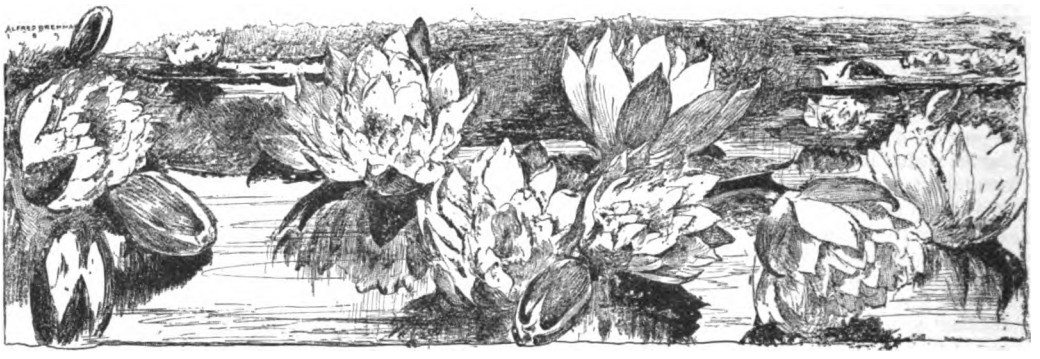
Indignant that his voice, so calm and sweet,
In my despite, unto my soul appealed,
I cried, "If thou hast courage, turn and meet
A foeman full revealed!"
And with determined zeal that made me strong,
Contended with him long.

But, oh, the armor he so meekly bore
Was wrought for him in other worlds than ours!
In firm defense of what he battled for,
Were leagued *eternal* powers!
I fell; yet overwhelmed by my disgrace —
At last I saw his face!

And in its matchless beauty I forgot
The constant service to my pledges due;
And with adoring love that sorrowed not,
Entreated, "Tell me who
Hath so o'erthrown my will and pride of youth."
He answered, "I am Truth."

Florence Earle Coates.

Digitized by Google



MR. CUMMIN'S RELINQUISHMENT.

MR. JOHN CUMMIN had been called first "Uncle Jack," and subsequently "Uncle Jacky" long before I ever was born. He was a stoutish, plain, tolerably educated, thoroughly honest, intensely good-hearted, well-to-do country gentleman of whom all of his acquaintances used to speak with much respect, even much affection, although he was nothing in this wide world but an old bachelor; because, you must know, he had not become so from any wilful neglect of such matrimonial opportunities as had come, or nearly had come, in his way in the times of his youth, manhood, and even incipient old age. According to tradition, besides having, when a young man, a good property and first-rate habits, he was good-looking enough for any young woman in the whole neighborhood whose demands in that line were not extravagantly unreasonable. He had not been without several romantic experiences which had ended contrary to his many hopes and even a few of his expectations. Some sadness, at last become painless; was suspected to linger within his heart in recollection of one of these experiences in particular; yet upon the whole he lived ever in a reasonable contentment, and not seldom indulged in jesting where he was entirely sure that it would do no hurt. I happened to find out one day that, along with the sadness just mentioned, if there were not, there very well might be, some pride in recalling a sacrifice once made by him in the face of a sorely trying temptation.

Knowing me from my birth, and being a dear friend of our family, when I came to the bar he took much interest in my success, occasionally bringing or advising others to carry to me cases of not great importance. At such times he would speak jocosely about thus:

"Here 's a little somethin' I brought you to try your hand on. They ain't much in it; I don't know if I had n't about as soon lose it as win it, and so I brought it to you. Umph! you understand."

One day, two years afterward, being now quite an old man, he came into my office in order to give me instructions about his last will and testament, which he wished me to write. One of the items led me to inquire how it was that he had never married.

He was silent for several moments, then with something of a smile on his face he answered:

"Well, now, my young lawyer, what you asked you might call jest one single lone ques-t'on by itself; but I should, that is, me myself, I should call it a many a quest'on; and if I was to go over all of 'em and tell you all what I done, and all what I did n't do, and then turn round and norate all the whys and the wherefores on the lines o' them quest'ons, it would be a biogerphy — yes, sir, a perfect biogerphy, and nothin' short o' that; that is, you understand, I mean if I was to begin at the beginnin', which you might call it my first sproutin' days, on and on, down twell the time of my dryin' up for good, which you may n't believe it, but it were, off and on, forty year and better. Oh, you may lift up your eyebrow, for you young people think time a man git to be forty and the rise, it 's too late for him to be keerin' about such a thing as marryin' and the havin' of a wife, and he better be spendin' o' his time in

Digitized by Google

lookin' out how he 's to stand in the next world. And that 's jest where you 're all monst'ous bad mistaken, as I know by awful expe'unce."

After a pause, in which he seemed to be indulging in remote retrospect, he continued:

"Yes, yes, indeed. I begun soon and I helt on late. It first struck me when I were about fifteen year old, and it struck me deep — deep as you ever see a colt stuck in the mire of a creek-bottom when it seem like he can't pull hisself out, not by his own strenk. And albe' I were as healthy a boy as you ever knowed, I got weakly and puny, and I lost great quantity of my appertite for my victuals, and I tried to write some po'try, but fort'nate could n't, because I never learnt how, and — well, sir, fact is, I jest ketched the moloncholy all thoo and thoo me, that I did. But one thing I knewed for cert'n, and that were, if my father was to happen to find out the whole fix I were in, he 'd take me out it with the hick'ry, if it could n't be took out no other way, and that speedy. And so I swallowed much of it as I could, a-knowin' well as if anybody told me so that I had begun to bark too soon, and up the wrong tree at that; for the girl were six year older than me, and 't were n't so very long time before she got married, and so then, why you know, I jest had to give it up, of course; and I done it like a honer'ble man and a honer'ble boy 'll always do, which if he did n't, somebody ought to shoot him, which that have been my opinion about sech a thing from fur back as I can ric'lect.

"Now, that were my first off-start in that kind o' business, if a body might name sech a thing by the name o' *business*. Did n't I tell you if I was to answer all your quest'on, it 'd be a biogerphy?"

I assured him that I was much interested in his talk, and that I would like to hear more of it, if the recital were not painful or disagreeable to him.

"Oh, no; oh, no. It ain't no painful to me now, and, as to that, no dis'greeable, when anybody want or they keer to know about it. I done got over sech as that a long ago. Well, if you want me to tell you jest for your own cur'osity, it were n't so very long before I got in ag'in, and I kept on a-gittin' in, sometimes ruther mild, but 'casional strong as piz'n. For my expe'unce is that this here thing people calls love it takes holt of people in differ'nt and war'ous ways. Sometimes it ain't much more trouble to a feller than a bad cold, or a crick in the neck, or a bile on the elbow; which sech as that is ill-convenant, to be sure, matter o' course, but he know it ain't a-goin' to kill him out and out, nor run him a-ravin' distracted; but if he 'll go 'long and have patient, he 'll git over it after a while, more or less. Then ag'in the thing strike him and it break out all over him; and he jest know something 's got to be done, or they ain't no tellin' what 'll happen; I 've had all the symptims, and I know 'em same as a book.

"But the de'ficulty — that is, I may say, the de'ficultest thing — with me were, I were never peert enough at the business like women like a feller to be; and many time when I have been studyin' about how to fix up and express my mind like it seem to me a man by good rights ought to express hisself on sech a ser'ous and solemn occasion, why, sir, another feller have come in that were peerter in his words, and in his motions, and in his ways in gen'l, and he have used a whole lot o' dictionary language I never learnt, and the first I knowed, he have overpersuaded my sweetheart, and she have flewed away with him — clean away."

He waved his hand sadly yet uncomplainingly to the far-away fugitives, and thus proceeded:

"You want to know who they was that got in ahead o' me that way the oftenest? Well, sir, it was widowers, that somehow they know how to make theirselves the overpersuadin'est to women of all that goes. Why, sir, they can git up a cry whensoever they want to, which women can't always stand up against sech as that, and they know it; and the older they git, the younger the female they 'll choosen for their companion if they can, and the pitifuller they 'll put up their cryin' to 'em. Yes, sir; that 's my expe'unce o' them widowers."

He shook his head at thought of the utter emptiness of endeavors on the part of such as he to compete with rivals so experienced and artful.

"And so it kept on, first one way, then another, ontwell I got to forty, — goin' on to forty-one, — and people begun to call me old bachelor, when I were no more a-wantin' to be one o' them creatur's than you do this minute (that people say is already done engaged), not one grain more: that I did n't, because I always did believe of all things the good Lord in his wisdom ever made, they are the driest and unuselessest. And then some o' the young girls and boys they must begin to call me Uncle Jack, and it was Uncle Jack this, and Uncle Jack that; yit, sick as it made me to hear 'em, I darnes n't let on, a-knowin' if I did, it would only make 'em double it on me. But it had the eeffect, all I could do to help myself, to make me yit slower in all my gaits; and when, along up to fifty and the rise, they sot in a-callin' of me Uncle Jacky, I suspicioned strong that exceptin' somethin' turned up soon and onexpected like, my time for sech as that would be up. And sure enough it did;

Digitized by Google

that is, I thought it did, and it come a mighty nigh a-doin' of it."

There was an appealing look on his face as in softened tone he proceeded:

"The last time my mind were worked up in that kind o' style, it were where I come the nighest, and it were the closetest and the try-in'est of 'em all. You need n't tell anybody I told you about it—at all ewents, twell arfter I 'm gone. I were fifty-six—in my fifty-seb'nt'. It were Matildy Owens, who she were then twenty-two. She were a perfect fair pink for beautiful and sweet—that she were; and she were sensible, and she were modest, and she were dilicate, and she were home-stayin', and she were industr'ous. Fact is, to my belief twell yit her ekal were n't in all around, and that 's sayin' a heap; for in them days, as for pooty, nice, industr'ous girls—well, all I got to say, I don't see them now to compar' with 'em, that I don't. I been havin' my eye on Matildy Owens four or five year, and then I sot in a-courtin' of her jest because I loved her to that that I could n't keep from it. I had a plenty o' prop'ty, and I knowed this. I could make her parrents, well as her, have more comforts. They was poor, but they lived decent. It were my meanin' to pay her father out o' all debt, and help him fix up his house better, and some other ways he needed. When him and her mother found out what were on my mind, they was willin' for me to have her, and they ruther had been a-persuadin' of her to that eeffect. And so, when I put the ques-t'on down to her pine-blank, she said that yes she 'd have me, and she said it squar' out and out, calm, same like I 'd asked her about the weather or the time o' day. Tell the truth, it were the happiest of all my born days, and I never forgot it: that I never did. She have never—that is, to my face—Matildy Owens have never called me Uncle Jacky, nor not even Uncle Jack, and that made me warm up to her the closeter, and let me feel I were n't so very everlastin' too old for her, that it did. And I said to myself, 'Jack Cummin, you are gettin' ruther oldish, if not quite yit beginnin' to git old, and Matildy Owens is young; but you can be good to Matildy, and not git jealous of her because she 's got and is ableeged to have young ways, which you hain't, and natchul can't; and when it come time for you to die off and leave her, you can leave her with a good prop'ty and a plenty for her parrents to live on, and so my opinion is you can take the resk.' Now, that 's what I said to myself."

Here the old man paused and rubbed his head, as if embarrassed by a regret which his rehearsal of a dear experience made appear to be deeper than he had supposed. Then, continuing, he said:

"Well, sir, I begun to think about it with the ser'ousness that a man had ought to always think about sech a matter, because marryin' is a ser'ouser and a solem'er business than some people look at it, when a man put on the best things he can rake up and he call on God A'mighty to testify for him and to stand by him. I tell you now that at sech a time a man have got—well, he jest *have* to put hisself right on the squar'. That 's what come to me to try to do arfter thinkin' about it in the ser'ous way I been a-talkin' to you, and that 's what final I did do a'cordin' to my ability."

After another brief pause, he cleared his throat with some violence and resumed:

"They ain't much more of it to tell; but what they is, it 's to the p'int. There were a young fellow—you know Sam Bowers. A thrivin' man, and a good citizen, Sam is. It were him—that same Sam Bowers. Now, Sam he were in love with Matildy, and that to a pow'ful extent. But he were poor like the Owenses, and when I took to goin' over there freckwent and he suspicioned what was up, Sam drapped out, he did. I were ruther sorry for Sam; for he were good-hearted, toler'ble in-dustr'ous, and oncommon good-lookin'. Some said that if Sam had the prop'ty to back him up, to their opinion he could cut in now, late as it were, and git Matildy; and them words come to my year. And so, when, as I tell you now, if I knowed myself, I were no more jealous o' Matildy than I am o' you this minute, yit it putt me to thinkin' a sight ser'ouser than before; and as the time were comin' along for the app'intin' o' the day, it seem like I could n't think about not another blessed thing, not only in the daytime, but of a night long arfter I went to bed; and when I 'd wake up of a mornin' I 'd go right straight to thinkin' about it ag'in, twell it seem like to me, if somethin' were n't done, my very senses was goin' to give way, and that in short.

"Ahem! ahe-e-em! Final one mornin' I rid over there. Matildy met me, the same calm modest as ever. I said, 'Howdy, Matildy?' and I set down in a cheer. I darsn't take holt of her hand; for I do think, on my soul, her hand, spite o' the work she done, it were the softest and affectionest I ever helt in mine endurin' all my lifetime. And so I never teched it; but I told her to take a seat, and when we had passed a few words, like people always does when they jest met and howdy'd, I looked at her squar', and I said, 'Matildy, I come over this mornin' to ask you a solemn quest'on, and it 's if do you think you like me well enough to marry me?' Well, sir, the child turned pale. Yit she said she thought she did; leastways, she hoped she did, and she were a-prayin' every day and every night to the good Lord to help

Digitized by Google

her to do her juty by me. And then I says to her, 'Matildy, they tell me Sam Bowers is in love with you, but the feller is poor and have therefore helt back, thinkin' that, if nothin' else, would hender him from makin' the connection.' Well, sir, from white she turned red, red as any rose you ever see, and I see some water in her eyes. 'What you reckon I done then? I tried to look onconcerned, when, fact is, I were a-bilin' over all inside o' me. And then I says to her, 'Matildy, my child, it won't do. You 've tried honest to love me, and you can't. I might have knew, and I ought to have knew, it were ag'inst nater to do it; I 'm thankful, and God A'mighty bless you for tryin' it. Now let me tell you somethin': I 'm a-goin' to git on my horse, and I 'm a-goin' straight from here to Sam Bowers's, and I 'm a-goin' to tell Sam that I 'll let him have the money to buy a piece o' land, and put up a decent little house, and stock it with furnicher and things him and you 'll want to start with, and then I 'm a-goin' to send Sam right straight here to you.' Them 's about the wery words I said to her. Well, sir, she riz, she did, and she cried, and she said that no, she wanted me to do no sech, but to let things stand jest like they were a-standin' then. You see, the poor child she wanted to act perfect honer'ble, and I never loved her before like I loved her then — that I never did, and the good Lord know it. And when I riz to go, she helt out her hand, and she put up her lips like I might kiss 'em one time. But I helt up my hand so, jest so, and I turned away from her, and I said, 'No, Matildy, no; I 've done give you up to Sam, and Sam might n't like it.' And I never told her good-by. Seem to me like I did n't have the strenk.

"Ahem! a-a-haam! And when I got to Sam Bowers, he were in the field a-plowin' of a colt he been breakin'; and it were n't more 'n a quarter of a' hour before Sam jerked that colt out of the plow, slung the trace-chains acrost his shoulders, lit on his back, said thanky and good-by to me, galloped to the house, shucked hisself out his workin'-clothes, slid hisself into his Sunday's, and flewed over to the Owenses. That were what Sam Bowers done, a-knowin' that well he might.

"And then I rid back home. I had been a kind o' tryin' to fix up things there a leetle bit, so they would n't look quite so thin and bach'lor-like. I got up some new crock'ry, and some new cal'ker curt'ns, and a bolt o' kyarpetin' to put down in the big room; and when I throwed my eyes around, everything, special them new things, looked so lonesome that I went to my bed, and I lay down on it, and I cried like a child, that I did. And it seem like to me I could n't have stood it, exceptin' for thinkin' I been doin' what it were plain my juty to do as a honer'ble man before God A'mighty. Because it seem like to me, if I 'd 'a' took Matildy, it would not be so very diff'ent from the buyin' of a' innercent little lamb and a-sackerficin' of it; and I said to myself, 'Jacky Cummin, no, if they have to be a sackerficin', let it be you, and not Matildy; let it be the old, and not the young.' And when I done that, I felt better in here, right in here."

And he placed his hand softly on his breast.

"Well, well, time for me to be a-leavin'; but I 'll add a few, jest only a few. That 's been twenty year ago — yes, mighty nigh twenty-one. Sam and Matildy has done well, mighty well. You know what a respect'ble, fine, th'ivin' man Sam Bowers is. They has had five children, and one of 'em, a pooty boy baby he were, they named arfter me; but, don't you know, time he got to be a year old or sech a matter, poor little feller, he ketched the croup and died, that he did.

"And now, if you 're tired, blame yourself for askin' me sech a long quest'on; and you know now how come I to tell you to put down that itom in my will, a-leavin' o' five thousand dollars to Matildy. But that 's to be betwix' me and you — leastways twell arfter I 'm gone."

Richard Malcolm Johnston.

Digitized by Google

THE BURDEN OF AGE.

"Ah, how the years exile us into dreams!"—WALTER CAREY.

THERE is a dancing in the morning beams,
There is a rainbow sown amid the dew,
There is a glint of gold shot through the sands,
A molten sapphire in the mountains' hue,
And Hope down comes with all her singing bands.
Nay, nay, it is not so; 't was long ago!
There *was* a dancing in the morning beams:
Ah, how the years exile us into dreams!

There is a glamour in the moon's white gleams,
There is the touch that charmed Endymion's eyes,
A spirit mounting from the clod and stone,
A spirit bending from the bending skies—
And Love in midst of all sets up his throne!
Nay, nay, it is not so; 't was long ago!
There *was* a glamour in the moon's white gleams:
Ah, how the years exile us into dreams!

There is a wonder-light on woodland streams,
A murmur in the green o'erhanging boughs,
A rustle in the fronded ranks of fern—
And, lo! the Muse with rapt enwreathèd brows,
And eyes that seen and unseen things discern!
Nay, nay, it is not so; 't was long ago!
There *was* a wonder-light on woodland streams:
Ah, how the years exile us into dreams!

Some other world, perchance, our loss redeems,—
Light to dead eyes and speech to lips all dumb
Brings back,—brings us and ours from banishment!
So may our dreams a living joy become;
But here all things that are, with doubt are blent,
Within the mists that blow from long ago!
Some other world, not this, our loss redeems:
Ah, how the years exile us into dreams!

Edith M. Thomas.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Lowell's Last Gift to Literature.

THAT Lowell could keep in his portfolio unused such literary material as that which Professor Norton has been willing to give to the public through the pages of THE CENTURY, is a new and signal proof of the abounding genius of the man. Such prodigality of wit and learning, invention and illustration, such insight along with such luminous expressiveness, and such sane and wholesome vitality, have belonged in equal measure to no other English writer of our day. It must be that these precious posthumous fragments will deepen the impression made by Lowell upon the mind of this generation; and they cannot fail to serve as an index, wherever one may be needed, to the splendid store of his already published works.

Buying and Selling Votes.

WE publish among our "Open Letters" a somewhat startling account by Mr. J. B. Harrison of the extent to which debauchment of the suffrage has been carried in New Hampshire. He estimates the number of purchasable votes in the State at 10 per cent. of the whole,

Digitized by Google

which is the estimate that the Providence "Journal" made a year or more ago in regard to the same class of votes in Rhode Island. Professor J. J. McCook, writing in the "Forum" for September, 1892, placed the number of venal voters in Connecticut at more than 15 per cent. of the whole number. Our readers have not forgotten the remarkable article which Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks contributed to THE CENTURY for October, 1892, in which he showed that in many localities in New York State the percentage of venal voters ranged from 10 to 35 per cent., that in Michigan about 5 per cent. is said to be the average number, and that in other Western States the percentage goes much higher in exciting elections.

It cannot be said, therefore, that Mr. Harrison's figures for New Hampshire are too high to be accepted without question. The saddest part of his statement is that declaring that "a large proportion of the whole number of purchasable votes in the State are those of native New-Englanders." Professor McCook's estimates for Connecticut showed over one half to be Americans. Professor Jenks made no estimate of nationalities, but he cited many cases showing that among those most ready to sell their votes were many native-born Americans.

There is one other point upon which all these students of the problem agree, and that is as to the condition of public sentiment toward the venality. While nobody openly sustains vote-buying, in the heat of campaigns upright members of both parties contribute money which they know will be used for that purpose, and justify their conduct in so doing by such arguments as Mr. Harrison cites. They all deprecate the practice, despise and refuse to trust the men whose votes they buy, but shut their eyes to the immorality of their own conduct in supplying the purchase-money. It must be admitted, too, in deep humiliation, that virtually the whole of the purchase-money is contributed by native Americans. By a kind of moral strabismus these American citizens, in the ordinary walks of life upright and honorable men, persuade themselves that the political cause with which they are allied is so sacred, so essential to the well-being of the country, that its success must be secured at any cost, even that of bribery. "If we do not buy all the votes we can," they say, "our opponents will buy enough to carry the election, and that will never do. We must defeat their corruption with greater corruption, because our cause is so much purer and nobler and more patriotic than theirs." Of course what Mr. Harrison calls the "spirit of the game" is also a powerful influence. Men do not like to be on the losing side, and are willing to pay handsomely for the joys of victory.

In the periods between campaigns there is a strong public sentiment against this corruption of the franchise. We have seen the effects of this in the adoption of the Australian system of voting by nearly all the States, and of corrupt-practice laws in seven of them. The laws which Mr. Harrison refers to in New Hampshire were merely for the adoption of the Australian system, and were not aimed specifically at corruption, though they were, like similar laws in other States, expected to act as a salutary check upon it. Perhaps too much was expected of them in this way, for their practical use in New Hampshire and some other States has shown that their authors left defects in them which prevented that absolute secrecy in voting which is essential to make any such laws a barrier to bribery. The most intelligent advocates of the Australian system never claimed for it that it would abolish all corruption from elections, but maintained from the outset of their agitation in its favor that it must be supplemented by corrupt-practice laws of the most stringent character. Half-way measures, like the laws of New York, Massachusetts, Michigan, and a few other States, cannot be expected to do more than diminish the evils at which they are aimed. We must have thoroughgoing statutes, like those of Missouri and California, and we must have also a vigilant and determined public opinion to secure their enforcement. We must not merely prohibit bribery and all other forms of corruption, but we must limit the amount of money each candidate can spend, we must enforce a strict public accounting for every penny received and disbursed, and we must deprive of office and of citizenship every candidate or other person who violates the law. Then we shall abolish corruption from our elections as utterly as it has been abolished from English elections. Bribery and corruption in England, previous to the enactment of the Corrupt Practices Law there in 1883, were far more general and more varied in form than they have ever been in this country. So successful was the law from its first trial, that public opinion in England enforces it as one man in every election, the whole people acting as a detective agency to watch candidates and their agents and to bring them to justice if they dare defy the law.

We must arouse ourselves to similar vigilance here, and must do so soon, for popular institutions cannot long stand the strain which such performances as those which Mr. Harrison and others have revealed put upon them in every election. When each great political party stands on guard over the other to prevent it from buying votes, instead of standing, as at present, as a rival bidder, the nefarious business will come to an end. We are confident that this point will be reached in the near future; for in addition to the growth of a healthier public sentiment on the subject, the steadily increasing size of the corruption funds, each succeeding campaign calling for a larger one, is convincing many of the professional politicians themselves that a change must be made.

Establish Trade Schools!

IN bringing to a close the series of articles which have appeared in this place during the past year, on the need of trade instruction for American boys, we shall accede to the wish of the late Colonel Auchmuty, expressed on his dying bed, and put what we have to say into the form of a plea for the establishment of trade schools. Our readers have followed the series to slight purpose if they have not seen by the evidence adduced that the trade school is the only remedy for the present situation. The passing of the apprentice system, and the control of the American labor field by foreigners, have forced this country to adopt as a remedy the same expedient which the nations of Europe, as we showed in our preceding article, adopted under similar conditions.

Colonel Auchmuty was the pioneer in America in this field of public usefulness, and his New York Trade Schools furnish the model upon which the American system of trade instruction should be erected. When

Digitized by Google

he established his schools in 1881, trade instruction was almost unknown in this country. It exists at present here in its most perfect form in his schools, which cover nearly an acre of ground, are magnificently equipped, and are placed on a sure and lasting foundation by the munificent endowment fund of half a million dollars presented by Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Their founder's idea, successfully carried out in practice, was to teach thoroughly the science and practice of certain trades, leaving speed of execution to be acquired in real work after leaving the schools. Scientific instruction is given by means of lectures, by hand-books arranged with questions and answers, and by diagrams not only illustrating how work should be done, but showing the difference between good and poor work. Skilled mechanics are employed to give instruction in manual labor, who show the pupil how to hold his tools, how to stand, how to do each kind of work, and even to compel him to do it properly. There are day and evening classes, and pupils desiring to learn a trade quickly may attend both, provided they are able to do so. The trades taught include carpentry, bricklaying, plumbing, plastering, painting, stone-cutting, type-setting, and tailoring. An ambitious boy can learn at these schools in three or four months a trade which under the old apprentice system he could not have acquired in as many years, and can learn it far more accurately and scientifically than he could in a shop, for he is taught the theory as well as the practice of it.

In regard to the quality of the work of the graduates of the Auchmuty schools, their founder wrote only a few days before he died:

> The trade schools of New York city make no boast of what they are going to do. They simply point to the work which the graduates have done immediately after leaving the school and without intermediate practice. Brick buildings have been erected by them, the bricklaying of which a visiting committee from the Philadelphia Building Exchange pronounced to be equal to the best, the interior part of it which was not visible being equal to the exterior, which is not always the case with ordinary work. The skill of the graduates of the painters' class is so well known that it has created a wide-spread demand for their services. The plumbing graduates have been told more than once by critically inclined judges that if each plumbing-shop in New York sent a specimen of what its best workmen could do, the exhibit of the work of the graduates could not be excelled.

The attendance at the schools was at first small, beginning at 30, and was drawn mainly from the workshops. It consisted of young men who felt that they were learning little and that what they were learning would be of small use to them in life. These composed the evening classes. Then the day classes began to fill up with young men who had finished their studies in the public schools, who had no occupation in life, and who felt above the menial position of apprentice in a workshop. They were not ashamed to study a trade in a school, and they were quick to see that as scientific masters of a trade they had before them a future of employment at good wages, with a prospect of becoming master mechanics. Steadily the day and evening classes waxed larger, till the annual number reached into the hundreds, and the graduates numbered about 600 a year. They came to the schools from all parts of the United States and Canada, and all came with a genuine thirst for knowledge. The most striking proof of this was to be found in the distances which many of the pupils of the night classes traveled daily. After working all day, and living so far out of the city that a journey by railway and ferry and street-cars was necessary in order to reach the schools, these would come, spend the evening in the schools, and return home afterward, reaching their beds between eleven o'clock and midnight. Colonel Auchmuty kept a record of these sturdy samples of American perseverance and pluck, and was wont to exhibit it with pride and pleasure as the strongest evidence of the popular craving for the instruction which he was supplying.

In course of time, as the fame of the schools spread over the land, philanthropic persons in other cities visited them and established similar institutions in their own communities. The Master Builders' Exchange in Philadelphia established the Mechanical Trade School, which has now been in successful operation for several years. The Chicago Polytechnic Institute opened a trade school under the supervision of the Chicago Builders and Traders' Exchange. At present trades are taught to beginners at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, at the Free Institute in Worcester, at Hampton Institute in Virginia, at Clark University in Georgia, to the Indians at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and to young men in many asylums and reformatories. There are also in many parts of the land excellent manual-training schools, and the number of these is steadily increasing. Their function is to prepare pupils for the trade schools, and thus enable the latter to accomplish the best results. As Colonel Auchmuty said in one of his many public addresses on the subject:

> The plan which seems best suited to American needs, is to let a lad remain at school until eighteen, develop him mentally, morally, and physically, and by the latter I mean to develop his body by gymnastics and his hand and eye by manual training. Then, when he is old enough to know for what sort of work he is suited, let him go, if he wants to be a mechanic, to a trade school to learn his trade, precisely as young men now go to the professional, the agricultural, or the business school. It is unreasonable to waste four or five years in learning what can be acquired in a very much shorter time, and it must also be remembered that machinery is constantly revolutionizing the old trades, and the skill upon the acquirement of which so much time may have been spent may not be needed.

In every great city of the land this idea ought to be put into practical operation by the establishment of at least one great trade school, and the multiplication in all directions of the number of manual-training schools. In what other way can an American do his country so high and necessary a service? Since the New York Trade Schools were established, over four thousand young men have passed through them and out into the world. In an address which Colonel Auchmuty delivered before the American Social Science Association a few years ago, he said of this contribution to sturdy American citizenship as its members passed over the bridge which he had constructed for them between enforced idleness and a life of honest industry:

> I seem to see that long procession, full of youthful hope and the earnest desire to succeed in life. Some went over and were not heard from again, others, discouraged, came back, but many, very many, went on, and undaunted by insult or wrong, with true American grit, fought their way to independence and prosperity. Their names fill a good-sized volume, their letters are many in number. From them have come kind messages. "The New York Trade Schools were the making of me," is one that is often heard. And I can safely say that they, with their brave young

Digitized by Google

hearts, with their perseverance and their trust that right will in the end conquer wrong, have made the New York Trade Schools.

We are being confronted with the question whether within the American republic there is to be established another government of knights of federations and of supreme councils, self-constituted, sitting in secret, judging in secret, and issuing decrees that must be obeyed at the peril of life and property.

Trade-unions, all admit, are necessary for the protection of the wage-earner, but what is wanted are trade-unions controlled by Americans, and not, as at present, by foreigners. Barriers have been erected against the entrance of our countrymen into the trades, while the foreigner is made welcome. Let us have manhood enough, be brave enough, to throw these barriers down. It cannot be done easily, but the time has come to try to do it. Our young men, though graduates of our public schools, stand on every street corner, begging for the privilege of being allowed to work in the land of their birth. Fill the workshops with them. They will then control the trade organizations, and labor difficulties will disappear; for intelligent, well-educated American workmen while maintaining their own rights will respect the rights of others.

With that eloquent appeal from the founder of a system of instruction which we are confident will grow into national dimensions before many years shall have passed, we leave the subject for the present. There must surely be in this land of wealth and great private fortunes many men who will be glad to follow in the footsteps of Colonel Auchmuty, and, like that model citizen and true patriot, win the title of national benefactor.

Notes to the Apprentice Series.

WE have received many letters while the publication of the series of articles now brought to a close has been in progress, relating to various aspects of the subject, a few of which call for brief notice.

A manufacturer in Providence, Rhode Island, thinks mention should be made of the fact that the machine-shops and foundries throughout New England, in Philadelphia, and other parts of the East, are in the habit of taking apprentices. We were aware of that fact, but it seems to us to form merely an exception to the general rule — to show that in a few trades the old apprentice system still retains a foothold.

A letter from Port Huron, Michigan, contends that in saying that the trade-unions admit freely foreign laborers who come here during the busy season, returning to Europe at its close, we were in error so far as the International Union of Bricklayers and Masons is concerned, for under Article 13, Section 10 of that union's constitution, no person can join the union without first "declaring his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States *or Canada*." Our authority for the statement assailed is the report for 1885 of the New York Commissioner of Labor, Mr. Peck, which contains a separate chapter on the subject, giving the testimony of the laborers themselves. In a table summing up the results of his inquiries, Mr. Peck gives the number of bricklayers who come into New York from Europe annually during the busy season and return again at its close as 300. On page 489 of the report the testimony of John J. Donnelly, a bricklayer, is given, in which he places the number of men in his trade who "come over from Europe and work during the busy season, and then return," at 10 per cent. "Do they belong to your union?" Donnelly is asked, and his reply is: "Yes, they do. They join our organization. They can go home and come back again on the same card. Every man who joins our union gets what we call a working-card; it is good for six months; very few run over six months: it is then out, and he has to pay his initiation fee over again."

It is plain from this testimony that the provision which our Port Huron correspondent cites is not enforced in New York. His citation of it shows that Canadian citizenship is regarded by the union on equal terms with American; and one of the working-men's grievances set forth in the testimony in Mr. Peck's report is that great numbers of Canadians come into this country with Europeans during the busy season.

We have received also a valued letter from the Rev. Frederick H. Wines, of the Census Bureau, correcting some unofficial figures which we quoted in the September number of THE CENTURY in regard to the number of penitentiaries, county jails, and their cost of maintenance, etc. Mr. Wines gives the official figures as follows: The number of penitentiaries and State prisons is 75; the number of county jails is 2600. The capacity of all the prisons does not exceed 100,000 or 125,000. The average cost of construction has not been more than $1000 per capita, so that the total cost must have been somewhere between $100,000,000 and $150,000,000. The cost of maintenance at about $200 per prison, which is a fair average allowance, involves in all our prisons and reformatories an annual outlay of about $20,000,000, from which must be deducted the earnings, which are not large. Mr. Wines adds:

> The cost of prisons is, however, but a small portion of the cost of crime. The police and the courts must also be taken into account, and the private and individual losses, as well as the expense involved for the support of criminals not actively engaged in the practice of their nefarious pursuits, while "looking for a job," outside of prison walls. It is misleading to base comparisons upon the census, and to say, as THE CENTURY does: "Since 1850, we have had an increase of 445 per cent. in criminals as compared with an increase of 170 per cent in population." The increase in the criminal population has not been nearly so great as the census would make it appear.

Some of our readers have been unable to reconcile the conclusions drawn by Mr. Lodge in his article on "The Census and Immigration," in the September CENTURY, with those drawn in the editorial article on "Idleness and Crime" in the same number. There is really no conflict between the two. Mr. Lodge based his deductions on all white convicts in penitentiaries, county jails, and a few other penal institutions, while the deductions in the editorial were based upon the white male convicts in all penitentiaries, prisons, county jails, and reformatories. A glance at the totals used in the two articles will show that different sets of figures were used.

Lessons of the Silver Delusion.

THE first lesson which we trust this country has learned from its recent disastrous experience with depreciated silver money is a correct idea of what constitutes a standard or measure of value. Without such a standard there can be no trade, no commerce, — either domestic or foreign, — no industry, no civilization.

All nations from the dawn of civilization have been seeking by practical experiment and daily trial to find the best instrumentality for this purpose. One after another they have come to the conclusion that gold, more than any other thing known to men, best meets the

Digitized by Google

demand. What is wanted is a scale to which all commodities can be brought to have their value ascertained, or, in other words, a common denominator of values. It must have the highest attainable degree of stability in its own value; that is, must represent such an average amount of labor in its production from month to month and from year to year, that its value will vary only in an imperceptible degree as time advances. It must be so scarce that a small quantity of it will have a large value, in order that it may pass readily from hand to hand and be transported easily from place to place; so durable as to be impressionable and capable of division and subdivision and reunion without loss; and of a value so universally recognized as to be accepted without question at its face-value the world over.

In reaching the conclusion, after a hundred years of experiment, that gold, above all other commodities, best meets these requirements, the civilized nations of the earth have simply been profiting by human experience. They have found, one after another, experimenting separately, that gold is the best instrumentality for measuring values and effecting exchanges, and they have united to make it the money of account in the commercial world, and of all international trade. They have done this, not out of a sentimental regard for gold as gold, or out of a mysterious and inexplicable hostility to silver as silver, but because as a demonstrated fact gold performs, to quote the lucid language of Professor Taussig, "the functions of a measure of value and of a standard of value with as close an approach to perfection as there is any reasonable ground for expecting from any monetary system."

What we had been doing in this country from 1878 to the revolt against the silver-purchase act, was to ignore and defy this decision of civilized mankind, this fruit of human experience for hundreds of years, and to try to set up as our standard of value an instrumentality which had been abandoned by other nations after long trial, because it lacked the first requisite of a measure of value—stability. The mere threat of such conduct was sufficient to unsettle American credit the world over. In proportion as we advanced toward the accomplishment of the threat this alarm increased, until credit was entirely destroyed and the country was brought to the verge of financial, commercial, and industrial collapse. The entire trouble was due to a fear that we would repudiate the gold standard and gold values, and pay all our debts in the depreciated and unstable value of silver.

In no other country in the world could a threat of this remarkable kind have been made with more disastrous results. Our great need is more capital, especially for the South and West. The great source of supply for this is foreign countries, yet we made it impossible for them to send it here by casting a doubt upon the value of the money in which we would repay our loans. The consequence was that millions of money which would have come here naturally, had there been no doubt about our standard of value, were locked up in London and other foreign cities, its owners preferring to let it lie idle rather than to loan it on such uncertain security as we offered. Precisely the same effect was produced upon domestic capital lying in savings-banks and elsewhere, and that, too, was withheld from trade. Here, too, doubts about the value of our money in the future led to general hoarding, and money was so scarce that it commanded a premium for use in the transaction of business. Industrial establishments were closed, and thousands of laborers were thrown out of employment. Banks were forced to suspend, business houses doing a legitimate trade upon borrowed capital were forced to fail, and the whole country fell into the most widespread and distressing period of business depression that it had ever known.

Behind the delusion for silver there lingered an idea that as a cheaper money it was to be desired by the debtor class — that gold was the money of the rich man and silver the money of the poor. We trust that this idea has been exploded forever in this country. Our readers will remember that we have maintained steadily in our articles in this department on "Cheap-Money Experiments," that the only money that the poor man wants is the best money, and that he is always the worst sufferer from cheap money. The worst sufferers from the recent depression were the poorer classes. As working-men, thousands of them were thrown out of employment. Through bank failures, many others, widows and orphans among them, lost a part or the whole of all they had in the world. Others, through the inability of banks and other concerns to pay dividends on their stock, because of the stagnation and suspension of business and loans, received no income upon their investments. The money-lenders of the world are not all rich men, as we have pointed out on former occasions, but people in moderate and even narrow circumstances who trust their little fortunes and earnings to capitalists and financiers to invest for them. The incomes of all these were cut off for a long period by this infatuation for silver and unreasoning hostility to gold.

Could anything be more preposterous than the denunciation, so common a few months ago, of gold as the "money of monarchs"? It is the money of the poor man the world over. He is a creditor for every day's work, and he wants his pay in the best and dearest money known to man. He wants to lend his savings with absolute certainty that he will get his loan back again, as well as his interest on it, in as good money as he loaned. He, like everybody else who either lends or borrows, wants the best and surest standard of value. In finding this, the experience of the human race is the only guide to follow. Other nations have found that in gaining a market for the surplus products of their labor they must employ the very best machinery of trade — railroads, steamships, the telegraph, money. We must do the same, or fall behind them in the march of civilization. There can be no nationality in standards of value. It is as absurd to attempt that in modern times, where the world's produce is sold in a common market, as to attempt in this country to have sectional standards, one for the East and another for the South and West. If we wish to trade with the world on the most favorable terms, we must adopt the world's medium of exchange and measure of value, for in that way alone can we deal with other nations on an equal footing.

Digitized by Google

OPEN LETTERS.

The Sale of Votes in New Hampshire.

THE number of votes in New Hampshire which are purchasable, and are sometimes purchased, is probably about 10 per cent. of the whole number of votes in the State. The men who have most acquaintance with the facts think this estimate too low. It appears to be certain that the number is increasing. Some of the purchasable voters are young French Canadians who have been here only a short time. They think it a sort of "lark" when they find they are to be paid something for their votes, and are apparently not aware of any serious wrong-doing in the transaction. Many of them afterward become good citizens and do not continue to sell their votes. Very few of the votes of our Irish citizens are purchasable. A large proportion of the whole number of purchasable votes in the State are those of native New-Englanders who, for any reason, have reached a "run-down" and "played-out" condition, have "lost their grip" and their chance, if they ever had any, and who have wounded and bruised their self-respect so often, and in so many ways, that it has lost most of its sensibility. Many of them are eager to find a purchaser, and some of them show business ability in playing off one offer against another, so as to obtain the best possible price for the only commodity they ever have for sale. These, of course, are entirely shameless, and as void of moral sense as hungry swine. There is also a considerable number of men, fairly good citizens in other respects, whose votes are purchasable. Some of them are poor, and the price tempts them. It seems an easy way of making a few dollars, and they see little harm in it. But these "pretty good men" are apt to deteriorate after they have a little experience in selling their votes.

It is not always possible to discover why a man sells his vote. The essential feature in the case is the fact that under existing conditions about such a proportion of men will, and do, sell their votes. There is no room for doubt, I think, that the number of purchasable votes is slowly increasing here, and an important proportion of this increase results from causes which are not accidental, superficial, or temporary, but which belong to the fundamental character and substance of our civilization.

When votes are sold they are, of course, also bought. The buyers of votes are the managers of the principal political parties. The actual processes of buying and paying for the votes are usually assigned to agents who are not candidates for office. These agents are well acquainted with the voters, have good memories, and some capacity for organizing and directing men.

Both the great political parties are engaged in the purchase of votes. It would not be much of a business if only one party engaged in it. Its very essence is the competition between the buyers, which runs up the price, and stimulates the sellers to vigorous effort to make the best possible bargain.

The number of votes which are purchasable, and are purchased, would probably often decide our elections if all or nearly all of them could be secured for either of the two principal political parties; but these votes are usually so divided between the parties that the result is uncertain until the votes are all counted and the returns all in. Any considerable preponderance of the purchasable vote in favor of either party depends upon superior management and superior contributions of money for the purchase of votes. When either party has more money available for this purpose than usual, good generalship consists in concealing this fact from the other party, and in being ready everywhere, on the morning of election day, to handle the purchasable vote promptly and effectively before the leaders on the other side find out what is going on. When the business actually begins at any polling-place, the local managers on the other side are of course soon aware of the fact; but it is then too late, usually, to overcome the advantage possessed by the party having the most money.

What is called public sentiment is, in a qualified way, strong and decided in opposition to this traffic; but the opposition to it is qualified in a very important manner and degree in the minds of the members of each political party by the feeling that it is much better to obtain success by the purchase of votes than to allow their antagonists to succeed by the same means. They say, "The sale of votes is undoubtedly wrong, and a portentous evil, but we did not invent or begin it, and are not responsible for it. As it is certain to be practised to a great extent, and the election may very likely be decided by it, it is better for us to avail ourselves of this means of success than to allow the opposite party to come into power by the use of the same instrument." This qualification, of course, neutralizes the objection, and removes from the public sentiment which is opposed to the sale of votes about all of its vitality. It is not in any great degree efficient in opposition to the purchase of votes while this nefarious business is carried on to such an enormous extent by the opposite party. Contempt for those who sell votes is common; but the public sentiment, which is always, without wavering or compromise, opposed to the purchase of votes, and which with prompt and unalterable decision rejects all chances of partizan advantage which might be gained by this means, is not a vital or considerable influence in this State. Such a public sentiment is not, I think, predominant or very vigorous in a majority of the citizens of any State of our country. I am obliged to admit this conclusion after considerable observation in nearly all the States.

Some years ago I happened to be in an important city in another New England State, at a meeting of educators, moralists, clergymen, literary people, and others interested in social, moral, and national advancement and reform. It was the day after the October election in Indiana, and at the noon recess of the meeting many of us who were in attendance walked down to the railway station to meet the train bringing the daily papers, that we might obtain news of the result, which was be-

Digitized by Google

lieved to prefigure that of the national election to be held a few weeks later. The easy social talk in the company was on this topic, and as we neared the station and heard the coming train, one of the leading men remarked, "There is no room for doubt that the State has been carried by the use of money, and I only hope our side has used enough of it to win." Several said, "Yes; I hope so," and there was no dissent. I waited; but as there was no protest, I asked, "Is not that rather dangerous ground?" This brought out a thoroughgoing defense of the plan of "carrying a State" by the purchase of votes, "under the circumstances, mind you"; the justifying reason urged being the importance of the success of the right party. As it happened, about all of us were at the time members of the "right party," and nearly all the company joined in this argument or applauded it, but all said that it was a sad state of things when men would sell their votes.

I could not see, and do not now, how selling votes is worse than buying them; but this is not the common or popular way of looking at the matter. Those who buy this commodity often despise those who sell it to them. I know a man who owns considerable property, who, it is said, received twenty-five dollars for his vote not long ago. Soon afterward he applied for a loan at the bank in his own town, offering ample security. But the principal officer of the bank, who was the local leader of the party which had purchased the vote, said: "No; he sold us his vote the other day. He can have no accommodations at this bank."

But the men who buy votes in this State are for the most part not impelled to the practice by attachment to the principles or policy of their party. The main inspiring and controlling feeling of the purchasers of votes here is *the spirit of the game*, the same feeling that it will not do to be beaten which actuates those who engage in a race or any similar contest. The leaders of both parties in this State say they regret that vote-buying is a feature of political contests here, and would be glad to see it laid aside or abolished. But neither side can stop while the other goes on, and there is no means or agency to bring about the effective coöperation of the two parties for the suppression of the evil.

In 1891 our legislature enacted a very stringent law to insure the purity of elections, and the leaders of each party almost forgot their manners in the effort to be first and most clamorous in advocacy of the measure. Men who had grown old in vote-buying denounced the practice with fervid eloquence, and urged the enactment of the law, which, they affirmed, would render our elections absolutely pure, and make every vote "the untrammeled expression of a freeman's unpurchased will." The new law was highly complex, and its penalties were severe. It was very extensively and easily violated. Some of the men who helped to enact the law have since violated it while acting as election officers under its provisions. Our legislature enacted another new election law last winter, but there is no perceptible advance in public interest or sentiment regarding the traffic in votes; and as no law has much self-executing power, neither the new law nor any other is likely to have much deterrent effect. It is not likely that the evil will come to an end or be greatly diminished very soon, or as an effect of any causes now in operation.

I have said that there are enough purchasable votes in the State to decide our elections if they were all, or nearly all, cast on one side. In some of our State elections the decisive majority is so small, and the number of purchased votes is relatively so large, as to render it entirely uncertain which party has a majority of the legal, unpurchased votes. If either party should denounce vote-buying unequivocally, and should abstain from it entirely, it would probably be defeated in every election.

Nobody appears to be specially responsible for the evil. It is a feature and product of our collective character, and of the stage of civilization which we have reached in New Hampshire. Various undesirable conditions and influences unite to uphold and perpetuate it, and it reinforces these unfavorable elements in turn. We have comparatively little discussion of public questions or political subjects; the results esteemed desirable being more readily obtained, it is thought, by quiet management and personal arrangements. The system has complex relations, and it is likely to last long enough for the most thorough study or investigation by anybody who wishes to examine it, and for the testing of any remedy which students of civilization may think it worth while to suggest.

FRANKLIN FALLS, N. H. *J. B. Harrison.*

The New School of Italian Opera.

IT is probable that when Mascagni wrote "Cavalleria Rusticana" he builded better than he knew. The remarkable success of this short opera, and that of Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci," can be attributed to nothing else so readily as to the unexpected answer to a public demand. It may be doubted whether the demand had a self-conscious existence, but the manner in which the Italians, Germans, English, and Americans have welcomed the short tragic operas is equivalent to a cry of "This is what we have desired." In a word, men and women of the day are not disposed to have their tragedies spun out to inordinate lengths. The three-volume novel has yielded to the story of forty or fifty thousand words. The epic poem has given way to the lyric in popular esteem. The electric telegraph has remodeled art as well as literature by creating a demand for speed in reaching the point; "Brevity is the soul of wit" has been written across every department of intellectual productiveness.

There was bound to be a reaction in the world of opera. It matters little where we discern the origin of the reaction. "Cavalleria Rusticana" was made known to the world as the winner of a prize offered for the best one-act opera. If, therefore, we hold that the reaction was the result of extraordinary shrewdness on the part of an Italian publisher seeking for some means of opposing the approaching supremacy of Teutonic works in his country, we do not modify the esthetic conditions leading to the change. For many years operas had been of too great length. So long as they were built on the Neapolitan lines, and consisted of disconnected arias dangled on a string of recitative, the length was not felt, because the attention was not constantly held. Nor did the Meyerbeer method, with its kaleidoscope of ballets, processions, quasi-dramatic ensembles, and

Digitized by Google

spectacular duos, weary the mind. These operas had their great moments and their insignificant half hours.

But when Wagner came with his closely knit scores, built on a system which appealed at once to the emotion and the intellect, and from beginning to end claimed unceasing attention, the listener found his powers somewhat overtaxed. Of course those who insisted on listening to the Wagner music-drama as they did to the Rossini opera grew weary with waiting for the aria that never came. But the earnest lover of art, who was not, like Glück's opponents, unwilling to "pay two florins to be passionately excited and thrilled instead of being amused," became aware when the curtain fell for the last time that he was weary. A recent biographer of Wagner declares that he could sit through one of the master's longest works twice without becoming tired. Some persons whom I know always feel after a performance of "Tristan," or "Die Götterdämmerung," as if they had been through a great emotional struggle, and they go home exhausted. The reign of these overwhelming, absorbing master-works was bound to bring about a reaction. I must not be misunderstood as intimating that Wagner's day is over. It has not yet reached its high noon. But

> When went there by an age, since the great flood,
> But it was famed with more than with one man?

The action of Sonzogno in offering the prize brought the new men and the new style to the front a year or two earlier than they would otherwise have come. The enormous tragedies of Wagner will continue to hold the stage by reason of the opulence of genius displayed in them. The works of Mascagni and Leoncavallo may or may not live, for it is still an open question whether they have the essence of greatness. But they have shown how a powerful, absorbing music-drama may be constructed so as to occupy about two hours in performance, and send the hearer home, not with his emotional resources drained, but with every feeling quickened, and his whole spiritual being thrown into a glow by the rapidity of the tragic history revealed to him.

What methods have these new men adopted, and what are they worth? The general impression that they have produced a new style is wholly erroneous. Their works are, without doubt, a direct outgrowth of an attempt to achieve conciseness without abandoning the contemporaneous Italian manner. Of that manner the master is Verdi, and his works are the models. Of course I do not mean his older operas, in which he himself was content to build after the Neapolitan pattern. I speak of his two later operas, "Aïda" and "Otello," in which he showed a determination to break away from the traditions which a long line of gifted men from Alessandro Scarlatti to Donizetti had fastened upon Italian opera. Verdi has been accused of imitating Wagner, or at any rate of yielding to his influence. The great Italian master undoubtedly did perceive that the Wagner theory, "The play 's the thing," which so notable an artist must always have felt to be the true one, had got hold of the public mind. He certainly saw that the rigidity of the old operatic forms would have to give way before the dramatic idea. And he quite as surely discerned the necessity of abandoning the cut-and-dried dance rhythms and timidly subservient accompaniments of Bellini and Donizetti. But it is beyond question that he did not set up Wagner as his model. He found a more congenial example nearer home. In the French opera, from its inception to the present time distinguished for flexible, expressive melody, dramatic purpose, and employment of the instrumental force for the enrichment of its emotional utterance, Verdi must have seen a model more suitable to a Latin race than the rugged, sweeping, militant style of Wagner. The swan of Busseto was far too wise to try to make his countrymen accept him in his old age wearing a Teutonic wolf's hide.

"Aïda" and "Otello," but especially the former, are the works in which Mascagni and Leoncavallo found the patterns for their melody and harmony. They have striven to advance beyond Verdi in complexity of rhythm and freedom from cautious processes of modulation. Here, of course, those who are fond of attributing all that is progressive in contemporaneous musical art to the genius of Wagner may detect the influence of the Bayreuth master; and no doubt he did show how many of the fundamental principles of Bach's polyphony could be applied to modern harmony with beautiful results. In "Aïda," Verdi introduced into Italian opera a totally new set of rhythms and a novel restlessness of harmony. In "Otello" he went still further, some of his modulations being quite as abrupt as Wagner's famous step from A flat into A natural in the "death motive" of "Tristan und Isolde." Mascagni and Leoncavallo have gone still further, but the attempts are so forced as to expose the method. Some of their modulations are obviously made for the sake of oddity.

These peculiarities, however, cannot be regarded as the result of the desire to be brief, except in so far as abrupt transition avoids the circumlocutory processes of modulation for which Spohr was censured. Nor can the absence of the *aria da capo*, the central sun of the old operatic system, be counted to the credit of these younger Italians. Verdi and the Germans had already shown its worthlessness, and a repeat for the sake of formality was not to be thought of in music whose purpose it was to avoid points of repose except at the ends of dramatic episodes. The greatest achievement of these young men in their condensation is the development to a high, if not the highest possible, point of the beautiful *arioso* style of Italy — a style which combines most of the powerful expressiveness of the Teutonic declamation with all of the vocal elegance and essentially singable qualities of the Neapolitan manner. The old-fashioned recitative, which in the earlier operas formed the connecting-links between the set pieces, is now used only rarely and in moments of the most colloquial dialogue. It was used largely for such dialogue in the earlier works; but the new libretti, condensing every scene to its most terse expression, bring the periods of high emotion closer together, and keep the music, which aims to express the feelings of the text faithfully, constantly throbbing with eloquent melody.

The short melodic phrase, used to signify some particular feeling, is employed with taste, discrimination, and dramatic force by these new writers, but it is not made the backbone of a system as it is in Wagner's wonderful structures of *leit-motiven*. Here again Mascagni and Leoncavallo have shown judgment. The *leit-motif* is far more suitable to a work of large extent,

Digitized by Google

in which there is room for a free treatment of a number of fundamental melodic ideas, than to a short opera, in which the score, from too much compression, would lose flexibility if built wholly of fixed ideas. Bizet in "Carmen" and Verdi in "Otello" made use of this modification of the *leit-motif* system, but it is much more effective in a short work than in a long one.

It cannot be doubted that the present movement in Italian opera is beneficial. The elements of the old Italian works were admirable; it was the undramatic combination of them that was to be censured. Mascagni and Leoncavallo are not men of creative genius; but Scarlatti and Meyerbeer were not, and yet each set a fashion in operatic writing. The two young men of to-day have shown how to make the opera swift, direct, and irresistible in its effects. It will be strange if the public approval of their methods does not produce a school of followers.

W. J. Henderson.

A Memory of Whittier.

IT was about sunset one Friday that I went to see Mr. Whittier, in answer to his message. I found him lying on the sofa of a square, old-fashioned room the two front windows of which faced the setting sun. He insisted on leaving the reclining position, and showed all his old interest in life; indeed, the illness which had come to him seemed at first hardly more than an indisposition in one always delicate.

"I want thee to go out on the balcony," said Mr. Whittier, "and get my glimpse of the ocean."

It was a glimpse of broad meadows, with great elms, over the Hampton marshes, then a golden brown, to the strip of sea where the white sails were. When I stepped back to the room, Mr. Whittier said, "Now I want to tell thee all about myself, and to-morrow thee will come again."

The next morning, after a night of good rest, came a sudden change, and with it the speech was less free and clear for a few hours. Later, in spite of increasing weakness, there was a return of power to talk, and the few words he cared to say were perfectly clear to accustomed ears. With great sensitiveness to sights and sounds, he could bear only the presence needed to administer to his wants, and it was advised that none save those in immediate attendance should be admitted to his room. At times we thought he gained, but he knew better than we. Food and medicines were a weariness; yet, for the sake of those who longed to help him, he would try to take the offered nourishment.

Sunday was a serenely beautiful day. The wonted peace of the lovely little village seemed even more peaceful because of the dying poet. The smell of the sweet clover, the silence broken only by the rustle of the leaves, come back to me when I try to put in words the story of that time. There were no dramatic incidents in those last days; the quiet end was like the quiet life. With a full appreciation that it must be good-by, he said to his niece, "Love only — love — to — the — world"; and she answered "Yes, dear," and gently laid him back on the pillow.

As I held his hand I heard him say, more to himself than to me, "There are so many beyond;" and a little later, "It is all right."

The thought of immortality was never far from this sweet singer through his long, busy, active life; sometimes accompanied by a speculative inquiry into the unknown, more often with a trustful belief that "the dear Lord ordereth all things well." Shortly before this last illness he had said to an old friend, "As I grow older, a future life seems to me more certain, though I think less and less of definite details." Now, as I sat beside him, the last journey seemed the natural, simple thing; the other life seemed a present reality.

During that day and the two following, at intervals, we replaced one another, that he might never miss the human grasp for which he evidently cared. Monday came with little change, Tuesday was also a record of some pain and restlessness; but notwithstanding the weakness of body, he expressed in broken sentences gratitude for the offered help.

Tuesday evening he motioned an attendant to raise the curtain to admit the last rays of the setting sun. That night, when we had given up all hope of his recovery, the friends who were in the house assembled for the first time about the bedside. While the poet lay sleeping, that sleep from which he never awoke on earth, one with a saint-like face under the Friends' cap repeated in her beautiful voice Whittier's own words:

When on my days of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
. . . . .

The end seemed to us a translation. When the dawn came in at the balcony window, over the marshes and the meadows, the spirit had gone so gently that we listened for the breath, and it had ceased.

Sarah Ellen Palmer.

American Artists Series.

HORATIO WALKER.

HORATIO WALKER was born in Listowell, Canada, thirty-five years ago. His initial step in art was in miniature painting in the studio of J. A. Fraser. Later he came to New York, where by dint of inborn talent and careful and conscientious study of the best available examples of art, he has earned for himself a creditable position in the ranks of American artists.

He has a delicate color-sense, is a fair draftsman, and besides his own veracious observation of nature, possesses in a marked degree the power of assimilating the best in both foreign and native art.

The painting, an engraving of which appears on page 46, was exhibited in the rooms of the Society of American Artists in the spring of 1893.

W. Lewis Fraser.

Digitized by Google

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

LUVBYRD GOES A-COURTING.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.



"MISS PATTERSON WAS NOT GIVEN TO EMOTIONAL EXTREMES."

THEY made it up in this wise. They were both fellow-guests at the Dreshers' theater-party, which was preceded by a grand spread at Tom's mother's on California street. Miss Patterson, looking as handsome as Juno, sat on the right of her host. There are women who have the knack of getting on the right side of everything, even a discarded lover. She was eating her dinner with the serene calmness which comes to a woman only after her second season. She knows the world's pace by that time,— the lay of the track,— and rides with a steady eye and light hand.

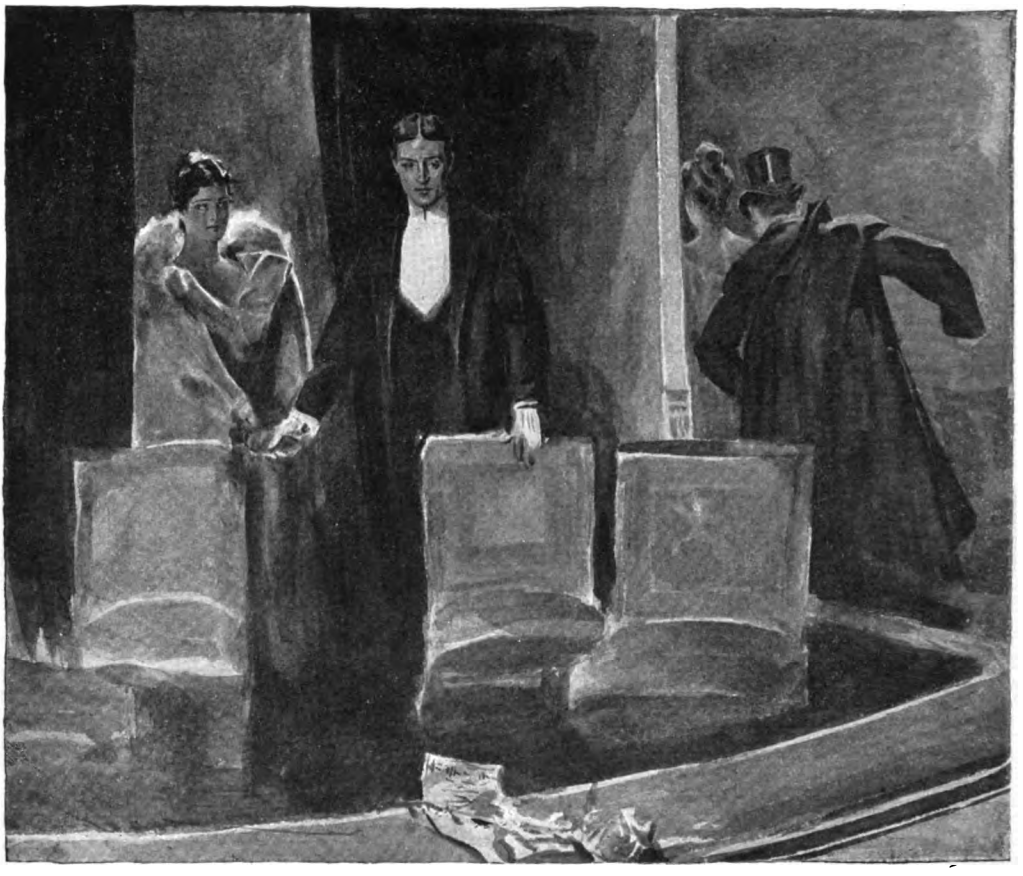
The dinner had hummed along through three courses when Luvbyrd, looking over the rim of his glass, suddenly caught sight of Fitzhugh Patterson's handsome flushed face some distance down the table. He was speaking with a languid and rather thick tongue, avoiding all exact sounds, and evincing a curious affinity for the letter "z." Luvbyrd could hear that he was ram-

Digitized by Google

bling and repeating his stories with a frequency embarrassing to the girl on each side of him. Fitzhugh had made a horrible miscalculation, as other men have done since old Noah forgot himself. Beyond a feeling of surprised disgust felt by the fellows who carry stronger heads, men soon forgive and forget these weaknesses in one another. But Fitzhugh Patterson was to-night under other obligations than those owed to his own self-respect: he had a sister present to feel shamed and stung by his loss of dignity. Miss Patterson sat erect, with her superb shoulders well squared, and her fine level brows bent upon her brother. Although she was beyond ear-shot of his prattle, Luvbyrd saw that she realized the situation, and he dreaded the first general pause which would make the fact plain to all the others. With the alertness which comes as often from a good heart as from ready wit, he plunged madly into talk. Luvbyrd the reserved, the conventional, crushing his shirt-front against the edge of his plate in his eager leaning forward to harangue the entire table was a picture to make Tom Dresher lay down his knife and fork in astonishment.

"My dear fellow," Tom afterward said to the impromptu orator, "from the terrapin to the black coffee the dinner was ablaze with your rhetoric. Harvard's faculty would have forgiven all your past idleness in the exuberant pride caused by your eloquence."

There was no loitering over the dessert, for the hour was late and the play had already begun. The men left the table with the ladies, Miss Patterson with Dresher, slightly pale, but holding her head and full chest proudly high. Entering the adjoining library, she heard Luvbyrd say: "Fitz, old man, I want to get some points from you about your yacht *Phyllis*. She goes into the race Saturday, does n't she?" She further saw him throw an arm about his "old man" to steady him, and march him out of the room. Miss Patterson was not given to emotional extremes, but just at that moment she could have raised that splendid voice of hers in a devout "Nunc Dimittis." The play was half over when Luvbyrd appeared in the box at the California, the little blond lock on his forehead tightly curled by the moisture from his brow. He was received by a feminine outcry, and inquiries were made on the non-appearance of his companion. "Oh, he 'll be here presently," and Luvbyrd, for the first time since his affair with Mrs. Marsden, sat down beside Miss Patterson. The play over, she was the last to leave the box — detaining him to search for her missing handkerchief. The little velvet curtain swung between them and the rest of the party. She turned abruptly: "Mr. Luvbyrd, you have helped me through the most terrible ordeal of my life. Will you let me be your friend?" There were actually tears in her strong, beautiful eyes,



"THAT 'S ALL RIGHT."

Digitized by Google

and held out toward him were her firm, white hands in their tan-colored sheathing. The young man was touched to the quick, but all he could say in his embarrassment was: "That 's all right. Pray don't mention it." And he could have kicked himself then and there for seeming such a fool.

Luvbyrd was in love. There was not a fellow at the club but saw something was amiss. There was a restlessness about him quite foreign to his usual tranquil demeanor. But only Tom Dresher knew that he was contemplating matrimony, and was trying to muster up courage to put his heart and fortune at the disposal of Miss Patterson.

Tom had sat up nights with him, had patiently listened to his rhapsodies, and felt none the less respect and sympathy for his affection if he did get tangled up sometimes in his adjectives and described the queen of his heart in the same terms he would have used for a thoroughbred or a clipper-built yacht. Tom knew his feelings were not as limited as his supply of words. With that sense of personal unworthiness which every man feels who honestly loves a woman, Luvbyrd hung back.

"If you are afraid to speak, why don't you write her a poem?" suggested Dresher. "You used to be able to grind out quantities of that sort of stuff at college."

"Well, you see, I don't like to risk everything on one throw," was the dejected response. "If it did n't happen to suit her, she would probably call me a donkey, and turn her back on me forever — girls are so curious." Luvbyrd certainly did not speak from any lack of experience with the sex. "Suppose I buy some new clothes and follow her down to Monterey? She likes clothes."

His friend looked at him with solicitude in his keen, gray eyes, and a feeling of resentment in his heart toward the woman who could change an honest, manly fellow like Luvbyrd into a driveling fool. "Do, by all means. What fashion do you propose to adopt? A Greek tunic with a chiton embroidered about with a razzle-dazzle pattern in red would show you up to great advantage, and at the same time be a subtle compliment to her own artistic tastes. I would also suggest a hair shirt as an appropriate garment in case of rejection."

Luvbyrd went to Monterey, taking his drag, a big groom, and a very faint heart along with him. "My boy, all you need is an opportunity," he said, addressing himself in a bracing, manly voice before leaving his room that evening. During the next hour he had proposed a dozen different opportunities for Miss Patterson's approval.

No; she would *not* enjoy a picnic. She could n't see the fun in going out to sit in the dirt just to eat, and there was no pleasure in horseback riding, the horses were so poor; and as for taking the seventeen-mile drive, she had already taken it three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine times, and she guessed that would suffice for the rest of her days.

"But, Miss Patterson, I have got something very important to say to you," he exclaimed, at the end of his resources.

"Say it now, and right here. You can find no better place." With smiling lips and sparkling eyes she looked around the glass-inclosed veranda where they sat alone.

"Miss Pinky — that is to say, Miss Patterson, you may perhaps have observed — er — er — "

He sat holding his hat awkwardly between his knees, while she watched him with affectionate eyes. Her sense of humor got the better of her breeding. She burst into a merry peal. "Oh, you dear, stupid, fumbling fellow!"

He caught the encouragement in her tone. "Can you love such an ass?" he asked with a lover's eagerness.

"On the whole, I think I am willing to try." And Miss Patterson inserted a caressing finger-tip into each of his two dimples.

"That 's all right," said Luvbyrd, catching her in his arms with delirious delight. "It 's of no conse —" But he checked himself, for it was of the greatest consequence.

Janus.

Baby Dorothy.

You look so wise,
I think that you
Know some strange things beyond our view.
Your steadfast eyes,
So calm and clear,
Have neither doubt, distrust, nor fear.
You have an air
Profoundly sure
That all sweet mercies will endure;
That bright and fair
All things must be
For little baby Dorothy.

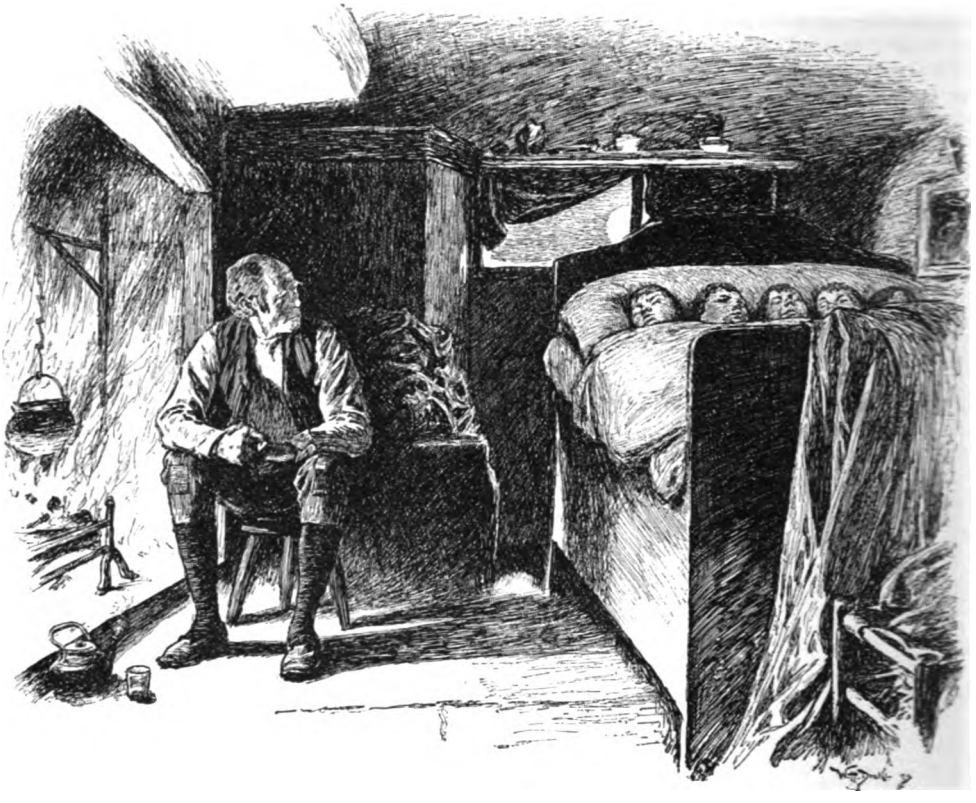
So crystal clear
Your lambent eyes,
I think that good and pure and wise
Things must appear
Beholden through
Such limpid, shining spheres of blue.
And hence the world
To your calm gaze
Is beautiful with golden days;
And all impearled
With purity
Is life to baby Dorothy.

But stay, a tear,
A trembling lip —
What frightful storm has wrecked your ship?
What ghostly fear
Or vast distress
Has clouded o'er your comeliness?
Away, great beast
Or specter grim!
Give place to winged seraphim
And fairy feast!
A shame on thee
To frighten baby Dorothy!

A dimpled cheek,
A laughing eye,
The dreadful grief has hurtled by;
But far to seek
Is that sage air
Of saintly wisdom, calm and fair.
A sage or saint
It seems you 're not,
But just a dainty human tot —
A precious, quaint,
Sweet prodigy:
Dear, darling baby Dorothy!

David L. Proudfit.

Digitized by Google



"FIVE LITTLE GOSSOONS."

WITH PICTURES BY WILL H. DRAKE.

FIVE little gossoons, an' which is th' best—
Sure, what is that racket I hear?
Five little gossoons—by th' hole in me vest,
They 're up to some mischief I fear!
'Ach black curly head is tucked into bed—
That 's Tim's voice; he 's raisin' a row.
He 's th' worst o' th' lot—"Now kape still there!
Go t' slape, all five o' ye, now!"
"Yis, yis," says all four,
Wid a snicker an' snore,
Save Tim, he shpakes niver at all;
Och, Tim is th' rogue, but he bates all th' rest;
He 's the finest gossoon o' them all.



Digitized by Google

Five little gossoons — faix, Tim is aslape,
'T wa' n't him, sure as I am alive;
I bethinks me 't was Dick,—oh, he 's a black shape,—
Yis, Dick is the worst o' th' five;
"Go t' slape, 'ach one o' ye, there!"
"Yis, yis," says all four,
Wid a snicker an' snore,
Save Dick, he shpakes niver at all;
Och, Dick is th' rogue, but he bates all th' rest;
He 's the finest gossoon o' them all.



Five little gossoons — sure Dick, he is still,
Th' poor little lamb 's not t' blame.
'T is Ned — o' mischief, oh, he 's got his fill,
He 's the worst o' the lot t' me shame;
"Go t' slape, all five o' ye, now!"
"Yis, yis," says all four,
Wid a snicker an' snore,
Save Ned, he shpakes niver at all;
Och, Ned is the rogue, but he bates all th' rest;
He 's the finest gossoon o' them all.



Five little gossoons — an' Ned I have wronged,
He 's whisht ez a mouse, th' swate child —
'T is Con, mischief wid him has always belonged,
He 's th' worst o' th' lot, an' so mild;
"Go t' slape, all five o' ye, now!"
"Yis, yis," says all four,
Wid a snicker an' snore,
Save Con, he shpakes niver at all;
Och, Con is th' rogue, but he bates all th' rest;
He 's th' finest gossoon o' them all.



Five little gossoons, four little gossoons,
Three little gossoons, two and one,—
Ted he is th' babby,—of all the gossoons,
If Con is th' worst, I 'm undone!
"Go t' slape, all five o' ye, now!"
"Yis, yis," says all four,
Wid a snicker an' snore,
Save Ted, he shpakes niver at all;
Whew, that babby 's th' rogue, but I love him th' best;
An' he 's th' finest gossoon o' them all.



Jennie E. T. Dowe.



Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

THE DOCTRINE OF ETERNAL PUNISHMENT; OR, THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY FRANK O. SMALL.

IN THE STUDIO.

JONES, at easel, to Brown whose picture has been rejected at the academy: "In at least one respect the artist is better off than the millionaire."
BROWN: "I have never discovered it."
JONES: "Have n't you? Well, no matter what the season, he is pretty sure to get his canvas back."

Observations.

NEVER to have encountered a constancy equal to one's own is tragic.

Calculation affects a generous heart like a black frost: it kills to the roots.

Where a man tells a lie, a woman tells half the truth.

Do not choose for judge one incapable of your sin.

Don't try to bully the world, because you have got hold of a piece of truth. The whole still remains greater than a part.

One cannot quench the thirst of the spirit with buttermilk, even in a cut-glass goblet.

The egoist can make capital even of his crimes; in plunging a knife into the heart of a friend he will call your attention to his power of penetration.

No man can hope ever to equal a woman in pure disingenuousness.

It is easy to see clear when one sees only one side.

When conscience over-sleeps herself, it is remorse that awakens.

Dorothea Lummis.

The Tower in Madison Square.

THE builder taught the earth-bound clay
To soar to beauty, light, and power.
Why, builder, why, since Babel's day,
Must mortals love a tower?

Speak, Giotto's marble lily! Speak,
Fair Pisa's giddy, winding stair!
And thou, old, island-vistaed peak,
In Venice' pillared square!

Where Egypt's balmy relics lie
Of kings by death increased in pride,
The obelisk against the sky
Lifts up its scriptured side.

O'er barren crag and frozen shore,
On massy fortress, dark and strong,
Gray towers, above an iron door,
Adorn the ancient wrong.

Mysterious form! In many a land
Despots and priests thy charm employ.
Proud is the town where thou dost stand
A handmaid unto joy.

Theodore C. Williams.

Digitized by Google

The Point of View.

For all the books of prose and rhyme
With love upon their pages,
The theme remains undimmed by Time,
Immortal through the ages.
A pessimistic few may sneer,
And set it down as stupid;
An optimistic two, my dear,
Will still believe in Cupid.

Now there is your papa,— and yet
I caught him reading Crawford,
And so absorbed you could n't get
A word for all you offered! —
I 've heard him many times give vent
To lively malediction
Because he scented sentiment
Somewhere about his fiction.

And your mama who, after tea,
Betakes her to the rocker,
A dozen times has said to me,
"How exquisite is Locker!"
A dozen other times, above
A demi-tasse at dinner,
I 've heard her christen rhymes of love—
"Thin! There is nothing thinner!"

Your parents, ah, sweet girl, they both
Pretend to be satiric:
You 'll find all married persons loath
To praise a poet's lyric,
Or any novel that may show
Love's wooing and Love's winning:
They learned the lesson long ago,
But we are just beginning!

X. X. X.

Only an Understanding.

I 'm not engaged to Polly, she 's not engaged to me:
She would tell you, if you asked her, we 're both of us quite free;
I 've never said I love her, she has never said that she,
Were I engaged to Polly, *would* be engaged to me!

Yet when I think of Polly, and when she thinks of me,
Sweet hopes come crowding to our hearts, and we forget that we
Are happy over nothing; for you can plainly see
I 'm not engaged to Polly, she 's not engaged to me!

M. C. S.

A Century of Fashion.

O whirligig of time, you fling us
The garments of a century gone,
But never from your limbo bring us
The soul those mantles rested on.

What care we for some special splendor
Of silk and velvet, gold and lace?
Revive for us those spirits tender
Who gave the fashions life and grace.

Bring forth with paduasoy and patten
The slender form, the courtly air,
Of her whose name was sung at matin,
As fairest of the century's fair.

Take these ephemeral fashions from us,
And bring, instead, that maiden bright
Who safely held in her leal promise
The honor of esquire and knight.

Oh, worthier far than sleeves beguiling,
On tapering arms, the scroll display
Of that fair dame who offered, smiling,
Her warriors for the battle's fray —

Then sought a leech of fame in curing
The wounds by dirk and broadsword made,
With heart kept brave by love enduring
Learned how life's ebbing tide was stayed.

O high-heeled shoes with insteps golden,
Fit chalice for a lover's lip,
What cavalier of court'sy olden
With you the minuet will trip?

Dear ladies of a century ended,
In ruff and farthingale incased,
Your garments quaint and well-commended
Another century hath embraced.

Alack for your brief day of passion!
Fair saints in effigy, adieu!
To us the fret and fray of fashion;
Long centuries of rest to you.

M. L. Rayne.

A Sheaf of Farm Superstitions.

[However much we may pride ourselves upon our nineteenth-century civilization and enlightenment, candor compels us seriously to question whether education has in any marked degree broken down those superstitions which have come to us from remote ages, and still find firm lodgment in the minds of men, jostling the book-logic which is among their most intimate associates in the intellects they inhabit. Somewhat extensive investigation convinces me that very few men are wholly superstition-free, while thousands find omens peering through every cosmic crevice, and piping a portent with each audible manifestation of nature. In these rhymes I have treated only a few of the simpler ones selected from the almost innumerable superstitions and signs current among Western farmer people.]

A SONG OF SIGNS.

I found a pin beside the way,—
Signs air so deceivin',—
If fortune favors me to-day,
This one 's wuth believin'.

O'er my shoulder glows the moon,—
Signs air so deceivin',—
If I feed from Prosper's spoon,
This one 's wuth believin'.

My love found a clover leaf,—
Signs air so deceivin',—
If she never comes to grief,
This one 's wuth believin'.

A horseshoe 's nailed above my door,—
Signs air so deceivin',—
If luck follows evermore,
This one 's wuth believin'.

With Kate I met three lambs at play,—
Signs air so deceivin',—
And we were married yesterday,
This one 's wuth believin'.

Doane Robinson.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN, BY REMBRANDT.

Digitized by Google

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVII. DECEMBER, 1893. NO. 2.

OLD DUTCH MASTERS.

REMBRANDT (1606–1669).

IT would be futile to attempt to give, in a few brief pages, any rounded sketch of Rembrandt's art. My aim is much more modest: I wish merely to point out the reason why the fame of that art has so greatly widened and deepened during the last few decades—the reason why Rembrandt now seems to many eyes the painter whom a modern artist should revere above all others. This is because of all the artists who have ever lived he is the greatest master of expression, and because the desire to paint expression, as distinct from the desire to paint "pure beauty," is a marked characteristic of our time.

In Greece and Italy, of course, both these desires existed. But expression, even with those Greek and Italian masters who secured it with most truth and force, was commonly a secondary thing—a thing to be combined, if possible, with beauty or grandeur, but not to be paid for at the price of frank and simple ugliness. Speaking broadly, the tendency to make expression the first concern in art is characteristic of the Northern mind. Judged as a whole, the Gothic school of sculpture is the earliest which made expression its main end, and was content very often to abandon beauty in its favor. And no great painter before Dürer ever commonly—none, I think, before Rembrandt ever invariably—conceived his art from just this standpoint, making beauty and not expression the secondary aim.

In the splendid artistic revival of the beginning of our century, this desire for expression was the moving spring. To-day it is more potent than ever before. If we put aside such comparatively rare products as are purely decorative in intention,—such, for example, as those of Baudry or Puvis de Chavannes,—we find the search for expressiveness para-

Copyright, 1893, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

Digitized by Google

mount in all our art that is truly vital, from the anecdotal art of Vibert or Knaus up to the poetic landscape art of Corot, up to such a triumph of psychical portraiture as the "Joan of Arc" of Bastien-Lepage. To many critics it seems, indeed, as if our love for expression were tending to do more than merely subordinate beauty — were tending to banish it almost altogether from art. This would indeed be a matter for deep regret. But, on the other hand, it is a mistake to think that beauty must always be considered in art. Technical beauty, of course, every work must have; but I am speaking of material beauty in subject matter. This we can well dispense with on occasion, if an artist can give us in its stead what Rembrandt gives: character, sentiment, feeling, emotion — all those things which we group together under the general term expression. This fact, I repeat, the modern schools act upon more universally and more confidently than has ever been the case before, and the modern public indorses their action: it looks for expression first of all, and appreciates it more quickly than any other quality. So entirely is this the case, indeed, that the work of a man like Puvis de Chavannes is neither understood nor appreciated by the majority of observers; they cannot comprehend an art that seeks first of all for formal beauty, and not for the rendering of emotion.

There is certainly little "pure beauty" in Rembrandt's work. Beauty and expression do not, indeed, of necessity exclude each other. Phidias could combine both when he shaped his Zeus. So could Raphael when he painted his Madonna, though with difficulty, we perceive, as he perfectly accomplished the task but once — in the Sistine picture. And so could Donatello, Leonardo, Tintoretto, and Michelangelo. But it will be noted that only certain emotions are depicted by these artists — only those which can be conveyed through strictly beautiful forms and attitudes and features. Rembrandt's emotional range was much wider, while his power over beauty was not nearly so great. Like all the great artists before him, he realized that to paint truthfully and forcibly, a man must paint the things he sees and knows, must clothe the creatures of his imagination in the forms he finds about him; and beauty was not a characteristic of Rembrandt's countrymen.

Let us see what he gives us in its stead, looking first of all at his portraits. His models are not the fair women, gallant warriors, and stately patriarchs of Italy, but the wrinkled, strongly marked faces of old people of the middle class; the vigorous, intellectual, or characteristic, if rugged and often ugly, countenances of his masculine friends; the smiling, chubby features of his Saskia; and the grotesque low-class types with which the wharves and streets of Amsterdam abounded. No man, by the way, ever painted himself as often as did Rembrandt: not, we may believe, from vanity, but because he happened to find in his looking-glass a subject exactly to his mind — a face in which color predominated over form, and expression over both, a face irregular according to every canon of beauty, but extremely strong, mobile, and vivid.

In painting such subjects, Rembrandt produced works which rank extremely high as pictures, and which, considered more narrowly as portraits, are the finest that we know. No other hand so invariably and powerfully shows us the soul that lies beneath the outer envelop. No other portrait-figures are so definitely and distinctly personal in addition to being so thoroughly alive; none tell us so much of themselves, let us so deeply into the secrets of their experience and their thought.

Digitized by Google



PAINTED BY REMBRANDT.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

"THE PHILOSOPHER IN MEDITATION."

Digitized by Google

But to see Rembrandt at his highest expressional force, we must turn to his many renderings of biblical subjects, both on canvas and on the etcher's plate. Such subjects had been, of course, the chief stock in trade of every painter since the birth of Christianity. Yet vast as was the variety in treatment which had already been shown, the Bible had never really been illustrated till Rembrandt did the work; that is to say, never before had a great painter constantly approached it for the sake of its inner meaning chiefly, rather than chiefly for the sake of such beautiful or sublime pictorial effects as might be achieved with its materials. Rembrandt's favorite subjects were scenes from the latter days of Christ. The supreme pathos of these days is transferred to his canvas with absolute simplicity of aim, with absolute fidelity of sympathy, and with absolute adequacy of expression. And this surely justifies the statement that he is the greatest master of expression who has yet been born, no less supreme in the difficulty of the problems which he set himself than in the perfectness of their solution.

If in walking through the Louvre we contrast, let us say, Veronese's "Marriage at Cana" with Rembrandt's "Supper at Emmaus," we shall realize how wide is the province of art, how diverse may be its results when two men of different natures, each foremost in his own way, use such material as is supplied by the same familiar history. In one the subject is chosen and treated for its possibilities of sensuous beauty. Only the external features of the scene are dwelt upon, and these are turned into a sumptuous, brilliant Venetian pageantry, delighting the eye and the love for physical beauty, but appealing to no deeper emotion. In the other the subject is chosen for its emotional significance. It is treated as a simple, homely Dutch scene, with no striving for beauty of form, color, or arrangement, or for any attraction save expressional potency and a consonant technical manner. It makes no striking, immediate appeal to the eye; but through the eye, when this once is caught, it speaks to something far deeper than Veronese's splendid tones can ever touch — to the emotions which are the very heart of man. Who, we might well ask ourselves, could pretend to paint the Christ at just this moment, when he breaks the bread in sorrowful reproach of his disciples' blindness, when the ghastly shadow of the tomb is still upon his face, yet when the aureole of coming triumph shines about his head? But if we look at this figure of Rembrandt's, so small in scale, so reticent in treatment, so simple in attitude, so quiet in gesture, so calm in feature, yet so infused with the intense and subtile feeling of the moment, we realize that the impossible has for once been accomplished. And it is Rembrandt's Christ that will gaze at us forever after from between the lines of the Bible story.

The most marked external quality of Rembrandt's art, as every one knows, is its mastery over light and shade. This quality, it seems to me, is but part and parcel of his paramount love for expression. Effects of strongly contrasted light and shadow appeal more powerfully to the feelings of the beholder than do any other pictorial factors; they are better adapted than any others to enhance all emotional meanings, but especially those of the pathetic or mysterious kind which Rembrandt chiefly sought to render. Striking as are very often his effects of this description, and powerful as they always are, we shall find, if we examine his entire work, whether etched or painted, that he does not employ them for their own sakes or as mere exhibitions of technical skill, but with definite expressional intentions. Take them away, and we lose much more than the

Digitized by Google



PAINTED BY REMBRANDT. ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

"THE SUPPER AT EMMAUS."

Digitized by Google

greatest pictorial merit of his art: we lose an incalculable portion of its spiritual strength.

Thus, when we sum up the impression we receive from Rembrandt's work, we say: To other men are other glories, but no one moves us as does he. We must remember, however, that he moves us not merely because he had so peculiarly sensitive, subtile, and thoughtful a soul, but because he was also a great painter; that is, because he had a mighty power of pictorial speech. No matter how deep his feeling, how profound his pathos, how sublime his suggestiveness, he is always a creator of pictures in the truest sense of the term. Though he chooses subjects for their inner significance, he chooses only such as have a significance which can clearly speak through outward signs. No complicated stories, no involved ideas, no purely intellectual conceptions, no merely moral lessons, attract his brush; his meanings can always easily assume a plastic body. He respects the limits of his art, and everything he strives for is as well within the power of that art to show as is the physical beauty which was the delight of Veronese. He is above all others the master whom the modern student of expression reveres, because, while he shows us the extreme value of feeling in art, he also shows the necessity for its control by perfect artistic instinct and consummate technical ability. Many other men have doubtless felt as strongly, imagined as sympathetically, as he. But their feelings and imaginings are of smaller value to the world than his, just in proportion as their eye and hand are inferior in power and skill to the eye and hand of Rembrandt.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

A PICTURE BY REMBRANDT.

("THE SUPPER AT EMMAUS.")

WISE Rembrandt! thou couldst paint and thou alone
Eyes that had seen what never human eyes
Before had looked on; him that late had passed
Onward and back through gates of Death and Life.

O human face where the celestial gleam
Lingers! O still to thee the eyes of men
Turn with mute, questioning worship; seeing there,
As in a mirror, the Eternal Light
Caught from the shining of the central Soul
Whence came all worlds, and whither shall return.

R. W. G.

Digitized by Google



PAINTED BY REMBRANDT. ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

HEAD OF CHRIST. DETAIL FROM "THE SUPPER AT EMMAUS."

Digitized by Google

REMBRANDT AND "THE NIGHT-WATCH."

ON my first arrival in Holland, fresh from Italy and the classicism of Italian art, and having my mind imbued with its fair and heavenly images, I was ill prepared to drop immediately into sympathy with Dutch art. Though I felt I should experience no difficulty in this respect, yet when I walked through the Ryks Museum in Amsterdam, a strange sadness came over me, and I felt inclined to look around on the collection of small pictures as upon a dreary waste. How should I ever learn to love these genre subjects, with what appeared to me their gross materialism? I could have wept. I had descended from Parnassus, and was once more among the haunts of men. I resolved to plod on in faith, however, doing my best with whatever came to hand, and to see what the influence of association might do in changing this attitude toward them. "The Night-Watch," by Rembrandt, was the only thing that possessed any attraction for me. I had already had some acquaintance with the great Hollander, having engraved, at the Louvre, some ten years ago, his wonderful "Supper at Emmaus," which left an indelible impression upon me, so that my interest in him was not wholly effaced by my long sojourn in so opposite a field of art as the Italian. I decided to engrave a detail of the principal figures of "The Night-Watch" as my first essay in Dutch art.

Nine months have passed since that time, and now I marvel greatly, as I pause before my favorites in the gallery, that I could have been so blind to their charming qualities. Every day I made a new discovery, until I began to count the masterpieces by the score. Now I see working in these earnest Dutchmen the same spirit of sincerity and love and reverence which actuated the Italians. These honest workers tell us in their pictures that all things are miracles, and that each part and tag of anything or of any one is a miracle; and so they paint the hair of a cow's back with the same reverence that Fra Angelico painted the flowers of paradise, and an old woman's face is as divine as that of an angel. How can there be too much fidelity and realism where nature is approached with humility and reverence? Even the sublimity of the Italian, which lifts one to the skies, is not wanting in the wonderful landscapes of Ruysdael and Hobbema. I learn now that what charmed and fascinated in the work of the Italians holds me equally in this of the Hollanders. A confession of moral nature, of that self-forgetfulness or unconsciousness so captivating, of the large and tender soul, of purity, love, and hope, breathes from the one as from the other, and religion is the vivifying principle of both. This surely is the true excellence of all really great works of art, without which this business of picture-making were but a trivial and profitless affair.

"The Night-Watch" is the chief attraction of the Ryks Museum, and is Rembrandt's largest and, in the opinion of many, his most important work. It measures 11 by 14 feet, and is dated 1642. A contemporary copy of the work by Gerrit Lundens, to be seen at the National Gallery, London, and a photograph from a drawing of it by Jacob Cats, made in 1779, which hangs in the Rembrandt Sala, where the great picture is installed, show that the work has been cut down on all sides, thus seriously altering its composition as the great master left it. More than two feet were lopped away from the left side, carrying off two figures; something less from the top; from the bottom the foreground is shortened by

Digitized by Google

eight inches or more; and the same amount is taken from the right side, cutting away half of one of the principal figures which formerly was entire. This piece of vandalism is charged to the Napoleonic rule. The work was painted for Frans Banning Cock and his company of harquebusiers, and is one of the many guild pieces which in those days it was the fashion for corporations to have executed, wherein the portraits of the various members were depicted. The real title of the piece is "The Sortie of the Company of Frans Banning Cock." The title of "The Night-Watch" is false and misleading, since there is nothing in its glorious illumination to suggest artificial light. This erroneous title originated with French writers of the end of the eighteenth century, and Reynolds, in his "Tour through Flanders and Holland," has added to its publicity in his note upon the work. He evidently saw it before it was cleaned of its thick coating of varnish and of the smoke of lamps and innumerable Dutchmen's pipes,—for the Dutch are famous smokers,—since he says that it disappointed him, as he had heard so much respecting it, and remarks that it had more the appearance of Ferdinand Bol, from a prevalence of a sickly yellow color. Seen under this circumstance of partial obscurity, it is no wonder that it should have been taken for a night scene. Since then it has been cleaned, and six years ago its varnished surface was again freshened by the simple operation of subjecting it to the fumes of alcohol; and those who saw it after the operation speak with rapture of the wonderful luminous depth and brilliancy of its coloring. After five or six years, however, the varnish crackles again, and obscurity once more sets in, rendering a renewal of the operation necessary. This is always the case with pictures covered with a spirit varnish.

The scene represents the company emerging from their guild-house, and is bathed in the golden sunlight of afternoon. The captain, clad in deep brown or warm black, with a red scarf about his waist; and his lieutenant, clad in a yellow jerkin and breeches, a white scarf about his waist, and a white plume adorning his yellow hat, glorified by the sunlight, precede the group, which in composition recedes on each side, forming a kind of triangle. The distribution of color against the soft, warm, and tender obscurity of the background is magnificent. The grace and easy action of the man in yellow are especially admirable. The coloring of Rembrandt's pictures appears yellow only when seen in proximity with other works of a colder and harsher tone. The position of "The Night-Watch" is unfortunate in this respect, since on each side of it is hung an immense corporation picture by Van der Helst. But shutting out of sight and mind everything else, and so getting into the key of his coloring, one can appreciate what a truly marvelous painter of light he really was. I was never more startled at this than when looking at "The Syndics" just after it had been freshened up in the manner described. It appeared to me the most wonderful realization of the pure light of day that I had ever beheld on canvas. But something more seemed to be added, its effect was so dazzling; and I said to myself, this must indeed be that light the poet speaks of, "that never was, on sea or land"—the idealization of light! "The Anatomical Lesson," at The Hague, is another instance, though not so matured, of wonderful painting of light.

Of the three hundred and fifty paintings by Rembrandt, Holland possesses only twenty-five; but among these are three of the very finest, namely, "The Night-Watch," "The Syndics," and "The Anatomical Lesson."

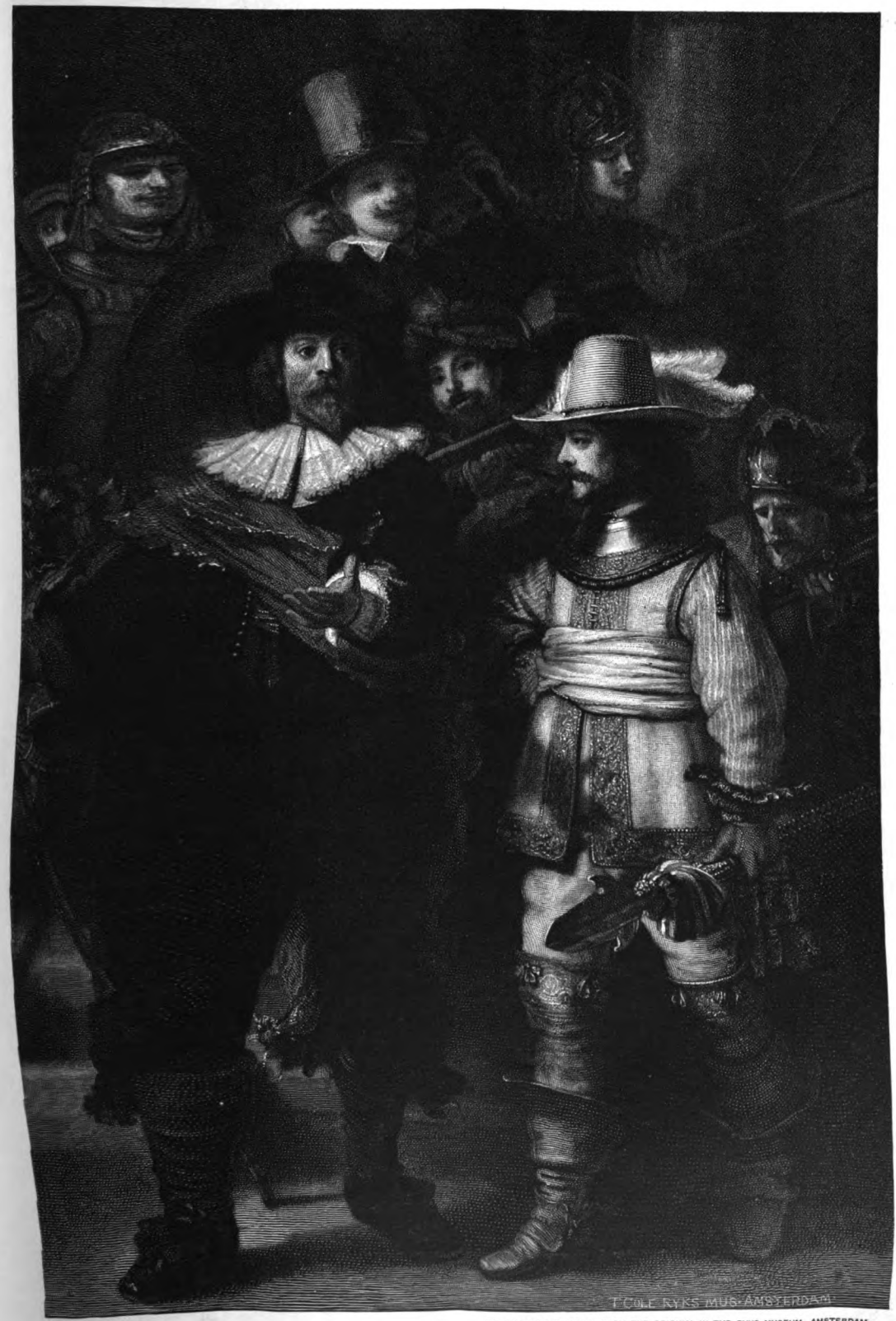
Digitized by Google

Rembrandt Harmens van Rijn — for such is his full name — was born at Leyden, a town near Amsterdam, famous in the history of the independence of the Netherlands, and as the birthplace of many great artists and other men of renown. Rembrandt's parents were well-to-do folk, and he was intended for the study of law; but his father, discovering his strong bent toward art, placed him, at the age of twelve or thirteen, under the instruction of Jacob van Swanenburch of Leyden, and, after three years, under Pieter Lastman of Amsterdam, who had been in Italy and knew something of Italian art. Remaining with Lastman till he was eighteen or nineteen years old, he returned to his parents at Leyden, and nature thereafter became the object of his profound study. In 1630, when twenty-four years old, he felt himself strong enough to do something on his own account, and accordingly went again to Amsterdam, rented a large house, and divided the upper portion of it into cells or small studios for the reception of pupils, who were to be thus separated from one another for the better preservation of their individuality. Fortune smiled upon him. His house was constantly filled with students of good families, who paid him 100 florins annually, while the income he derived from their paintings and etchings amounted to 2000 or 2500 florins, or more. Among his scholars were Ferdinand Bol, Govaert Flink, Gerard Dow, Nicholas Maes, Van Hoogstraaten, Koninck, Victor, and many others,— thirty, in fact, in his house at a time,[1] — a busy hive of painters and etchers. He painted his famous "Anatomical Lesson" in 1632, when only twenty-six years old.

After keeping bachelor's hall in this way for three years, he effected an alliance with the influential family of Rumbartus van Ulenburgh, burgomaster of Leeuwarden, and a member of the court of Friesland. This same Rumbartus was more than once a political envoy from that court, and related that he had been treated with marked affability and retained at dinner by William the Taciturn on the very evening when the prince, on leaving the table, had been assassinated by a Bourguignon. Saskia, the daughter of Rumbartus, became Rembrandt's wife in 1633, bringing him love and wealth. There followed a period of eight years of prosperity and sunshine, culminating in his great work of "The Night-Watch"; then the death of his beloved Saskia, which happened in the same year, changed everything for him. His life corresponds to his scheme of coloring in its contrast of light and shade; and the events of his latter days, like the forms in many of his backgrounds, are clouded in obscurity. We have a glimpse of its luminous side from Vosmaer. We see him at home surrounded by his pupils, living a life of perfect simplicity, sober, regular, and absorbed in his work, a happy father and blessed with a devoted wife, in high favor and receiving good prices for his pictures. His lower rooms were filled with all kinds of objects of art curiosity. He had a mania for collecting, and had works of Michelangelo, Raphael, Giorgione, Titian, Palma Vecchio, Dürer, Lucas van Leyden, and the earlier Dutch masters. It is evening, and he is at home. In a large back room — their living-apartment, tinted blue — he is seated at an ample table, beneath a cluster of candles, which, shaded, sheds its concentrated light — a Rembrandt flood — over the principal objects of interest. Rembrandt is sketching or etching; his wife, seated near by, is tending the baby — their son Titus — or sewing; while in the background are dimly perceivable a score of pictures,

[1] Mr. Seymour Haden calls attention to this fact in showing that many of the etchings bearing Rembrandt's name are the works of his pupils, and further informs us that at The Hague it was unlawful for an apprentice to sign his own work.

Digitized by Google



PAINTED BY REMBRANDT.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM.

DETAIL FROM THE PAINTING KNOWN AS "THE NIGHT-WATCH."

Digitized by Google

antique heads, a large curtained bed, a press, and a chest of drawers, or "what-not." Or friends drop in, and gather round the table within the circle of light, and sketches are passed around, and we have a picture of the staalmeesters in their broad-brimmed hats. I remember seeing a picture of his in which he seems to have symbolized the happiness of these all too fleeting years: he is seated in hilarious mood, with his wife upon his knee, and his arm about her waist, while in the other hand he extends on high a glass of wine. It might in truth be called "one hour to madness and to joy," such is its complete abandon. All the many portraits he has made of himself during this time are of a romantic and fantastic kind, and show him to be a lover of fine array; his leonine head is adorned with long, floating locks, and his mustache is elegant and twirled. But the romance of his life coming to an end with the death of Saskia, we have no more portraits of him until about six years afterward, when, in 1648, a remarkable one appears, evidently a real likeness. His locks are shorn, a plain citizen's hat replaces the former jaunty cap and plume, his mustache is closely clipped, gone are all his "silks and fine array." He is seated at a desk at work, beside a plain, small window, and looks at the spectator with sad and reflective eyes. We now for the first time behold the man as he is, chastened and fit for his great work, "The Supper at Emmaus," which he painted in this year.

Saskia in her will bequeathed him the usufruct of her property, on condition that he should continue a widower, with remainder to their son Titus. Financial depression overwhelmed the city, and influenced the sale of his pictures. The fashion in art changed. Some of his pupils, in the estimation of his contemporaries, became of greater account than he, and rose in high favor, insomuch that the poets lauded them at his expense. His prestige had departed. It was no longer thought necessary to paint like Rembrandt to command success. The thing to do now was the reverse, and six florins was enough for a portrait of his. Little is known of him during these dark days. About 1654 he married again, and in order to satisfy the claims put forth by the trustees of Titus, who was yet a minor, he was obliged to make an inventory of his goods, which he valued at 40,000 florins, but which realized at auction less than 5000 florins; and this being found insufficient to satisfy the demands made against him, he was obliged to sell his house for 6700 florins, and became bankrupt; his brother and sister, who had inherited larger shares of the patrimonial estate than he, likewise falling into extreme poverty.

All through the darkness of these latter days he shines forth with increasing luster in his works; for, as Seymour Haden says: "He was no less than at any period of his career adding to his power, and both by his painting and etching accumulating immortality." He painted "De Staalmeesters" ("The Syndics") in 1661, eight years before his death. In this year he appears, from Walpole, to have wandered to England, and to have painted some fine things at Hull. It has been said that he was married a third time, and that he did not die so poor as is supposed. In the "Livre Mortuaire" of the Wester Kerk, Amsterdam, appears the following simple entry relating to his death: "Tuesday, 8th Oct., 1669, Rembrandt van Rijn, Painter on the Rovzegraft, opposite the Doolhof. Leaves two children."

T. Cole.

Digitized by Google

JAN STEEN (1626–1679).

THERE is a portrait of Jan Steen, by himself, in the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam, which is impressive. It is a strong, handsome, and refined face, three-quarter view; his eyes are turned toward the beholder, who is confronted with a highly intellectual, serious, and almost stern countenance, the very reverse of the drunken profligate and roistering idler he is represented to have been by early chroniclers. Happily, all writers are now agreed in denouncing the great injustice done him by his former biographers. A glance, however, at this sober visage, with its eyebrows partly knit, as if in grave rebuke of his falsifiers, is all the proof one needs in vindication of his character, even if we were not aware that he painted upward of five hundred pictures, most of which are of rare merit, during the short thirty-odd years of his working life. That so incessant and assiduous a toiler could yet find time to mingle with the jovial and the bibulous, is an evidence of the soundness of his heart, rather than of any moral defect.

Steen was born at Leyden, in 1626, nineteen years after his kinsman Rembrandt, and, displaying precocious talent for drawing, was early placed under one Nicolaus Knüpfer, a German painter at Utrecht. After this he is supposed to have gone to Haarlem, and to have entered the studio of Adrian van Ostade. Steen's last master was Van Goyen, of The Hague, whose daughter, Margaretha, he married there in 1649; he had been enrolled in the Painters' Guild at Leyden in the previous year. From this period till 1672, when many of his best works were painted, he divided his time between Haarlem, Leyden, and The Hague. One of his late biographers, M. Van der Willigen, has found at Haarlem the records of the birth and early burial there of an infant daughter in 1662, and of the burial of his wife there in 1669, and another record to the effect that poor Steen had some of his pictures seized and sold by an apothecary in payment of a debt of "10 florins, 5 sous, and 8 deniers," contracted for medicine during his wife's illness. There may be some excuse for a "half-starved apothecary." The same writer tells us that Steen agreed to give, in payment of one year's rent (1666–1667) of twenty-nine florins, three portraits, "painted as well as he was able," from which we may assume that he did not get very large sums for his work. Three portraits for twenty-nine florins would be at the rate of four dollars apiece; yet since he paid only twelve dollars a year for rent, we conclude that the purchasing power of money in those days was far greater than it is now. Many an artist of good standing nowadays would be willing to make a like exchange of three portraits for a year's rent.

In 1672 we find Steen back again in Leyden, where, having obtained possession of some property left him by his deceased father, who it is supposed was a brewer, he applied for and obtained permission to open a tavern at the neighboring village of Langebrug. A year following this he married for the second time, and in 1679 he died, and was buried in the parish church of St. Peter at Leyden.

The picture of "The Feast of St. Nicholas" is one of Jan Steen's best and happiest productions. It measures 33½ inches high by 27 inches wide, and is said to represent the family of the painter. His father and mother are in the background; his wife, in the foreground, extends her arms to the happy child. The festival of St. Nicholas is observed in Holland, not on the 25th of December, but on the 6th, on the eve of

Digitized by Google



PAINTED BY JAN STEEN. ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM.

"THE FEAST OF ST. NICHOLAS."

Digitized by Google

which holy day the children hang up their shoes and stockings, and if they have been good and attentive to their studies, Santa Claus graciously fills them with dainties, while he has as certainly a rod in pickle for the idle and unruly. How beautifully Jan Steen tells the story! The children and elders are dressed in their best, and are assembled in the room by the great chimney, in which are disclosed the presents of the good saint. The principal figure that holds us is the little girl, the very embodiment of joy. Filled with delight, and overwhelmed with good things, she scarcely knows which way to turn or what to do. Next we glance at the roguish boy behind, who, with glistening eye, points at his elder brother, and takes cruel delight in his chagrin. We know now who has been the naughty boy; he stands confessed. His elder sister from behind holds forth the shoe, from which projects the significant rod, while she casts upon him a still more significant glance, which shows too well that she herself has placed it there, in retaliation for past offenses. Her look seems to say, "I told you so"; it bespeaks a certain satisfaction, mingled, however, with some concern at his tears. The old grandmother from behind, however, will compose matters. She beckons to the boy, calling him to her; and by a motion of her hand upon the bed-curtain we can see that she has something good for him behind, which Santa Claus has left her to give him on condition that he will be a good boy in future, and in particular stop teasing his elder sister with his pranks and practical jokes. Beneath the chimney, and holding the baby, who clasps in its tiny arms a great cake, stands another member of the family explaining to his younger brother, who wonderingly looks up, how Santa Claus came down. How much is expressed in so little space, and how perfect is the arrangement! The general tone of the coloring, as of all Steen's works, might be characterized as brown, of a golden hue, but neutral; nothing could be more subtle, mellow, or refined. There is a rich note of color in the red back of the chair, while the drapery of the background is of a soft, dull reddish hue, which is repeated in a higher key in the sleeves of the girl. The wall and casements of the windows are of soft, dull brownish tints, and the dress of the crying boy is of a more decided tone of the same, while that of the old grandmother is of so uncertain a shade of brown as to be equivocal against the reddish curtains. The highest note of this color is in the loaf of bread and the cakes. The squares of the marble floor are of golden and brownish tones. The velvet sack of the woman extending her arms coaxingly toward the child is of a rich neutral shade of green, and this tone is delicately repeated in the dress of the old man. The skirt of the woman is gray, of a bluish or purplish cast, and this is repeated in a browner key in the dress of the laughing boy behind her. The dress of the happy child is of a soft shade of ocher, varied with golden and pearly tints. The pail is of a dull leaden hue, and the white draperies are warm and mellow. The colors are so neutral, tender, and harmonious in their repetitions and minglings, that they quite defy any attempt at description. The delicacy of the values, and the atmosphere of warmth and radiance which suffuses all, wrap the whole in a halo of ideality. This quality of color, however, is not peculiar alone to the works of Jan Steen, but to the Dutch school as a whole. This, combined with that marvelous sensitiveness for values,—borrowed from nature, it is true, yet wrought from their inner feeling,—gives to their works that imaginative quality, that "grace and

Digitized by Google

glimmer of romance," without which their realism would be but materialistic, and their probity but the record of dry facts.

Jan Steen is particularly at home with children, and has painted a considerable number of subjects illustrative of the joys of childhood; and no one surely could paint them with a kinder or more loving touch, evidence enough that he possessed a tender heart and much good nature.

On the other hand, among his masterpieces are many scenes of tavern life, of dissipation and debauchery, in which he portrays the very lowest depths of depravity. In such scenes, and others of the quaint humors and drolleries of life, he has been compared to Hogarth as a satirist of the follies and vices of his time. However this may be, there is certainly no affectation of moralizing about him. He forgets everything in the desire to imitate what is. He enters into his tavern scenes with positive delight, painting them, apparently, for their own sake, rather than from any moral end in view. But it is not necessary to make conclusions about these things.

He shows himself an ingenious caricaturist, irresistibly comic and facetious, in such scenes as "The Charlatan" of the Ryks Museum, "The Oyster Feast" and "The Dentist" of The Hague, etc.; and displays a subtle sense of humor in his many "Doctor's Visits." At the Louvre is one of his latest works, dated 1674, "A Feast at an Inn," painted after he had opened his tavern, and no doubt representing the actual interior of the place; it is valued at 30,000 francs. Pictures such as these have rightly claimed for Jan Steen high fame among the greatest Dutch painters of familiar life.

T. Cole.

THE POETS.

WHEN this young land has reached its wrinkled prime,
And we are gone and all our songs are done,
And naught is left unchanged beneath the sun,
What other singers shall the womb of Time
Bring forth to reap the sunny slopes of rhyme?
For surely till the thread of life be spun
The world shall not lack poets, though but one
Make lonely music like a vesper chime
Above the heedless turmoil of the street.
Those unborn poets! What melodious breath,
What larger music, shall be given to these?
Shall they more closely lie at Nature's feet,
Reading the volume of her mysteries?
Shall they new secrets wring from darksome Death?

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Digitized by Google



A X-MAS SERMON

BY

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

NOW WHEN JESUS WAS BORN IN BETHLEHEM THERE CAME WISE MEN FROM THE EAST UNTO JERUSALEM.—MATTHEW ii., 1.

ANOTHER Christmas morning brings back the wonderful story on which the heart of the whole Christian world feeds its faith and hope.[1] The winter sunshine is not more bright and clear than the atmosphere of living joy which, stretching back between our eyes and that picture of Bethlehem, shows us its beauty in unstained freshness. And as we open once again those chapters of the gospels in which the ever fresh and living picture stands, there seems from year to year always to come some newer, brighter meaning into the words that tell the tale.

I have turned this morning to this first verse of the second chapter of St. Matthew, not because I want to speak to-day about the visit of the wise men to the infant Saviour,—the Church has appointed another festival, not many days hence for that,—but because these words seem to me to contain one of the meanings of Christmas, one of the influences of the Incarnation very picturesquely described.

St. Matthew says that when Jesus was born in Bethlehem the wise men came from the East to Jerusalem. Jerusalem is east to us, so far east that we hardly look beyond it. But really on the other side of Jerusalem stretches the true eastern world, so vast and bewildering in its extent, so strange and mysterious in its characteristics, that Jerusalem is part of the West, and is almost intelligible by the side of it. "The East" and Jerusalem, even to-day, when one is in those regions, are distinguished from each other, and in the old days it was not only a matter of geography,—it was not only the separation by the Jordan valley and the deserts that lay beyond,—it was a difference of race, of temper, of genius, of the ideas for which these two designated regions stood. And what were those ideas? In general they have always been the same. In ancient and in modern times the East has been the home of subjective and mystical religion. Its great thought has been that man by profound contemplation and laborious discipline might so subdue his earthly elements, so break the fetters of the clay which binds him, that he might come to know God, nay might enter into some mystic and inexplicable union with God himself, and somehow lose himself in Deity. On the other hand Jerusalem has always stood for the condescension of God to man. In the old temple courts there were no gaunt ascetics waiting with introverted gaze until in their own souls the presence of Divinity should shine. The men to be seen there were eager-eyed worshipers, all alive, all awake, watching till the glory shone above the mercy-seat, and till the cloud of God's visible presence filled the sacred courts. The exercise of Jerusalem was obedience, not contemplation. It was the doing of a master's will, that that master might come and make himself known and give his blessing; not the culture of one's own life that its essential capacity might be unfolded. This is the difference. The East means aspiration; Jerusalem means revelation. The East means man's search after God; Jerusalem means God's search after man. The East means the religion of the devout soul; Jerusalem means the religion of the merciful God. The East means Job's cry, "Oh, that I knew where I might find him!" Jerusalem means "Immanuel—God with us."

And now it was "when Jesus was born in Bethlehem" that the wise men came from the East unto Jerusalem. Are we too fanciful, are we playing with sacred words, if in that verse of Matthew we read a striking statement of the truth that it is by the birth of Jesus that the religion of subjective contemplation is carried over into the religion of obedience and trust, and the search of man after God finds its fulfilment in the gift of God to man? If that were so, then the journey of the wise men would become an everlasting picture. It would represent the struggle and final satisfaction of all souls who after long cultivation of the divine in their own life, after trying to lift themselves up to God by the use or contemptuous abuse of the material things by which they were sur-

[1] Preached for the last time in the Church of the Incarnation, New York, on Christmas Day, 1892.

Digitized by Google

rounded, at last caught sight of something higher, something truer — at last became aware that before all the eagerness with which they longed to give themselves to God must come the fact that God had already given himself to them. Before their hope there lay his mercy; before their desire to be absorbed in him had come his incarnation into their human life and lot. When that is the message of the Christmas story to any lofty, devout, self-sacrificing, struggling soul, do not the words of Matthew turn into a parable, and may it not be written once again that "when Jesus was born in Bethlehem there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem"?

And it appears to me more and more as if this were exactly the message which Christmas has to bring to many of the purest and noblest people of these times. I am sure there must be some of you who need to have the birth of Christ speak to you with just that voice, for there are many men and women now who are religious, not after the manner of Jerusalem, but after the manner of the East. They are not sensual, they are not materialists. Often the world of sense, the world of matter, seem by them to be not too much cherished, but too much despised. Often they are visionaries and mystics; but they are deeply impressed in one way or another with the conviction of the divine element in human life. They feel the God within them; they hate the fleshy circumstances of human life because those circumstances chain and wrong the power of that inner deity. They love purity with a true passion; they hate cruelty and meanness, and they worship the God whose revelation they find within themselves, whose image they see growing before them as their own best nature emerges into clearness, and whose voice they hear calling them — not directly, but in the echo of their own beating and aspiring hearts. Do you not know the picture? It is wondrously familiar. It looks out on me from many and many a refined, anxious, plaintive face. I hear its tones now rising to a shrill, agonized, impassioned wail, now sinking into a dull monotonous habit which is hardly more than cant, but always there — this religion seeking for an unknown God, this looking-up which seems when we study it to be nothing but a looking-in, this devotion haunted by self-consciousness and always on the narrow edge that runs between pride and despair.

And what does such a religion as that require? Surely it is not hard to see. It needs a God standing out clear and strong, great in his power and his love, above the soul, distinctly different from the soul, giving himself to the soul, but its superior, its lord and master, the source of all its goodness and the original revealer of himself. As when a sleeper who has been haunted with dreams of light or sound which seemed part of himself, and which beset his brain with all sorts of strange illusions concerning his own identity, at last awakes, and lo! there is the light outside of him shining into his window from the sun; or lo! there is the sound pealing into his ears from the reverberating thunder in the heavens — so is it when the dreamer of the East awakes and finds the truth which Jerusalem eternally represents; the reality, the objectivity, the originality of God — that he is above all things and from him all things come; that he must be holy before we can be holy; he must love us before we can love him; that to know him, not to know ourselves, is everlasting life; that not to find him, but to let him find us, is salvation. That is a wondrous journey from the beautiful vague dream of a religion that is evolved from ourselves, to the clear, bright, open reality of a religion that is sent down from God, and that is the journey which a man's soul takes when for it the miracle of Bethlehem is repeated, and Jesus is born once more — when the Incarnation becomes a reality to him, and he sees God manifest in the flesh.

Let us see what these last phrases mean. They do mean something; something which if they did not mean, Christmas would be nothing to us — only the far-off celebration of a historic anniversary. I hold that there is something which may happen to a man's soul which is the correspondent, the perpetuation, almost the repetition, of what happened far away, far back at Bethlehem. It is a distinct event in which Christ becomes part of a man's life, as then he became part of the world's life, and thenceforth the man lives under his influence, as from the time of Bethlehem the world, with many defections and rebellions, has still lived under the influence of Jesus. We may trace the correspondence, I think, in some detail.

First, there was the newness of the event at Bethlehem. It was a birth; and one of the very wonderful things about our human life is the perpetual freshness, the indestructible joy that clings forever about the idea of birth. You cannot find the hovel so miserable, the circumstances and the prospects of life so wretched, that it is not a bright and glorious thing for a child to be born there. Hope flickers up for an instant from its embers, at the first breathing of the baby's breath. No squalidness of the life into which it comes can make the new life seem squalid at its coming. By and by it will grow dull and gray, perhaps, in sad harmony with the sad surroundings, but at the first there is some glory in it, and for a moment it burns bright upon the bosom of the dullness where it has fallen, and seems even as if it might set it afire. And so there was nothing that could, with such

Digitized by Google

vividness, represent the newness of Christianity in the world as to have it forever associated with the birth of a child. And there is nothing that could so set forth the fresh and novel start in all a man's experience, the new advent of power, the re-illumination of all life for him when his vague religious aspirations become the hearty acceptance of a personal Lord, as to associate it all forever with the birth of a child. That birth suggests a past, a vague and unsubstantial being somewhere before it came to the clear presence which we see, and yet it is as new as if it had had no past. The

> Soul that draws from out the vast
> And strikes his being into bounds

brings the eternity from which he comes, and shapes it to the newness of his life. And the personal faith of the man who has long searched amid the waste for God has all the rich remembrance of that search condensed into the freshness of this new experience wherein God has come to him.

But it is not birth alone — it is a strange, a wonderful birth. We cannot see all that is in that story of the first chapter of St. Luke, but its idea is plain — that for the birth of Jesus there was the directest meeting of Divinity and human life. It is of the mysterious spirit of eternity that the child is born, and likewise just as truly it is of the Hebrew maiden, living in Nazareth, a true child of the earth, as human as any of the girls with whom she had played from childhood. I do not care to understand that story fully. It is enough for me that in it there is represented the full truth about the wondrous child of Christmas Day. He is the child of heaven and earth together. It is the spontaneous utterance of the celestial life. It is likewise the answer to the cry of need with which every hill and valley of the earth has rung, that lies there in the cradle. It is no star dropped from the sky; it is no flower sprung up from the earth. It is the glory of heaven caught by, and filling with itself, the earthly jewel which becomes unearthly in its radiance. It is an old decree of celestial prophecy, and it is also a taxing of the Roman empire, that decide the place. Angel and shepherd alike are happy, and tell each other of their joy. Here at the birth in Nazareth, heaven and earth, that draw near and look into each other's eyes at every birth, have come close together and melted into one. It is the parable of what comes wherever Christ is born in the heart of any man. When heaven is most real, and yet the earthly joy and duty are most present, then it is that the vague religious life lays hold on Jesus. It is at the moment when the loftiest is most practical, and the practical seems loftiest and sacredest, that he who was "conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary" comes into life. Mere searching of the heavens will not find him. Mere self-questioning of earth will not evoke him. But when God answers the old prayer of the psalms — when he "bows the heavens and comes down, and touches the mountains and they smoke," then the new life begins.

The humble birth of Jesus in the stable of the inn at Bethlehem was a proclamation of the insignificance of circumstances in the greatest moments and experiences of life. It was not a glorification of poverty at the expense of wealth; it was simply the acceptance of the common circumstances of life, the lot of the multitude just as it came, as if to show that when so mighty an event as that was happening it made no difference. No lot of earth was high enough to give any dignity to the birth of the Son of God, and no lot of earth was so low as to take its dignity away. I think this is the meaning of that humble manger. I think this is a greater and truer meaning for it than if we made it a mere partizan outcry on the side of the poor against the rich. And in that meaning how it comes to us! The noblest and sweetest consciousness of the human soul, when it has really made Christ its Christ, is that it does not matter whether it is poor or rich. It is rescued from the old vulgar slavery of wealth, but it is not plunged forthwith into the degrading idolatry of poverty. It has reached a life; it has become filled with a spirit which can make circumstances indifferent because it is so great that it can use them all. Men say, "Oh, if I were poor, then Christ might come to me"; "Oh, if I were ignorant, then I might find him"; "Oh, if I were wealthy and at leisure, I might have room for him"; "Oh, if I were learned, I might search him out among the books." By and by he is born in you. You take him as he bestows himself upon your life, and then you see that not because of, and not in spite of, your poverty or your wealth have you come to this privilege; that those accidents were only accidents, that the Lord who rules and enriches you in your need is the same Lord who rules and chastens your neighbor in his plenty. That is the true loftiness of the soul that has its Christ.

Again, the very moment that the birth in Bethlehem was a fact it became a power. The little hands beckoned, and the sages from the East harnessed their camels, and started on their way. The little hands were lifted, and Herod trembled on his throne. The very dilapidation of the stable lets the glory shine out, and lets the world look in. And there is no difference more striking between the vague religion of aspiration and the definite religion of personal faith than just in this: the last no sooner is a fact than it becomes a power. The

Digitized by Google

other shrinks from utterance or influence, and lives for itself alone. The religion of contemplation is aristocratic. It finds only a few choice spirits equal to its rapturous adventures; it hides its visions from the common eye. The religion of grateful obedience is as free as air, is wholly democratic, and craves communication. Starting not from man's capacity but from God's goodness, it has a place and a hope for every man. The Christ who has come to one soul makes that soul so humble and so conscious of its true humanity that it knows in its own joy the possibility of all mankind, and "tells to all around what a dear Savior it has found." Strangely does personal faith do two things together which often seem to us to be incongruous, and yet which all the deepest experiences try and tend to harmonize: it combines the emphasis of personality with the enlargement of sympathy. Nowhere is that truer than when the wonder of Bethlehem is repeated in us. As Mary counted the child the world's child all the more sacredly that she knew it to be hers, and ran from bending over the cradle to open the door at the knock of the rude shepherd or the venerable sage, so the soul whose new life is the Christ who has come into it counts that Christ all the more its own, because he is the world's, and all the more the world's because he is so certainly and dearly its own.

There is another suggestion in the fact that no sooner was the life of Christ really present in the world than it began to be beset by dangers, and overwhelmed with troubles. It lived through them all and conquered them, but from the beginning to the end there was nothing like calm, settled peace, clear living and clear shining for that beset and persecuted life. First it was Herod at Jerusalem. Then came the wearisome visit into Egypt. Then, on the return, Judea was in the enemy's hands, and the child was carried far up into the north to Nazareth. All the time, through it all, the life went on growing, unfolding, manifesting more and more its holiness and beauty; but from the very first it showed that to be the Son of God in this world was not an easy or a peaceful thing. It was like the movement of a star across the sky — now overwhelmed with clouds, now lost in darkness till it seems to have entirely gone out, but always reappearing, always there, climbing and beautiful, always prophesying a time when it shall come out into a cloudless sky and shine without a hindrance. And when the Christ is born in a man's life, when all his vague religion gathers itself into a deep personal devotion to a manifested Lord, then all this is true again. Instantly it finds what new dangers its new intensity of personality has brought. All the dangers which personal intercourse involves — obscurity, misconception, the difficulty of keeping clear and constant sight of the love of Him we love, the moods that rise from us and hang their darkness about Him, all these begin to show themselves just as soon as our religion ceases to be a devout meditation or a doctrinal belief, and becomes a personal devotion to a beloved Lord. And yet with all these dangers of eclipse it gains at the same time a persistency which it never had before. While again and again it has to hold the hand of Christ in the darkness, it is still pervaded with a certainty like St. Paul's that nothing can finally separate it from Christ. Its Christ is to it what the child of Bethlehem was to the world — evidently no easy conqueror who, with his soft strong feet was to walk unhindered through the career that lay before him, yet one who had the sublime assurance in his infant eyes that he would not rest and would not sink till he had traveled to the very end. Such is the consciousness of the man whom Christ has made his own — a deep sense of danger, a sure expectation of darkness, but through it all a certain assurance of final triumph, of peaceful, eternal light at last.

Of one other point only do I wish to speak. It is the necessary truth of growth in the possession of the life by Christ. To-day that truth is very present with us. It is a little child who has been with us all this morning, unconscious of the work that stretched before him, nay, unconscious even of his own life, like every other new-born child. Let us believe that there were many deep and blessed purposes, many rich lessons in that strange way of God, that when his Son came here among us, it should be first in all the feebleness of infancy. Among the lessons let us believe that this is one — the lesson that the very fact of Christ's presence is the great changing fact of human life, and has in it the seed and power of all that he can do for man. Oh, if we all could learn that truth today! There are men and women here who love the Lord, who are holding him fast to their hearts, — nay, in their hearts, — by love! But so small is the Christhood that they hold, so little of their lives does the new power seem to occupy, so feeble is their understanding of the master whom they serve, that they can only rest upon the fact, for the degree is nothing. They have received Him — at least that is true. Now, is there power in that fact to open into such degree of love as they have heard of? Is there any hope of such a fullness of Christ as other men have known? As surely as in that baby life at Bethlehem there lay the power which has run through all the world; the power which makes Judea burn like a star forever; the power which has transfigured history; the power which has made millions of

Digitized by Google

men its joyous servants; the power of millenniums yet to be, so surely in the humblest soul's humble certainty that it does love Christ, there lies enfolded all the possibility of the most perfect sainthood. This is the day, dear friends, to bind two sayings of St. John together, and hold them in our hands and see them shine together with the Christmas glory: first, this verse: "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God"; and then this other verse: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know . . . we shall be like him."

It is to such souls I most wish that I could speak this morning. Christ is real to them. They have indeed come from the East to Jerusalem. But who is this that he should save them? It is a mere child, this Christ of theirs. How weak he is, this Christ within them. But oh, my friends, if he be only there! If only, led by whatever star he has sent, by trouble or by happiness, you have indeed come from the vague open land of sacred aspiration and given yourself to him, then there is infinite growth before you, infinite entrance of his life into your life, infinite changing of your life into his. Remember that childhood means not weakness alone. It means likewise promise and growth.

I will not try to-day, of all days in the year, to read the mystery of the Incarnation. Only to-day I feel sure that God could not have been God, and have seen his children groping after him, and not once somewhere on the earth uttered himself and cried, so that out of the farthest east of man's devout desires his children should hear him. What though it were a child's weak voice that cried. All the more they heard it—all the more they hear it still. Its weakness seals the claim to their allegiance with an appeal for their devotion. If to-day any soul among you who has been looking for God everywhere, in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath, and in the heart within, can hear that cry and find in the faith of the Incarnation, and in the service of the Incarnate One, the satisfaction and fulfilment of its life, then for that soul the blessedness of the first Christmas is renewed.

Phillips Brooks.

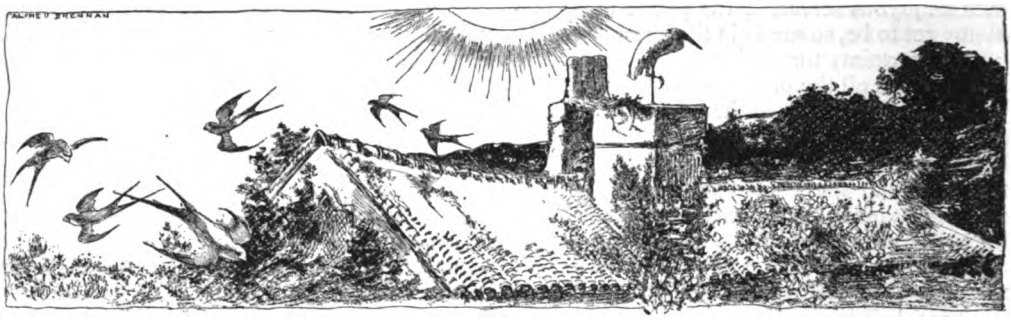


THE CLOSING YEAR.

NOW falters to its end a wondrous year,
Crowned with strange lights of glory and of woe,
Splendors of memory, and prophetic glow,
And all that makes life terrible and dear.
The flight of mighty spirits from our sphere
Has quickened all the air. With what stern bliss
They to whom death could never come amiss
Went forth, and left their rich remembrance here!
Theirs is the history now of star and sun;
Creation's music with their song makes rhyme:
While we, who feel great movements scarce begun,
Hear the deep hours struck out, with fateful chime;
Nor rest until the breathless age has won
The hard-wrought guerdons of tumultuous time.

Marion Couthouy Smith.

Digitized by Google



THE LUTE-PLAYER'S HOUSE.

(*A Roumanian Folk-Song.*)

THE house of the lute-player
Is always full of guests;
For there, as in the forest,
The birds are building nests;

And there the sun is shining,
As in the summer sky:
He shares with the lute-player
The light he has on high.

He sitteth, the lute-player,
Nor cares who comes or goes,
So he sees the sky through his window,
And feels the wind that blows.

The house of the lute-player
The storks and swallows know;
They are welcome when they come there,
And happy when they go.

Go thou, if thou art thirsty,
When men the wine-cups pour;
He offers thee but water
From the spring beside his door.

But come, if thou art weeping,
For though thy grief be strong,
Remember, the lute-player
Will comfort thee with song.

R. H. Stoddard.



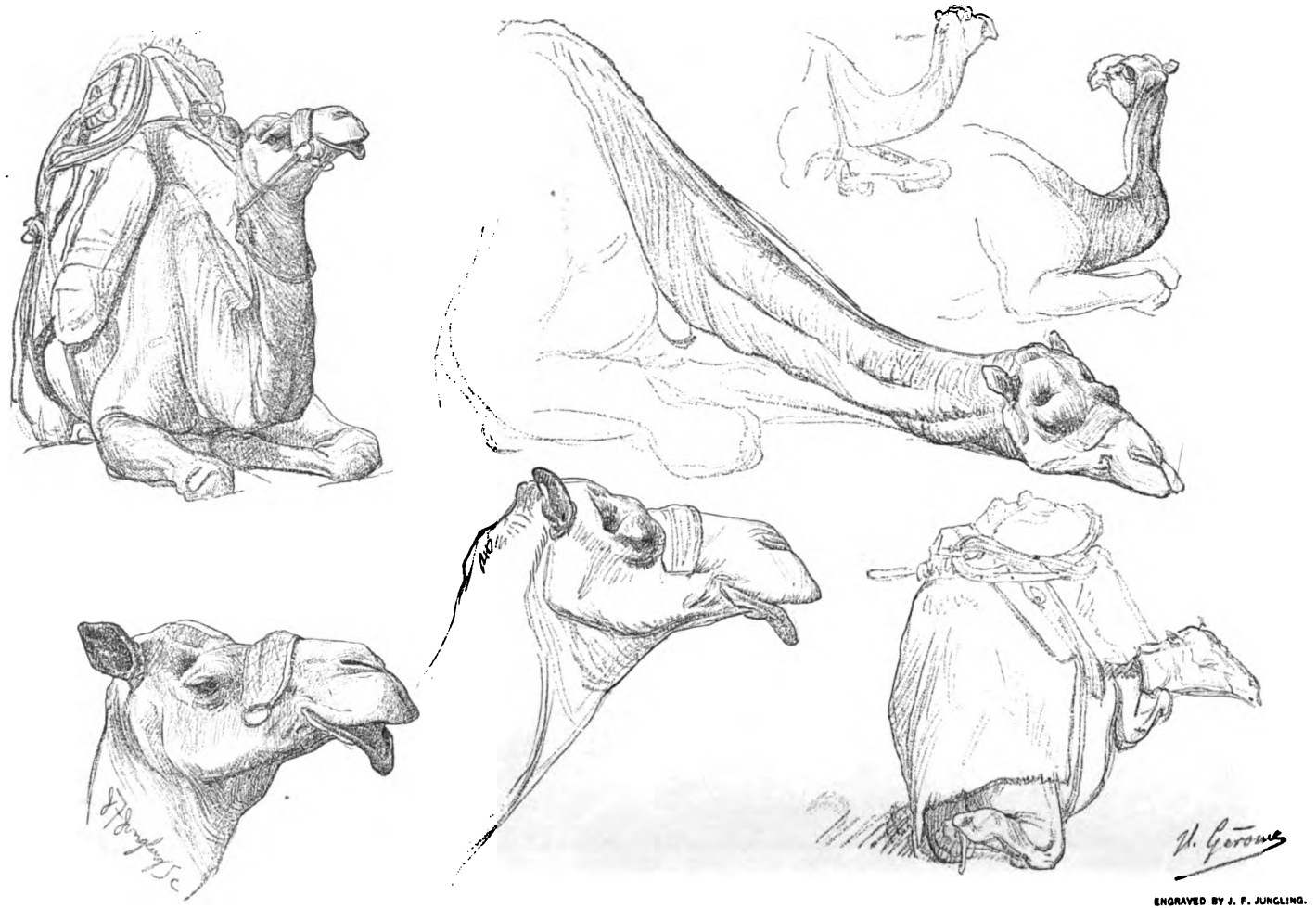
Digitized by Google



SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

THE ADVENT ANGEL, BY ELLA CONDIE LAMB.

Digitized by Google

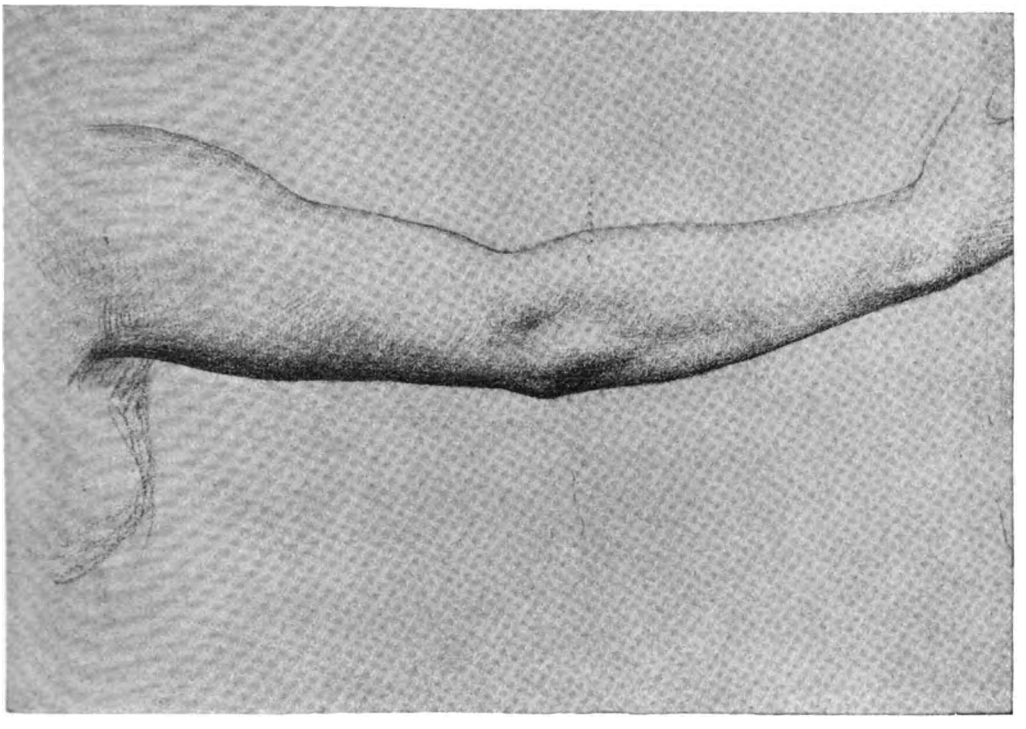


ENGRAVED BY J. F. JUNGLING.

A STUDY OF CAMELS, BY J. L. GEROME.

Digitized by Google

CHATS WITH FAMOUS PAINTERS.



STUDY OF ARM FROM LIFE, BY J. P. LAURENS.

OF all earth's children the happiest are the artist and the novelist, for they are creators of men. One of them makes the body, the other the soul.

The studio of an artist is a workshop. There sits the worker, the Prometheus, the maker of men — Gérôme in a gray blouse. Before him stands the man of marble, his own creation, spiritual, immortal. Just beyond is the model, nature's creation, fleshly, vital. "Since Gérôme has turned sculptor, we understand what he means," declares a brother artist. He wishes to create men and women according to his ideals and his temperament. Indeed, to see "The Death of Cæsar," the "Pollice Verso," and the "Phryne Before the Judges," you would never guess the secret of the great master, the foremost historical painter, director of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. That secret is to work as nature works. You cannot get beyond her. "Le bon dieu dans la nature a fait tout" (the good Lord in nature has made all things), he says. "Measure the natural object, construct one like it. Do you see that tiger's head?" he continues, putting his hand upon a superb work of art adorning a newel. "I measured the skull of that tiger, I measured the jaws, I measured the teeth; then I made my skeleton exactly on those measurements, filled it up — *et voilà tout!*"

"But, after all, it looks rather finer than a real tiger," you venture.

"After you have done this, you may clothe your work with the poetry of your own soul," replies the master. "Find a beautiful thing in nature, measure it, construct your skeleton; next, get well those bold yet lovely outlines — then you cannot fail."

You ask to see the "beautiful thing," and he goes to a drawer, and carefully displays finely executed sketches of certainly the ugliest beast on earth, the camel. There are dozens of drawings of this creature, of every part, in every attitude, the lips, the long legs, the hump, the knees, the feet, everything studied with the utmost care, the utmost patience. Not Leonardo with the "Mona Lisa," or with the head of Christ in "The Last Supper," could have taken more

Digitized by Google



STUDY OF HEAD BY J. P. LAURENS, FOR "THE ARCHWAY OF STEEL."

pains. What a lesson is here! O brilliant young impressionists, who dash off a large canvas in a morning, and produce a stunning Mexican girl radiant in soft gold and bewildering violet, know that your master is patiently studying the knees of camels with a sharp lead-pencil; measuring skeletons inch by inch and line by line — the strongest artist in the world humbly confessing his weakness: "Le bon dieu dans la nature a fait tout." "Painting and sculpture," says Gérôme, "are the same thing." What will the green-gold and violet school say to this?

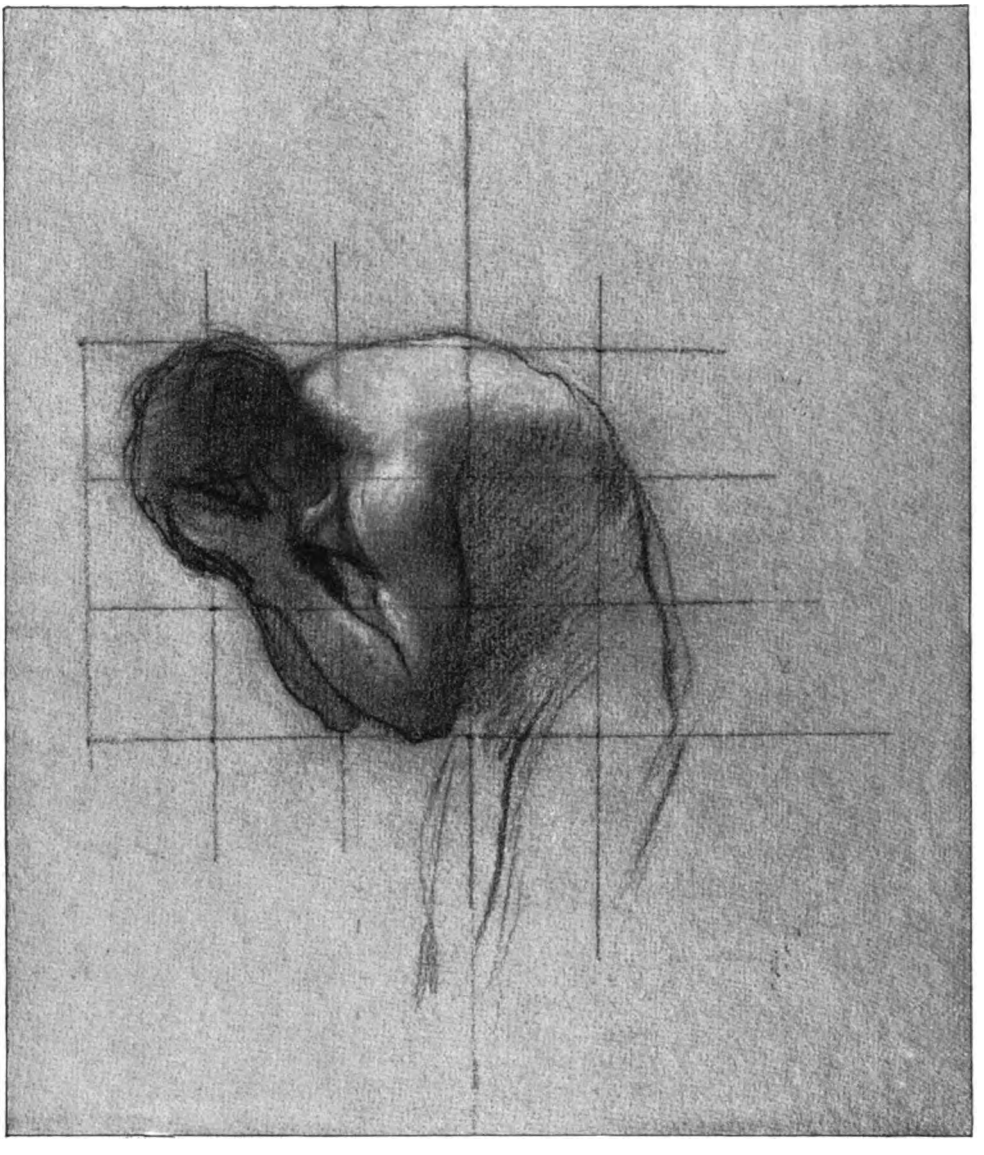
Not yet dead are the old traditions of classic and romantic. J. P. Laurens might be called the antipode to Gérôme, as Delacroix was to Ingres. "I am most impatient," he declares. "I do not really draw; I grasp what I want in color. Look, there are my drawings." And verily, the great studio is literally lined with color-sketches a foot square or so, all done with a brush, not a line to be seen — but what passion and fire! Here is a snow-white arm on a dead black ground with a tiny patch of blood-red drapery. This arm may be alluring, threatening, shrinking; the artist will make you feel it one way or another, at his will. Here is a closed fist that says "impotent rage" plainer than a thousand words could speak it. Here from a face gleams out haughty contempt, yonder is a dying groan, and over it hangs a nymph's song, and all around you are studies for the grand *plafond* of the Odéon, and for the "Death of Ste. Geneviève" in the Panthéon. The artist talks freely for half an hour, and shows

Digitized by Google



STUDY OF DRAPED FIGURE AND OF HANDS, BY BOUGUEREAU.

Digitized by Google

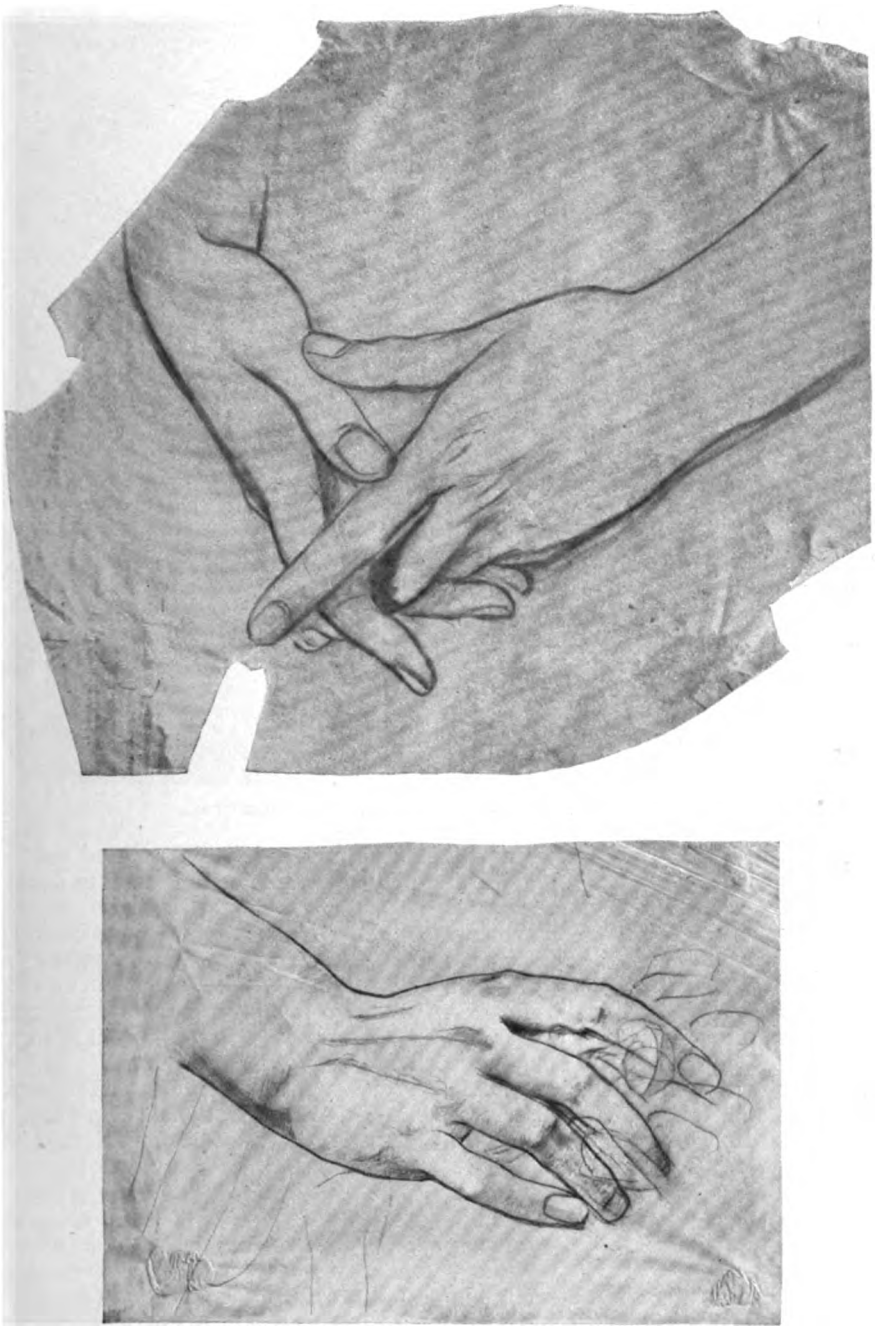


STUDY BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES.

all his work. Who has not met the master-magician Laurens has not met the most delightful man in all Paris.

Let us make another call. The house beautiful — that is to say, the workshop — of another creator, the most popular painter in the world, Bouguereau, is only twenty feet from that of Laurens, just across the driveway. "Entrez," cries a voice. On the left in the studio stand two patrons; on the right a young aspirant with his picture, come for the master's friendly criticism. In the midst is the robust and genial Bouguereau, working steadily with pencil and paper, a charming young Italian girl kneeling close before him, clad in a peplum and holding a basket. He goes straight on with his work, keeping up a running fire of conversation, satisfying and gratifying all his visitors at once. "Do you like that pose? I have put models into every pose in the world, I believe — except that of the 'Night' of Michelangelo. I can't get that pose; nobody can take it. Is it hard to find good models? Yes, for the face; fine forms are common enough. We find one model with good arms, another with fine legs; but good faces are rare, very rare." Naturally, at this you inspect the face of the little figure with the basket, and you see that this time the

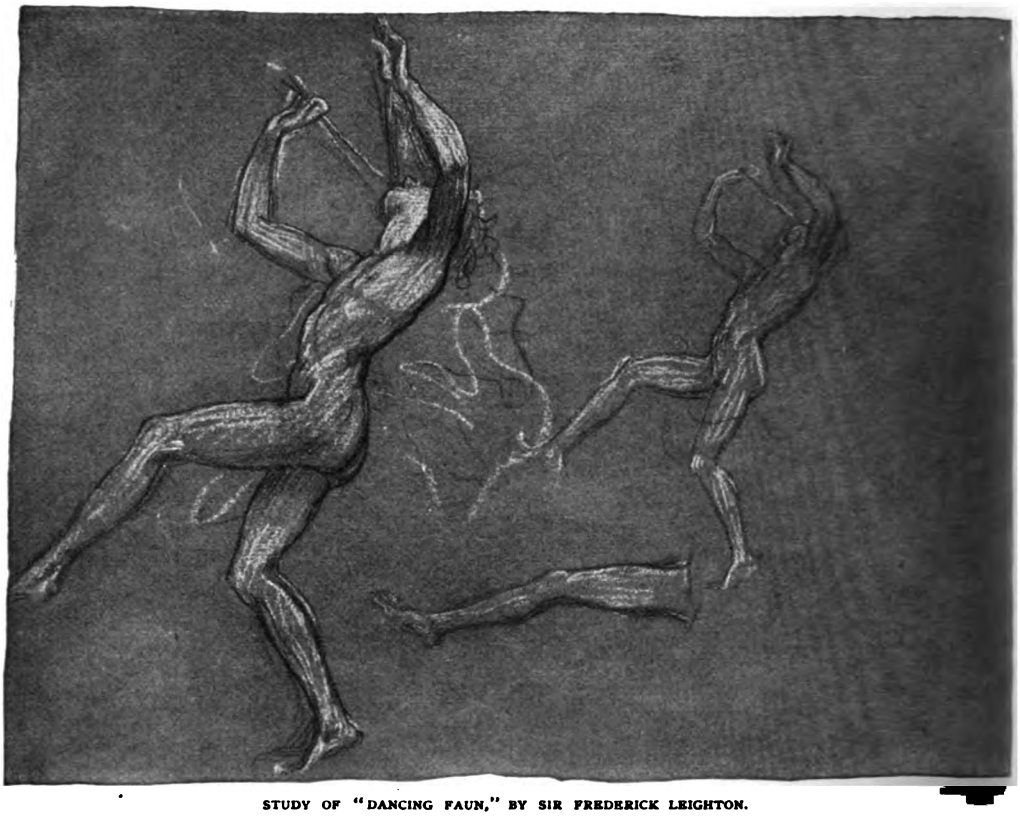
Digitized by Google



STUDIES OF HANDS BY J. J. LEFEBVRE.

artist has indeed found his beautiful face, and you see also whence it came. There are the features immortalized by Raphael in his Florentine Madonnas — a Tuscan maiden is before you. Eugénie Lucchese is her name, fourteen years her age, Lucca her city, as her name implies; and you perceive with delight that Bouguereau has discovered what you or I, mere travelers and observers, have also found out, namely, that the true celestial loveliness — beauty's very self, if you will — shines forth in the faces of the little maids of the country towns of Tuscany. Study the most excellent works of Bouguereau as well as the most exquisite of

Digitized by Google



STUDY OF "DANCING FAUN," BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON.

Raphael with this key. They will repay the trouble. Be not hasty, O critic, in judging of the most abused painter of to-day. Do you think he paints for popularity or for money? Ask him what is required to make an artist. In answering you he lets you see clearly his own mainspring of action. "Have an ideal of perfect beauty, and reach it or break your neck." Probably as few know the secret of Bouguereau as that of Gérôme. Has he found his ideal? I do not know. There is a picture now upon his easel which the world will see next year. It is a single figure, a "Venus in the Shell." But I will not anticipate. "I work every day of my life from sunrise to sunset," he says. "I am perfectly happy. An artist lives with the divine; every moment he discovers new beauties—beauties in nature that others do not see." With this we take our leave.

If you would catch Puvis de Chavannes, the loftiest French painter, as Bouguereau is the most popular, you must call at daybreak, as did the young men of old upon Socrates.

"We have now great artists in America, M. de Chavannes. Americans now also have culture and taste."

"I have just been made aware of that fact."

"Ah! May we ask how?"

"The trustees and architects of the Boston Public Library have just offered me two hundred and fifty thousand francs to decorate the staircase of that edifice."

"How is it that you paint paradise so perfectly? Have you ever been there?"

"I do not know. It is unconscious."

"Do you paint from your drawings?"

"Yes; I draw in lead-pencil from life, and then paint from my drawings."

This method, common to most artists, is condemned by others. Bonnat never makes drawings at all, but poses his model, dips his brush into paint, and plunges in at once. Lefebvre makes hasty, tentative sketches of parts only, to get the idea of an attitude or feature; sometimes, however, penciling two or three of these one right upon the other, by means of transparent paper; but his motto is, "Seize nature alive."

"Yes; and how well he does seize her!" replies Sir Frederick Leighton, on hearing of the remark. The scene is again changed. We are now in the studio of the foremost man upon the English side of the Channel, and we leave his precincts and his presence with a sense that here, as in the case of Gérôme, the honor has been rightly placed. The workshop of the president of the Royal Academy does not impress you as a veritable workshop, as does that of Gérôme, nor does it suggest a luxurious villa like

Digitized by Google



SECOND STUDY FOR "SOLITUDE," BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON.

Digitized by Google



STUDY FOR "LA CIGALE," BY ALBERT MAIGNAN.

Digitized by Google







THREE STUDIES FOR AN ANGEL'S HEAD MADE BY J. E. LENEPVEU FOR "THE VISION OF JOAN OF ARC" IN THE PANTHEON.

Digitized by Google

that of Alma Tadema, nor is it a picture-gallery like that of another artist, nor yet a bric-à-brac shop like so many. It seems the apartment of a virtuoso. In every square foot of space there hangs or lies some work of art ancient or modern, peculiarly rare, choice, lovely. One feasts the eye perpetually upon forms of beauty. Works of Phidias and Michelangelo predominate. The Pergamon frieze, the Hermes of Praxiteles, and the Nike of Samothrace are there. These masterpieces of Hellas are not behind us; they are ahead of us. They open up new vistas in art.

"What are your most cherished principles of art?" we ask the president.

"Sincerity is the first principle," answers Sir Frederick Leighton; "an earnest desire to do your very best, and no compromise. You must know well what others have done," he continues. "You must express your own life as the Greeks expressed their life" (this for the third principle). "Express it in terms of beauty, for that is the language which an artist speaks. Selection is necessary," he adds, "as the next, the fifth, principle."

In every hidden nook of Sir Frederick's room are portfolios filled with superb chalk-drawings. We find three successive studies for that wonderful figure "Solitude." Here, indeed, is a picture; here is an all-round masterpiece. It has power, it has breadth, it has softness, it has spirituality,—the great cardinal qualities, any one of which well known or mastered would make the fame and fortune of painter or sculptor,—and who knows or has mastered them all to-day but the creator of "Solitude?"

Before you leave Paris see Albert Maignan. He has two of these qualities. How well he weaves the warp of softness and grace into the woof of angularity and force—and sets his figures, as it were, to the music of Shelley! Do you know the "Birth of the Pearl" and the "Voices of the Tocsin?"

Lenepveu has the spiritual quality. Others have sought the Joan of Arc, Lenepveu has found her. Would you like to know how this artist makes an angel? He poses three models one after the other, and draws the face of each upon thin paper superposed, one directly upon the other, selecting from each of the three faces the most angelic, and eliminating the most earthly, features. Thus are angels created in the year of grace, 1893, in the Paris workshops.

Wallace Wood.

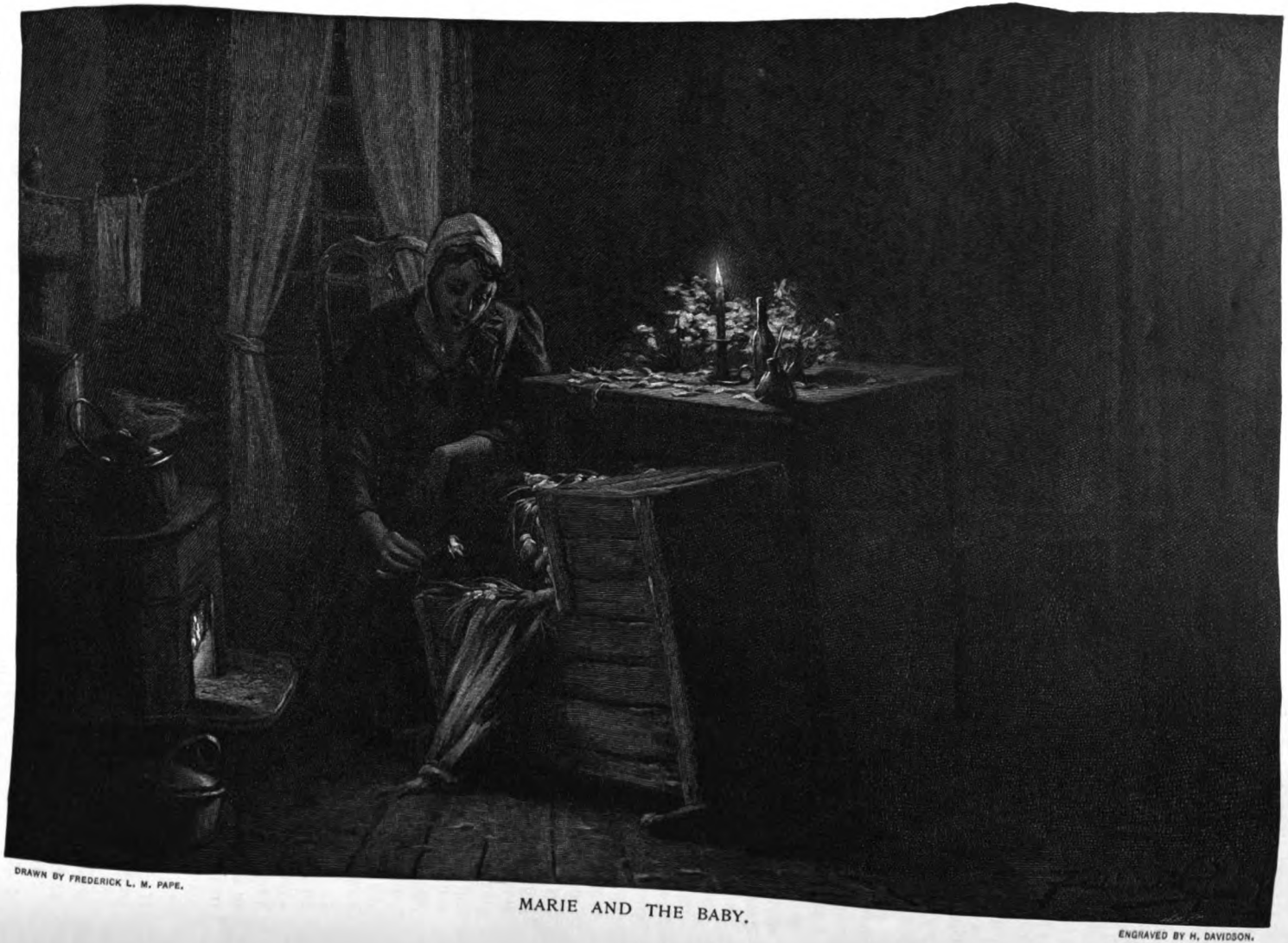
FLEUR-DE-LIS.

FLEUR-DE-LIS had been christened Marie Hortense Amélie Dupont; Marie for her mother, Hortense and Amélie in honor of the two vicomtesses de Rastignac, sole survivors of the proud old Royalist family in whose service Marie's mother and grandmother had lived, and into whose service Marie herself had been born. But when *la petite* Marie Hortense Amélie was a mere blossom of babyhood, she forsook the name that the priest had given her as he touched her downy head with the holy water, and chose instead to be called Fleur-de-lis, a name, in sooth, much better suited to a noble daughter of the Rastignacs than to a child of Marie Dupont, maker of tissue-paper flowers, and Pierre Dupont, street musician.

Fleur-de-lis had first opened her eyes in a very humble chamber, but it was large enough to hold a deal of sweet content, which grew all the sweeter when she came to share it. There were only two rooms for father, mother, and child, and these were in a dreary tenement-house; for Pierre Dupont, a stranger in a strange land, was having a desperate struggle with poverty. On being discharged from the hospital where he had passed through the dangerous illness that left him a maimed and broken man, he had to begin the world all over again, and begin it single-handed, in very truth. There were few things to which he could turn his one hand; one of them was the crank of a street piano, and in a modest example of that modern instrument of torture he accordingly invested the last of his savings. He was much too good for it, but by regarding it distinctly as a hated object which should be discarded the moment something better appeared, he mastered his aversion, and by wheeling it through the streets from morning till night he managed to live; for there were always people who wanted to hear it, and others who did not, so that between the two classes he scraped together enough for his frugal needs.

Marie was young and pretty and loyal, and when affairs were most desperate she offered to take the baby Fleur-de-lis and accompany her husband, gathering the pennies in a tambourine, while he ground so-called music from the piano with the left arm that grew so weary

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY FREDERICK L. M. PAPE.

MARIE AND THE BABY.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

Digitized by Google

in the monotonous service. But there was not a trace of the mountebank in Pierre Dupont, nor a drop of beggar's blood in his veins. He was poor and crippled, but he had still the self-respecting pride of the peasant whose people have served noble families, and who know what true nobility is. He could injure the dead and gone Rastignacs, if he must, by trundling about a second-hand street-piano, but he could at least spare them the insult of adding a monkey or a woman to the procession. So Maman Marie, loving him more than ever for his chivalrous regard of her, took up an almost forgotten pastime of her girlhood, and fell to making artificial flowers, which she sold to an old woman, who stood on the street corners and offered them to the passers-by.

The two rooms in the tenement-house were as neat as care and thrift could make them. The windows opened only into the court, it is true, but Pierre and Marie did not need to look out of doors to get a pleasant view, for they could look at each other and at the baby; besides, the glass was spotlessly clean and hung with equally spotless curtains. The floors were uncarpeted, but there was never a speck of dust on them. The little kitchen where Marie worked had a not unappetizing fragrance from the *pot-au-feu* that simmered on the stove; it had also a gleam of sunshine in it for a few hours each day. Sometimes when Pierre left his incubus for a half-hour, and ran home for a mouthful of bread and soup, he looked at Maman Marie sitting by her table in the sunshine, her scissors gleaming among the paper flower-petals, and at Fleur-de-lis, sitting at her feet playing with the rainbow-colored scraps, and then he fell on his knees beside them, and, putting his arm about them both, forgot that it was the only one he had, forgot that he was poor and crippled, and that the future was all uncertain, remembering only that he had home and wife and child, and that life, with all its hardships, was inexpressibly dear to him. For it happens, sometimes, that a poet's soul is lodged in a very humble tenement, and a love that would do honor to a knight blossoms and flourishes in the midst of mean and pitiful surroundings.

Fleur-de-lis's cradle had curtains made of a bit of tricolor, and from the center of the canopy there hung a medal of the Virgin swinging on a narrow ribbon of blue. The cradle itself was a wooden box, and Marie, with a maternal ingenuity that surmounted the lack of ordinary materials, had lined the inside of the hood with tissue-paper flowers; white and blue fleurs-de-lis to match those on the faded satin coverlet, a fragment of ancient grandeur where the Rastignac coat-of-arms was intertwined with the Bourbon lilies of France. And when the baby's vagrant gaze wandered to the flowery heaven above her head, and her pink fingers reached to touch it and to stroke the soft counterpane, Maman Marie would tell her the name of the posies; and so after a time, when she discovered that people and things possessed names, Marie Hortense Amélie, Mademoiselle Bébé, elected to call herself Fleur-de-lis. It was the first word she lisped, and she attached it to herself with the utmost complacency. It was appropriate enough, for she looked as if she might have been originally intended for a flower, and then somehow a soul had strayed into the flower, and it had fluttered down to earth as a child — a curious blossom to come from lowly stock, a kind of tender and beautiful miracle wrought out of common clay by the fashioning and refining power of love. At times when Marie sat at her work, and looked at Fleur-de-lis cooing and smiling under her tricolored curtains, she forgot the strange land outside the windows, and the Babel of strange tongues in the crowded tenement, and as her deft brown fingers shaped the tissue flowers, she saw in fancy the poppies and the wheat and the lilies of her native Breton fields. She saw the sun shining on the old château, her mother hanging a chaplet on the baron's tomb in the little oratory, the aged baroness walking sadly in the pleasance. All, all were gone. The château was dismantled. The proud old family, rooted for centuries to the soil of Brittany, had gradually lost its lands and its riches, till now there was only one frail old dame, poor and childless, to maintain the ancient title. All these memories, half sad, half sweet, flitted in and out of Marie's mind as she snipped and trimmed and twisted and shaped, her head on one side to view the result, like a little brown pheasant regarding a berry; and if Fleur-de-lis slept, she hummed a Breton lullaby as she twined her paper nosegays. What wonder, then, that there was a French air about them that attracted purchasers?

So "hope clad in April green" made life worth living for father and mother; and as for Fleur-de-lis, she was a child, and she had love, and that was enough; and it is sad when we grow so old that it does not suffice for us. But these days, full of care and anxiety, of weariness and self-denial tinged with happiness, came to an end; for when Fleur-de-lis was two years old, Maman Marie, young and strong, passionately in love with life, desperately needed by husband and child, had to leave them, to journey on alone to another far country, having just grown wonted to this.

Then the light went out of the two little rooms that had been home; indeed, it seemed to go out of the world altogether. Hard times and yet harder ones descended upon poor Pierre Dupont. Marie's earnings no longer helped to swell the slender income, and there were no wil-

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY FREDERICK L. M. PAPE.

FLEUR-DE-LIS.

ling woman's hands to cut and plan and save, to contrive and embellish. Added to this, the piano suddenly grew uncertain, and subject to grave musical lapses, attacks of aphasia in the middle of some tunes, and of asthma in the middle of others; so that the hoot of the stony-hearted bystander and the ruffianly small boy became familiar to Pierre's ears; for he could not afford to buy new cylinders to fit into the old instrument, and to keep it up to the demands of the street, which is always delighted if you "cannot sing the old songs," and wishes the latest melody to the exclusion of everything else.

Fleur-de-lis had been left in the care of a woman for many weeks after Marie's death, but the sight of her tear-stained face at night, the tender frenzy with which she lifted her arms to her father when he came in, the sob of joy with which she buried her head in his coat, the sigh of content with which she stroked his cheek between every mouthful of bread and milk as she sat on his knee eating her meager supper—all this was too much for his loving heart. He had a small sum of money that he had been hoarding to attach "Annie Rooney" and "Comrades" to his unfashionable instrument, that he might appease the public by the gratification of its darling wishes, and withdraw the Boulanger march from its sated ears. This money he took and went to a carpenter-shop in the neighborhood. After many explanations in his broken English, and many diagrams

Digitized by Google

rudely drawn on paper, the carpenter succeeded in building a primitive sort of baby-carriage on one end of the street-piano. It had two wheels of its own, and moved somewhat in harmony with the ancient instrument, which had its difficulties of locomotion nowadays, as well as its musical weaknesses. It had a drawer in which Fleur-de-lis's playthings were kept—a battered doll, and boxes of her favorite scraps of bright tissue-paper, the top of an old cotton umbrella, and a square of rubber-cloth like that which covered the piano when it rained. Here Fleur-de-lis sat for many hours each day, happy and content. Pierre would often take her out, and let her toddle by his side until she was tired, when she would ascend her throne again. She wore a faded corduroy jacket and an old woolen cap, but the flower face that smiled above the one, and the shower of chestnut hair that fell from beneath the other, made you forget the poverty of her raiment. She was always clean and sweet and comfortable, for Pierre, with the gentleness and patience of a woman, washed and even mended, in a rough sort of way, that the child might not wholly miss a mother's care.



DRAWN BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS. ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"A YOUNG GIRL . . . JOINED THE CHILDREN AT THE WINDOW."

Matters were going on in this way, rather from bad to worse, when one November day father and child turned off a side street, and trundled into one of the fashionable avenues of the city. Pierre did not often wheel his piano in front of brown-stone houses; it was too old and wheezy to commend itself to localities accustomed to Seidl's orchestra and the Hungarian band, but he scarcely knew to-day whither his aimless feet were carrying him. For two weeks he had gone out in the early morning and evening, leaving Fleur-de-lis asleep, and had spent an hour or two in a vain quest for employment. But his speech was broken, and he had only one arm — small wonder that he failed when hundreds of men with two arms and nimbler tongues were seeking the same thing, and failing. People generally told him that he ought to have stayed at home in his own country, where he belonged, but that as he had not done that, his next best plan was to get back there at the earliest possible moment. If they had had time to hear his justification for cumbering the earth of this free country, he might have told them that he left France a strong young man, with a strong young wife, and nearly fifteen hundred francs for the inevitable rainy day; but that the rainy day had turned out to be a continual downpour. He was wondering in a dull, vague sort of way, as they

Digitized by Google

rattled along over the cobblestones, why there was not bread for the mouths that needed it. He wondered why, through no fault of his own, he should have been maimed and crippled, why the loss of wife should have followed the loss of limb, why there was not enough work in the world for the people who were willing to do it, why the children in the luxurious carriages that swept past him should be swathed in furs while Fleur-de-lis's hands were blue in her ragged mittens.

The universe was a mystery to Pierre Dupont. Search it as he might, he could find no key to its curious distribution of miseries and injustices. It seemed to him that if some people would be content to take a little less, there might be a little more for him; but he was by no means certain of the soundness of this comfortable theory. A trifle less gold plate on that harness, for instance, a yard less of lace on the gown of that lady just stepping into her brougham, a single diamond from her marquise ring — no, that superficial and snarling philosophy did not help Pierre; there was neither envy nor rage in his heart as yet, only a dull despair, a groping in the dark for a reason. Many of these fortunate people, he supposed, deserved their fortunes, and had earned them. They were cleverer than he, and had friends and opportunities not vouchsafed, perhaps, to him. But why, since he was not clever, and since he had neither friends nor opportunities, should he have been deprived first of his principal means of self-support, and then of his consolation, his courage, his other and braver self?

And now it was the anniversary of Marie's death; that made the day even harder to bear; for in some subtle way the remembrance of certain hours or moments in a dear dead past is always more bitter when we say to ourselves with a sigh, "It was just a year ago." Nature was in no buoyant mood. A cold, drizzling rain, which ought to have been snow, fell from time to time. The chill dampness made people draw their wraps closer, and look drearily at the sky. Even the children appeared less joyous than usual. Men turned up the bottoms of their trousers and the collars of their coats, and hurried past one another with a gruff nod that would have been a smile on a sunny day. The bare branches of the trees shivered in the wind, and a few snow-birds huddled themselves together cheerlessly here and there as if even they wished themselves farther south.

Pierre took out the rubber-cloth to cover his piano, and as he did so he saw two children at the second story of a fine house near by. He expected to be ordered away by a butler in livery the moment he disclosed the limitations of his musical instrument; but one could never tell, the butler might be wooing the parlor-maid, so he drew up in front of the driveway. Fleur-de-lis had just walked several blocks, and on being lifted into her carriage hoisted the dilapidated cotton umbrella, and wrapped her doll in an extra bit of calico. Pierre turned the crank; the piano began on "Love's Young Dream." It seemed to him that with every revolution of the handle he twisted the chords of his aching heart, and that presently it would break, as the battered old cylinders threatened to do, and for the same reason: because, alas! too many tunes had been played upon them. When ill fortune descends too thick and fast upon the human spirit, unless it can draw fresh accessions of strength from within, from without, from above, it sinks inevitably into despair. Man may be conscious that he is made in the image of God, fitted to endure, to conquer, all things, but for the time he is common human clay, he faints and dies, or falls into a cowardly lethargy that is worse than death. Such a moment had come to Pierre Dupont. In his first crushing blow he had had a wife to stand shoulder to shoulder with him. He had now his passionate devotion to his child; but in cold and weariness, in hunger and friendlessness, ill-fortune and despair, would love be able to keep itself pure, noble, self-denying, hopeful? There were ways of forgetting, of dulling one's self, of blotting out memory for hours together.

His wants were comparatively simple, but since he could not realize them, why not give up the struggle? He did not wish for a carriage or a palace; he wished to give up his vagrant life for some labor by which he could maintain himself and give his child a start toward honest womanhood. That was not extravagant, surely, and if God were indeed in his heaven, and all were indeed right with the world, it seemed to Pierre that it was none too much to ask.

He finished "Love's Young Dream" and began the Boulanger march. A young girl of eighteen or nineteen, with an open book in her hand, joined the children at the window. She had a beautiful, rather serious face, and it brightened into amusement, and then into earnestness, as she caught sight of the quaint vehicle, of the child under the faded umbrella, and of the empty sleeve of the musician. Pierre ground on mechanically; it was "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls," now, and he hoped that a dime would be flung from the window before he came to "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town," for that was the weakest part of his repertoire. The group still stayed at the window, and the crisis could not be delayed. The piano jerked through several bars, stopped and repeated, wheezed and returned to the Boulanger march, then bounded again to Edinboro' Town, and after several ineffectual attempts to finish it, made an asthmatic dash

Digitized by Google

into "No One to Love." Pierre looked anxiously under the porte-cochère for the resentful butler, but the children shrieked with renewed delight, and the young girl, going away from the window, presently appeared, running down the driveway, and slipping on her jacket as she came. She approached the edge of the sidewalk, for there was no group about the piano, and after a brief interview with Pierre, she left a piece of silver with him, and went up-stairs to her mother.

Janet Gordon was a great anxiety to her family. She was possessed of the most extraordinary ideas, and no one could tell whence they came, unless she became infected by them in some mysterious fashion, as one is by microbes; at all events, she had never inherited them in the legitimate way. At present, it is true, she had not been introduced to society, but unless a great change of heart should make itself apparent in a few months, she threatened to be no ornament to her set, and no source of pride to an ambitious mother.

"Please look out of the window, mama," she said, bringing a breath of raw air into her mother's flower-scented sitting-room.

Mrs. Gordon rose languidly, her tea-gown trailing behind her.

"What is it? Anything more than an organ-grinder who has been rasping my nerves for five minutes? Oh, I see what you mean; what an extraordinary combination — a child in one end of the machine! Tell Heloise to give the man a dime, dear."

"I have given him a quarter myself, and have had a little talk with him; he is quite different from the ordinary organ-grinder, mama."

"Oh, of course," said Mrs. Gordon, good-humoredly; "all your geese are swans, dear; a dime was quite enough for him."

"But he has only one arm, you see, mama."

"Of course: they never have; that is one of the tricks of the trade; they bind one arm down to the side, and then slip the coat over it. If you notice the man to-morrow he will have the left sleeve hanging empty, and be playing with the right arm — it is more effective."

"I am sure there is no deception in this case, mama."

"Well, have it your own way, child, but pray don't take off his coat to investigate, or you 'll be catching some dreadful disease. It does seem strange that poor people should always be so odiously dirty, when water costs nothing."

"This man is as clean as possible, and so is the baby. Her name is Fleur-de-lis; is it not quaint?"

"Just what I should expect; the dirtier and commoner they are, the more regal and fanciful are the names they give their children. I suppose your Fleur-de-lis is redolent of garlic like the Pansies and Violets of her class."

"No, she is not; she is as sweet as a rose, but her face is almost blue with cold."

"Of course; what can the man expect if he trundles her about in this weather? But I suppose he does it to enlist public sympathy. I wonder why foreigners choose this particularly obnoxious way of getting a living, and if they must do it, why they go about with a decrepit old instrument like that."

"Yes, his piano is very old, but he cannot afford to rent a better one just at present. He said, in his broken English, 'I had not the "Marche Boulanger," neither "Comrades," ma'mselle; it was then that I had what you call bad luck, and now, *mon Dieu!* it is that I have not "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"' And as for the child, he does not allow her to take the money. I was dropping the quarter into her hand when he touched his cap, and said, '*Pardon*, give it to me, ma'mselle, *s'il vous plaît*. You see, if ze monees keep putting in her hand she will grow up one leetle beggair; she does not make ze muzeek, she does not push ze piano — *bien*, she s'all not take ze monees."

"Extraordinary!" murmured Mrs. Gordon, satirically, as she fitted the cushions to her back more luxuriously; "you must repeat that speech to your father. I actually believe that a new order of philosophic mendicant is springing up to match the new charity. The new charity does not wish to pauperize poverty, and the new poverty does not wish to be pauperized; it is really very amusing."

"He is forced to take the child with him, because she has no mother," explained Janet.

"Of course she has no mother; they make it a point to have no mother, or if they have, they never know who she was nor where she is."

"They know where this mother is," said Janet, gravely, "for she died a year ago, to-day."

"Really, Janet, you exasperate me beyond measure, talking with these low people, and allowing them to fill your mind with their falsehoods. What is it you wish to do? You have given the man a quarter already; that will quench his thirst for the present — Heloise, don't take Fifine out without her blanket; she has been shivering even on the rug before the fire. Go back to your books, Janet. There will always be poor organ-grinders, and most of them will have lost some of their arms or legs, and all of them will have motherless, or worse than motherless, children. It 's the way of the world, and if you had the wealth of the Indies you could never set things right — and Heloise, come back a moment: tell Madame Labiche that all three gowns must be sent home to-morrow, and that I shall give her no more orders if she copies any detail of my costumes for her other customers; and don't forget the Ameri-

Digitized by Google

can Beauties, two dozen, the longest stems, and give that piano child at the gate ten cents more as you pass — I know it is not right, Janet, but you are so insistent. The societies tell you never to bestow alms without first looking into the case and finding whether it is really deserving, but I am too weakly benevolent, and too lazy, besides, ever to restrain — Janet, are you mad? Close that window at once!" and Mrs. Gordon almost shrieked as she held down her frizzes with both hands to shield them from the raw wind that rushed in from outside. She would not have spoken so peremptorily had it not been for the effect of the damp air on her coiffure. When her front hair was crimped and protected from the assaults of the atmosphere, she was an amiable woman, and could discuss any subject with calmness; but deprive her of twenty little gold-wire hairpins daintily darned in to her auburn frizzes, and the invisible hair-net that Heloise pinned on with such nicety, and she would not have listened to any argument in the world, even if it concerned the salvation of her own soul.

"I was only going to speak a word to the man, mama," said Janet, apologetically.

"I believe you 've been reading Tolstoi," returned her mother, going to a mirror to repair damages. "Heavens! what a fright you 've made me! I wish those Russians would keep their universal brotherhood ideas, and their cholera germs, at home."

"Dear mama, I scarcely know who Tolstoi is, except that he wrote a novel about Anna somebody that you will not let me read. I do not know what Tolstoi thinks about the wrong in the world, or how he means to right it. I am not as sentimental as you and papa seem to fancy. I am not certain that I ought to wrap that cold little child in my new seal jacket, and run bareheaded by the side of the organ collecting pennies for the poor one-armed man. I know that if I should go down into the slums I should find a thousand others, and that if I worked from year's end to year's end, and spent papa's entire fortune, I could not make them all comfortable. But don't you believe, mama, when, once in a while, need and poverty and sorrow seem to come directly in contact with plenty and riches and happiness, that it means something, and that we ought to stop and think out something special?"

"Oh, I 'm sure I don't know, child; you confuse me so with your persistence, and I can't think of anything while he sticks fast in the middle of "Edinboro' Town." Give him half a dollar, if you like — anything to get rid of him, though he succeeds wonderfully in amusing the children."

"I don't want to give him any more money, mama," said Janet, with a sigh. "I only feel as if I must not lose sight of the child — there, they are going!"

Pierre covered his piano, pinned the rubber-cloth more tightly round Fleur-de-lis's throat, and was preparing to move off in the direction of home, when Janet darted into the nursery, and, flinging open the window in front of the children, called impetuously in her clear young voice: "Bon soir, Fleur-de-lis! Bon soir, monsieur! Revenez bientôt, je vous prie!"

Pierre's face lighted with surprise and pleasure, and as he took off his cap he stammered excitedly, "Dis bon soir, bébé! Je vous remercie mille fois, ma'mselle; je reviendrai!"

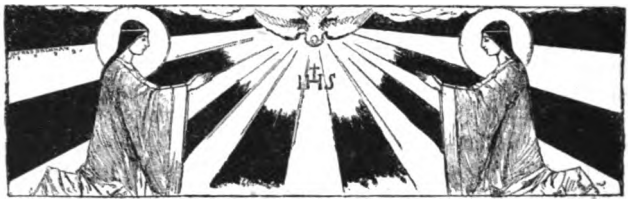
He wheeled his piano to the shed where he kept it under cover at night, and carried Fleur-de-lis home on his arm. After he had undressed her and laid her in her crib, he took a crucifix from a drawer where, in a moment of bitterness, he had hidden it the day before, and, kissing it, restored it to its accustomed place above the head of his bed.

And the anniversary of Marie's death did not go out in utter blackness after all; nor was it entirely because of the two pieces of silver that had unexpectedly swelled the day's receipts. He had felt the magic of a friendly voice; the beautiful little lady had spoken to him in his native tongue; she had drawn a fragment of his story from him, and thus relieved the weight at his heart; she had smiled on the child and kissed her; she had asked him to come again. And as he fell asleep he whispered, "Merci, mille fois, ma'mselle; je reviendrai!"

Kate Douglas Wiggin.



Digitized by Google



TO A PILGRIM.

MARCH on, my soul, nor like a laggard stay:
March swiftly on. Yet err not from the way
Where all the nobly wise of old have trod—
The path of faith made by the sons of God.

Follow the marks that they have set beside
The narrow, cloud-swept track, to be thy guide:
Follow, and honor what the past has gained,
And forward still, that more may be attained.

Something to learn — and something to forget: —
Hold fast the good, and seek the better yet:
Press on, and prove the pilgrim-hope of youth,
That Creeds are milestones on the road to Truth.

Henry van Dyke.

BÄADER.

(ARTISTS' ADVENTURES SERIES.)

WITH A PICTURE BY THE AUTHOR.



BÄADER insisted we should go to Cancale. His point was made sitting in the shadow of Mme. Poulard's delightful inn at St. Michel. Dinner had been served, and I had helped to pay for my portion by tacking a sketch on the wall behind the chair of the hostess. This high valuation was not intended as a special compliment to me, the wall being already covered with similar souvenirs from the sketch-books of half the painters in Europe.

Mme. Poulard and her thoroughly comfortable inn need no introduction: her personal beauty, the excellence of her cuisine, and the snowy whiteness of her household linen and pillow-slips, have for years been common talk along the Normandy coast. But Bäader (he pronounced it Bay-der) is unknown to you.

I was sitting in the courtyard of the hotel at Rouen — the one next the old clock — when my eye first fell upon him. He was bowing obsequiously, hat in hand, to the governor, who, the night before, in a moment of desperation, had telegraphed the proprietor of his hotel in Paris, "Send at once a courier who knows Normandy and speaks English."

The bare-headed man who at this moment was bowing so obsequiously was the person who had arrived in response. He was short and thick-set, and perfectly bald on the top of his head in a small spot, friar-fashion. He glistened with perspiration, which, collecting near the hat line, escaped in two streams, drowning locks of black hair covering each temple, stranding them like wet grass on his cheek-bones below. His full face was clean-shaven, smug, and persuasive, and framed two shoe-button eyes that, while sharp and alert, lacked neither humor nor tenderness.

He wore a pair of new green kid gloves, was dressed in a brown cloth coat bound with a braid of several different shades, showing different dates of repair, and surmounted by a velvet collar of the same date as the coat. His trousers were of a nondescript gray, and

Digitized by Google

he stood in a pair of brand-new gaiters, evidently purchased for the occasion, and, from the numerous positions assumed while he talked, evidently one size too small.

His hat — the judicious use of which added such warmth, color, and picturesqueness to his style of delivery, now pressed to his chest, now raised aloft, now debased to the cobbles — had once had some dignity and proportions. Continual maltreatment had long since taken all the gay and frolicsome curl out of its brim, while the crown had so often collapsed that the scars of ill usage were visible upon it. And yet at a distance this relic of a former fashion, as handled by Bäader, — it was so continuously in his grasp and so seldom on his head, that you could never say it was worn, — this hat brushed, polished, and finally slicked by its owner to a state slightly confusing as to whether it were made of polished iron or silk, was really a very gay and attractive object.

It was easy to see that the person before me had spared neither skill, time, nor expense to make as favorable an impression on his possible employers as lay in his power.

"At the moment of the arrival of the *dépêche télégraphique*," — to quote Bäader himself, — "I was in the office of monsieur the *propriétaire*. It was at the conclusion of some *arrangement commercial*, when *mon ami* the *propriétaire* say to me: 'Bäader, it is the abandoned season with you in Paris. Why not arrange for the gentlemen in Normandy? The number of francs a day will be at least'" — here Bäader scrutinized carefully the governor's face — "'at least to the amount of ten' — is it not so, messieurs? Of course," noting a slight contraction of the eyebrows, "if the service was of long time, and to the most far-away point, some abatement could be possible. If, *par exemple*, it was to St. Malo, St. Servan, Paramé, Cancale spéciale, Dieppe petite, Dinard, and the others, the sum of nine francs would be quite sufficient."

The governor had never heard Dieppe called "petite" nor Cancale "spéciale," and said so, lifting his eyebrows inquiringly. Bäader did not waver. "But if messieurs intend a much smaller route and of a few days, say to St. Michel, Paramé, and Cancale," — here the governor's brow relaxed again, — "then it was impossible, — if messieurs will pardon, — quite impossible for less than ten francs."

There being no reasonable objection to this sum, the price was agreed upon, and the hat, now with a decided metallic sheen, once more swept the cobblestones of the courtyard. Its owner then drew off the green kid gloves, — the ceremony being over, — folded them flat on his knee, guided them into the inside pocket of the brown coat with the assorted bindings as carefully as if they had been his letter of credit, and declared himself at our service.

Half an hour later he was on the way to the train, laden with hand luggage, including my sketch-trap.

But to go back to Mme. Poulard at St. Michel.

When Bäader, now duly installed as custodian not only of our hand luggage, but to a certain extent of our bank accounts and persons, had been in our service some days, he urged upon the governor the advisability of our proceeding to Cancale at once, or Cancale spéciale, as he insisted on calling it. I immediately added my own voice to his pleadings, arguing that Cancale must certainly be on the sea, not leagues away from it, as was every other coast town we had touched so far in Normandy — Dinan, for instance, full of quaint streets, but with no sea unless you walked for miles. Furthermore, from my recollection of numerous water-colors and black-and-whites of big fishing-boats with stumpy sails, all numbered with white letters on their bows and labeled in the catalogue, "Coast near Cancale," and the like, I was sure there must be the customary fish-girls, with shrimp-nets carried gracefully over one shoulder, bare-legged or wearing white sabots, as befitted the walking (whether beach or highway), to say nothing of brawny-chested fishermen, with flat, rimless caps, having the usual little round button on top. Besides all these, there would be, of course, if we should chance upon a storm, great curling waves, foaming seas of yellow soap-suds, and the picturesque grouping of the women and children huddled together on the shore watching with the ever present spy-glass, until their husbands and lovers should escape.

The governor, however, was obdurate. That sort of thing was all very well for me, but how about the hotel for him? He had passed that time in his life when he could sleep under a boat with water pouring down the back of his neck through a tarpaulin full of holes.

"The hotel, messieurs! Imagine! Is it possible that monsieur imagines for one moment that Bäader would arrange such annoyances? I remember the hotel quite easily. It is not like, of course, the Grand Hôtel of Paris, but it is simple, clean, the cuisine superb, and the apartments fine and hospitable. Trust to me."

"And the baths?"

Bäader's face was a study; a pained, deprecating expression passed over it as he uncovered his head, his glazed head-piece glistening in the sun.

"Baths, monsieur — and the water of the sea everywhere?"

These assurances of future comfort were not elaborate as to detail, but they served to satisfy

Digitized by Google

the governor, since Bäader had so far proved himself a man of resource, quite ready with a meal or an answer at a moment's notice. So we started for Cancale.

On the way our courier grew enthusiastic; we were traveling in a four-seated carriage, Bäader on the box, pointing out in English, after furtive conversations in French with the driver, the principal points of interest. When we arrived at Paramé — Paramé is one of those Normandy cities which consist of a huge hotel, with enormous piazzas, a beach ten miles from the sea, and a small so-called fishing-village as a sort of marine attachment. To give a realistic touch, there is always a lone boat being tarred somewhere down at the end of one of its toy streets, two or three donkey-carts and donkeys to add an air of picturesqueness, and the usual number of children with red pails and shovels digging in the sand. All the fish that are sold come from the next town. As for girls in sabots and white caps, it was too early in the season, the tide from Paris not having set in. When we arrived at Paramé, I say, the governor hailed it with delight. Bäader was a most excellent man — a most *excellent* man. "Stop at the main entrance, Bäader; evidently a good hotel."

"But it is only Paramé, monsieur," with an accent on the "only" and a lifting of the hands. "Cancale spéciale will charm you; the coast it is so immediately flat, and the life of the sea *charmante*. Never at Paramé, always at Cancale." So we drove on.

You all know the sudden dip from the rich, flat country of Normandy down the steep cliffs to the sea. Cancale is like the rest of it. The town itself stands on the brink of its swoop to the sands; the fishing-village proper, where the sea packs it solid in a great half-moon, with a light burning on one end that on clear nights can be seen as far as Mme. Poulard's cozy dining-room at St. Michel.

One glimpse of this sea-burst tumbled me out of the carriage, sketch-trap in hand. Bäader and the governor kept on. If the latter noticed the discrepancy between Bäader's description of the country and the actual topography, no word fell from him at the moment of departure.

Half an hour later, from my aery under my white umbrella below the cliff, I could distinctly make out our traveling-carriage several hundred feet below and a mile away, crawling along a road of white tape with a green selvage of trees, the governor's glazed trunk flashing behind, Bäader's silk hat burning in front. Then the little insect stopped at a white spot backed by dots of green; a little speck broke away, and was swallowed up in the white dot, — doubtless Bäader to parley for rooms, — and then to my astonishment the whole insect turned and began crawling back again, growing larger every minute. All this occurred before I had half finished my outline or opened my color-box. Instantly the truth dawned upon me — the governor was going back to Paramé. An hour later, Bäader, with uncovered head and beaded with perspiration, the two locks of hair hanging limp and straight, stood before me.

"What was the matter with the governor, Bäader? No hotel?"

"On the *contraire, pardonnez-moi, monsieur*, a most excellent hotel, simple and quite of the people, and with many patrons. Even at the moment of arrival a most distinguished artist, a painter of the Salon, was with his cognac upon a table at the entrance."

"No bath, perhaps," I remarked casually, still absorbed in my work, and with my mind at rest now that Bäader remained with me.

"On the *contraire, monsieur, les bains* are most excellent — primitive, of course, simple, and quite of the people. But, *monsieur le gouverneur* is no more young. When one is no more young, *parbleu*, it is impossible to enjoy everything. *Monsieur le gouverneur*, I do assure you, make the conclusion most regretfully to return to Paramé."

I learned the next morning that he evinced every desire to drown Bäader in the surf for bringing him to such an inn, and was restrained only by the knowledge that I should miss his protection during my one night in Cancale.

"Moreover, it is the *grande fête* to-night — the *fête* of the *République*. There are fireworks and illumination and music by the municipality. It is simple, but quite of the people. It is for this reason that I made the effort special with *monsieur le gouverneur* to remain with you. Monsieur is so robust, so enthusiastic, so appreciative."

Here Bäader put on his hat.

"But monsieur has not yet dined, nor even at his hotel arrived. The inn of Mme. Flamand is so very far away, and the ascent up the cliffs so hard. If monsieur will be so good, there is a café near by where it is quite possible to dine."

The wisdom of the governor's action in leaving Bäader behind was never so apparent as now. He bustled about the restaurant, called for "Cancale spéciale," a variety of oysters apparently entirely unknown to the landlord, interviewed the *chef* himself, and in a few moments a table was spread in a corner of the porch overlooking a garden gay with hollyhocks and bright flowers, and a dinner was ordered of broiled chicken, French rolls, some radishes, half a dozen apricots, and a segment of cheese. When it was over, — Bäader had been served in an adjoining apartment, — there remained not the amount mentioned in a former out-of-

Digitized by Google

door feast, but sufficient to pack at least one basket,—in this case a paper box,—the drumsticks being stowed below, dunnaged by two rolls, and battened down with fragments of cheese and three apricots.

"What 's this for, Bäader? Have you not had enough to eat?"

Bäader's face wore its blandest smile. "Owing to monsieur's generosity, I have made for myself a most excellent repast; but if monsieur will consider—the dinner is a *prix fixe*, and monsieur can eat it all, or it shall remain for the *propriétaire*. This last, if monsieur will for one moment attend, will be stupid *extraordinaire*. I have made the investigation, and discover that the post depart from Cancale in one hour. How simple then to affix the stamps,—only five sous,—and in the morning, even before Mme. Bäader is out of bed, it is in Paris—a souvenir from Cancale. How *charmante* the surprise!"

I discovered afterward that since he joined us Bäader's own domestic larder had been almost daily benefited by these crumbs from Dives's table.

The *fête* lacked one necessary feature. Despite Bäader's assurances, there was no music, the band being away with the boats, the triangle probably cooking, and the French horn and clarionette hauling seines.

So Bäader, not to be outdone by any *contretemps*, started off to find an old blind fellow who played an accordeon, collecting five francs of me in advance for his pay, under the plea that it was quite horrible that the young people could not dance. "While one is young, monsieur, music is the life of the heart."

He brought the old man back, and with a certain care and tenderness set him down on a stone bench, his sightless eyes turned up to the stars as he swayed the primitive instrument back and forth. The young girls clung to Bäader's arm, and blessed him for his goodness. I forgave him his duplicity, his delight in their happiness was so genuine.

When, later in the evening, we arrived at Mme. Flamand's, we found her in the doorway, her brown face smiling, her white cap and apron in full relief under the glare of an old-fashioned ship's light, which hung from a rafter of the porch. Bäader inscribed my name in a much-thumbed, ink-stained register, which looked like a neglected ship's log, and then added his own. This, by the by, Bäader never



neglected. There was always, besides, a little ceremony connected with this last signature of "Moritz Bäader, *Courrier et Interprète*." After it was all over,—and in justice it must be said that it was always clearly written, with a flourish at the end that lent additional dignity,—Bäader would pause for a moment, carefully balance the pen, trying it on his thumb nail, and then place two little dots of ink over the first *a*, saying, with a certain wave of his hand, "For the honor of my families."

The inn of Mme. Flamand, although less pretentious than many others that had sheltered us, was clean and comfortable, the lower deck and companionway were freshly sanded,—the whole house had a decidedly nautical air about it,—and the captain's state-room on the upper deck, a second-floor room, large and well-lighted, although the ceiling might have been a trifle too low for the governor, and the bed a few inches too short. With these exceptions, however, I could not but agree with Bäader that the governor's departure had been hasty and ill-considered.

All these thoughts passed through my mind as I ascended to the upper deck, preceded by the hostess with the ship's lantern, now that the last guest had been housed for the night, and followed by Bäader with a brass candlestick and a tallow dip about the size of a lead pencil. With the swinging open of the bedroom door, I made a mental inventory of all the conveniences: bed, two pillows, plenty of windows, wash-stand, towels. Then the all-important question recurred to me, Where had they hidden the portable tub?

Digitized by Google

I opened the door of the locker, looked behind a sea-chest, then out of one window, expecting to see the green-painted luxury hanging by a hook or drying on a convenient roof, and in some surprise said:

"And the bath, Bäader?"

"Does monsieur expect to bathe at the night?" inquired Bäader, with a lifting of his eyebrows, his face expressing a certain alarm for my safety.

"No, certainly not; but to-morrow when I get up."

"Ah, to-morrow!" with a sigh of relief. "I do assure you, monsieur, that it will be complete. At the moment of the *déflexion* of *monsieur le gouverneur* there was not the time. Of course it is impossible in Cancale to have the *grand bain* of Paris, but then there is still something—a bath quite *spécial*, simple, and of the people. Remember, monsieur, it is Bäader."

And so, with a cheery "Bon soir" from madame, and a profound bow from Bäader, I fell asleep.

The next morning I was awakened by a rumbling in the lower hold, as if the cargo was being shifted. Then came a noise like the moving of heavy barrels on the upper deck forward of the companionway. The next instant my door was burst open, and in stalked two brawny, big-armed fish-girls, yarn-stockinged to their knees, and with white sabots and caps. They were trundling the lower half of a huge hogshead.

"Pour le bain, monsieur," they both called out, bursting into laughter, as they rolled the mammoth tub behind my bed, grounded it with a revolving whirl, as a juggler would spin a plate, and disappeared, slamming the door behind them, their merriment growing fainter as they dropped down the companionway.

I peered over the head-board, and discovered the larger half of an enormous storage-barrel used for packing fish, with fresh saw-marks indenting its upper rim. Then I shouted for Bäader.

Before anybody answered, there came another onslaught, and in burst the same girls, carrying a great iron beach-kettle filled with water. This, with renewed fits of laughter, they dashed into the tub, and in a flash were off again, their wooden sabots clattering down the steps.

There was no mistaking the indications; Bäader's bath had arrived.

I climbed up, and, dropping in with both feet, avoiding the splinters and the nails, sat on the sawed edge, ready for total immersion. Before I could adjust myself to its conditions there came another rush along the companionway, accompanied by the same clatter of sabots and splashing of water. There was no time to reach the bed, and it was equally evident that I could not vault out and throw myself against the door. So I simply ducked down, held on, and shouted, in French, Normandy patois, English:

"Don't come in! Don't open the door! Leave the water outside!" and the like. I might as well have ruined my throat on a Cancale lugger driving before a gale. In burst the door, and in swept the Amazons, letting go another kettleful, this time over my upper half, my lower half being squeezed down into the tub.

When the girls had emptied the contents of this last kettle over the edge, and caught sight of my face,—they evidently thought I was still behind the head-board,—both gave one prolonged shriek that literally roused the house. The brawnier of the two,—a magnificent creature, with her corsets outside of her dress,—after holding her sides with laughter until I thought she would suffocate, sank upon the sea-chest, from which her companion rescued her just as Mme. Flamand and Bäader opened the door. All this time my chin was resting on the jagged rim of the tub, and my teeth were chattering.

"Bäader, where in thunder have you been? Drag that chest against that door quick, and come in. Is this what you call a bath?"

"Monsieur, if you will pardon. I arouse myself at the daylight; I rely upon Mme. Flamand that the Englishman who is dead had left one behind; I search everywhere. Then I make inquiry of the mother of the two *demoiselles* who have just gone. She was much insulted: 'Monsieur, since I was a baby water has not touched my body.' At the supreme moment, when all hope was gone, I discover near the house of the same madame this grand arrangement. Immediately I am on fire, and say to myself, 'Bäader, all is not lost. Even if there was still the bath of the Englishman, it would not compare.' In the quickness of an eye I bring a saw, and the *demoiselles* are on their knees making the *arrangement*, one part big, one small. I say to myself, 'Bäader, monsieur is an artist, and of enthusiasm, and will appreciate this *ustensile agréable* of the fisherman. If monsieur will consider, it is, of course, not the *grand bain* of Paris, but it is simple, and quite of the people."

SOME two months later, the governor and I happened to be strolling through the flower-market of the Madeleine. He had been selecting plants for the windows of his apartment, and needed a reliable man to arrange them in suitable boxes.

"That fellow Bäader lives down here somewhere; perhaps he might know of some one,"

Digitized by Google

he said, consulting his note-book: "Yes; No. 21 Rue Chambord. Let us look him up."

In five minutes we stood before a small, two-story house, with its door and wide basement-window protected by an awning. Beneath this, upon low shelves, was arranged a collection of wicker baskets, containing the several varieties of oysters from Normandy and Brittany coasts greatly beloved by Parisian epicures. On the top of each lid lay a tin sign bearing the name of the exact locality from which each toothsome bivalve was supposed to be shipped. These signs were all of one size.

The governor is a great lover of oysters, especially his own Chesapeakes, and his eye ran rapidly over the tempting exhibit as he read aloud, perhaps unconsciously, to himself, the several labels: "Dinard, Paramé, Dieppe petite, Cancale spéciale—" then a new light seemed to break in upon him.

"Dieppe petite, Cancale spéciale,"—here his face was a study,—"why, that 's what Bäader always called Cancale. By thunder! I don't believe that rascal was ever in Normandy in his life until I took him. Here, landlord!" A small shop-keeper, wearing an apron, ran out smiling, uncovering the baskets as he approached. "Do you happen to know a courier by the name of Bäader?"

"Never as courier, messieurs—always as *commissionnaire*."

"Where does he live?"

"Up-stairs."

F. Hopkinson Smith.



Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

THE RIVALS.

Digitized by Google

A Set of Sketches.



The First Sketch.

A GRAY, windy autumn day. The gusty breeze blows swift, dark waves across the bright face of the river, which lap and splash against the shore. A long straggling toll-bridge stretches across the water. Two gentlemen on horseback meet at the toll-gate; they come from different ways, and salute with curt coolness, one of them just touching the tip of his cocked hat with the ivory butt of his riding-whip, the other making a sharp return with the forefinger of his gloved hand. Neither of the two speaks to the other; they sit a little apart on their horses, waiting. One of the gentlemen rides a big gray horse, the other a blooded sorrel. The gentleman on the gray horse is tall and thin, with black hair and eyes. He wears a buff overcoat, with double capes at the shoulder, and a double row of big shining metal buttons down the front. A thin close-wrapped rat-tail queue hangs down his back, and he sits very stiff and erect, with his cocked hat tilted a little forward. The gentleman upon the sorrel is shorter and rather thick-set, with a handsome florid face. He wears a bottle-green double-breasted coat buttoned close up in front with big silver buttons. His smooth-fitting leather breeches are protected by spatterdashes. His hair is reddish, and tied behind by a black ribbon, the tips of which flutter in the wind.

The wooden toll-gate house overhangs the water on one side; on the other it opens upon a little garden. There is a slim young girl in the garden hanging clothes upon a line. The clothes flutter in the wind, and strain at the line. The weather-vane above the house — a painted Indian aiming an arrow — jerks now this way and now that in the sudden gusts. A flock of crows fly with the wind across the gray river.

The wooden-legged gate-keeper comes out of the toll-house to collect the toll. His greasy red waistcoat is the one bright patch of color in the general gray. He wears a knit woolen cap, and over it a frayed cocked hat. A short black pipe is held very tightly pinched between his sucking lips. He knows both of the gentlemen, and touches his hat to them as he takes the toll.

Digitized by Google



The Second Sketch.

A GARDEN. It is afternoon, and the chill, gray sky has broken into warm, broad patches of floating blue; the sunlight is mellow in the thin yellow-and-russet leaves. A straight graveled path stretches down the length of the garden, with a trim box border on each side. At the end of the vista of straight, narrow path are two mulberry-trees, a quince-tree, and a wooden summer-house topped by a green weather-vane, which points straight away into the warm sunlight. At every puff of wind a shower of faded yellow leaves falls flicking and rustling; they litter the pathway, and nearly cover the box borders. The flower-beds are tangled with half-leafless plants, and here and there a group of pale autumn flowers wait for the next frost to quench their fading bloom. The warm air is full of the scent of autumn, and the aromatic smell of the box.

A young lady walks with two gentlemen; they are the two who met at the toll-gate. Her face is shaded by a huge broad-brimmed beaver hat topped by a mountain of feathers and bows. She wears a black-silk pelerine over her shoulders. Her face looks out from a cloudy mass of yellow hair. It is smooth and soft like a peach, and her cheeks are as rich as a peach in color. She shows a dimple at one corner of her cherry lips as she smiles. Every now and then the wind blows a strand of hair across her face, and she puts it back again and again, and every time she does so the rings on her fingers twinkle and sparkle. She talks with the florid gentleman, dimpling and smiling as she speaks, and he, with his hat in his hand, listens, leaning forward a little, and smiling a ceaseless smile.

The tall, dark gentleman does not carry his hat in his hand; he walks with his hands behind him, gripping his gloves, and looking straight before him. His eyebrows are sharpened to a set frown, and he does not seem to hear what the others are saying.

They meet the secretary in the pathway, and he stands aside in the yellow leaves to let them pass. He is a handsome young man, with a thin, sensitive, sallow face, a sharp-cut, delicate nose, and bright black eyes. He looks very plain, even humble, in his simple drab-cloth coat, waistcoat, and smalls, and white-cotton stockings. The florid gentleman to whom the lady is talking answers his salute very affably; the tall, dark gentleman pays no attention to him.

Digitized by Google

The Third Sketch.



THE yellow sun of late afternoon shines in through the pair of tall uncurtained windows, and lies in two long strips of light across the carpeted floor. The bright, sunlit room is filled with the odor of the smoldering wood fire that still smokes in the fireplace. Around the gaping blackness of the fireplace stands a tall wire fender topped by brass knobs, each of which glistens with reflected light. There are portraits on the wall, and a clock with gilt pillars and a swinging gilt pendulum ticks sharply from the mantel. Tea has been served, and the light twinkles on the blue-china cups and saucers, and burns like a star upon the round side of the silver tea-urn. There are five people in the room. The young lady of the garden is seated on the sofa, and now she talks to the tall, dark gentleman, who sits near her. She dimples as she talks, and he listens, his lips set in a wide smile. He has a handkerchief spread over his knee, and he holds his tea-cup unconsciously, stirring every now and then at the tea, which has grown cold. The brass tacks of the sofa wink like a hundred stars set in a row.

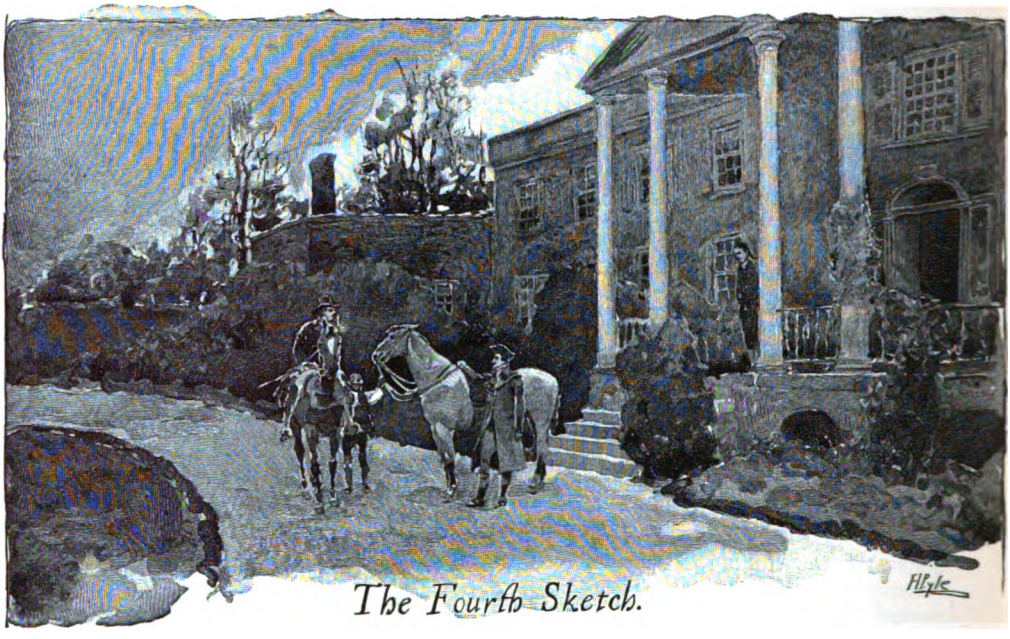
Beside the fireplace a thin-faced elderly lady in a brocade gown is talking ceaselessly with the handsome florid gentleman. She has a lap-dog in her lap. Her white powdered hair is rolled high up from her forehead, and is surmounted by a lace cap with ribbons. The florid gentleman sits restlessly listening to what she is saying. One leg is crossed over the other, and he twitches his foot ceaselessly. He sits askew upon his chair, his arm hanging over the back of it. His eyebrows are drawn to a frown, and every now and then he glances toward the young lady and the gentleman on the sofa; but the lady in the brocade gown never ceases her talking.

On the opposite side of the fireplace, in a cushioned easy-chair, sits a fat, red-faced elderly gentleman sleeping uneasily. His head hangs a little to one side, and his wig is pushed a little awry. His red cheeks, mottled with purple veins, rest upon the cushioning folds of his fat double chin, into which the band of his white cravat cuts sharply. The cluster of gold seals that dangles from the watch that hangs from his fob rises and falls with his deep breathing, gleaming in the light. Now and then he gurgles in his sleep. He holds a tortoise-shell snuff-box clutched in his fat, pudgy, unconscious hand.

The young lady on the sofa laughs, the handsome florid gentleman glances toward her and bites his under lip, but the elderly lady talks on, a ceaseless flow of words.

The door opens, and the secretary comes in with a packet of letters and papers. The fat gentleman awakens, and takes a pinch of snuff as the secretary delivers the packet to him.

Digitized by Google



The Fourth Sketch.

TWILIGHT. The air is perfectly still, and everything is bathed in a faint, glimmering light. The shadows are dim and mysterious.

The great yellow mansion-house looks out from behind a row of tall white pillars that reach up from the marble-flagged porch to the overhanging roof. A half-dozen steps stretching along the length of the façade lead from the porch to the gray of the graveled driveway. Beyond the roadway a smooth strip of level lawn blurs in the distance into the dark line of a well-trimmed hedge. The house looms big and dark against the bright yellow and steel-gray sky, and the motionless trees cut sharp with branches and wire-like twigs against the frosty brightness. A negro servant walks two horses up and down the driveway in the gloaming; one is a big gray horse, and the other is a blooded sorrel.

They have just begun to light the candles in the house. On one side the windows are dark, but on the other side they glow dimly with the warm yellow candle-light. Suddenly the door of the house opens, and the handsome florid gentleman in the bottle-green coat comes out, followed at a little distance by the secretary. He is drawing on his riding-gloves with vicious tugs and twitches, and his handsome florid face is redder than ever. The secretary beckons, and the negro servant brings up the horses. The gentleman puts his foot in the dangling stirrup, and vaults into the saddle of the blooded sorrel. But he does not ride away; he spurs his horse to one side, and there sits waiting, tapping his leg impatiently the while with his riding-whip. The door of the house stands open, and presently the tall, dark gentleman appears. He too is drawing on his gloves, but calmly and deliberately, as he slowly descends the porch to the roadway. He carries his ivory-handled riding-whip under his arm. Again the secretary beckons, and the negro servant brings forward the big gray horse. The tall, dark gentleman lays his hand upon the pommel of the saddle, and is about to mount. The florid gentleman spurs suddenly forward.

"Sir," says he sharply to the dark gentleman, "did you speak to me?"

"No, sir," says the other, "I did not speak to you."

"Sir, perhaps you intend to speak to me?"

"No, sir, I did not so intend, sir."

"By Gad, sir, you shall speak to me, sir."

"Sir, do you mean to quarrel?"

"That, sir, is for you to judge."

"Sir, I take you; you shall hear from me."

"Sir, I thank you."

The gentleman on the horse lifts his hat, and the other answers the salute, touching the tip of his hat with the ivory butt of his whip. Then the florid gentleman upon the sorrel gallops away into the glimmer of the twilight. The other slowly and deliberately mounts his horse.

The secretary, in his plain drab clothes and white-cotton stockings, stands upon the top step between two of the tall pillars. He smiles a little bit of a smile, but he does not say anything.

Digitized by Google

The Fifth Sketch

A STRIP of autumn woodland. The yellow, russet, and brown foliage, warm with golden brightness, glows rich in the sunlight against the blue sky. In front of the woods is an open space framed by spindly thickets. The grass is coarse and brown, and sparkles white with frost here and there in the shadows which the sun has not touched. A sparse young beech-tree, with a thin, smooth white trunk, cuts fine lines of white with branches and twigs against the yellow and russet foliage and the blue of the sky above. The air is cold and crisp with the early morning, and is spicy with the smell of frosty woods and thickets.

Two groups of men are gathered in the open space, and a short, stout, red-faced gentleman, dressed in black, and wearing a white bob-wig, is busied over a rosewood box lying open in the grass. The sunlight glints upon the polished brightness of surgical instruments.

Suddenly the two little groups in the open space separate and divide, leaving two gentlemen standing alone facing each other. They stand twelve paces apart without coat or waistcoat, and each holds a long dueling-pistol in one hand. The sunlight strikes with a flash upon the barrels of the pistols. One of the two is the tall, dark gentleman, and the other is the gentleman with the handsome florid face.

The others cluster in a group to one side. One gentleman stands opposite to them. He is dressed in a dandified suit of mulberry, and he holds a fine cambric handkerchief betwixt his thumb and finger. He speaks, and his voice rings clear in the frosty stillness. "Gentlemen," says he, "it is understood that neither shall discharge his pistol until I give the word to fire, and that then you may shoot as it pleases you."

There is no reply; the two gentlemen facing each other stand in their places, each as motionless as a statue. There is a breathless stillness.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?"

"Ready."

"Ready."

The gentleman in mulberry drops his handkerchief from his fingers. As it spreads and falls he cries in a loud voice:

"Fire!"

There is an instant double report. An echoing report comes bellowing back again from the woods, and two misty white clouds drift slowly away across the meadow. The gentleman with the handsome florid face whirls half round upon his heel, drops his pistol, staggers for a moment, and then regains his balance. In an instant a broad red stain starts out upon the breast of his white shirt. The stain spreads rapidly. He places his hand over the spot. The others hurry to where he stands, and the doctor comes, bringing his box of instruments. They cluster around the wounded man, and he is nearly hidden. He has seated himself upon the grass. The tall, dark gentleman stands in his place, still holding his pistol. His second brings him his coat and waistcoat, and helps him on with them. They talk for a little while together in low tones, and then come forward together to where the others are gathered about the wounded man. The doctor is kneeling beside him upon the grass. There is a great deal of blood, and the gentleman's florid face is pale.

"Sir," said the dark gentleman, "I hope you are not hard hit."

"You have winged me in the shoulder, that is all," says the other.

"Sir, I am sorry for it, but the quarrel was of your seeking."

The florid gentleman winces as the surgeon touches him, and bites his lip. "'T is nothing, sir," says he, "but a scratch."

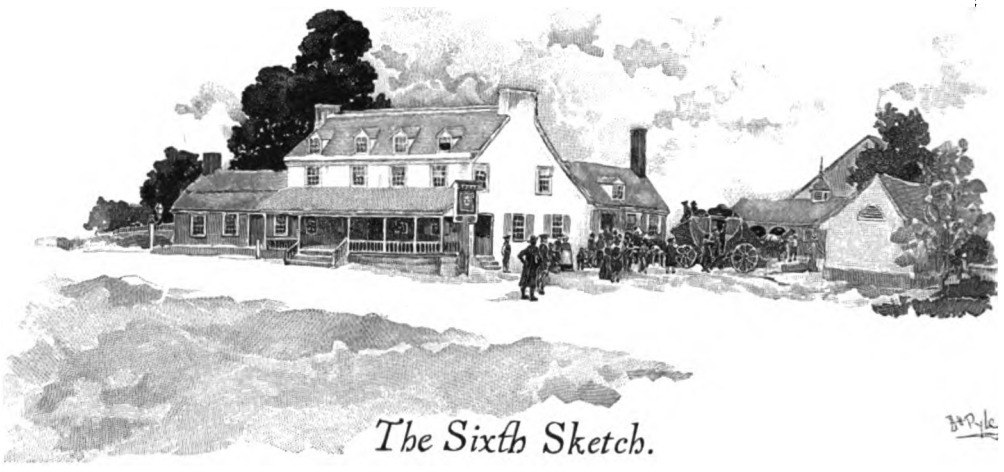
"Come, gentlemen," says the dark gentleman's second, "call the quarrel off. Sure you are both satisfied."

The dark gentleman reaches out his hand, and the other takes it after a moment's hesitation. He uses his unwounded arm, but again he winces.

"And now, gentlemen," says the dark gentleman's second, "let us drown all ill feeling in a bowl of punch at the Mermaid."



Digitized by Google



The Sixth Sketch.

THE parlor of the Mermaid Tavern. The bare floor is sanded with glistening white pewter-sand. The room is bright and clean. A dozen gentlemen are gathered around the table loaded with glasses and bottles and littered with half lemons squeezed dry. In the midst of all is a big blue-china punch-bowl. The room is filled with the loud noise of talking. Strata-like clouds of tobacco-smoke hang in the air, drawing slowly in the draft toward the chimney. A brisk hickory fire is hissing and snapping and crackling in the open fireplace; the red light winks and twinkles on the shining knobs of the brass andirons. The litter of glass tumblers and bottles, and the blue-china punch-bowl on the table, also catch the light, and wink and twinkle with red sparks. A wooden wainscoting runs around the room; the walls and ceilings are whitewashed. Two windows look out upon the tavern yard, where there are three or four horses, a gig and a fly, standing under the shed. The Thunderbolt coach, with the passengers clustered on the roof, is just changing horses. On the whitewashed walls of the room hang pictures of the late General Washington, of President Adams, and of Independence Hall. A big yellow bill of the cattle-show, two notices of sheriff's sales, and the fall term of court are tacked to the wall beside the door. Over the mantel, upon which are clustered a group of brass candlesticks, a tray with snuffers, and a flint and steel, is a looking-glass with a lot of cards stuck around in the frame. An almanac hangs beside the fireplace.

The gentlemen are drinking hot rum-punch. They are all very jolly, excepting he who sits at the head of the table. He carries one arm in a sling, and wears his coat buttoned loosely around his neck. It is the handsome florid gentleman, his face still somewhat paler than usual. Every now and then he winces a little in spite of himself, and bites his under lip, but the tall, dark gentleman is sitting close to him, and so he braves it out, making a show of drinking and talking with the others. The little doctor sits on his left; he is somewhat tipsy, his wig is tilted askew, and he rattles with his tumbler on the table.

The landlord opens the door, his round, moon-face shining red in the smoky room. He wears an apron tied around his striped red-and-yellow waistcoat.

"D'ye lack anything, gentlemen?" says he.

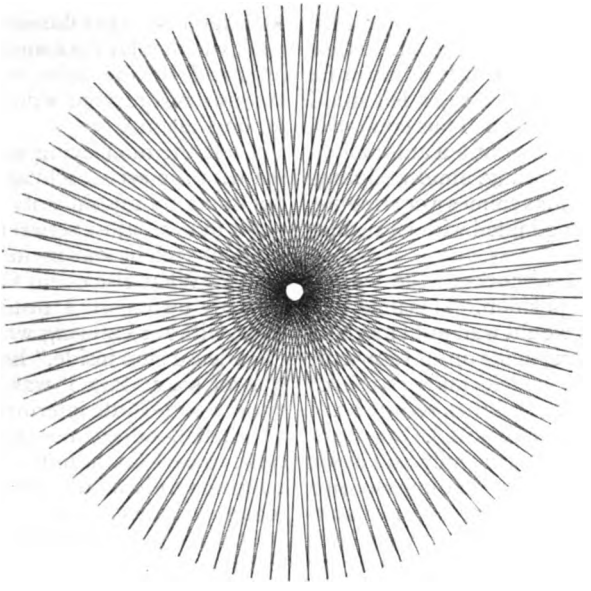
"Devil a thing," says one of the gentlemen.

"What news does the Thunderbolt bring down from the country?" asks another.

"Why, gentlemen, 't is very queer news. They say, gentlemen, that Mistress Penelope Ballister ran away last night with Mr. Jenks the secretary."

Howard Pyle.

Digitized by Google



THE CURIOUS VEHICLE.

A MIDNIGHT STORY.

IT was midnight in early December. A dense silver mist hid the sleeping city, the street-lamps gave a faint yellow glimmer through the almost impenetrable gloom, the air was like the cold breath from the dying, the fog hanging in great drops on my clothing. Stray policemen had taken refuge in sheltering doorways, and my own footsteps echoed with unfamiliar and uncanny sound down the long street — the only sound that broke the midnight stillness, save the hoarse whistles of wandering and belated ferry-boats on the distant river.

As I emerged from a narrow street into the main thoroughfare, my shivering attention was attracted to a curious covered vehicle standing in the bright glare of an electric light. It was neither carriage nor wagon, but an odd, strongly made affair, painted olive green, with square windows in the sides, reaching from just above the middle to the roof, and a smaller window in the back near the top. On each side of the middle window were two panels of glass. From the middle window only a dim light shone, like the subdued light from a nurse's lamp. On the seat in front, underneath a projecting hood, sat a little old black man wrapped in a buffalo-robe and a great fur coat partly covered with a rubber cape or mackintosh, and with a fur cap pulled down over his ears. The horse was heavily blanketed, and also well protected with rubber covers. Both man and beast waited with unquestioning patience. Both seemed lost in reverie or sleep.

With chattering teeth I stood, wondering what could be going on in that queer box-like wagon at that time of night. The silence was oppressive. There stood the dimly lighted wagon; there stood the horse; there sat the negro — and I the only observer of this queer vehicle.

I stepped cautiously to the side of the wagon, and listened. Not a sound from within. Shivering and benumbed, I, too, like the policemen, took refuge in a doorway, and waited and watched for some sound or sign from that mysterious interior. I was too fond of adventure to give it up. It seemed to me that hours passed and I stood unrewarded. Just as I was reluctantly leaving, much chagrined to find that I had waited in vain, I saw, thrown against the window for a few moments only, a curious enlarged shadow of a man's head. It seemed to wear a kind of tam-o'-shanter, below which was a shade or visor sticking out beyond the man's face like the gigantic beak of a bird. A mass of wavy hair and beard showed underneath the cap. Suddenly the shadow disappeared, much to my disappointment, and although I watched in the fog and dampness for half an hour longer, it did not again appear.

I wandered home, puzzled and speculating, but determined that I would wait until morning if I were ever fortunate enough to come across the vehicle again. Weeks passed before the opportunity occurred, and even then, had it not been for a very singular incident, I doubt if I should ever have fathomed the mystery of the curious vehicle.

Digitized by Google

It was Christmas eve, the night bitterly cold. I had clothed myself in my thickest ulster. My feet were incased in arctics, my hands in warm fur gloves, and with rough Scotch cap I felt sure I could brave the coldest night. Thus equipped, I started out, and when I returned at midnight in the beginning of a whirling, almost blinding snow-storm, the Christmas chimes were ringing, and the whole air seemed filled with Christmas cheer.

Turning a corner, I discovered the vehicle in the same place and position. This time, as I had before resolved, I would wait until morning if necessary. So I began pacing up and down the sidewalk in front of the vehicle, taking strolls of five or ten minutes apart, and then returning. I walked until I was almost exhausted. In spite of my heavy ulster I began to feel chilly, so I again took refuge in the doorway of a building opposite.

Should I give it up, I asked myself, after waiting so long? I stood debating the question. No, I would wait a little longer; so, puffing my pipe, I shivered, and watched for developments. At last I was about determined that I must go or perish, when suddenly I saw through the blinding snow the shadow of a pair of hands appear at the dimly lighted window, adjusting a frame or inner sash. You can imagine my interest in the proceedings.

Just at this moment a street sparrow, numb with the cold, and crowded from a window-blind by its companions, dropped, half falling, half flying, to the sidewalk directly in front of the window of the vehicle. It sat blinking in the bright rays of the electric light, quite bewildered, turning its little head first one way, then the other. In the mean time the shadows of the two hands were still visible. The sparrow, probably attracted by the light and the movement of the hands, suddenly flew up, not striking the glass, but hovering with a quick motion of the wings directly in front of the window, its magnified shadow thrown on it by the rays of the electric light. Then the bird dropped to the ground. The occupant was evidently much startled by the large shadow coming so suddenly and at such a time of night. The shadow of his hands quickly disappeared, and so did the frame. In another moment the door of the vehicle opened, giving me a glimpse of a cozy and remarkable interior. It seemed, in contrast with the cold and storm without, filled with warmth and sunshine. It was like a pictorial little room rather than the inside of a wagon or carriage. The occupant looked out in a surprised, excited, and questioning way, as much as to say, "What could that have been?" His whole manner implied that he had been disturbed.

This was my opportunity, and, seizing it instantly, I walked boldly to the door of the vehicle, and said, "It was a little sparrow benumbed with the cold, that fluttered down to the sidewalk, where it lay for a moment, until, probably attracted by the light, it hovered for a few seconds before your window, then fell to the ground again."

I felt the man eying me intently, studying me with a most searching glance. Was he in doubt as to my sincerity? Was it a hidden bond of sympathy between us that made him suddenly relent and invite me to enter his vehicle? What else could have prompted him? For my own part, I instinctively felt for the man, without knowing why, a deep pity.

"Please step inside," he said; "it is cold."

And so, at last, I was really admitted, invited into the little interior — that little interior which had piqued my curiosity for so long a time. Yes, I was admitted at last, and now had a chance to look about, and to study the general appearance of the occupant as he moved over for me to sit beside him on the roomy, luxurious seat. What a curious personality! He was a tall, raw-boned man of strong character. His soft gray beard and hair made a marked contrast to the dark surroundings. Now I understood the shadow which I had seen thrown on the window for a few seconds. He wore a tam-o'-shanter cap, and beneath it, to protect his eyes from the lamp-light, a large visor, or shade, which threw his entire face into deep shadow, giving him the look of a painting by an old master. He had on a loose coat of some rough material.

Surely the interior of no conveyance could be more interesting than this. In the front, just back of the driver, were two square windows with sliding wooden shutters, and between the two was a little square mirror. Above these was a rod, from which hung a dark-green cloth curtain which could be drawn at will. Underneath was a chest, or cabinet, of shallow drawers filling the entire width of the carriage, with small brass rings by which to pull them out. On top of this cabinet stood several clear glass jars half filled with pure water. There were two or three oil-lamps with large shades hung in brackets with sockets like steamer-lamps, only one of which was lighted. Underneath the seat was a locker. On the floor of the conveyance, along its four sides, were oblong bars of iron, and in the center was a warm fur rug. One side only of the carriage opened. On the side opposite the door was a rack reaching from the window to the floor, in which stood six or eight light but strongly made frames, over which was stretched the thinnest parchment-like paper. The top of the vehicle was tufted and padded. The prevailing color was dark green. In shape it was somewhat longer and broader than the usual carriage. There was a small revolving circular ventilator in front, over the mirror, which could be opened or closed at will, and

Digitized by Google

which could also be used by the occupant for conversing with the driver.

The man arose, and, opening the ventilator, told the coachman to drive on. Meanwhile I enjoyed the wonderful effect of the little interior — its rich gloom, the strong light from the shaded lamp which was thrown over the floor, the bright electric light gleaming through the falling snow into the window on my left.

The night, being so disagreeable, made the interior seem very bright and comfortable by contrast, as the man closed the sliding wooden shutters, separating us entirely from the snow-storm without. There was an artificial warmth which I could not understand, and with it all a sense of security and coziness. The stranger's manner was both gentle and reassuring. We rode in silence over the rough pavement until we reached the smooth asphalt. Then he began:

"I do not consider myself superstitious, but somehow I don't like it — that little bird hovering in front of my window. It seems like a bad omen, and it was a shadow which startled me. My life seems haunted with shadows, and they always bring misfortune to me."

We were both silent for a time, when he went on: "How curious life is! Here am I riding with you, a total stranger, long past midnight. You are the first I have ever admitted into this wagon, with the exception of my faithful Cato, who is driving. If one could only see from the beginning how strangely one's life is to be ordered."

The stranger's voice was rich and deep. I hoped he would continue so that I might get some idea of him and his peculiar mode of life, and what was going on night after night in this interior. I waited for him to proceed.

"Have you known trouble or sorrow in your life?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied; "I have lost nearly all who were dear to me in this round world."

"Then," said he, "I will tell you my story with the hope that it will be both understood and appreciated. I loved from childhood a charming girl, sweet and pure. I need not go into the detail of all that boyish love, but in my early manhood and her early womanhood we were married — and what a sweet bride she was!

"We lived in an old white farm-house in a village near the great city — a beautiful place, a long, low, two-story-and-attic farm-house, probably fifty or sixty years old. How well I can see it — its sloping roof, the extension, the quaint doorway with side-lights and with a window over the top, the front porch with gracefully shaped newels, the long piazza running the entire length of the extension, great chimneys at each end, and enormous pine-trees in front of the house! The house stood on a little elevation, with terraced bank, and with a pretty fence inclosing it. Beyond was an old well with lattice-work sides and door, and a pathway trodden by the feet of former occupants, long since dead. In front of the house were circular beds of old-time flowers — sweet-williams, lady's-slippers, larkspur, and foxglove. At the rear, great banks of tiger-lilies threw their delicate blue shadows against the white surface of our little home. In one corner of our garden we had left the weeds to grow luxuriantly, like miniature forest trees, and found much pleasure in studying their beautiful forms. How fine they looked in silhouette against the sunset sky! On one side of the old-fashioned doorway were shrubs and a rose-of-Sharon tree, and on the other, honeysuckle and syringa-bushes. There were also many kinds of fruit- and shade-trees.

"How happily we walked up and down the shady lanes of that little village! For us the birds sang sweetly. We took delight in our flowers, and everything about us. In the evening we would enjoy the sunsets, returning home arm in arm in the afterglow, to sit in the cool of the evening on the piazza and to listen to the wind as it sighed through the pines. What music they made for us! We compared it with what poets of all ages had sung of them, and went to sleep, lulled to rest by the wind through their soft boughs."

He paused again, evidently thinking of the happy time.

"How can I tell you," he resumed, "of the life that went on in that simple old farm-house? Our pleasant wood-fire on the hearth; a few photographs from the old masters on the walls; our favorite books of poetry and fiction, which we read together during the long winter evenings, while the pine-trees sighed outside, and all was so comfortable and cozy within; or the lovely walks in spring and summer, through the byways of the pretty little village, with its hedgerows, blackberries, and wild flowers. How we watched for the first violets, and what joy the early blossoms gave us! What pleasure we took in those delightful years, and how smoothly our lives ran on! Each day I went to the city, and was always cheered by the thought that my sweet wife would be at the station to meet me. How pure she looked in the summer evenings, clad in her thin white dresses, with a silver fan and brooch, her dark hair and eyes like those of a startled fawn!

"Well, I need not dwell longer on all this. It was only for a few short years, when one cruel cold day about the happy Christmas-time she was taken ill, and grew steadily worse, and all that could be done for her would not save her. She died. I can see her now — her dark hair laid back on the pillow, and the peaceful, happy smile on her face. We buried her beneath the snow, in the old graveyard overlooking the river, and I went home broken-hearted."

I heard the poor fellow sigh, and for a time

Digitized by Google

he was silent as the carriage went on through the snow. "What can be the connection of this queer craft with what he is telling me?" I thought. When he resumed, he said:

"For months I tried to live on in the little house, but life became terrible. In the evenings, as I sat by the pleasant log-fire, I would imagine I heard her footsteps on the stairs, and her voice calling me. I did my best to conquer my grief, but it was of no use. The light seemed gone out of my life. At last I could stand it no longer, and I moved all my worldly possessions to another house in the same village. I could not bear to think of going away from the place entirely.

"When the springtime came again, and the lovely flowers were in bloom, and the birds were singing their sweet songs; when the wind breathed softly through the pine-trees, and she was gone, the sunsets were in vain, and all nature seemed mourning. After this I busied myself with all kinds of occupation, but without success. Life became sadder and sadder, until finally in despair I took a foreign trip. I traveled far and wide, but always with the same weary despondency and gloom. The image of my loved one was always with me. Nothing in life satisfied me. I wandered through country after country, looking at old masters, grand churches, listening to cathedral music, but always before me was the same picture — the old white farm-house, the great mournful pines, and with it all the memory of the sweet life now departed, for which nothing could make amends."

Then he was silent, and as we drove over the soft, snow-covered asphalt, he became absorbed in thought.

"After a year or so of restless foreign travel I drifted back to my own country and to the little village. Night after night I wandered around the empty house where we had lived, and through the little garden, and would stand at midnight listening to the sad sighing of the wind through the pine-trees, which to me sounded like a requiem for the dead. Many a moonlight night have I stood gazing into the windows, and imagined her looking out at me as in the happy days of old, and I would walk up and down the path thinking, oh, how sadly! of the times we used to return by it from our evening walks.

"Finally the little village became hateful to me. I could endure it no longer, and I shook its dust from my feet. With reluctance I moved away into the heart of the great city, but with the same longing in my heart — the same despair. I hunted up my two faithful black servants who had lived with us for several years. I bought a house in the old part of the city, and there we now live, and I am well cared for by them. Let me read you portions of a letter from her — one of the last she wrote," and he took from his pocket a little morocco book with monogram in silver script letters. He rose and asked the driver to stop, and, turning the light up, said: "This will give you some idea of the sweet life, with its love of nature, that went on in and about that little cottage. The letter was written to me when I was in another city." He read as follows:

"My dear, I can hardly tell you how lovely the shadows looked as I strolled around our little house this evening, and was filled with delight by their beautiful but evasive forms. To begin with, you remember the exquisite, almost silhouette, shadow of the rose-of-Sharon bush by the front door. I gave it a long study to-night. Its fine, decorative character reminded me of a Japanese drawing, only it is far more delicate and subtle. If this could be painted in soft gray on the door-posts and around the little side windows, how it would beautify our plain dwelling, and what a permanent reminder it would be of our delightful summer days!

"But if I spend too much time on a single shadow, I shall have no room left to tell you of the greater ones we have enjoyed together. . . . From the path near the gate, and looking toward the house, I saw to-night, and seemed to feel for the first time, the wonderful tenderness of the great shadow which nearly covers the end and side of our home. How mysterious our kitchen became, with its shed completely inclosed in velvety gloom suggesting both sorrow and tragedy; while the other end of the house was covered with fantastic forms, soft and ethereal, and with a delicacy indescribable. . . . But when the moon came up, and the soft shadows of the pines were cast on the pure white weather-boards of our little home, — the shadows of our own pines, the pines we love so well, and through whose branches we have heard music sweet and low, soft and sad, — then I thought of you as I studied their masses tossing so gently, their movement almost imperceptible, and I longed for you as I studied their moving forms, their richness, variety, and texture — for you to tell me of their artistic beauty — your delicate, poetic appreciation of their loveliness. . . . And at last, may the sun and moon shine brightly and cast beautiful shadows among and over the tombstones for you and for me, my dear, and may a blessed hope make the sunset of life glorious for us both."

When he had finished reading, and had asked the driver to drive on, he became absorbed and silent, and I thought, "How strange to be riding through the streets of the city after midnight in a whirling snow-storm with a stranger, in a vehicle so remarkable, listening to such a pathetic love-story, such a beautiful description of quiet domestic life." It was a charming idyl.

Digitized by Google

"You can get an idea from this," he said, "of the delightful, contented life which went on in the little cottage," and he sat holding the book in his hands as though he were living it all over again, while the bright silver script monogram gleamed and glistened on the cover until he turned down the light, and for a time we drove over the smooth asphalt in utter silence.

"Do you wonder," he suddenly asked, "that the shadow of that little bird has caused me uneasiness, and yet do you not see that almost the last letter she wrote to me was filled with omens, shadows? It is but natural that I should have some feeling about it — and yet, why should I care? I have only myself and my two old servants who could be affected by it, bad or good. For myself, my only desire is to live long enough to complete my work; then I am both ready and willing to go. I shall welcome death with delight."

I had become so absorbed in his story that I had forgotten all about my surroundings; but now as he paused I again asked myself what strange connection had this sad story, and the letter, and all that he had been telling me, with the wagon; for I was sure that in some queer way the story would help to explain it all.

"While in Europe," he went on, "I studied the old masters a great deal, particularly the halos and nimbuses surrounding the heads of the saints. I cannot begin to tell you how interesting they became to me. I was struck with the exquisite workmanship bestowed on many of them, but fine as they were, they never came up to my idea of what a halo should be. As my loved one was so pure and gentle, I always thought of her as a saint (and indeed she is such), and I would become interested and imagine what kind of halo I would surround her with if I were painting her — not one of the halos of the old masters seemed fine enough or ethereal enough for her. I had always been fond of art, and had been considered a fair amateur artist. One evening after I had moved to the city, and while riding in a cab (oh, how gloomy!) on a snowy evening something like this very night, I looked through the window at an electric light, and there I saw the loveliest halo, in miniature. Such tints! A heavenly vision! I thought of the old masters, of the beautiful Siena Madonnas, and with sudden joy I thought: 'Why should I not paint the image of her I love? Why should I not clothe her in Madonna-like robes, with a halo which could come only out of the nineteenth century? Why should she not have a halo far outshining and far surpassing in beauty halo ever painted by mortal man?' I rode nearly the whole night through, evidently to the despair of the driver, as I repeatedly asked him to stop opposite electric lights and street-lamps.

"From that day I had a new purpose in life. I had this wagon built just as you see it. For months I thought of it. Over and over again I drew my plans before the vehicle was actually constructed. Then I began my work. Old Cato, who is driving, sits night after night, unmindful of the cold, wrapped in his great fur coat, and he waits and I work through the midnight hours to conceive and make real the new Madonna."

What a strange, subtle connection the whole thing had, as he suddenly tapped on the small window and we stopped directly in front of an electric light! As he opened the sliding shutter I saw, through the frosted window and the feathery snow, such a vision of loveliness — a little halo that could scarcely be described in words. It was like a miniature circular rainbow, intensified and glorified by the glittering rays of the penetrating electric light.

"What could be more beautiful than that? Is n't it exquisite?" he asked. "Did ever painted saint have a halo like that?"

I held my breath, for I had never seen anything so beautiful.

"I have worked at it for a long time. I have not yet accomplished it, but I hope to. I am coming nearer to it every night in which I can work. There are not many during the winter; the conditions of atmosphere and temperature must be just right. On foggy nights, or when the air is filled with light, flying snow — these are the nights in which the little halos glow around the electric lights, street-lamps, and lights in show-windows. Oh," he said, "they fill me with a happiness and delight I cannot describe, as I try all kinds of experiments to transfix the beautiful colors of their delicate rays!

"Let me show you," he went on, and he lifted one of the frames which I have already described, covered with a thin parchment-like paper. This he carefully buttoned to a groove in the window. On the surface of the stretched parchment the little halo glowed with its prismatic tints, and again I held my breath at the beauty of it. I too was becoming a halo-worshiper. Then he lifted from the rack on the side, and held up to the light, first one and then another of the frames, on the parchment surface of which he had actually traced with lines of color, against the gloom beyond, radiating lines crossing and re-crossing, glowing with rainbow tints seen through and against the window.

"Do you know anything of Frankenstein's wonderful Magic Reciprocals, sometimes called Harmonic Responses?" [1] he asked. "How I

[1] The Magic Reciprocals, or Harmonic Responses, were discovered by Gustavus Frankenstein, and are properly drawn in color. The following are extracts from letters received from Mr. Frankenstein, to whom the author is indebted for the drawings at the beginning and end of this story: "To-morrow morning I shall

Digitized by Google

longed for his marvelous power, so that I might experiment with them. But they were far beyond my skill, and also, perhaps, too scientific and geometrical for my purpose; and so I was forced to discard them and begin afresh in my own way. I have had reasonable success, although I have not yet reached the purity of color nor the brilliancy that I wish. I do not know that mortal man ever can. I have tried all sorts of experiments — lines of silver crossed with lines of gold; prismatic threads of silk; and now I have abandoned them all, and am beginning again, perhaps for the fortieth time. But if I am only able to do it, nothing can give me greater happiness. I can close my eyes in peace at last."

After he had shown me his experiments, he removed the little frame from the window, closed the sliding shutter on the side, and, turning the circular ventilator, asked the driver to drive on.

"Now for an extended view," he said, and he opened the shutter of one of the front windows, and then of the other on each side of the mirror. What a vista of loveliness! A long perspective of glowing halos, vanishing down the street through the flying snow, until they were mere specks of light in the distance. The whole atmosphere was filled with circular rainbows, and again he dwelt on their beauty. They glowed with ultramarine, with delicate green, with gold and silver, and like light from burnished copper, and our little vehicle seemed a moving palace of delight, as we drove on through the blinding storm. Turning into one of the narrower streets, away from the electric lights, we saw the long line of receding gas-lamps, each with its softly subdued nimbus, and he said in a low and gentle voice, almost a whisper, "The street of halos."

When he had closed the shutters again he said, "Let me show you my cabinet of colors and working tools." He pulled out a shallow drawer, and there on small porcelain plaques (the kind used by water-color painters) side by side, in regular order, was every shade of red, from the faintest pink to the deepest crimson. He opened the next drawer, and instead of the red was an arrangement of blues, from delicate turquoise to deepest ultramarine. In the third drawer was an arrangement of yellows, running from Naples to deepest cadmium.

"I deal in primary colors," he said, "for what would you paint rainbows in but red, blue, and yellow?"

Then he opened the fourth drawer, and there, laid with precision, were long-handled brushes from the finest sable (mere pin-points) up to thick ones as large as one's finger. There were flat ones and round ones, short ones and long ones. As he opened the fifth drawer, "For odds and ends," he said. This was a little deeper than the others, and in it were sponges fine and coarse, erasers, scrapers, and boxes of drawing-tacks of various sizes. In the last drawer were soft white rags and sheets of blotting-paper of assorted sizes.

After he had shown me the contents of the cabinet, he said, "I have been quite disturbed by the shadow of that little bird. Will you join me in a glass of old sherry?" He opened the locker underneath the seat, and brought out an odd-shaped bottle, which he unscrewed, handing me a small, thistle-shaped glass and a tin box containing crackers.

"It is a bad night," he said, "a very bad night. I feel it, even with the warmth of this interior. Those long bars of iron are filled with hot water, which usually keeps me very warm."

Then he passed through the ventilator, to the driver, some crackers and sherry. After he had closed it, and put away the bottle, box, and glasses, we both mused a long time, the halo-painter completely lost in reverie, and I thinking of the undying love of such a man — a man who could love but one, and for whom no other eyes or voice could ever mean so much. With him love was an all-absorbing passion. He had given his heart without reserve, and for him no other love could ever bloom again. I thought of him sitting, night after night, in his solitary vehicle working at the halo — the new halo which should surround the head of her he loved. I thought of him in the lonely early morning hours, working at a nimbus which was far to outshine in beauty and delicacy any painted or dreamed of by God-fearing saint-painters of old.

He opened the shutters, and the light from the lamp began to grow dimmer as the early morning light shone faintly through the windows. I noticed the deep furrows of care and sorrow which marked his strong, pathetic face,

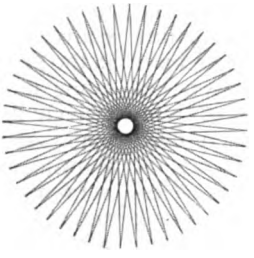
send them. They are transcendently lovely. They are halos, if ever there was a halo. So wonderfully magical are they that I think thou wilt modify thy language, and perhaps say that Frankenstein produces halos almost, if not quite, to the very perfection. Why, they seem to dazzle and bewilder like the very sun itself. They do not actually emit light, but they look like the *soul* of light. More like beautiful thoughts are they, spirits of loveliness, than like anything tangible." . . . "I was a long time working out the mathematical problem of the perfectly balanced and completely symmetrical circular harmonic responses; and then the drawings were executed with the greatest care as to perfect precision and accuracy." . . . "The little round white spot in the center imparts an animating expression to the whole Response; and now, as I write, it occurs to me very forcibly that the whole Response looks something like — and very much like — the iris of the eye, and the little round spot in the center is the pupil. If the iris were all iris, having no pupil in the center, it would appear expressionless and not vividly suggestive of the soul of life. The spot in the center may be looked upon as the tangible existence or thing which is the source of the surrounding halo. Again: The true and complete Response — the mathematical assertion — has the animating spot in the center."

Digitized by Google

purified by suffering and lighted by divine hope — the face of one who lived in another world, and for whom all of life was centered in his ideal — one who was in the world, but not of it.

As he bade me good-by, his face beamed in the early Christmas morning light with indescribable tenderness; and as the little wagon with its faithful old black driver disappeared through the snow, I thought again and again of the beautiful, touching love of the man who would sit night after night trying to realize his dream of beauty, to clothe in the garb of a saint the form of her he loved.

Alexander W. Drake.



THE FIVE INDISPENSABLE AUTHORS.

(HOMER, DANTE, CERVANTES, GOETHE, SHAKSPERE.)



HE study of literature, that it may be fruitful, that it may not result in a mere gathering of names and dates and phrases, must be a study of ideas and not of words, of periods rather than of men, or only of such men as are great enough or individual enough to reflect as much light upon their age as they in turn receive from it. To know literature as the elder Disraeli knew it is at best only an amusement, an accomplishment, great, indeed, for the dilettante, but valueless for the scholar. Detached facts are nothing in themselves, and become of worth only in their relation to one another. It is little, for example, to know the date of Shakspere: something more that he and Cervantes were contemporaries; and a great deal that he grew up in a time fermenting with reformation in church and state, when the intellectual impulse from the invention of printing had scarcely reached its climax, and while the New World stung the imaginations of men with its immeasurable promise and its temptations to daring adventure. Facts in themselves are clumsy and cumbrous — the cowry-currency of isolated and uninventive men; generalizations, conveying great sums of knowledge in a little space, mark the epoch of free interchange of ideas, of higher culture, and of something better than provincial scholarship.

But generalizations, again, though in themselves the work of a happier moment, of some genetic flash in the brain of man, gone before one can say it lightens, are the result of ideas slowly gathered and long steeped and clarified in the mind, each in itself a composite of the carefully observed relations of separate and seemingly disparate facts. What is the pedigree of almost all great fortunes? Through vast combinations of trade, forlorn hopes of speculation, you trace them up to a clear head and a self-earned sixpence. It is the same with all large mental accumulations: they begin with a steady brain and the first solid result of thought, however small — the nucleus of speculation. The true aim of the scholar is not to crowd his memory, but to classify and sort it, till what was a heap of chaotic curiosities becomes a museum of science.

It may well be questioned whether the invention of printing, while it democratized information, has not also leveled the ancient aristocracy of thought. By putting a library within the power of every one, it has taught men to depend on their shelves rather than on their brains; it has supplanted a strenuous habit of thinking with a loose indolence of reading which relaxes the muscular fiber of the mind. When men had few books, they mastered those few; but now the multitude of books lord it over the man. The costliness of books was a great refiner of literature. Men disposed of single volumes by will with as many provisions and precautions as if they had been great landed estates. A miter would hardly have overjoyed Petrarch as much as did the finding of a copy of Vergil. The problem for the scholar was formerly how to acquire books; for us it is how to get rid of them. Instead of gathering,

Digitized by Google

we must sift. When Confucius made his collection of Chinese poems, he saved but three hundred and ten out of more than three thousand, and it has consequently survived until our day.

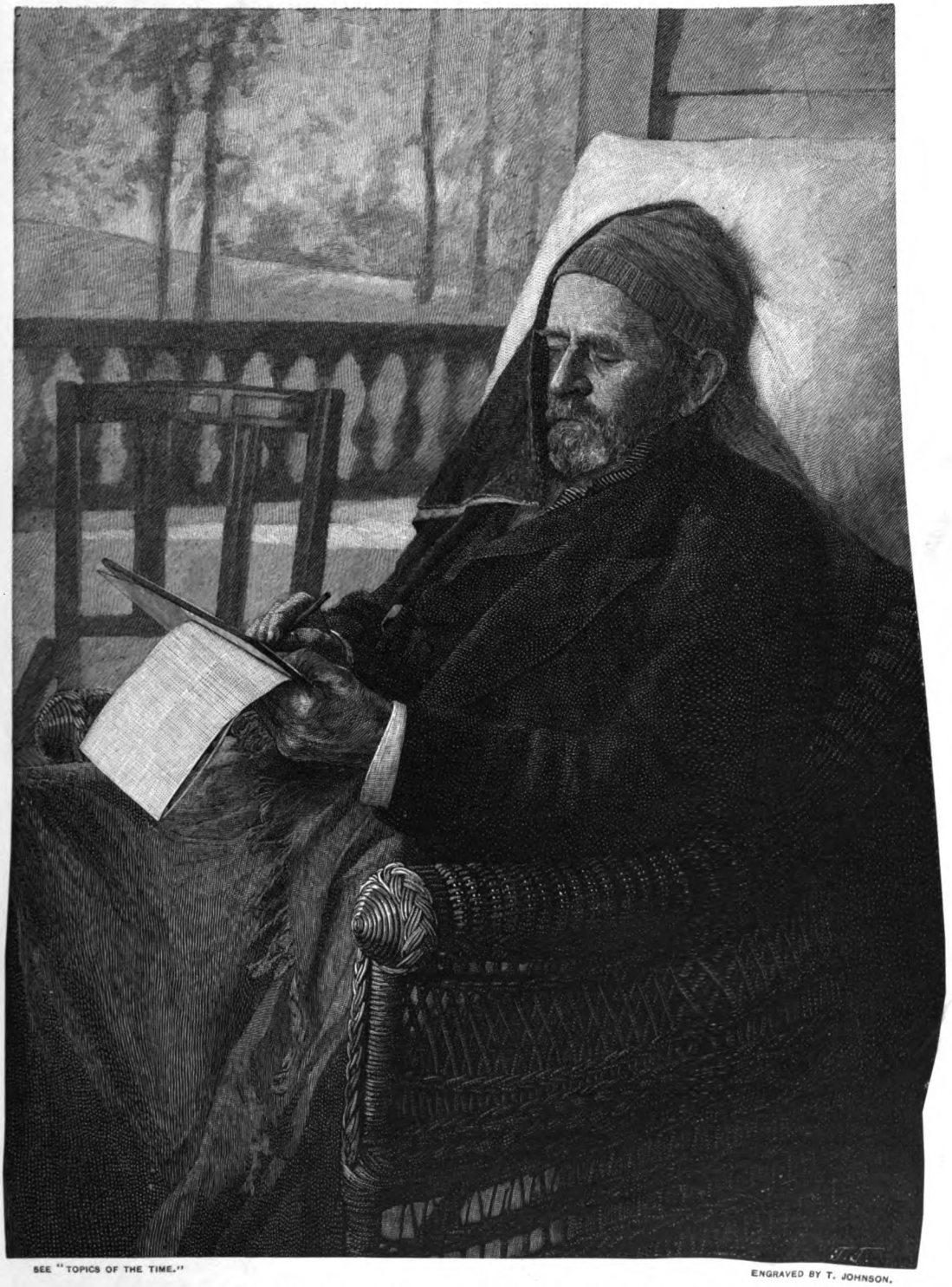
In certain respects the years do our weeding for us. In our youth we admire the verses which answer our mood; as we grow older we like those better which speak to our experience; at last we come to look only upon that as poetry which appeals to that original nature in us which is deeper than all moods and wiser than all experience. Before a man is forty he has broken many idols, and the milestones of his intellectual progress are the gravestones of dead and buried enthusiasms of his dethroned gods.

There are certain books which it is necessary to read; but they are very few. Looking at the matter from an esthetic point of view, merely, I should say that thus far only one man had been able to use types so universal, and to draw figures so cosmopolitan, that they are equally true in all languages and equally acceptable to the whole Indo-European branch, at least, of the human family. That man is Homer, and there needs, it seems to me, no further proof of his individual existence than this very fact of the solitary unapproachableness of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." The more wonderful they are, the more likely to be the work of one person. Nowhere is the purely natural man presented to us so nobly and sincerely as in these poems. Not far below these I should place the "Divina Commedia" of Dante, in which the history of the spiritual man is sketched with equal command of material and grandeur of outline. Don Quixote stands upon the same level, and receives the same universal appreciation. Here we have the spiritual and the natural man set before us in humorous contrast. In the knight and his squire Cervantes has typified the two opposing poles of our dual nature — the imagination and the understanding as they appear in contradiction. This is the only comprehensive satire ever written, for it is utterly independent of time, place, and manners. Faust gives us the natural history of the human intellect, Mephistopheles being merely the projected impersonation of that skepticism which is the invariable result of a purely intellectual culture. These four books are the only ones in which universal facts of human nature and experience are ideally represented. They can, therefore, never be displaced. Whatever moral significance there may be in certain episodes of the "Odyssey," the man of the Homeric poems is essentially the man of the senses and the understanding, to whom the other world is alien and therefore repulsive. There is nothing that demonstrates this more clearly, as there is nothing, in my judgment, more touching and picturesque in all poetry, than that passage in the eleventh book of the "Odyssey," where the shade of Achilles tells Ulysses that he would rather be the poorest shepherd-boy on a Grecian hill than king over the unsubstantial shades of Hades. Dante's poem, on the other hand, sets forth the passage of man from the world of sense to that of spirit; in other words, his moral conversion. It is Dante relating his experience in the great camp-meeting of mankind, but relating it, by virtue of his genius, so representatively that it is no longer the story of one man, but of all men. Then comes Cervantes, showing the perpetual and comic contradiction between the spiritual and the natural man in actual life, marking the transition from the age of the imagination to that of the intellect; and, lastly, Goethe, the poet of a period in which a purely intellectual culture reached its maximum of development, depicts its onesidedness, and its consequent failure. These books, then, are not national, but human, and record certain phases of man's nature, certain stages of his moral progress. They are gospels in the lay bible of the race. It will remain for the future poet to write the epic of the complete man, as it remains for the future world to afford the example of his entire and harmonious development.

I have not mentioned Shakspere, because his works come under a different category. Though they mark the very highest level of human genius, they yet represent no special epoch in the history of the individual mind. The man of Shakspere is always the man of actual life as he is acted upon by the worlds of sense and of spirit under certain definite conditions. We all of us *may* be in the position of *Macbeth* or *Othello* or *Hamlet*, and we appreciate their sayings and deeds potentially, so to speak, rather than actually, through the sympathy of our common nature and not of our experience. But with the four books I have mentioned our relation is a very different one. We all of us grow up through the Homeric period of the senses; we all feel, at some time, sooner or later, the need of something higher, and, like Dante, shape our theory of the divine government of the universe; we all with Cervantes discover the rude contrast between the ideal and real, and with Goethe the unattainableness of the highest good through the intellect alone. Therefore I set these books by themselves. I do not mean that we read them, or for their full enjoyment need to read them, in this light; but I believe that this fact of their universal and perennial application to our consciousness and our experience accounts for their permanence, and insures their immortality.

James Russell Lowell.

Digitized by Google



SEE "TOPICS OF THE TIME."

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

GENERAL GRANT WRITING HIS MEMOIRS AT MOUNT McGREGOR.

Digitized by Google



(KITWYK STORIES.)

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

THE next candidate for the vacant pulpit of Kitwyk was the Burgemeester's.

Rumors were conflicting; newspapers were unknown; but thank Heaven! there was the town pump.

Everything in Kitwyk radiated from the town pump, a great iron structure with a stout handle, at which Kitwyk had exercised its muscles since before the days of the Spaniards.

The pump stood in the middle of the sleepy market-place, flanked on one side by the church, mildewing behind a row of chestnut-trees, and the town house, where a blindfolded justice without a nose presided over the entrance. On the other side stood the tavern "William the Silent," which once harbored that great man, whose grave face, with peaked beard and mighty ruff, decorated the swinging sign, which creaked dismally when the wind swept up from the Zuyder Zee. The two settles in the porch were never without a pair of worthy burghers, who smoked long clay pipes and stared into vacancy.

The code of etiquette of Kitwyk was most rigid: it was an unwritten law that no one existed until afternoon. Although everybody had to go to the pump for water, and consequently the ladies met there every morning arrayed in a *negligée* of clogs and nightcaps, it was, nevertheless, decreed that Kitwyk was socially invisible in the morning, so that when these worthy dames met of an afternoon, they took up their remarks not from pump-time, but from any previous meeting guiltless of nightcaps and clogs.

When Mevrouvw van Laan clattered across the market-place of an early morning, and with the help of a stout maid carried a great basket of snow-white linen that had been bleaching on the meadow, she was socially invisible, for not only was she in her nightcap, but she was without her teeth. The latter were a startling innovation to which Kitwyk with difficulty had reconciled itself when Mevrouvw, being of an adventurous nature, brought them in triumph from Rotterdam, years before.



THE TOWN PUMP.

Digitized by Google



"MYNHEER DEFREGGE DOZED IN COMPANY WITH HIS DOG POLDER."

Rumor was active in Kitwyk, and a great deal of water was wasted at the pump.

The important Sunday arrived — a hot July day, tempered by a lazy breeze that flecked the scarlet poppies in the wheat-fields, the yellow furze by the roadside, and the deep red clover about the Kitwyk mill.

At the open door of his house on the market-place, where the cool shade of the tile-paved hall formed a pleasing contrast to the July sun, the Burgemeester waited for his candidate. In the shade of four linden-trees trained flat against the buff-brick walls, Mynheer Defregge dozed in company with his dog Polder. Overhead, perched on a window-sill, a young person watched the road in the discreet shadow of a pot of mignonette.

There was a rosy flush on Jufrow Defregge's round face, for she was awaiting the realization of her dreams.

No romance in Kitwyk, indeed! An inventory of Jufrow Defregge's head would have dispelled such an illusion. To be sure her dreams never had any foundation in fact until Mynheer Defregge announced a new candidate.

The announcement came by the weekly "Post," and Jufrow Toni across the tea-kettle gave a sigh that strained her blue bodice to the utmost. Mynheer considered sighs as almost immoral.

A young dominie, of course! How willingly she would go to church, and at the bare thought Jufrow Defregge's nose tried to subdue its upward tilt to a new air of devotion.

Once Jufrow Toni had almost had a romance, not unconnected with the pump and a slim stranger; but there had come a blight, and she decided to turn to religion for consolation,— religion expounded by something young and soul-subduing,— and so she surveyed her wardrobe, and piously left the rest to Divine Providence.

The questions she asked her parent filled him with consternation; all she extracted was that the candidate was unmarried, on which frail foundation she built so fast that she secretly meditated on the cut of surplices.

How would he burst upon Kitwyk? Out of her imagination, aided by the Van Loo state chariot, she evolved an equipage into which she clapped a slim and serious young man whose saintly composure was to be ruffled only by her blue eyes.

Having arranged the preliminaries, Jufrow Defregge waited to hear the chariot clatter into

Digitized by Google

the market-place. But nothing was to be heard but the buzz of the locusts and the creak of the pump, as a very dry worshiper helped himself to water. She overlooked a dusty individual with a bundle under his arm. But Polder did not; he trotted out, made all preparations to bark, but changed his mind and his greeting to a friendly sniff.

If he were not to come! It would be just like her father to sleep under such disastrous circumstances.

was the behavior of the dog Polder. Polder, who greeted all newcomers with outrageous howls, at once took up his position on the surplice as its owner thumbed his discourse, and watched his movements with the most ardent friendliness.

Of the worshipers who passed, only Toby van Loo paused irresolutely. Toby van Loo enjoyed the distinction of being the only dog who went to church: because of his ear-splitting voice, and the high social position of Jonk-



"HE STORMED TO HIS CLIMAX IN RAPTURE."

She flew down-stairs, partly for consolation, partly for reproach. There was no one in the porch but an elderly stranger, who mopped his bald head with a yellow handkerchief. "Begin with my boots, young woman," and he stretched out two prodigious, dusty feet, and took a pinch of snuff.

Jufrow Defregge fled in company with her blighted hopes, and a housemaid dusted the holy man, and helped him on with his surplice, which was in the bundle along with a dog-eared sermon.

The only miracle that attended his advent

heer van Loo, this privilege was accorded him, as his yelps of anguish on being separated from his master at the church door impeded divine service.

To the scandal of the more democratic, Toby was locked in the vestry during service, where he resigned himself to the new order of things, and slept to "Amen."

It was this privileged animal who paused on his way to the sanctuary, then ambled up to Polder on the surplice, who received him with growls.

But Polder was seized by his fat neck as he

Digitized by Google

prepared to follow his Reverence to church, and borne into the house, where, mounted on a chair by the window, he wailed in unexplained anguish. The more fortunate Toby clung to the sacred coat-tails, and was with difficulty prevented from precipitating himself after the candidate into the church through the vestry door; as it was, his wail of disappointment was distinctly audible. At this very inopportune moment, as the candidate knelt in prayer, a light of an exceedingly earthy nature dawned on him as his heels came in sudden contact with the long tails of his coat.

Toby's sudden passion was explained, and at the same time his Reverence broke into a profuse perspiration as he realized that between him and a pampered brute there was only the rickety vestry door at the foot of the pulpit. What would the greedy beast care for the sacred occasion, or the house of God?

Kobus tooted, the little band sang shrilly, and the congregation struggled independently after.

Mevrouvw van Loo settled herself in her black velvet with Christian anticipations of the enemy's defeat; but presently the candidate recovered himself, and expounded with such energy that Mevrouvw grew discouraged, while the dust of the pulpit cushions rose as a votive offering.

In his zeal the good man forgot his foe in the vestry. He thumped the Bible, he stormed to his climax in rapture, and just reached it when—when the vestry door creaked on its hinges. That was enough; he faltered; he was lost.

The wretched dog! He heard him creep up the pulpit stairs; a warm breath fanned his heels. "Get thee behind me, Satan!" roared the distracted man of God, and, lifting a ponderous foot, he struck backward.

A partly suppressed wail, and the thumping of an invisible body down the pulpit stairs, roused the congregation out of their peaceful slumbers.

The service was over. The candidate turned grimly to encounter the slaughtered Toby. But there was n't even a drop of blood—only the Burgemeester.

But at the vestry door Mynheer Defregge fell back in horror. "What in thunder!"

Before the stove, beating the floor with his stump of a tail, lay Toby van Loo, happy and uninjured, but in a corner, his head tied up in a red bandana handkerchief, groaned the sexton.

"Rozenboom, what under the sun has happened?"

"Please, your Worship,—his—his Reverence kicked me!"

Mynheer stared aghast. As an introduction of a shepherd to his flock, it could hardly be considered auspicious.

"His Reverence had preached an hour and a half, and so I crept up the pulpit stairs, taking off my shoes for fear of noise, to notify him of the lateness of the hour, and just as I got behind him, with no provocation at all, but comes his foot, and—O Lord! O Lord!"

Mevrouvw van Loo arrived on the scene just in time to send for gin and linen, with a great display of righteous horror.

"I kicked because I thought it was that confounded dog," his Reverence roared, and took three solid pinches of snuff.

"Wanted to kick my dog Toby!" Jonkheer van Loo grew scarlet with rage. "Come away from him, Toby!" But the faithful Toby clung to the clerical coat-tails.

"What should tempt a poor dumb beast into the pulpit?" shouted his outraged master.

"Tempt him!" The candidate snapped his snuff-box, dived into his coat-tails, and bore aloft, wrapped in a blue handkerchief, the remains of a noble sausage.

"Part was my breakfast; this is my dinner. We sha'n't suit each other, and so I bid you good day. Your servant!" And being a peppery man of God, he flounced out of the vestry, his surplice flapping, in one hand his sermon and in the other the sausage; and so he shouldered his way through the straggling worshipers in the market-place.

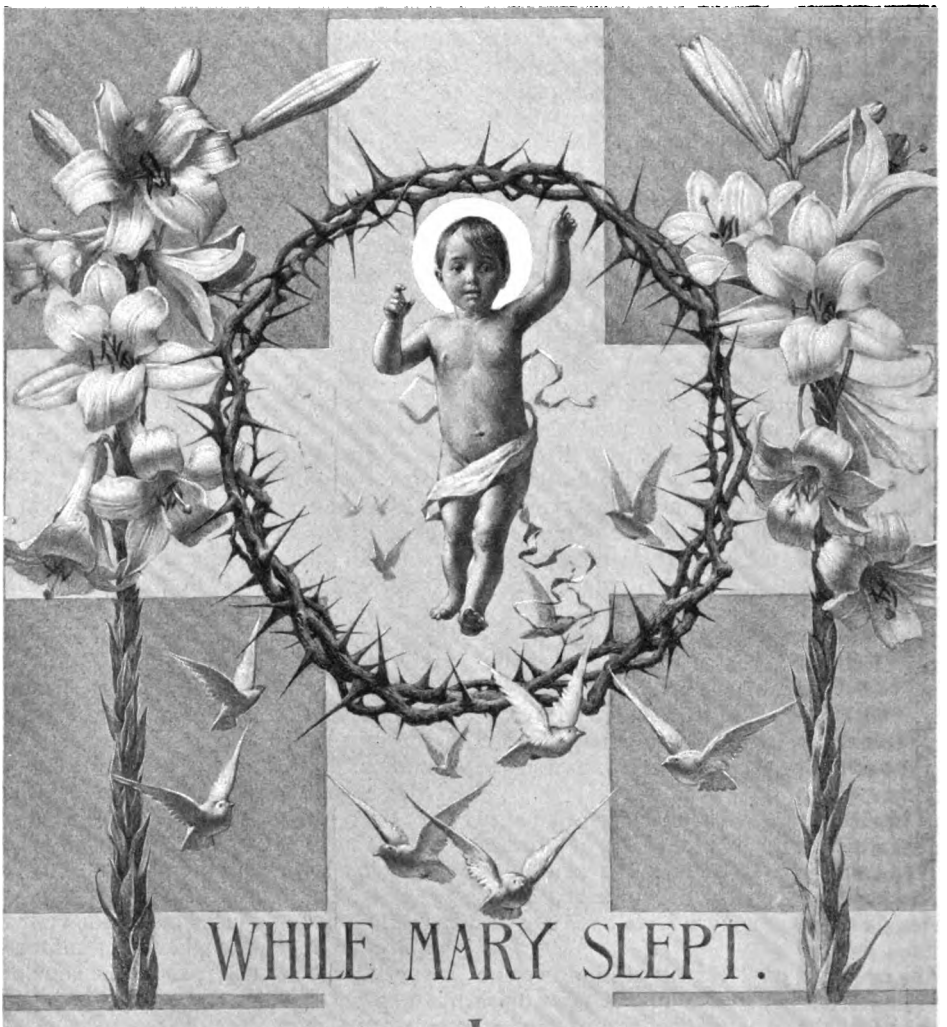
The miraculous cleverness of Toby was acknowledged; but for him the spiritual welfare of Kitwyk might have been intrusted to a pastor whose fatal facility with his heels would have proved a sad example for the rising generation.

So the Burgemeester's candidate was defeated by Toby van Loo, to the joy of that blighted spinster Toni Defregge.

The Italian violoncello sent by Jonkheer van Loo to old Rozenboom, to atone for the injuries he so undeservedly received, was felt by Kitwyk to be a frank confession of guilt on the part of that worthy man for having used his social position to demand unrighteous privileges in the sanctuary.

Anna Eichberg King.

Digitized by Google



WHILE MARY SLEPT.

I

The Christ-Child watched sweet Mary's face
The while she slept,
And for the woe that must claim His place
The Christ-Child wept.

II

And on her breast laid kisses four
As a cross is made,
To heal those wounds which forevermore
Should be on her laid.

Digitized by Google



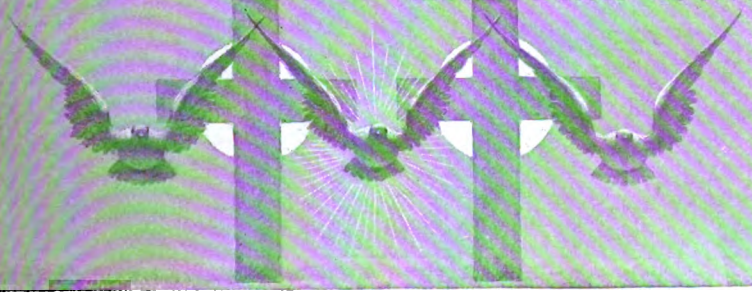
III

And His little feet in her bosom pressed
Where her soft hair trailed,
To comfort her with remembrance blessed
When His feet were nailed.

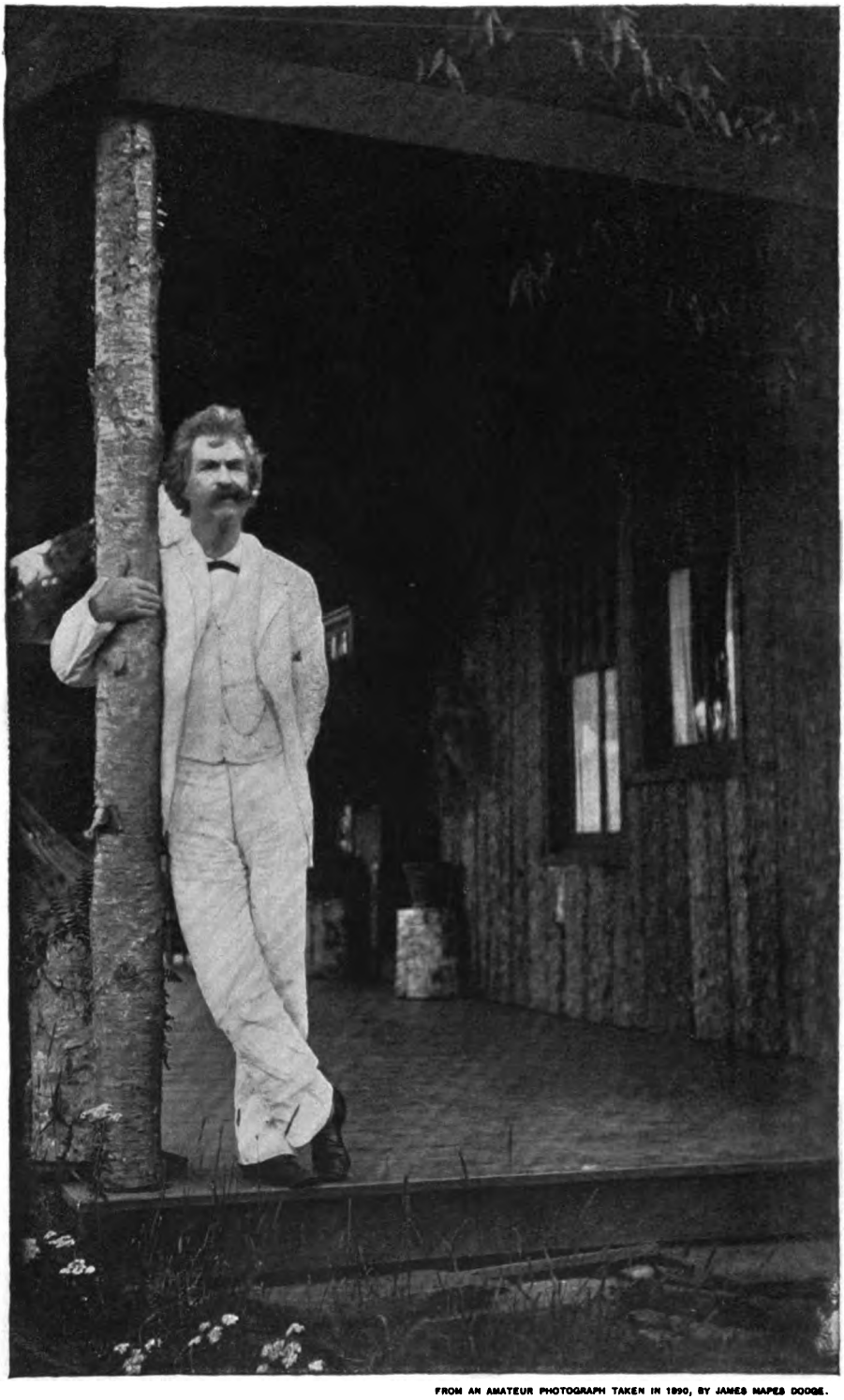
IV

And laid His face on her face in sleep,
To prevent the tears, weep
When the Crown of Thorns with His blood should
In the coming years.

Alice Archer Sewall.



Digitized by Google



FROM AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1890, BY JAMES MAPES DODGE.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN).

Digitized by Google



PUDD'NHEAD WILSON

A TALE BY MARK TWAIN

THERE is no character, howsoever good and fine, but it can be destroyed by ridicule, howsoever poor and witless. Observe the ass, for instance: his character is about perfect, he is the choicest spirit among all the humbler animals, yet see what ridicule has brought him to. Instead of feeling complimented when we are called an ass, we are left in doubt.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

A WHISPER TO THE READER.

A PERSON who is ignorant of legal matters is always liable to make mistakes when he tries to photograph a court scene with his pen; and so I was not willing to let the law chapters in this book go to press without first subjecting them to rigid and exhausting revision and correction by a trained barrister—if that is what they are called. These chapters are right, now, in every detail, for they were rewritten under the immediate eye of William Hicks, who studied law part of a while in southwest Missouri thirty-five years ago and then came over here to Florence for his health and is still helping for exercise and board in Macaroni Vermicelli's horse-feed shed which is up the back alley as you turn around the corner out of the Piazza del Duomo just beyond the house where that stone that Dante used to sit on six hundred years ago is let into the wall when he let on to be watching them build Giotto's campanile and yet always got tired looking as soon as Beatrice passed along on her way to get a chunk of chestnut cake to defend herself with in case of a Ghibelline outbreak before she got to school, at the same old stand where they sell the same old cake to this day and it is just as light and good as it was then, too, and this is not flattery, far from it. He was a little rusty on his law, but he rubbed up for this book, and those two or three legal chapters are right and straight, now. He told me so himself.

Given under my hand this second day of January, 1893, at the Villa Viviani, village of Settignano, three miles back of Florence, on the hills—the same certainly affording the most charming view to be found on this planet, and with it the most dream-like and enchanting sunsets to be found in any planet or even in any solar system—and given, too, in the swell room of the house, with the busts of Cerretani senators and other grandees of this line looking approvingly down upon me as they used to look down upon Dante, and mutely asking me to adopt them into my family, which I do with pleasure, for my remotest ancestors are but spring chickens compared with these robed and stately antiques, and it will be a great and satisfying lift for me, that six hundred years will.

Mark Twain.

CHAPTER I.

TELL the truth or trump—but get the trick.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

THE scene of this chronicle is the town of Dawson's Landing, on the Missouri side of the Mississippi, half a day's journey, per steamboat, below St. Louis.

In 1830 it was a snug little collection of modest one- and two-story frame dwellings whose whitewashed exteriors were almost concealed from sight by climbing tangles of rose-vines, honeysuckles and morning-glories. Each of these pretty homes had a garden in front fenced with white palings and opulently stocked with hollyhocks, marigolds, touch-me-nots, prince's-feathers and other old-fashioned flowers; while on the window-sills of the houses stood wooden boxes containing moss-rose plants and terra-cotta pots in which grew a breed of geranium whose spread of intensely red blossoms accented the prevailing pink tint of the rose-clad house-front like an explosion of flame. When there was room on the ledge outside of the pots and boxes for a cat, the cat was there—in sunny weather—stretched at full length, asleep and blissful, with her furry belly to the sun and a paw curved over her nose. Then that house was complete, and its contentment and peace were made manifest to the world by this symbol, whose testimony is infallible. A home without a cat—and a well-fed, well-petted and properly revered cat—may be a perfect home, perhaps, but how can it prove title?

All along the streets, on both sides, at the

Digitized by Google

outer edge of the brick sidewalks, stood locust-trees with trunks protected by wooden boxing, and these furnished shade for summer and a sweet fragrance in spring when the clusters of buds came forth. The main street, one block back from the river, and running parallel with it, was the sole business street. It was six blocks long, and in each block two or three brick stores three stories high towered above interjected bunches of little frame shops. Swinging signs creaked in the wind, the street's whole length. The candy-striped pole which indicates nobility proud and ancient along the palace-bordered canals of Venice, indicated merely the humble barber-shop along the main street of Dawson's Landing. On a chief corner stood a lofty unpainted pole wreathed from top to bottom with tin pots and pans and cups, the chief tinmonger's noisy notice to the world (when the wind blew) that his shop was on hand for business at that corner.

The hamlet's front was washed by the clear waters of the great river; its body stretched itself rearward up a gentle incline; its most rearward border fringed itself out and scattered its houses about the base-line of the hills; the hills rose high, inclosing the town in a half-moon curve, clothed with forests from foot to summit.

Steamboats passed up and down every hour or so. Those belonging to the little Cairo line and the little Memphis line always stopped; the big Orleans liners stopped for hails only, or to land passengers or freight; and this was the case also with the great flotilla of "transients." These latter came out of a dozen rivers—the Illinois, the Missouri, the Upper Mississippi, the Ohio, the Monongahela, the Tennessee, the Red River, the White River, and so on; and were bound every whither and stocked with every imaginable comfort or necessity which the Mississippi's communities could want, from the frosty Falls of St. Anthony down through nine climates to torrid New Orleans.

Dawson's Landing was a slaveholding town, with a rich slave-worked grain and pork country back of it. The town was sleepy and comfortable and contented. It was fifty years old, and was growing slowly—very slowly, in fact, but still it was growing.

The chief citizen was York Leicester Driscoll, about forty years old, judge of the county court. He was very proud of his old Virginian ancestry, and in his hospitalities and his rather formal and stately manners he kept up its traditions. He was fine and just and generous. To be a gentleman—a gentleman without stain or blemish—was his only religion, and to it he was always faithful. He was respected, esteemed and beloved by all the community. He was well off, and was gradually adding to his store. He and his wife were very nearly happy, but not quite, for they had no children. The longing for the treasure of a child had grown stronger and stronger as the years slipped away, but the blessing never came—and was never to come.

With this pair lived the Judge's widowed sister, Mrs. Rachel Pratt, and she also was childless—childless, and sorrowful for that reason, and not to be comforted. The women were good and commonplace people, and did their duty and had their reward in clear consciences and the community's approbation. They were Presbyterians, the Judge was a free-thinker.

Pembroke Howard, lawyer and bachelor, aged about forty, was another old Virginian grandee with proved descent from the First Families. He was a fine, brave, majestic creature, a gentleman according to the nicest requirements of the Virginian rule, a devoted Presbyterian, an authority on the "code," and a man always courteously ready to stand up before you in the field if any act or word of his had seemed doubtful or suspicious to you, and explain it with any weapon you might prefer from brad-awls to artillery. He was very popular with the people, and was the Judge's dearest friend.

Then there was Colonel Cecil Burleigh Essex, another F. F. V. of formidable caliber—however, with him we have no concern.

Percy Northumberland Driscoll, brother to the Judge, and younger than he by five years, was a married man, and had had children around his hearthstone; but they were attacked in detail by measles, croup and scarlet fever, and this had given the doctor a chance with his effective antediluvian methods; so the cradles were empty. He was a prosperous man, with a good head for speculations, and his fortune was growing. On the 1st of February, 1830, two boy babes were born in his house: one to him, the other to one of his slave girls, Roxana by name. Roxana was twenty years old. She was up and around the same day, with her hands full, for she was tending both babies.

Mrs. Percy Driscoll died within the week. Roxy remained in charge of the children. She had her own way, for Mr. Driscoll soon absorbed himself in his speculations and left her to her own devices.

In that same month of February, Dawson's Landing gained a new citizen. This was Mr. David Wilson, a young fellow of Scotch parentage. He had wandered to this remote region from his birthplace in the interior of the State of New York, to seek his fortune. He was twenty-five years old, college-bred, and had

Digitized by Google

finished a post-college course in an Eastern law school a couple of years before.

He was a homely, freckled, sandy-haired young fellow, with an intelligent blue eye that had frankness and comradeship in it and a covert twinkle of a pleasant sort. But for an unfortunate remark of his, he would no doubt have entered at once upon a successful career at Dawson's Landing. But he made his fatal remark the first day he spent in the village, and it "gaged" him. He had just made the acquaintance of a group of citizens when an invisible dog began to yelp and snarl and howl and make himself very comprehensively disagreeable, whereupon young Wilson said, much as one who is thinking aloud—

"I wish I owned half of that dog."

"Why?" somebody asked.

"Because I would kill my half."

The group searched his face with curiosity, with anxiety even, but found no light there, no expression that they could read. They fell away from him as from something uncanny, and went into privacy to discuss him. One said:

"'Pears to be a fool."

"'Pears?" said another. "*Is*, I reckon you better say."

"Said he wished he owned *half* of the dog, the idiot," said a third. "What did he reckon would become of the other half if he killed his half? Do you reckon he thought it would live?"

"Why, he must have thought it, unless he *is* the downrightest fool in the world; because if he had n't thought it, he would have wanted to own the whole dog, knowing that if he killed his half and the other half died, he would be responsible for that half just the same as if he had killed that half instead of his own. Don't it look that way to you, gents?"

"Yes, it does. If he owned one half of the general dog, it would be so; if he owned one end of the dog and another person owned the other end, it would be so, just the same; particularly in the first case, because if you kill one half of a general dog, there ain't any man that can tell whose half it was, but if he owned one end of the dog, maybe he could kill his end of it and—"

"No, he could n't, either; he could n't and not be responsible if the other end died, which it would. In my opinion the man ain't in his right mind."

"In my opinion he hain't *got* any mind."

No. 3 said: "Well, he 's a lummox, anyway."

"That 's what he is," said No. 4, "he 's a labrick—just a Simon-pure labrick, if ever there was one."

"Yes, sir, he 's a dam fool, that 's the way I put him up," said No. 5. "Anybody can think different that wants to, but those are my sentiments."

"I 'm with you, gentlemen," said No. 6. "Perfect jackass—yes, and it ain't going too far to say he is a pudd'nhead. If he ain't a pudd'nhead, I ain't no judge, that 's all."

Mr. Wilson stood elected. The incident was told all over the town, and gravely discussed by everybody. Within a week he had lost his first name; Pudd'nhead took its place. In time he came to be liked, and well liked too; but by that time the nickname had got well stuck on, and it stayed. That first day's verdict made him a fool, and he was not able to get it set aside, or even modified. The nickname soon ceased to carry any harsh or unfriendly feeling with it, but it held its place, and was to continue to hold its place for twenty long years.

CHAPTER II.

ADAM was but human—this explains it all. He did not want the apple for the apple's sake, he wanted it only because it was forbidden. The mistake was in not forbidding the serpent; then he would have eaten the serpent.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

PUDD'NHEAD WILSON had a trifle of money when he arrived, and he bought a small house on the extreme western verge of the town. Between it and Judge Driscoll's house there was only a grassy yard, with a paling fence dividing the properties in the middle. He hired a small office down in the town and hung out a tin sign with these words on it:

DAVID WILSON.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.
SURVEYING, CONVEYANCING, ETC.

But his deadly remark had ruined his chance—at least in the law. No clients came. He took down his sign, after a while, and put it up on his own house with the law features knocked out of it. It offered his services now in the humble capacities of land-surveyor and expert accountant. Now and then he got a job of surveying to do, and now and then a merchant got him to straighten out his books. With Scotch patience and pluck he resolved to live down his reputation and work his way into the legal field yet. Poor fellow, he could not foresee that it was going to take him such a weary long time to do it.

He had a rich abundance of idle time, but it never hung heavy on his hands, for he interested himself in every new thing that was born into the universe of ideas, and studied it and experimented upon it at his house. One of his pet fads was palmistry. To another one he gave no name, neither would he explain to

Digitized by Google

anybody what its purpose was, but merely said it was an amusement. In fact he had found that his fads added to his reputation as a pudd'nhead; therefore he was growing chary of being too communicative about them. The fad without a name was one which dealt with people's finger-marks. He carried in his coat pocket a shallow box with grooves in it, and in the grooves strips of glass five inches long and three inches wide. Along the lower edge of each strip was pasted a slip of white paper. He asked people to pass their hands through their hair (thus collecting upon them a thin coating of the natural oil) and then make a thumb-mark on a glass strip, following it with the mark of the ball of each finger in succession. Under this row of faint grease-prints he would write a record on the strip of white paper — thus:

JOHN SMITH, *right hand*—

and add the day of the month and the year, then take Smith's left hand on another glass strip, and add name and date and the words "left hand." The strips were now returned to the grooved box, and took their place among what Wilson called his "records."

He often studied his records, examining and poring over them with absorbing interest until far into the night; but what he found there — if he found anything — he revealed to no one. Sometimes he copied on paper the involved and delicate pattern left by the ball of a finger, and then vastly enlarged it with a pantograph so that he could examine its web of curving lines with ease and convenience.

One sweltering afternoon — it was the first day of July, 1830 — he was at work over a set of tangled account-books in his workroom, which looked westward over a stretch of vacant lots, when a conversation outside disturbed him. It was carried on in yells, which showed that the people engaged in it were not close together:

"Say, Roxy, how does yo' baby come on?" This from the distant voice.

"Fust-rate; how does *you* come on, Jasper?" This yell was from close by.

"Oh, I 's middlin'; hain't got noth'n' to complain of. I 's gwine to come a-court'n' you bimeby, Roxy."

"*You* is, you black mud-cat! Yah — yah — yah! I got somep'n' better to do den 'sociat'n' wid niggers as black as you is. Is ole Miss Cooper's Nancy done give you de mitten?" Roxy followed this sally with another discharge of care-free laughter.

"You 's jealous, Roxy, dat 's what 's de matter wid *you*, you hussy — yah — yah — yah! Dat 's de time I got you!"

"Oh, yes, *you* got me, hain't you. 'Clah to goodness if dat conceit o' yo'n strikes in, Jasper, it gwine to kill you sho'. If you b'longed to me I 'd sell you down de river 'fo' you git too fur gone. Fust time I runs acrost yo' marster, I 's gwine to tell him so."

This idle and aimless jabber went on and on, both parties enjoying the friendly duel and each well satisfied with his own share of the wit exchanged — for wit they considered it.

Wilson stepped to the window to observe the combatants; he could not work while their chatter continued. Over in the vacant lots was Jasper, young, coal-black and of magnificent build, sitting on a wheelbarrow in the pelting sun — at work, supposably, whereas he was in fact only preparing for it by taking an hour's rest before beginning. In front of Wilson's porch stood Roxy, with a local hand-made baby-wagon, in which sat her two charges — one at each end and facing each other. From Roxy's manner of speech, a stranger would have expected her to be black, but she was not. Only one sixteenth of her was black, and that sixteenth did not show. She was of majestic form and stature, her attitudes were imposing and statuesque, and her gestures and movements distinguished by a noble and stately grace. Her complexion was very fair, with the rosy glow of vigorous health in the cheeks, her face was full of character and expression, her eyes were brown and liquid, and she had a heavy suit of fine soft hair which was also brown, but the fact was not apparent because her head was bound about with a checkered handkerchief and the hair was concealed under it. Her face was shapely, intelligent and comely — even beautiful. She had an easy, independent carriage — when she was among her own caste — and a high and "sassy" way, withal; but of course she was meek and humble enough where white people were.

To all intents and purposes Roxy was as white as anybody, but the one sixteenth of her which was black outvoted the other fifteen parts and made her a negro. She was a slave, and salable as such. Her child was thirty-one parts white, and he, too, was a slave, and by a fiction of law and custom a negro. He had blue eyes and flaxen curls like his white comrade, but even the father of the white child was able to tell the children apart — little as he had commerce with them — by their clothes: for the white babe wore ruffled soft muslin and a coral necklace, while the other wore merely a coarse tow-linen shirt which barely reached to its knees, and no jewelry.

The white child's name was Thomas à Becket Driscoll, the other's name was Valet de Chambre: no surname — slaves had n't the privilege. Roxana had heard that phrase somewhere, the

Digitized by Google

fine sound of it had pleased her ear, and as she had supposed it was a name, she loaded it on to her darling. It soon got shortened to "Chambers," of course.

Wilson knew Roxy by sight, and when the duel of wit began to play out, he stepped outside to gather in a record or two. Jasper went to work energetically, at once, perceiving that his leisure was observed. Wilson inspected the children and asked—

"How old are they, Roxy?"

"Bofe de same age, sir—five months. Bawn de fust o' Feb'uary."

"They 're handsome little chaps. One 's just as handsome as the other, too."

A delighted smile exposed the girl's white teeth, and she said:

"Bless yo' soul, Misto Wilson, it 's pow'ful nice o' you to say dat, 'ca'se one of 'em ain't on'y a nigger. Mighty prime little nigger, *I* al'ays says, but dat 's 'ca'se it 's mine, o' course."

"How do you tell them apart, Roxy, when they have n't any clothes on?"

Roxy laughed a laugh proportioned to her size, and said:

"Oh, *I* kin tell 'em 'part, Misto Wilson, but I bet Marse Percy could n't, not to save his life."

Wilson chatted along for a while, and presently got Roxy's finger-prints for his collection—right hand and left—on a couple of his glass strips; then labeled and dated them, and took the "records" of both children, and labeled and dated them also.

Two months later, on the 3d of September, he took this trio of finger-marks again. He liked to have a "series," two or three "takings" at intervals during the period of childhood, these to be followed by others at intervals of several years.

The next day—that is to say, on the 4th of September—something occurred which profoundly impressed Roxana. Mr. Driscoll missed another small sum of money—which is a way of saying that this was not a new thing, but had happened before. In truth it had happened three times before. Driscoll's patience was exhausted. He was a fairly humane man toward slaves and other animals; he was an exceedingly humane man toward the erring of his own race. Theft he could not abide, and plainly there was a thief in his house. Necessarily the thief must be one of his negroes. Sharp measures must be taken. He called his servants before him. There were three of these, besides Roxy: a man, a woman, and a boy twelve years old. They were not related. Mr. Driscoll said:

"You have all been warned before. It has done no good. This time I will teach you a lesson. I will sell the thief. Which of you is the guilty one?"

They all shuddered at the threat, for here they had a good home, and a new one was likely to be a change for the worse. The denial was general. None had stolen anything—not money, anyway—a little sugar, or cake, or honey, or something like that, that "Marse Percy would n't mind or miss," but not money—never a cent of money. They were eloquent in their protestations, but Mr. Driscoll was not moved by them. He answered each in turn with a stern "Name the thief!"

The truth was, all were guilty but Roxana; she suspected that the others were guilty, but she did not know them to be so. She was horrified to think how near she had come to being guilty herself; she had been saved in the nick of time by a revival in the colored Methodist Church, a fortnight before, at which time and place she "got religion." The very next day after that gracious experience, while her change of style was fresh upon her and she was vain of her purified condition, her master left a couple of dollars lying unprotected on his desk, and she happened upon that temptation when she was polishing around with a dust-rag. She looked at the money awhile with a steadily rising resentment, then she burst out with—

"Dad blame dat revival, I wisht it had 'a' be'n put off till to-morrow!"

Then she covered the tempter with a book, and another member of the kitchen cabinet got it. She made this sacrifice as a matter of religious etiquette; as a thing necessary just now, but by no means to be wrested into a precedent; no, a week or two would limber up her piety, then she would be rational again, and the next two dollars that got left out in the cold would find a comforter—and she could name the comforter.

Was she bad? Was she worse than the general run of her race? No. They had an unfair show in the battle of life, and they held it no sin to take military advantage of the enemy—in a small way; in a small way, but not in a large one. They would smouch provisions from the pantry whenever they got a chance; or a brass thimble, or a cake of wax, or an emery-bag, or a paper of needles, or a silver spoon, or a dollar bill, or small articles of clothing, or any other property of light value; and so far were they from considering such reprisals sinful, that they would go to church and shout and pray their loudest and sincerest with their plunder in their pockets. A farm smokehouse had to be kept heavily padlocked, for even the colored deacon himself could not resist a ham when Providence showed him in a dream, or otherwise, where such a thing hung lonesome and longed for some one to love. But with a hundred hanging before him the deacon would not take two—that is, on the

Digitized by Google

same night. On frosty nights the humane negro prowler would warm the end of a plank and put it up under the cold claws of chickens roosting in a tree; a drowsy hen would step on to the comfortable board, softly clucking her gratitude, and the prowler would dump her into his bag, and later into his stomach, perfectly sure that in taking this trifle from the man who daily robbed him of an inestimable treasure — his liberty — he was not committing any sin that God would remember against him in the Last Great Day.

"Name the thief!"

For the fourth time Mr. Driscoll had said it, and always in the same hard tone. And now he added these words of awful import:

"I give you one minute"— he took out his watch. "If at the end of that time you have not confessed, I will not only sell all four of you, *but* — I will sell you DOWN THE RIVER!"

It was equivalent to condemning them to hell! No Missouri negro doubted this. Roxy reeled in her tracks and the color vanished out of her face; the others dropped to their knees as if they had been shot; tears gushed from their eyes, their supplicating hands went up, and three answers came in the one instant:

"I done it!"

"I done it!"

"I done it! — have mercy, marster — Lord have mercy on us po' niggers!"

"Very good," said the master, putting up his watch, "I will sell you *here*, though you don't deserve it. You ought to be sold down the river."

The culprits flung themselves prone, in an ecstasy of gratitude, and kissed his feet, declaring that they would never forget his goodness and never cease to pray for him as long as they lived. They were sincere, for like a god he had stretched forth his mighty hand and closed the gates of hell against them. He knew, himself, that he had done a noble and gracious thing, and was privately well pleased with his magnanimity; and that night he set the incident down in his diary, so that his son might read it in after years, and be thereby moved to deeds of gentleness and humanity himself.

CHAPTER III.

WHOEVER has lived long enough to find out what life is, knows how deep a debt of gratitude we owe to Adam, the first great benefactor of our race. He brought death into the world.— *Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

PERCY DRISCOLL slept well the night he saved his house-minions from going down the river, but no wink of sleep visited Roxy's eyes. A profound terror had taken possession of her. Her child could grow up and be sold down the river! The thought crazed her with horror. If she dozed and lost herself for a moment, the next moment she was on her feet and flying to her child's cradle to see if it was still there. Then she would gather it to her heart and pour out her love upon it in a frenzy of kisses, moaning, crying, and saying "Dey sha'n't, oh, dey *sha'n't!*— yo' po' mammy will kill you fust!"

Once, when she was tucking it back in its cradle again, the other child nestled in its sleep and attracted her attention. She went and stood over it a long time, communing with herself:

"What has my po' baby done, dat he could n't have yo' luck? He hain't done noth'n'. God was good to you; why war n't he good to him? Dey can't sell *you* down de river, I hates yo' pappy; he ain't got no heart — for niggers he hain't, anyways. I hates him, en I could kill him!" She paused awhile, thinking; then she burst into wild sobbings again, and turned away, saying, "Oh, I got to kill my chile, dey ain't no yuther way,— killin' *him* would n't save de chile fum goin' down de river. Oh, I got to do it, yo' po' mammy 's got to kill you to save you, honey"— she gathered her baby to her bosom, now, and began to smother it with caresses — "Mammy 's got to kill you — how *kin* I do it! But yo' mammy ain't gwine to desert you,— no, no; *dah*, don't cry — she gwine *wid* you, she gwine to kill herself too. Come along, honey, come along wid mammy; we gwine to jump in de river, den de troubles o' dis worl' is all over — dey don't sell po' niggers down the river over *yonder*."

She started toward the door, crooning to the child and hushing it; midway she stopped, suddenly. She had caught sight of her new Sunday gown — a cheap curtain-calico thing, a conflagration of gaudy colors and fantastic figures. She surveyed it wistfully, longingly.

"Hain't ever wore it yet," she said, "en it 's jist lovely." Then she nodded her head in response to a pleasant idea, and added, "No, I ain't gwine to be fished out, wid everybody lookin' at me, in dis mis'able ole linsey-woolsey."

She put down the child and made the change. She looked in the glass and was astonished at her beauty. She resolved to make her death-toilet perfect. She took off her handkerchief-turban and dressed her glossy wealth of hair "like white folks"; she added some odds and ends of rather lurid ribbon and a spray of atrocious artificial flowers; finally she threw over her shoulders a fluffy thing called a "cloud" in that day, which was of a blazing red complexion. Then she was ready for the tomb.

She gathered up her baby once more; but when her eye fell upon its miserably short little gray tow-linen shirt and noted the con-

Digitized by Google

trast between its pauper shabbiness and her own volcanic irruption of infernal splendors, her mother-heart was touched, and she was ashamed.

"No, dolling, mammy ain't gwine to treat you so. De angels is gwine to 'mire you jist as much as dey does yo' mammy. Ain't gwine to have 'em putt'n' dey han's up 'fo' dey eyes en sayin' to David en Goliah en dem yuther prophets, 'Dat chile is dress' too indelicate fo' dis place.'"

By this time she had stripped off the shirt. Now she clothed the naked little creature in one of Thomas à Becket's snowy long baby-gowns, with its bright blue bows and dainty flummery of ruffles.

"Dah — now you 's fixed." She propped the child in a chair and stood off to inspect it. Straightway her eyes began to widen with astonishment and admiration, and she clapped her hands and cried out, "Why, it do beat all! — I *never* knowed you was so lovely. Marse Tommy ain't a bit puttier — not a single bit."

She stepped over and glanced at the other infant; she flung a glance back at her own; then one more at the heir of the house. Now a strange light dawned in her eyes, and in a moment she was lost in thought. She seemed in a trance; when she came out of it she muttered, "When I 'uz a-washin' 'em in de tub, yistiddy, his own pappy asked me which of 'em was his'n."

She began to move about like one in a dream. She undressed Thomas à Becket, stripping him of everything, and put the tow-linen shirt on him. She put his coral necklace on her own child's neck. Then she placed the children side by side, and after earnest inspection she muttered —

"Now who would b'lieve clo'es could do de like o' dat? Dog my cats if it ain't all *I* kin do to tell t' other fum which, let alone his pappy."

She put her cub in Tommy's elegant cradle and said —

"You 's young Marse *Tom* fum dis out, en I got to practise and git used to 'memberin' to call you dat, honey, or I 's gwine to make a mistake some time en git us bofe into trouble. Dah — now you lay still en don't fret no mo', Marse Tom — oh, thank de good Lord in heaven, you 's saved, you 's saved! — dey ain't no man kin ever sell mammy's po' little honey down de river now!"

She put the heir of the house in her own child's unpainted pine cradle, and said, contemplating its slumbering form uneasily —

"I 's sorry for you, honey; I 's sorry, God knows I is, — but what *kin* I do, what *could* I do? Yo' pappy would sell him to somebody, some time, en den he 'd go down de river, sho', en I could n't, could n't, *could n't* stan' it."

She flung herself on her bed and began to think and toss, toss and think. By and by she sat suddenly upright, for a comforting thought had flown through her worried mind —

"'T ain't no sin — *white* folks has done it! It ain't no sin, glory to goodness it ain't no sin! *Dey 's* done it — yes, en dey was de biggest quality in de whole bilin', too — *kings!*"

She began to muse; she was trying to gather out of her memory the dim particulars of some tale she had heard some time or other. At last she said —

"Now I 's got it; now I 'member. It was dat ole nigger preacher dat tole it, de time he come over here fum Illinois en preached in de nigger church. He said dey ain't nobody kin save his own self — can't do it by faith, can't do it by works, can't do it no way at all. Free grace is de *on'y* way, en dat don't come fum nobody but jis' de Lord; en *he* kin give it to anybody he please, saint or sinner — *he* don't kyer. He do jis' as he 's a mineter. He s'lect out anybody dat suit him, en put another one in his place, en make de fust one happy forever en leave t' other one to burn wid Satan. De preacher said it was jist like dey done in Englan' one time, long time ago. De queen she lef' her baby layin' aroun' one day, en went out callin'; en one o' de niggers roun'-'bout de place dat was 'mos' white, she come in en see de chile layin' aroun', en tuck en put her own chile's clo'es on de queen's chile, en put de queen's chile's clo'es on her own chile, en den lef' her own chile layin' aroun' en tuck en toted de queen's chile home to de nigger-quarter, en nobody ever foun' it out, en her chile was de king bimeby, en sole de queen's chile down de river one time when dey had to settle up de estate. Dah, now — de preacher said it his own self, en it ain't no sin, 'ca'se white folks done it. *Dey* done it — yes, *dey* done it; en not on'y jis' common white folks nuther, but de biggest quality dey is in de whole bilin'. Oh, I 's *so* glad I 'member 'bout dat!"

She got up light-hearted and happy, and went to the cradles and spent what was left of the night "practising." She would give her own child a light pat and say humbly, "Lay still, Marse Tom," then give the real Tom a pat and say with severity, "Lay *still*, Chambers! — does you want me to take somep'n' *to* you?"

As she progressed with her practice, she was surprised to see how steadily and surely the awe which had kept her tongue reverent and her manner humble toward her young master was transferring itself to her speech and manner toward the usurper, and how similarly

Digitized by Google

handy she was becoming in transferring her motherly curtness of speech and peremptoriness of manner to the unlucky heir of the ancient house of Driscoll.

She took occasional rests from practising, and absorbed herself in calculating her chances.

"Dey 'll sell dese niggers to-day fo' stealin' de money, den dey 'll buy some mo' dat don't know de chillen — so *dat 's* all right. When I takes de chillen out to git de air, de minute I 's roun' de corner I 's gwine to gaum dey mouths all roun' wid jam, den dey can't *nobody* notice dey 's changed. Yes, I gwineter do dat till I 's safe, if it 's a year.

"Dey ain't but one man dat I 's afeard of, en dat 's dat Pudd'nhead Wilson. Dey calls him a pudd'nhead, en says he 's a fool. My lan', dat man ain't no mo' fool den I is! He 's de smartes' man in dis town, less 'n it 's Jedge Driscoll or maybe Pem Howard. Blame dat man, he worries me wid dem ornery glasses o' hisn; *I* b'lieve he 's a witch. But nemmine, I 's gwine to happen aroun' dah one o' dese days en let on dat I reckon he wants to print de chillen's fingers ag'in; en if *he* don't notice dey 's changed, I bound dey ain't nobody gwine to notice it, en den I 's safe, sho'. But I reckon I 'll tote along a hoss-shoe to keep off de witch-work."

The new negroes gave Roxy no trouble, of course. The master gave her none, for one of his speculations was in jeopardy, and his mind was so occupied that he hardly saw the children when he looked at them, and all Roxy had to do was to get them both into a gale of laughter when he came about; then their faces were mainly cavities exposing gums, and he was gone again before the spasm passed and the little creatures resumed a human aspect.

Within a few days the fate of the speculation became so dubious that Mr. Percy went away with his brother the Judge, to see what could be done with it. It was a land speculation as usual, and it had gotten complicated with a lawsuit. The men were gone seven weeks. Before they got back Roxy had paid her visit to Wilson, and was satisfied. Wilson took the finger-prints, labeled them with the names and with the date — October the first — put them carefully away and continued his chat with Roxy, who seemed very anxious that he should admire the great advance in flesh and beauty which the babies had made since he took their finger-prints a month before. He complimented their improvement to her contentment; and as they were without any disguise of jam or other stain, she trembled all the while and was miserably frightened lest at any moment he —

But he did n't. He discovered nothing; and she went home jubilant, and dropped all concern about the matter permanently out of her mind.

(To be continued.)

Mark Twain.

MEMORIES AND LETTERS OF EDWIN BOOTH.

(SECOND PAPER.)

ST. JAMES'S HOTEL, PICCADILLY,
November 24, 1880.

. . . YOU have doubtless heard, or rather read, of my change of bill. "Richelieu" is on, and sets the audience all agog — but the critics keep up their fire at me. When "Othello" comes won't they rake me o'er the coals — my! . . . My engagement only extends (unluckily) till the beginning of the regular London season — the very time I should have commenced; but it may be prolonged. Everybody seems to regard it as an unusual "go." . . .

I am happier than dollars could make me in knowing that my countrymen feel such interest in my success, and that they rejoice at it. There is a large and still growing party in my favor here. The purity of my English is invariably praised, and even admitted by the carpers. Think of a "blarsted Yankee" speaking English! . . . Perhaps I 'll do some little service in cultivating a respect for their mother-tongue! Wish I could speak as good English off as I do on the stage — don't you?

I cannot pass this letter without bearing my testimony to the fact that in spite of his remark about wishing to speak as good English off as on the stage, he always spoke his native language perfectly, and with less accent of any kind than any other American I have ever met.

ST. JAMES'S HOTEL, PICCADILLY,
January 9, 1881.

. . . MY success continues to grow in the estimation of all classes, and were it not for one of my usual blunders in business I should feel quite satisfied. My engagement, unfortunately, must close just when it should have opened, although it has been already extended six weeks beyond

Digitized by Google

its original term, and I fear I shall be cut off in the very blossom of my success. It seems strange that in this great city there sh'd be but three theatres at all adapted to my class of performance; the rest (some thirty odd) are tiny little holes, devoted to vaudeville, comedy, and farce; the three, the Lyceum, Drury Lane, and the Princess', are all I have to choose from, and arrangements made long ago preclude the continuance of my acting in London beyond March. Perhaps some lucky sprite may upset something for me, and open one of the doors now closed against me. Irving called yesterday, and spent (to me) a most agreeable hour in social chat. I am to meet him again at luncheon on Wednesday at Baroness Burdett-Coutts' house. This lady was in front last night, and seemed to be much impressed by *Bertuccio's* agony. After this week I shall alternate *Othello* and *Iago* for a fortnight, then produce "Macbeth," and afterward "King Lear," which will probably close the engagement. I shall remain in London, however, for the "season," as my wife and daughter have formed many pleasant acquaintances, who are very attentive. . . . Mrs. Booth, unfortunately, cannot enjoy it, for she is really a great sufferer. Her continued throat trouble and great loss of flesh are very distressing, yet her indomitable pluck keeps her up in spite of it all. . . . I fear your fairy notions regarding an old English Xmas are but notions. I think the romance of English life passed away with "the good old times," whose departure even our Elizabethan ancestors deplored. You know Shakspere speaks of "the time of good neighbours" as of an age long past. Adam and Eve doubtless did the same. No, I have no idea of returning, but do still hope to visit Germany first, though I hardly see how I can arrange to act there; the expense and risk of taking a company would be very great, and there 's a doubt in many minds whether an "Anglo-German" performance would satisfy. . . . The winter has been most propitious, and Parliament being in session unusually early I have all the advantages, you see.

I forgot to say, apropos of Xmas, that my sister and I passed it at her house together, the first time since our childhood! . . . Every Sunday evening we dine out, and we have met *some* very charming people. . . . The press will tear me, or rather press me, to death when I appear as *Othello*. I hear it in the air, so look out for splinters.

ST. JAMES'S HOTEL, PICCADILLY,
January 30, 1881.

. . . AFTER a three-weeks' pull with the "Fool," *Othello* and *Iago* began with "the beautiful snow," which froze out several theatres, and thinned my numbers fearfully. Not till Friday night, after a two-days' thaw, did I have more than a corporal's guard to act to; the two nights past, however, have bettered my condition, and the play will be allowed to run a week longer (two yet), in consequence of its not having had a fair show till now. . . .

There is no doubt about my strength holding out; it 's true I want to establish my claim permanently here; in time I could do all that my friends at home believed (though I did not) that I would accomplish at a bounce, but unfortunately time enough is denied me. In six weeks I shall be shelved, and not, perhaps, until next winter shall I again be seen in London. During the fall I shall make a brief tour of the provinces,—there are but half a dozen towns worth visiting,—and then, perhaps, some other chance may be offered here. After two weeks of regular American winter, such as England has not seen since 1856, the thaw has cleaned the streets and brought "muggy" weather back to us. During the intense cold my wife seemed to be improving, but the damp and warmth have renewed her cough. . . . I jog along in my old hermit way, seeing few and staying most of the time indoors. Having met Irving several times, I like him better every time—he seems a very pleasant fellow. . . .

ST. JAMES'S HOTEL, PICCADILLY,
March 24, 1881.

. . . I OWE you acknowledgments of several letters, two I 'm sure of, but the gloom of my household, and the dreadful pains of dyspepsia, have prevented me from writing more than semi-occasionally.

Poor Mary has been insane for two weeks, and the doctors give no hope for her life beyond a few weeks. Her pulse rallies now and then; to-day, particularly, it is quite strong, but her brain has not for a moment given a sign of improvement. The anxiety has brought on my old complaint in its severest form. You can imagine how I agonize through my "splendid success" here, which really means, *entre nous*, half-filled houses, and no share of the small profits. Newspaper praise or abuse (as the writer feels) is the chief reward of a tragedian in London. In the provinces I *may* pay expenses. As for the Irving-Booth combination, it has created great excitement in the kingdom, and will pay well, but much as I 'd like to have you here, I would not advise your coming so far to see so little. He [Irving] has done a friendly thing, and I hope he will reap a good reward for it, here and in America, if he should ever go there. . . .

PORTLAND PLACE, Good Friday,
23 Weymouth street.
(Postmarked April 7, 1881.)

. . . TO-DAY 's like Sunday here—shops and theatres closed, and all but *me* at church. Your letter of March 29 has been with me some days, but I 've not had much heart for writing. S——'s account of Mary's condition was incorrect. She has become worse, nor shown any signs of improvement since he called. I told him that her doctors gave no hope for her recovery. For the past month she has kept her bed, and has been utterly insane, and is now just hovering 'twixt life and death. Last night we thought would be her last, and to-day she is barely able to swallow the little nourishment offered by her nurses. Three days ago we thought she would rally and linger a long time, but yesterday the

Digitized by Google

reaction came, and I doubt if she 'll last a week, if half so long. . . .

You see I 've left the St. James. The doctor advised a change on account of noise, but we 've lost the sunlight by following his advice.

My *private* rehearsals with Irving begin Tuesday, and he tells me that already £1200 are booked, and nothing done to "post up" the engagement. He considers it very good; I suppose it is for England. In America such sums are not regarded as remarkable for any unusual attraction.

23 WEYMOUTH [St.], May 16, 1881.

. . . CHANGES have occurred that may compel me to return, for a few weeks only, to New York in June. I have taken passage by the *Arizona*, for the 18th, I believe, and hope to come back by the *Gallia*, August 17. Will you please book me for that date — two rooms for Edwina and self. If the Captain's room can be used for father and daughter I 'd prefer that. The McVickars are here, and we have concluded it to be best to take Mary home (if she lives so long) on June 18 (my engagement with Irving terminating June 10), and have the parting in New York rather than here. She is a surprise to her doctors — being quite strong, though a mere shadow, and at times is as sane as ever. . . . The doctors say, however, that she may die at any moment. . . .

The Lyceum business is still great, and creates as much excitement as at first. I 've not done myself justice yet, being so depressed by my domestic troubles. Irving is very kind, and is a splendid fellow, as well as the best director of stage-art I have ever met. . . .

They came home in June, bringing Mrs. Booth with them, and on their arrival in New York went at first to the Windsor Hotel; but as time passed, Mrs. Booth's condition became so terrible in many ways that Mr. and Mrs. McVickar deemed it best to have her in a private house of their own which they had rented near the hotel, and Edwin remained at the Windsor all summer, in order to be near her.

On November 13, 1881, while Edwin was playing in Philadelphia, he received a telegram informing him that Mrs. Booth was at rest. He at once came to New York, and accompanied by some two or three friends went with Mr. and Mrs. McVickar with the body to Chicago, where she was buried. That sad duty performed, he returned to Philadelphia and resumed his engagement. My next letter from him is dated.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 20, 1881.

THE long and mournful journey is ended, and I am here again, in the very room where, one week ago to-night, I received the news of poor Mary's death. . . . The strain of nerve as well as body has almost exhausted me, and I am in no fit mood to write. Still, a line to let you know just where I am and where I am to be next week will not overtax my strength.

Now, what next discomfort? "What more sorrow claims acquaintance at my hand which I know not?" It will come, I doubt not. . . .

. . . "Thou shalt know erelong
What 't is to suffer and be strong"

has been ringing in my ears (my mind's ears, Horatio) these many months past. Winter says they 're Longfellow's lines; I know not just how they came — I think from a calendar that once stood on my desk. Well, I have tried to be strong in all my sufferings, but I fear that I have been most feeble. Having bit my lip hard enough, I 've "given it a rest" as the Arabs say, by letting it too loose a little. But it 's hard to ache and not to groan occasionally, and good healthy swearing is a great relief; some one in an old play says, "'T is like flannel to bruises!"

THE VENDOME, Boston, Dec. 17, 1881.

. . . ANENT a certain friend, a poor player, who struts, etc., but one I love with all the tenderness a son might bear for a father — one of the oldest and the dearest old duffers the good God ever made! Perpend! —— (beloved by his kind) approacheth now the time when the oil burneth low and the wick waxeth brief. He wants to settle in New York — his dear old wife and he — in apartments, in a good location on an economical plan, and loaf out the rest of their few winters. The thought struck me that you could give me all the points touching the subject. Say, if he wished to buy the furniture of a flat of perhaps five or six rooms, in some neighborhood you know, can you give me an idea what it would cost for rent? — say a lease of several years, cozy and plainly furnished, and one servant, a cook for example. Do you know of such a chance for next year, and can you give me an idea of rent, cost of furniture, servant's wages, and other little details requisite for the comfort of a dear old couple of antique babies? Let me know as soon as possible, for they contemplate selling their house and retiring on a small income, and I want them to settle near me.

BOSTON, Dec. 23, 1881.

. . . MORE anon about my "flat" friends. I want to locate them in New York next year, say after April, for the balance of their earthly sojourn, which can't be many centuries longer. This *entre nous*. I thought I 'd find, say, four or five cozy rooms and furnish them comfortably, rent the place for several years, and relieve them of all cares for the future. No one but you, they, and I are to know the *facts*, and even you must be ignorant so far as they know.

I have thought it only right to my friend to print the foregoing letters concerning his two "antique babies," as it is truly representative of the kind actions he was continually performing for the benefit of his old or distressed fellow-players. No one in real distress ever appealed to him in vain, and the number of his benefactions was legion. To my certain

Digitized by Google

knowledge he gave away in charity more than most men would consider a fortune, and he did it in the sweetest, gentlest manner, hardly letting one hand know what the other did. Indeed, he was so anxious to help any one, or any institution in need, that I feared ever to mention such to him, not knowing what his charitable impulses might tempt him to do, and almost dreading that he would give more than he ought to for his own sake.

PITTSBURG, Jan'y 13, 1882.

. . . . . MY business everywhere has been very fair — but oh! but oh! travel is beyond all recompense. The d——d must surely be doomed to railway torture. I have every convenience and modern appliance in my special car, but I can't sleep, or read, or think while the confounded thing is on the go, and am as tired and jaded at the end as though we had trotted over a corduroy road. . . . 'T is very late, and I am very tired, so good-night! With love and prayers (when I 'm holy), Thine ever, EDWIN.

In the summer of this year Mr. Booth went again to England, playing for two months in London, and making a professional tour in the provinces, beginning the latter about the first of September.

LEEDS, November 1, 1882.

THIS is the eighth week of my country tour, and, with the exception of two or three old-time towns, such as York and Dundee and Edinboro', of course it has been dull enough. To be sure I 've had applause sufficient to satisfy the most ambitious, but as I shall never revisit these places I consider it a waste of time and labor. In Germany, as in London, I look for nothing but approval, and shall be satisfied even if I fall short of my expenses a little. However, if we get through it with health and no accident I shall be grateful. . . .

The theatre in this place is the most complete, the handsomest, and in many respects the best I have seen in either country; it is very large, and truly deserves its title, "The Grand." All it lacks to make it perfect is full seats, which, they tell me, it sometimes has for some fashionable "catch."

BERLIN, January 7, 1883.

I ARRIVED a week ago, and found the manager had a successful play running which he hopes to keep on for many weeks. He resorted to a paltry quibble to defer my engagement a month: I consented, as all other places were shut to me, being occupied by other attractions. Finding the fellow inclined to trick me again, I set my German agent to work, who came to me the next day in rapture: a lady star was ill, and could not fulfill her contract with the Residenz Theatre — a very small but more fashionable house than the Victoria, which is a large and cheerless place. The chance came like a miracle, and matters were amicably arranged for me to shift my quarters, and on Thursday next I open with "Hamlet." To-morrow my rehearsals begin, and as several of the actors speak a *little* English, and have already acted the parts they will play with me, I may not have such trouble as I expected.

. . . After ten or fifteen performances here I go to Hamburg, thence to Bremen, Cologne, Bonn, Hanover, Leipsic, and perhaps Vienna — 't is not yet settled: a few nights only in each place. If all goes well by that time, the close of March, I shall *tour* a little in Italy for recreation, and go home for "good and all."

Herr Ludwig plays *Hamlet* at the Royal to-morrow night, and maybe I shall see him. . . . I 'm told that "great expectations" are on tip-toe. Oh, if I tumble, what a fall will there be, my countrymen!

BERLIN, February 7, 1883.

. . . I HAVE scored a fourth notch in my alpenstock as *Othello*, although I acted badly last night, being all out of sorts, and missed the text in many places. However, the result was five recalls after the third act, and four after the fifth. I have six more nights here, then go to Hamburg. Have had a severe cough and hoarseness ever since I began work, and daily rehearsals have deprived me of rest. I am very tired. The old Prince's death put a stop to my royal visitors coming to the theatre, but the audiences are good in quality and quantity too, but, as it is in England, no money is to be made here; that, however, I did not expect.

LEIPSIC, March 16, 1883.

. . . I HAVE nothing new to tell you — the same good luck attends my appearance in each city I visit, and all ask me to return.

Mr. Booth's meager account of his German experiences was like his intense modesty in relating anything that concerned himself. On his return to this country I succeeded, by cross-questioning him, in learning something of the wonderful enthusiasm his acting created wherever he went. They gave him several beautiful silver wreaths (which are now among the treasures of "The Players" in Gramercy Park), and lavished personal caresses on him in a way that almost frightened him.

I remember his telling of the last night at one of the theaters. After the play was over, he was long in dressing for the street, and on emerging from his dressing-room found, to his astonishment and horror, the whole company of the theater drawn up in line on each side of the passage by which he must go out, and as he passed each caught him by the hand and shook it; many kissed him on the cheek, and those who could not do this took his coat or portions of his dress in their hands and reverently kissed them! As he described it, his distress at these marks of admiration was almost ludicrous. Indeed, I never knew a man who had such an aversion to being caressed as he had. He shrunk instinctively from any

Digitized by Google

physical manifestation of personal affection, and while his friendships were strong, they were almost always unaccompanied by any outward demonstration save the grasp of the hand, and the hearty welcome shining through his glorious eyes.

I have omitted the letters I received from him through the summers of 1883, '84, '85, and '86, as they are all so filled with the details of his life at Boothden, the estate he had purchased at Newport, and where he built a most attractive house. He spent many months there, and enjoyed his country home very greatly. He called it Boothden, because he said it was "Booth's Den," and the "Den," or room, in which he passed most of his time was extremely charming and cozy. There were about ten acres in the place, and he had great pleasure in getting it in perfect order; his lawns were as fine as any in Newport. At one time he kept a small yacht, and enjoyed sailing in it; he drove and rode a good deal, and his fondness for the country was very marked.

On his return from Germany he had decided to settle in Boston, where he had hosts of friends, and his next letter is dated:

29 CHESTNUT ST. [BOSTON],
Nov. 27, 1884.

. . . YOUR idea of using the Hennessy picture is superb,[1] and I will send it as soon as possible. But the *arms* I am not so enthused about; I rather think that contrary to my "Demo-Repub." principles. I hardly care to place myself within the reach of those persons who would consider it snobbery. Such things are very interesting and good to have indoors, but to "hang out our banners on the outward walls," as it were, would excite unpleasant comment at least. No, we 'll leave out that part of it and keep to the simple, saint-like subject — most appropriate for the purpose. Nothing could be better! . . . Business grows larger every night, and still shows signs of increasing, if there 's room to put the people in. I am hard worked with long rehearsals with a company unused to my stock of plays.

29 CHESTNUT ST. [BOSTON],
Dec. 14 [1884].

. . . THE engagement was successful, but not more so than all my engagements here have been. Each new one is declared by the press to be "unusual," etc., but I note no difference save in the pecuniary result, which is regulated by the size of the theatre at which I act. This is not in boast, but such has really been my experience in Boston — yet I rather shun the large houses and am satisfied with less pay to be nearer my audience. . . .

BOSTON, Dec. 28, 1884.

. . . WINTER sent me a queer little book called "Tobacco Talk," very interesting, and contains the verses you suggested for my smokery, which, by the by, were forgotten by us all — I mean the intention to decorate my "vestry"[2] was "disremembered." That 's a "vile phrase" which my father liked, because it is so *utterly* American, and he (as was his father) was so rabidly Republican. Good night! Happy New Year for you all.

29 CHESTNUT ST. [BOSTON],
May 21 [1885].

. . . SINCE I left New York I have felt and acted better than at any time during the entire past season, and here a perfect ovation was given me every night. In Philadelphia the size of the house chilled the audience and actors, and although the business was excellent, it was not so great as here or in New York.

The Philadelphia critics (justly, I think) rather condemned the polyglot business.[3] By the by, I had a worse fall there than in New York — a very dangerous one, too. In the last scene, when I was brought on with hands tied behind me, my foot caught on the door-sill and I pitched headlong to the stage — it might have broken my neck. . . . The first night here, as I ran into *Iago's* dark house,—after stabbing *Cassio*,— I tripped and fell again, but 't was behind the scenes: about the same time young Salvini flopped flat on his back on the stage. It must be the Italian School of acting, I suspect! The elder Salvini remarked after my second fall, "The public seem to like to see you fall!"

I gave him a breakfast, and invited an Italian whom I thought his friend; afterward I heard that they were foes — but all went well at table.

During the summer of 1886, while on a visit to Mr. Lawrence Barrett at Cohasset, he proposed to Mr. Booth to make a tour through the West, and that he should be the manager, providing the company and making all the engagements for place and time.

To this Mr. Booth assented, though he had not absolutely decided before this to make such a journey, because he wished to play less and less every year; for he had been on the stage nearly forty years, and was weary of its hard work. Besides this, he was sufficiently well-to-do not to require the pecuniary return; but he was finally persuaded to make this engagement, and the letters which immediately follow were written during its progress.

CENTURY CLUB [NEW YORK],
Friday, September 10, 1886.

. . . THIRTY-SEVEN years ago to-day I made my first bow to the public — 't was Monday in

[1] This refers to a suggestion I had made to have a picture of the first Mrs. Booth, painted by Mr. W. J. Hennessy, reproduced in glass in a window which Booth presented to the Berkeley Memorial Chapel on Indian Avenue at Newport. The original picture was idealized, and had, as he writes, a saint-like appearance.

[2] This was his smoking-room at Boothden, and he named it his vestry because the Bishop of Rhode Island and other clergy had vested there when the Berkeley Memorial Church was consecrated.

[3] This was his engagement with the elder Salvini.

Digitized by Google

those days. I rehearse at the Academy, and drop in here for lunch, and to cool off on milk and soda. . . .

THE GENESEE, BUFFALO, N. Y.,
September 16, 1886.

. . . I FORGOT to tell you that I wrote to Collier and requested him to send his portrait of me, as *Richelieu*, to your care, and he replied that he would soon do so. You kindly suggested this, and said you would send it to the Art Museum, you remember.

Thus far all goes finely except my voice; a heavy cold, and the strain on vocal chords (or cords?) which have so long been unused, make me very hoarse, but to-day my "organ" seems clearer. Business great and audiences enthusiastic. After the play ("Hamlet") to-night, at 12.30, I start for Detroit — rather hard work.

THE SOUTHERN, ST. LOUIS,
October 19, 1886.

. . . THUS far (5 weeks) my gross share has been $34,900 (and odd), and the indications are fair for continuance. Hotel and other expenses come from this, but I have not figured 'em up. Financially, this is about the greatest engagement I 've acted, and in other respects it has been unusually successful.[1] The weather, with the exception of two very wintry days in Chicago, has been sickly hot, and I have suffered in consequence. A severe cold, not yet broken up, has tormented (and twice almost disabled) me for several weeks, and I have constant headaches — neuralgia, I think. Not much fun in play-acting, altho' it does pay in ducats. . . .

ELMIRA,
Wednesday, December 30, 1886.

AM glad Lay is pleased, and I only hope he has n't sent you a "white elephant" (there 's a little room adjoining your den — just the place for it if 't is in your way); you seemed to like it, and I knew Lay would n't object, and so to please both I did the horrid deed — forgive me![2]

LOS ANGELES, March 3, 1887.

. . . LAY is very enthusiastic, and it gives me much pleasure to know that what I did makes him so happy; I must write to him when I get to San Francisco; can't do much in that way while traveling. You do not say what the Collier picture was appraised at. Have you Collier's address? I must write in acknowledgment of the picture, but I left his letter in Boston. My three days' passage through the desert, from San Antonio to this place, was very wearisome, but it afforded some interesting general effects, particularly the mirage, which I had never seen so perfectly: a lovely stretch of water, in which were reflected the snow-hills near by, and other objects close at hand; the water was imaginary, of course. It lasted for several miles; many other sights worth seeing were passed — during the night, of course, as such interesting points on railway journeys usually are. It is nearly always my fate to miss the beauties of travel, and to be prevented from enjoying the places I visit through some mischance.

My tour has been an unbroken triumph, and I could have filled most of the houses two or three times, in some places for two weeks instead of one, the demand for seats everywhere has been so great, and the towns crowded with people from surrounding towns, — many quite distant from my point of action, — while requests from various places to visit them come to me daily. It is amazing, even to me, who have had so many years of success. You 'd be surprised to see the fine theaters (most of them I 've used) and the excellent quality of my audiences.

Near San Antonio there are some large farms owned by English people, who pass much of their time there, and I had a couple of live lords and some British officers with their wives and daughters in my boxes. In several places the lower part of the house was in full dress, no bonnets, and not much upper clothing, beyond flowers and jewels. I 'll send you a sample of the programmes used in several places for the parquette and boxes. Bernhardt and I passed each other near El Paso, but did not meet, as it chanced at night, of course.

The car ("David Garrick") is commodious and comfortable, but the incessant jerks and the vibration are terrible. I resume the torture Sunday for 24 hours *en route* to San Francisco — then a stop of four hours. I have just concluded Hugo's "Shakspere," and I have already begun Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe" — both very interesting.

PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO,
March 14, 1887.

. . . MY success here is phenomenal! Except my occasional headaches, my health is good. The wonders of this country are amazing — especially to one who knew it as a mere sandhill thirty years ago. Last night I visited the Chinese theaters, tragic and comic, the former funny, the latter doleful. Then to the opium dens, to see some things that I 'm sorry I saw. I wound up my journey, however, at a very respectable and superbly decorated restaurant, and drank tea, ate lychees, roasted almonds, and preserved limes till my wits whirled, and my teeth ached. As for my heathen co-workers in the mimic art, I think they are about as deficient in the delivery of their *very* blank verse as are most of our "murderous mummers"; their costumes were gorgeous, their voices hysterical, their faces hideous, and their odor sickening.

Love to all the boys. This month's "Atlantic" gives me a "boost" as a "literary person!"

His reference in this letter to the "Atlantic Monthly" was to the article concerning the papers he had written on his father and Edmund Kean, which had appeared in the series of "Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and

[1] This applied only to the St. Louis part of the engagement, and not to the whole tour.

[2] This refers to an ideal head of himself painted by the late Mr. Oliver I. Lay, and which Booth had sent me during my absence from home.

Digitized by Google

the United States." A writer in the "Evening Post" said of them: "It cannot be a matter of ungracious comparison to any of the others to say that in literary quality as well as in the subtlety of personal charm he is out of range with the rest."

DENVER, April 21, 1887.

I FORGET when I last wrote you,—from 'Frisco, I think,—since when I 've had a pleasant and profitable "picnic," and find myself luxuriously entertained in one of the best hotels in America. The theatre is decidedly the best we have in all respects. It recalls "Booth's" in many ways. The dressing-rooms are comfortable (mine has hot and cold water, with every convenience), and, indeed, it is just what a first-class theatre should be. It ought to be in New York. After the play to-night I shall take a few of my folks to Manitou to see the wondrous Garden of the Gods, some sixty miles distant. My car is too wide for the track, and consequently I have hired a director's narrow-gauge coach. We shall spend to-morrow there, and return in time for the play at night. By giving my girls and boys a treat now and then I have succeeded in making them all miserable in contemplating the early termination of what to them has been a perfect season; and, indeed (if it were not for the acting every night), *I* should like to continue the tour indefinitely; it has been generally jolly. . . . To-day a blizzard is on us, yesterday was a heavenly calm.

Houses crowded, and audiences very quiet, refined, full-dressed (so far as heads go — not many hats among the groundlings), and very appreciative. The high altitude affects my voice, and causes me to gasp at times during the play. . .

In July of 1887 Mr. E. C. Benedict placed his steam-yacht *Oneida* at Mr. Booth's service for a trip as far north as Labrador, and Mr. Booth invited some of his friends to make the voyage with them. The start was made from Greenwich, with Mr. Benedict, Mr. Booth, and myself. At Cohasset Mr. Barrett came on board, at Boston Mr. T. B. Aldrich, and at the Isles of Shoals Mr. Laurence Hutton.

This voyage lasted about a month, and on account of fogs the yacht did not go farther north than St. John, N. B.; but it was on this memorable occasion that Mr. Booth talked to us of his plan of establishing a club for his profession, the details of which will be found in an article on "The Players" in THE CENTURY for November, 1891, written by Mr. Brander Matthews. In the autumn of this year Mr. Booth started out in partnership with Mr. Barrett, acting together and alternating parts.

CHICAGO, October 6, 1887.

THE Booth-Barrett boom is immense, and from the looks of our box-sheet, 2 weeks ahead, there seems to be a perfect cyclone of success in store for me. Everywhere, so far, we have swept our way clean, and the prospect is clear and encouraging in the extreme. . . .

Barrett and I get on easily; he is very considerate of my old bones, and saves me a lot of trouble and anxiety.

KANSAS CITY, October 24, 1887.

. . . ARRIVED this A. M. to find the theatre unready for us, unroofed, and full of scaffolding, so the opening is deferred till to-morrow. The hotel is also partly new, and our rooms are gorgeously cold and handsome. . . . Yes, it has been generally announced that we are to have a theatre, and have engaged Miss A. [Anderson], but we know no more of the matter. The success of our combination, however, ought to result in our having a Shakesperian theatre in New York, unless Donnelly succeeds in overthrowing our idol. B. [Barrett] is writing an excellent article on the Baconian theories for the "North American Review." I have concluded to continue our partnership another season. . . .

CLEVELAND, November 15, 1887.

. . . BARRETT and I were regretting that we had not commissioned you to buy the Academy for us, when your letter came congratulating me on the falsity of the report anent my buying or building a theatre! I think Barrett will have one in New York, but I do not think I shall take any financial risk in another such venture. It seems, however, that I ought to make an effort, before I quit, to establish some abiding-place for my profession, where the "legitimate" may find a home. Something may yet be accomplished. . . . I 've just wiped out my 53d score and am fairly on the 54th stretch for the home run: it 's all down hill and rapid travel now, slow as the old nag is.

PHILADELPHIA, December 8, 1887.

. . . A WILD letter from "Mark Gray"[1] (Keokuk) says he 's tired of being hunted by detectives, and asks a loan of $1000 (on good security) in order that he may leave the country, to rid me of anxiety (which I 've never felt on his account) and himself from the annoyance of being watched.

NEW ORLEANS, February 6, 1888.

. . . DON'T be alarmed. I have no intention or wish to risk my health or wealth in management again, but Barrett has a laudable desire to construct a theatre in New York (on conditions that will insure his safety), and several parties have been after him, some with tempting offers. If he carries out his plans, I shall be associated with him professionally, not otherwise; that is, for certain work, every season, my services as actor only will be devoted to his theatre.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 14, 1888.

. . . I 'M pretty sure Lawrence will do nothing idiotic in the way of theatrical ventures, and you may be sure that I will not; I 've risked

[1] This was the man who had shot at Booth in Chicago some years before.

Digitized by Google

my last risk in that direction. But I 'm after something else, and shall ask your aid in the furtherance of my desire. In response to your good advice anent the club, I will now tell you that from the first I 've had a wish to make a donation of a suitable house (on certain conditions, of course), and with such a start there is no reason why we "Players" can't spread our sails. . . . This will not prevent the carrying out of my original scheme anent the Actors' House for charitable purposes; on the contrary, with the club an established success, the other institution will be encouraged. I have given the subject full and careful consideration, and am safe in doing what I propose.

DENVER, April 6, 1888.

I *wired* you on receipt of yours "Yes," anent the suggestion you made for our domicile. I do not think a house less than forty feet wide would be convenient—it should be fifty feet. I have not told any one *all* I wish to do. You are the first to know it; and I have calculated the costs, etc., well; I have not lost sight of the Actors' House, but have kept a longing eye on our Century Club house [then in Fifteenth street] for that organization while figuring on The Players. The Century Club house is just what and where the Actors' House should be, somewhat retired, yet not out of the way. If that could be obtained for $50,000 and a suitable house for The Players for $75,000 or $80,000, I can do both without interfering in the least with what I intend to do for some worthy ones whom I have always helped. . . . The two institutions would have a powerful effect on the status of the coming actor; a decade would work a wonderful change in him and for him, and I don't see any higher aim I can have during my last years. I have not yet mentioned this to Barrett or to any one but you, and I want you to keep an eye on the Century for me, as well as the main object, "ye Players" house.

Suppose, in all, the two houses should cost me $150,000. I can spare it, even if I should "peg out" while I now write, and I would have ample means left to provide for my other bequests.

OMAHA, April 11, 1888.

. . . BARRETT and I think *location* should be seriously considered; it will have great influence on the character of the association: it should have a cheerful aspect, or prospect rather, and not be on a by-street or too retired. . . . I am sure that $150,000 will get a commodious and pleasantly located house for The Players. The *second*, or Actors' House, can wait awhile — not a very long while, if my health holds good for another year or two.

After the play to-night we start on a tour of nearly three weeks, one-night stands; hope a letter from you will catch me on the road.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., April 17, 1888.

. . . I AM here on time, and, having read your letter, telegraphed you at once. I do hope the location,[1] etc., will be as agreeable to the rest as to you, to Barrett, and myself. It is one of the spots B—— and I have thought of as desirable. The Actors' House can be deferred for the present; it will keep. I wish my despatch could have reached you before the meeting to-day.

. . . Your letter has given me an appetite, and dinner is in the air. . . .

CEDAR RAPIDS, April 19, 1888.

. . . YESTERDAY I wired my thanks for your congratulations to the *President*, who received your greeting late the previous night. I confess I was somewhat prepared for the compliment, yet 't was none the less "thrilling"; but in sincerity, notwithstanding that I appreciate the value of my name in connection with the office, I wish that a more competent man had been chosen for it; one of a more positive nature, which mine is not; besides, I know nothing whatever of parliamentary matters, nor have I the faculty of learning. I am so easily bored and confused even by the business immediately connected with my profession. . . .

I do hope that Barrett was not forgotten, but that he was made a director as well as yourself.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 27, 1888.

. . . THE trust deed for the donation must be carefully worded, and not so confoundedly complicated as are most legal documents. Can it embrace the books, pictures, etc., which I may give? I mean in its disposition of the property in the event of dissolution of the Club. There are, no doubt, other points that should be insisted on in the deeding of such an estate: to whom or for what purpose it should be devoted, if hereafter it should be deemed advisable to sell for other, larger, or more desirable property. . . . This may require time for careful study of the subject, and perhaps it had better be taken in hand at once. Let us suppose The Players should cease, and at that time there should exist a benevolent theatrical fund. I think I 'd prefer it to benefit by my gift to letting it revert to my descendants, who will have the bulk of my estate. Whatever articles of historic or histrionic value there may be of my donating should, in such an event, be placed in some New York museum, rather than sold, or given to any theatrical collection.

. . . We are impatient to see the house; our engagements have lost interest for us in the more absorbing matter of our house. I 'm mighty glad you are treasurer, and that Daly is vice-admiral.

NEW YORK, November, 1888.

. . . WILL this do for the main hall fireplace? An effusion of my own. I will also send some quotations. Do you select some anent tobacco. I have not the copies you sent me some time ago for Newport. Get if you can the true reading of Sancho Panza's "Bless the man who first invented sleep" for my bedroom; for Barrett's, "Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care," or "Our little life is rounded with a sleep," or "We are such stuff as dreams are made of"—indeed the three could be used in our two, and the three front rooms above — but I hardly think the upper rooms need be considered. In my

[1] The present location of "The Players" in Gramercy Park.

Digitized by Google

composition I am doubtful about the spell of *Frendship*, *tongue*, and *here* in Shakesperian form. Refer to Furness's variorum edition of *Merchant of Venice*—"When did friendship take a breede of barraine mettall," etc., Act. 1, Sc. 3 (I think). *Antonio* asks it of *Shylock*. If Mr. White can put this in old English lettering, large and distinct, above the main fireplace (under the shelf, of course), it would meet the eye on entering and be as good a bit of doggerel as the famous epitaph warning, if I do say it myself, who ought not to say it myself.

"Goode frend, for Frendship's sake forbeare
To utter what is gossip'd heare
In social chatte, lest — unawares —
Thy tong offend thy fellowe-Plaiers."

. . . Work in the quaint spelling as much as possible and take a liberty here and there, just for effect: no one will care a "rap" for the right or the wrong of such a trifling matter. I like "chatte" and "tong." I inclose a few selections for the library: use what Mr. White and you think best, part or all of 'em. They may be painted: I think 't were better in case we sh'd some day wish to change any of them.

Sat to Weir yesterday — to-morrow I go to Hartley and next week alternately to both. Weir's Gilbert is fine. Adieu!

BALTIMORE, Jan. 14, 1889.

. . . WE arrived last evening, and begin our eng't here to-night. The outlook is very fine, and if the business continues as it began in Pittsburg and promises here, I shall soon clear The Players. Clarke cabled me of seven superior pictures, Kemble, Mrs. Inchbald, Macready, and others I can't recall, for £150, the first worth the price of all. I have directed him to buy them. The Kemble will be just the thing for the side of our large fireplace, instead of the Richelieu. I 'd never feel at ease with a portrait of myself in pose in so conspicuous a place; besides, I think a striking pose becomes very wearisome, good as it may be for the moment, if placed ever before one. Kemble's pose is very subdued, and the Mary Anderson (*Perdita*) not obtrusive — these two will fill the spaces well, I think.

. . . Albaugh says he has sent a large picture of the Kemble family in the trial scene of "Henry VIII.," and promises other gifts. We shall soon lack room, I fear. Would like to see books come in as rapidly.

I long to return to my cozy rooms, and hope to have most of next Sunday there, *en route* for Boston.

DENVER, April 30, 1889.

. . . TO-DAY, I presume, you are having a jolly crush; I 'm glad I am not in it, but wish I could have a bird's-eye view of New York just now. You may be sure that I am anxious to have some report of "Ladies' Day." I hope it was successful. Why did we not set the natal day (April 23) for that purpose? Let 's fix it so for future holidays, and in the evenings we might have banquets, not for ladies, but for ourselves, in honor of the occasion. . . .

When I was last in this room The Players' Club was but a dream — 't is now one of the solid facts and scarce a twelvemonth gone! All the seats are sold, with only standing-room left for the guests from "way-back." A full house and a fine performance! . . . By-the-by, I hope that project of a statue will be allowed to rest until time has diminished the full length to a bust. I do not think actors should be "statued": of all "heroes" they should be, with writers, most unostentatiously honoured. Very great writers may stand full-length among the statesmen and warriors, but as a rule, they, with artists, especially actors, should be permitted only an occasional bust in some quiet corner.

. . . My daughter has the cylinders of a phonograph into which I spoke some passages from several plays, and she took them to an agent of Bell's company in Washington who unsealed them, and she says it was delightful to hear her father's voice repeat the verses from so far away. . . . I doubt if I should like to hear the voice of a dead loved one reproduced by a machine, but if to-day we could hear the voice of George Washington! "The rest is silence!"

BOSTON, January 31, 1890.

. . . I THINK Sargent will make a great success with my portrait — 't is unlike any I 've seen of myself as regards its expression. I see nothing of the actor in it. . . . A white dove (pigeon) sits every day on my window-sill, and so long as I remain here at my desk the little creature stays — rain or shine — and seems to wink at me. I wonder who it is — or was!

THE STRATFORD, PHILADELPHIA,
February 16, 1890.

. . . I HAVE had a superb head (crayon) of Boker given to me by Z——, the manager, here. It seems to me a place in the main hall should be made for it by placing some of the old prints in the lower (visitors' or billiard) room. . . . Salvini bade me a loving good-by last night in my *tiring-room*, while I was dragging through "Macbeth." . . . There is something very lovable about the man. . . . My health is good, and business is great; 't is remarkable how the old nag draws in his decadence! Perhaps 't is his last "spurt" on the home stretch!

BALTIMORE, Friday, February 28, 1890.

. . . HOW gets on the Cooke tomb?[1] Did I tell you that some fellow wrote me that he was almost sure that he had Cooke's skull — found in the ruins of the (recent) Park Theater and wished to restore it to "the original bearer!"

[BALTIMORE] March 5 [1890].

. . . I INCLOSE my help for ——, but don't let it get into print. Aside from the indelicacy of publishing such things, you 've no idea how many requests from all sorts of people and places it calls forth.

[1] The reference to Cooke's tomb was on account of the fact that Booth had undertaken to restore it, and I was attending to it for him. It is in St. Paul's churchyard, New York.

Digitized by Google



DRAWN FROM LIFE, DECEMBER, 1888, BY ARTHUR JULE GOODMAN.

EDWIN BOOTH AS SHYLOCK.

Since the public mention of something I did for Mrs. ——'s hospital (in which, by the by, Phillips Brooks is deeply interested) I have been avalanched, inundated, by heart-breaking appeals. It 's all well enough to talk about y'r *lights* under a bushel, but one's *liver* must be considered likewise, and these constant appeals for help stir one up. Besides it deadens the pleasure of doing good by stealth. I am notified that I am eligible for the "Club" without initiation fee. What am I to do? Is this another honor heaped on me? My days of jockeyhood are with the dusty dead: my pastern and fetlock joints are stiff and creaky—I could n't "ride a cockhorse to Banbury Cross" now.

CHICAGO, March 18 [1890].

. . . MY daughter writes me that at a fair at the Ponce de Leon a phonograph is the chief attraction. People long, of course, to hear the voices of distinguished persons, and it seems to pay very largely. The lad in charge said that he had left the voice of Edwin Booth in Jacksonville, where he had taken $1250 for that voice alone! What swindling! It is not *my* voice — if they have *any* that pays so well. . . . My health is good, but the chronic lethargy prevails and unfits me for

Digitized by Google

any day work. At night I wake up and act with considerable vigor. The business is very fine.

THE STRATFORD, Philadelphia, Sunday [November 23, 1890].

. . . HERE I am! I really don't know what has become of me lately. With my spinning head and shaky legs I have staggered through the past week or two in a sort of daze, but I am on deck still, and feel much steadier than I 've been yet this season. I am better every way. . . . Yes, the feeling for my 57th lap was genuine and is very gratifying, but 't was more quiet than the papers would lead you to suppose. No banquet, no speeches; a lot of notes and flowers — with congratulations from all sorts of people from all parts of the U. S. The portrait I sent to my "legal colleagues" for the Bel Air Court House was liked by some; better than the one by Sargent — it is similar in expression. Would like very much to have Furness see the Garrick [1] "Hamlet" — he is still in Wallingford, but comes to town occasionally. I hope to see him Wednesday or Thursday. Send it, please. Three weeks after this one and I shall have a month's loaf at the club.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, August 1 [1891].

. . . I AM heartily shamed by my neglect of you, but really I have made many attempts to write, when some sudden change in my condition would unfit me. Once in a while I 'd have a spurt of vigor and I 'd scribble a few lines, but the fit would pass and I 'd be helpless again for several days. You 'll hardly believe me when I tell you, without exaggeration, that I injured two lovely sheets of club paper yesterday before I got your letter in vain efforts to write you. I deferred the attempt till now when your 2d comes with the Quaritch quarto bill,[2] for which I inclose my check. As for the Folios, let me know when cash is required, and I 'll advance the amount and take our "recoup" as you propose. How about the Baker book [a first-folio Shakspere]?

My general condition is improved immensely, but indigestion still affects me. My legs and head are steady — no cane for six weeks past, few headaches, and unusual vigor.

Two letters to-day from different points, one offering a *sure cure* for the tobacco-habit, the other containing a corn-cob pipe-stem, and recommending a harmless tobacco; which horn do you prefer? I really do not smoke so much since I left home; the desire is subsiding, I am confident.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, September 10, 1891.

. . . THIS night in 1849, at the Boston Museum, I made my first gawky bow to a large audience assembled to witness my father's *Richard III.*, in which play I made my début as *Tressel*, and — I still live! I am in most respects a fairly well body. When I determine when I shall go back to J. J. (if at all) or to the club, I 'll wire or write you a line. This is but to let you know that I am with you all still. With lots of love, but can't tell you so as often as I would wish.

THE PLAYERS, January 5, 1892.

. . . YOUR greeting on Founder's night added zest to the pleasure of The Players' enjoyment, which all pronounced superior to all our previous "good times" — it was very enjoyable and well attended. M—— spoke well, but some thought that I *surpassed* him! Before you know it The Players will transform me to an orator! . . . My health is about the same. I go as far as the grill-room during the day, and several nights a week I tea or dine with my daughter. . . My lassitude is such that I 'm not equal to giving you a decent letter. Mentally and physically I am about "played out," but I am in so much better *trim* that I feel encouraged to hope for steadier pins and a clearer head in the near future.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, August 14, 1892.

. . . MANY days have faded into weeks since I have written you, but not since my many attempts to do so, dear boy; they have been many and frequent, but all failures, desperate — the oft reminders that come during my sojourn here that I have a dear and anxious friend elsewhere awaiting a response from me, but I have vainly tried to give you a fairly decent note — all my efforts have been senseless, and even now it is with difficulty I manage to scribble in desperation this bungling scrawl — with a "blooming" headache and other pains at hand.

I won't attempt a recital of my many aches, etc. Inertia is my chief trouble, the worst in my case being the same old vertigo added to all my other ailments. . . .

I have made a plunge at last, and may succeed in my epistolary attempts before night, and it may encourage a change in me. I 'll try my "best" while daylight lasts. . . . 'T is still daylight, but some hours or so have slipped away since I dipped for the ink, during which W—— came for a chat — but I can't report, he will see you to-morrow or next day, and tell you all there is to know of Boothden. I shall go there in a few days just for a visit. . . .

God bless you, old fellow! My love to you all. . . . I have become fixed, and have daily visits from Dr. H—— *about* every day. Much improved, but can't go away yet.

This was the last long letter he ever wrote to me. The autumn and winter of 1892–93, with the exception of a month at Lakewood, were passed by him in his beloved club, and there he died on the 7th of June, 1893.

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

William Bispham.

[1] This was the manuscript of Garrick's "Hamlet with alterations," which I had procured for Booth in London.

[2] He had purchased Furnivall's facsimiles of the Shakspere quartos from Mr. Quaritch, and given them to "The Players."

Digitized by Google



SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

CHRISTMAS AT THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, BY J. CARRELL LUCAS.

Digitized by Google

BY THE WATERS OF CHESAPEAKE.



IN Hans Christian Andersen's story, the exalted Counselor Knapp of Copenhagen puts on the "goloshes of happiness," and steps out into the middle ages. The average American of today, who abides serenely in the safer obscurity of private station, can do his spiriting as gently by buying a ticket for the Eastern Shore boat on the steamboat dock in Baltimore, and taking a hypnotic excursion to Choptank River on a moonlight night in October. If he has scored fifty years on the back door of his memory since last he sailed by Federal Hill and the Fort and the Lazaretto, and ran down the river to North Point and the Bodkin Light, his illusions will be none the less complete and pleasant because he turns on an electric jet in his state-room, or touches a button for a bottle of Apollinaris; for the grizzled old steward can remember when John Randolph of Roanoke came down with Juba and the guns to hunt with Judge Goldsborough in Talbot and with Colonel Ringgold in Kent, and the deck-hands are singing even now, as they stow the freight for the river landings, abaft the beam:

> O Canaan, sweet Canaan!
> My heart 's in de fields o' Canaan;
> For Canaan 't is my happy home,
> I 'm bound for de land o' Canaan.

And truly these lands of the Chesapeake were long a land of promise to the world's children of failure, opprobrium, and oppression, as they gazed with yearning eyes across a sea of uncertainty and fear to where the twin capes beckoned to them at the open gates of the great bay—"Mother of Waters," and foster-mother of freemen. And they came, a motley multitude of divers nationalities and infinitely diverse conditions, powers, purposes, and enthusiasms, to find in her hospitable estuaries, her cunning, coaxing creeks and coves, places of peace and hope, where conscience might find breathing-room, and handiness and thrift acquire the holdings and erect the homes that go to the making of a free state. "Pleasant," says Alsop, "in respect of the multitude of Navigable Rivers and Creeks that conveniently and most profitably lodge within the Arms of her green-spreading and delightsome Woods. . . . So that had Nature made it her Business, on purpose to have found out a Situation for the Soul of Profitable Ingenuity, she could not have fitted herself better in the traverse of the whole Universe."[1]

And the soul of profitable ingenuity came sailing in, parted among the persons of adventurers and refugees, Cavaliers and Roundheads, Churchmen, Puritans and Quakers, cits and gentry and tradespeople, merchants and factors, indentured servants, "redemptioners," and convicts; and they dispersed themselves through all the coasts of that Canaan, taking up fat land at less than a dollar an acre, from the Potomac to the Susquehanna, from Pocomoke Sound to Palmer's Island, but always fondly hugging the bay, and leaving the "backwoods" (as they styled the wilderness, which was but a short canter away from tide-water) to the wolf, the fox, and the panther, the deer and the wild turkey, the possum and the coon, the rabbit, the squirrel, and the muskrat. For in front, and lapping at their very thresholds, were creeks and cunning coves populous with all manner of finny denizens, oysters, clams, and crabs, and harboring in their oozy sedges innumerable water-fowl—the swan, the goose, the dipper, and the wild duck.

Jaspar Dankers and Peter Sluyter, writing in 1680 of a plantation in Kent, tell of the wild geese they saw in the river:

> They rose, not in Flocks, of ten, or twelve, or twenty, or thirty, but Continuously, wherever we pushed our way; and, *as they made Room for us*, there was such an incessant Clattering made with their Wings upon the Water when they rose, and such a Noise of those flying higher up, that it was all the time as if we were surrounded by a Whirlwind. This proceeded, not only from Geese, but from Ducks and other Water-fowl; and it is not peculiar to this place alone, but it occurred on all the Creeks and Rivers we crossed.

So, too, the land-birds were a "millionous multitude," and the fields, groves, and thickets were alive with pheasants, wild pigeons, quail, woodcock, ortolans, and snipe; while in the clear depths of the bay the bass and the bluefish pirouetted with one another; the drum and the rock-fish, at home and hospitable, greeted as guests the bonito and the shad, and the plebeian perch rudely jostled the fastidious sheepshead. The seine and the weir were in-

[1] George Alsop: "A Character of the Province of Maryland." 1666.

Digitized by Google



PAINTED BY HENRY SANDHAM. SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

LANDING OF LEONARD CALVERT AT ST. MARY'S, 1634.

Digitized by Google

dispensable to the equipment of any superior bay-side habitation, and every man, whether master or servant, carried net, rod, and tackle along with his gun. Miraculous draughts were taken without the miracle, and the "Maryland Gazette" for November, 1763, gives an item of fishing in Kent Island Narrows, where 173 bushels of perch and other kinds of fish were taken at one haul of the seine, and that without the special wonder of the natives, who were mainly interested in the "net proceeds"— two shillings and sixpence a bushel. Every bar was an oyster mine; every ducking-point rang with the clamor of the canvasback and the redhead; while *Malaclemmys palustris*, the diamond-backed terrapin, unconscious of her fine name, tumbled and wobbled in the fat marshes, and laughed to think of the yet undiscovered raptures of her own insides. "It was impossible," wrote an ethnological Eastern Shore man, "for such a people not to live well; it was impossible for their sons and daughters not to grow big." He might have added, it was impossible for the stalwart and ruddy yeomen of the Calvert following not to develop, from such fine provender, into the blooded gentlemen who charged and charged again the British squadrons in the battle of Long Island, and "closed up, closed up, closed up," to the cry of Mordecai Gist, to fill the ragged gaps the blue bullets were making in their own thin lines:

When the bare-headed Colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;
And his broadsword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing,
Trumpet-loud.
When the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden
At the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder,
Roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

So, too, was it impossible for the buxom Bonnibels of the Patuxent and the Choptank not to arrive by subtle processes of assimilation at the daintiness of a Rebecca Lloyd or a Mary Caton. Such a selection and survival of the fittest was as inevitable as the evolution of the consummate flower of the Maryland waffle from the aboriginal hoe-cake, or the development of the mint-julep from the profane and vulgar "go of rum."

And these waterways of the Chesapeake, how accommodating and pleasant they were for the coming and going of the dwellers on their banks! The redoubtable Captain John Smith was never tired of praising those comely and commodious floods, and rivers of delight. "Here are Mountaines, Hils, Plaines, Valleys, and Brookes, all running most pleasantly



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

"BUXOM BONNIBELS."

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK. ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

"PETER WAS A SCHOOLMASTER."

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE CAPTAIN OF A TRAIN-BAND.

into a faire Bay, compassed, but for the Mouth, with fruitful and delightsome Land." And how fondly he dwells on the goodly brooks, "maintained by an infinite number of small Runnels and pleasant Springs, that disperse themselves for the best service, as do the Veines of a man's Body."

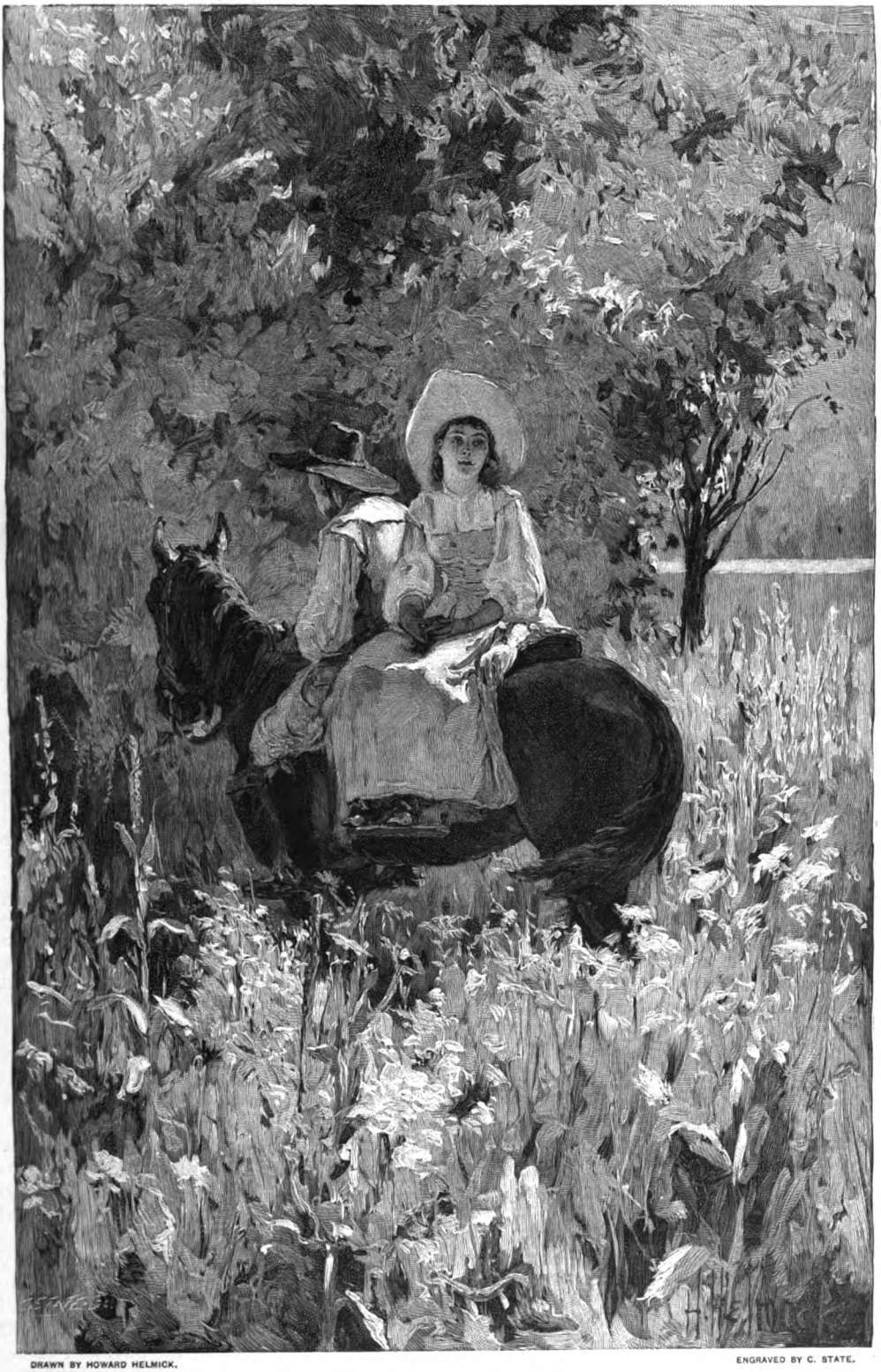
It has been said, not unwisely, of this bountiful and accommodating bay, that it was at once the strength and the weakness of the people whom the fame of its royal largess, its ways of pleasantness and paths of peace, had attracted to habitation on its banks; for while it offered them prosperity and independence as free as grace, it lulled them into habits of insouciance and recklessness, made them improvident in their husbandry, and squandering in their hospitalities. For they were an epitome of all sorts and conditions of men, wherein the gentleman took his heartiness from the yeoman, and the yeoman his free-handedness from the gentleman, and both their pride of class and caste from sturdy British stock, jealous for its traditions and its ways. A robust, bluff folk, who kept their democracy alive among themselves, and impressed it upon all comers of whatsoever nationality who might ask for room and range among them, to make free with the fowls of the air and the fishes of the bay. For English ideas were dominant, and "the custom of the country" was wholly English from the day that Leonard Calvert set up his standard at St. Mary's, and proclaimed harbor and sanctuary for all creation;[1] and while the theory of government was essentially aristocratic, the strength in the best, the temper of the people was expressed in a sturdy democracy, grounded in common sense and good digestion — such as, by a special adjustment of the alimentary apparatus to the local conditions, could respond to the exactions made upon its forces by such a diet as Volney found:

> Hot bread, half-baked, and soaked in melted butter, with the grossest cheese, and salt or hung beef, pickled pork or fish. At dinner, boiled pastes, called absurdly puddings, garnished with the most luscious sauces. Supper with salt meat, and shell-fish in its train. . . . To brace the exhausted stomach, wine, rum, gin, malt spirits or beer, used with dreadful prodigality.

And all this went to the making of the men and women who so vigorously applied their powers to the making of a nation that it becomes interesting to note the possible connection between hot corn and deviled crabs and

[1] (The history of Maryland owes its interest not so much to striking events as to the continuity of old English institutions and ancient habits of local self-government. When the early colonists came to Maryland they invented no administrative or judicial methods. The old institutions of England were transplanted to Maryland and acclimatized. In the new soil they were modified and destroyed, or they were modified and perpetuated; but in either case there is perfect continuity between the institutions of colonial Maryland and those of the older country.) John Johnson, A. B., in "Old Maryland Manors": being No. vii of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in History.

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK. ENGRAVED BY C. STATE.

"BOUNCED ON A PILLION BEHIND THE LIVERIED FOOTMAN."

Digitized by Google

the red-hot flint-locks at Cowpens. To this day the Marylander to the manner born cherishes with filial piety the associations that cling to johnny-cake and potato pudding; he has never been reconciled to the gas-jet or the register, and fondly insists that an open wood-fire, candles, and a warming-pan are the true symbols of home.

The common people of this motley colony had come by their common sense "naturally," as children come by their mumps or measles; they had found it in vicissitude of fortune, in various hardship, in oppression and contumely, in the lot of the rebel, the convict, and the felon. There were those among them who bore the brand of the malefactor on the palms of their hands, and others with the brand of social outcasting seared in their hearts. The prodigal son jostled his elder brother on the deck of every ship that cleared from the Mersey or the Thames to let go her anchor in the Severn or the Chester; but the Anne Arundel woods were full of fatted calves, and the eyes of the Talbot swine stuck out with pinguid complacency.

Maryland, under the Baltimores, was the only colony that admitted convicts; she even welcomed them, for the labor of their hands, for the outcome of their wits and acquirements, for their possibilities of rehabilitation. The indentured servant, the "redemptioner," or the "free-willer," saw at the end of his five or six years of servitude, "according to the custom of the country," his fifty acres of land, his ax, his gun, and his two hoes, besides a new suit of kersey, with stockings, "French-fall shoes," and a new hat; and for the women there were a skirt and waistcoat of penistone, a blue apron, a linen smock, two linen caps, shoes and stockings, and three barrels of Indian corn. As for those who were crimped and kidnapped in English ports, and carried away to the Chesapeake to toil in the tobacco-fields, they found themselves from time to time in company as choice as that which once welcomed ladies and gentlemen of quality to the superfine coteries of the Fleet Prison. Witness Mr. Charles Reade's "The Wandering Heir," as well as the following advertisement in the "Maryland Gazette" of September, 1771, concerning the antecedents and misfortunes of a noble redemptioner:

To be printed by Subscription, for the Benefit of an Injured Unfortunate, Divers Particulars relating to Peter Egerton, the Descendent and Heir of Sir Ralph Egerton, who was Standard-bearer to King Henry the Eighth; elder brother of Sir Thomas Egerton, after Baron Elsmere, Chancellor of Oxford and Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England under Queen Elizabeth: from whom Francis Egerton, the present Duke of Bridgewater, is descended.

Peter was a schoolmaster at Piscataway, where, probably, in the fashion of his time, he taught "after the most Approved Methods, Reading with Propriety; Writing in various Hands; Extraction of the Square and Cube Roots; Mensuration; and the Inculcation of the Principles of Virtue and Morality, as well as the other Branches of Literature"; and the scion of the haughty Egertons, barons, standard-bearers, seal-keepers, was at all times liable to be advertised, along with the butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers, as a mere something for sale. But once free (his bond of servitude discharged by his five or six years of stipulated labor), the redemptioner began to take himself seriously, to live gallantly, and to make himself heard in the company and the councils of his betters. Scharf pictures the redemptioner just emancipated, with his ax in one hand and his gun in the other, as more inclined to assert his independence than the gentleman on his baronial domain, with his English routine and his prescribed manners.

A system of reforming by natural methods seems to have been applied to the convict with an almost phenomenal success, because it was addressed primarily to his stomach and ultimately to his self-love: first it fattened him and then it flattered him; first it made him a comfortable animal, and then it made him a citizen, and captain of a train-band. George Alsop, writing about 1665, says:

Those whose Lives and Conversations have had no other gloss stampt on them in their own Country but the stigmatization of Baseness, were here (by the common Civilities and Deportments of the inhabitants of this Province) brought to detest and loathe their former actions. . . For from an antient Custom at the primitive Seating of the place, the Son works as well as the Servant (an excellent cure for untamed youth), so that before they eat their Bread they are commonly taught how to earn it.

And John Hammond, who wrote ten years earlier of "Leah and Rachel" (Virginia and Maryland), assures us that the country was of "such happy Inclination that many who in England had been Lewd and Idle not only grew ashamed of their former Courses, but abhorred to hear of them, and in small time wiped off those Stains they had formerly been tainted with."

This was the tobacco period in the history of the colony — the period which preceded the culture of wheat, when tobacco stood for all that was notable and characteristic in life and manners by the waters of the bay, and along the highways of the great rivers Potomac and Patuxent, Nanticoke, Choptank, and Chester, Severn, Patapsco, and Susquehanna; when

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

ABIGAIL RELATES HER MISFORTUNES.

Digitized by Google

taxes and customs-duties, salaries and wages, rents and fees, were paid in tobacco; when the heiress to whom you consecrated your disinterested devoirs represented so many hogsheads of the beguiling weed, and the clergyman who saluted your blushing bride took his customary tender in so many pounds of crude nicotine. This was the period when "the planter who had the most hoes at work was the best man"—to every hoe a slave or a convict; when it was cheaper to take up new land than to foster and restore the old and worn-out; when husbandry was slipshod and sluttish, and improvidence hobnobbed with gluttony and guzzling, and called itself hospitality. Then Annapolis was the gay and gallant capital of the kingdom of tobacco, as, under the later régime, Baltimore, more sober and thrifty, was the metropolis of the lordship of wheat. Then the rapiered gentry and the ladies of quality took their airings in coaches, and did their calls of compliment in sedan-chairs. The men made themselves brave with gold hat-bands and feathers, silk stockings, garters, and buckles, buff-coats, belts, and leather breeches, and commonly affected tortoise-shell snuff-boxes and signet- and mourning-rings; while the women gossiped of Chinese silks, brocades, lutestring, taffeta, sarsenet, ginghams, and camlets — not forgetting pyramids and turbans, jeweled stomachers, breast-knots, and high-heeled shoes for the minuet; and all played piquet and basset and loo, and "vowed" and "protested" and minced, and were otherwise elegantly inane. Yet it had not been long since their mothers had sat on stools, and dined without forks, and tried to seem quite at home over the exotic dish of tea, and jogged and bounced on a pillion behind the liveried footman on their way to church in Talbot or Kent.

It is a pitiful story of profusion and improvidence, of crops mortgaged and the proceeds squandered in advance, with all the bravado of the prodigal, and without the circumspection of the swine — until the hovering factor, patient and confident, swooped at last, and captured all that the gamester or the usurer or the lawyer had left. The wise and manly warning of John Beale Bordley, addressed in 1771 to his kinsman in London, rings in the ears of his people yet:

> Foppery, idleness, and dissipation are striding briskly on, to bring about a general change of proprietors for our land; the increased cargoes of *trash* this year imported is astonishing. We must all, from being plain planters and independent men, turn our eyes to the Court and beg for places.

And all because of the weed that was to be reared in sweat and sighs, and gathered and stored in care and fear, and bartered in riot and ruin. To the planter, that plant of no grace, that "sot-weed," as he called it, was as the prince of this world, whom earth and sky were commissioned to serve, to whom the seasons were but serfs, and rain and sunshine appointed tributes; for the end and outcome of it all was the coming of the convoys from May to July, when the weed was to find its market in the ships, and the ships were to transform those simple, kindly shores into a blaring, brazen Vanity Fair, with its What d' ye lack? and What d' ye lack?— of the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, and the flesh and the devil.

For this they rigged the hogsheads with axles and tongues, and teams of steers or negroes rolled them down to the landings; and the women left the bucket in the well, and the hoe-cake on the griddle, and the pig in the garden, to scramble for the pinnace or the pungy that should waft them to the annual scene of rapture; and then hey for the rings, the ribbons, and the bonny breast-knots, the tabby petticoats, the lawn aprons, the calamanco shoes, and the stay-laces, the corking-pins, the starch, and the playing-cards—and one common prayer-book! And hey for the duck and hominy, and the rum-punch and the reel, and the devil to pay the fiddler!

These were the revels of the common people, a boisterous and jovial folk, to whom large feeding was the obvious expression of prosperity and content, and who found their way to the robust enjoyments of life by the route of the alimentary canal. The woods and the waters had piled their boards with every toothsome delectation, and had said to them, "Dress, and cook, and eat!" And they have been dressing and cooking ever since, to the end that the rest of the world may smack its lips, and sigh for another appetite.

These had their faithful chronicler in Master Eben Cook, "Gent.," who came to the colony in the very first years of the last century in the character of a "sot-weed factor," as he styled himself. Not having Alsop's timely warning before his eyes, he failed to detect in the hunters and seine-haulers, the "cockerouses" [1] and overseers, of the Chesapeake those shrewd, sly rusticals who "by their crafty and sure Bargaining do often overreach the raw and unexperienced Merchant." So they sent him back shorn, a sadder and sulkier man; whereupon he had recourse to "satyr," and avenged himself in coarse but vigorous Hudibrastic verse, wherein he handles with expressive spitefulness the feasts, frolics, and boozy humors of the natives, with an occasional shot at "the laws, courts, and constitutions" of the country.

Master Cook was manifestly a "gent" of considerable cleverness, and if his entertainers from Pomunky to Annapolis contrived to extract much fun from his accommodating cockneyism,

[1] Country gentlemen.

Digitized by Google

"WHEN THE SHIP CAME IN."

DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK.

ENGRAVED BY M. MAIER.

Digitized by Google

it is but due to his memory to acknowledge that he has had the mother-wit to entertain several generations of readers at the expense of his entertainers. His pictures of the planters and their servants and apprentices living on terms of homely intercourse, and hobnobbing, crony-like, across a pipkin of cider or a tankard of sack (for sack was a Falstaffian familiarity from the Patuxent to the Severn), have a quality of genuineness which atones for the malice by the verisimilitude. His free-hand sketches are of low-raftered sitting-rooms, and homely fare of pork and hominy and mush in wooden trenchers, and cider-pap with fried bacon and molasses, topped off with rum in a runlet, drunk from the bung; of a chamber on the ground floor which he shared with dogs, poultry, and pigeons; of a disheveled Abigail who played upon his heartstrings with her tale of woe; that how, in better times, ere to this land she was unhappily trepanned, her clothes were fashionably new, nor were her smocks of linen blue.

> But things are changed; now at the hoe
> I daily work, and barefoot go.
> In weeding corn, or feeding swine,
> I spend my melancholy time.
> Kidnapped and fooled, I hither fled
> To shun a hateful nuptial bed;
> And to my cost already find
> Worse plagues than those I left behind.

When Master Eben Cook, Gent., had got safely back to Marylebone, he pretended to laugh at Abigail; but we feel that her demure recital of that tender confidence must have kept the kitchen in a roar, until the Revolutionary War came in, and sot-weed factors went out.

Then Master Cook jogged to the county-town on a court-day, where he saw

> Roaming planters on the ground,
> Drinking of healths in circles round;



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK. ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

A VISITING PARTY.

and judges, lawyers, jurymen, and bailiffs, mixed in a storm of fists and sticks, cocked hats and wigs. Happy to escape with his life, he "tript it to the Eastern Shoar," where at last he found a timely Friend.

> While riding near a Sandy Bay,
> I met a Quaker, Yea and Nay;
> A Pious, Conscientious Rogue
> As ere wore Bonnet or a Brogue;
> Who neither swore nor kept his Word,
> But Cheated in the Fear of God.
> With this sly Zealot soon I struck
> A Bargain for my English truck,
> Agreeing for Ten Thousand weight
> Of Sot-weed good and fit for freight,
> Broad Oronooka, bright and sound,
> The growth and product of his ground.
> . . .
> The Contract thus between us made,
> Not well acquainted with the Trade,
> My Goods I trusted to the Cheat,
> Whose crop was then aboard the Fleet,
> And Going to receive my Own,
> I found the Bird was newly flown.

Digitized by Google

It is plain that this badgered and plucked adventurer, who at home might write "Gent." after his name, was not of the gentry while he sojourned in the colony. For he was unduly familiar with leather breeches, aprons, osnaburg shirts, and shag jackets, with drugget, fustian, and the like; and at best he got only as far as bob-wigs and brass buckles on his way to the curled and powdered perukes, small swords and tall canes, knee-breeches of black satin or red plush, paste buckles, lace cravats and ruffles, long embroidered waistcoats and cocked hats, of the superfine gallants and macaronis. These were to be encountered even in his time, although they had not yet become so aggressively and oppressively gorgeous as the respectable and prudent Eddis[1] found them seventy years later, when he was persuaded that "the people of quality too frequently mistake profuseness for generosity, and impair their health and their fortunes by splendor of appearance and magnificence of entertainment." Those fortunes had been erected on a foundation of land and slaves, and constituted the credentials of a set socially aristocratic, and taboo to all but their own caste, which included representatives of the Crown — such as Eddis, who sat at the receipt of customs. But it was a house built upon sand; the rains fell, and the winds blew; tobacco flagged and failed, and wheat began to rear its head; and the planter relapsed into sot-weed ways — cider-pap, pewter, and the hedge fiddler. In Maryland the yeoman has ever held his own against the fine gentleman, the buckskin against the silk stocking; and so long as there were quail in the cover and clams in the creek, the Virginia reel would ask no odds of the minuet, nor the pillion of the sedan-chair. Luxury and elegant leisure might have the high seats in the synagogue, and the long epitaphs in the family burying-ground, if only sturdy yeomanry and bluff independence might have the weather-gage on the bay, and the run of the ducking-grounds, and the dugout was not required to take backwater from the ten-oared barge.

The gentleman was an actual entity, a thing well ascertained and defined, with the right to write "Esquire" after his name; the small householder, or the tenant on a manor, was styled "Master"; and the only landless folk were the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, who served like Jacob seven years for the Leah or the Rachel of a freehold. But there was no servility, no crooking of "the pregnant hinges of the knee," that thrift might follow fawning. A shrewd and impartial observer wrote of these people: "There are few who do not seem perfectly conversant with the general and particular interests of the community. An idea of equality also seems to prevail, and the inferior order of people pay but little external respect to those who occupy superior stations."

In course of time the encroaching overseer, and the patient redemptioner who had served his time, planted his savings in brand-new acres, and waxed fat on tobacco, came to jostling the easy-going cockerouse, with his depleted lands and his plethora of debt, standing in his sunshine, giving him their dust on the road and their back-water on the bay, outshouting him on court-days, distracting him with lawsuits, out-betting and out-brawling him at the races and the hazard clubs, and making him the game and butt of an offensive pack of parasites and adventurers, broken rooks and harpies of London, cadets of Bridewell and the Fleet.

The baronial system of the Baltimores, which contemplated the establishment of a landed aristocracy, was in the strictest sense the rule of the landlord. Tracts of from one thousand to five thousand acres, bordering on the bay, were erected into manors, with the right to the lords to hold courts-leet and courts-baron, as on the manors of St. Clement's and St. Gabriel's. In this class we find the germ of a nobility, and next below it the body of gentlemen planters, "citizens of credit and renown," from whose ranks were chosen the justices and commissioners. Last of all, the tenants on the small manors, styled freeholders and suitors, and addressed as "Mr." by courtesy. Davis[2] describes the plantations as "the most striking feature on the face of society." Hardly a home or a tenement that was not approached by water. Here were held the earliest courts and councils; governors, privy councilors, judges, all were planters. There were the merchants, too, trading with London, Liverpool, and other English ports. "And the large plantations, with their groups of storehouses, assumed the aspect and discharged the functions of little towns." But the spirit of the age was knightly. The progenitors of the manorial barons of Maryland had been gentlemen by virtue of their swords and spurs; letters were in slight request among them. Macaulay tells us that in England many lords of manors had hardly learning enough to sign a *mittimus*. And so our Maryland lords of the manor, a hundred years before the Revolutionary War, were commonly gentlemen who made their marks on deeds and records, when their scriveners and servants had done the vulgar writing. The sword was the symbol of distinction, not the purse or the

[1] William Eddis: "Letters from America" (1769 to 1777).

[2] George Lynn-Lachlan Davis: "The Day-Star of American Freedom." 1855.

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

THE FRENCH HAIR-DRESSER.

pen; and those unlettered gentlemen were not the less conspicuous in council, or courtly in the assembly of dames, because they could not pen a nimble compliment or write themselves "Esquire."

Two or three generations later we find this same class educated, and solicitous for intellectual acquirement, proud of their imported libraries (for the most part comprehensive and judiciously selected), and sending their sons to Oxford or Cambridge. Nor has their influence been at any time superseded by that of the *nouveaux riches*. In no American city is a man's bank-book more lightly esteemed, or more grudgingly accepted as a social passport, than in Baltimore or Annapolis.

Digitized by Google

In 1770 almost every man was a farmer or a field-hand; the exceptions were to be looked for among the officials, lawyers, petty dealers, country mechanics, bay-sailors, and fishermen; and even these took their turn at planting, hoeing, or husking. Only the people of quality, says Scharf, trundled around in their coaches, while restless young squires chased the fox through brake and brier, or stood up to their waists in water on bleak November days when the birds flew low, bringing down canvasbacks with their long ducking-guns. "And then, hey for royal suppers of duck and hominy, and rum punch, and old Madeira from the wood"; long pipes smoked by blazing log fires; card-parties of basset and loo, and to bed long after midnight — if there were beds to spare; if not, a sofa and a blanket, or a bearskin on the hearth, while the piccaninnies snored, and the great dogs whined in dreams, or edged up closer to the fire.

A hard-swearing, hard-drinking, hard-driving,— aye, and a hard-working generation, when the humor was on them,— who took to the forest or the bay with an ardor as natural as if their fathers had twanged bows with Robin Hood or flourished cutlases with Captain Kidd. These were the lads who gaily volunteered for Canada in 1740, or donned leggings, moccasins, and the fringed hunting-shirt, with even the pipe and hatchet, to follow Michael Cresap on the trail of the Susquehannas or the Senecas; and it was their sons and grandsons who made the privateers of the Chesapeake so formidable as to compel from the British admiralty that inverted compliment to Baltimore, "a nest of pirates."

The wives, sisters, and sweethearts of these men were their comrades and competitors in the saddle or the dugout. They were at home on the bridle-path and comfortable on the pillion; they rode to hounds, and were clever in the handling of a tiller or the trimming of a sail. Irving describes them as going to balls on their side-saddles, with the scarlet cloth of the riding-habit drawn over the white satin gown. In the flashing canoe, ticklish and fascinating, they maintained the equilibrium of their bodies and their tempers with an expertness that was not ungraceful, and with a graciousness in which long training had made them expert. The dugout, dancing in the creek, waited upon their freaks and caprices with uses as frequent and familiar as those which pertained to the wagon or the gig — to race in a ladies' regatta, or to run out to the old-country ship in the offing, bringing blood-stirring news of fashions and revolutions, battles and brocades, cloaks, cardinals, and convicts, sultana plumes, French falls, and the fate of nations.

The correspondence of the Lloyds of Talbot, "Masters of Wye," with their English agents, is a revelation of promiscuous luxury such as would have moved the admiration of Pall Mall, and rebuked the tawdry gorgeousness of a Beau Nash. The Lloyds (original Puritans bewitched) were typical of all that was bravest and best in the colonial life, of all that was most sumptuous in equipment, most profuse and gracious in entertainment, most instructed and judicious in the intellectual diversions and embellishments of their time. I am indebted to the courtesy of the present master of Wye House, the Hon. Edward Lloyd, seventh of his name, and president of the Senate of Maryland, for the privilege of making certain interesting extracts from the letters of one of his ancestors in the province to his London agents.

On August 8, 1791, he orders a phaëton, "to be built by the first Maker in London: a fashionable, handsome Carriage with two sets of Poles, wheels, and Harness, for four horses; fitted to drive with or without Postillions." On January 17, 1792, he writes from Wye House to Messrs. Oxley, Hancock & Co., London merchants, concerning a coach they had shipped to him: "We are much pleased with the Coach; the only Objection is its being too high for the Roads and Gates in this Country. The Mares will answer my purpose, but I think them high in Price, considering they are not elegantly formed nor well matched. They were ten Weeks on shipboard. . . . Several were lame on being landed, and two of them still continue lame."

He found the groom who was sent with them addicted to "Strong Liquor," and discharged him. He insists that the phaëton he had ordered on the 8th of August must not be hung too high — "being a Gouty Man," and naturally a good judge of wine. "The Claret Wine is a sound good Wine, but I have had better from London formerly." He must have the best wine that can possibly be procured. Mr. Hancock is requested to purchase for him an "elegant Watch Clock, proper to fix on a Chimney Piece; also a Sett of fashionable elegant Ornaments to place on a Mantel of a Chimney; fashionable Decorations to set off a Dining or Supper Table that will accommodate 20 People — with Sketch, showing how the Images are to be placed on the Table, according to the Vogue; the cost of the ornaments not to exceed 100 guineas."

The mantel ornaments consisted of a mirror in five sections, framed in silver, mounted on silver feet, and decorated with vases and mythological figures in bisque. They are still at Wye House.

The master of Wye keeps step bravely with the march of mind. He calls for Franklin's

Digitized by Google

works ("if published"), and the "Court Gazette" from January 1, 1792, "to be continued by every opportunity."

Be pleased to subscribe my name for Boydell's Prints of Shakspeere, which have handsomely framed in Glass, and forwarded as published. Send also a Collection of the best Colored and most Approved Prints, in elegant Frames, sufficient for a Withdrawing Room. It is particularly requested that some Person of Judgment be employed in Selecting this Collection, as none but the most Pleasing and best Impressions will answer. The Prints of Werther and Charlotte we have. Subscribe in my name to the Compleat History of England, as proposed to be published in the European Magazine of January, 1792, and forward each Number as published.

The Boydell illustrations are the subscribers' proofs, issued at two guineas each; and the colored prints (many of which still adorn the walls of Wye House) are the choicest examples of their kind, including many of the best plates of Bartolozzi and Ryland, after Cipriani, Angelica Kauffmann, Mortimer, and others, in rare states.

Later we find him calling for "Aristotle on Government," an abridgment of Gibbon, and the works in English of Emanuel Swedenborg; and these expressions of a nobler craving come in with an odd effect between "10 pounds of Hode's no. 37 Snuff and ½ Doz. best Postillion Whips."

N. B. If there are any new Publications within Twelve Months past, of real merit, either Travels, Voyages, Political, or good Novels, send them by first opportunity.

Much that follows reads like the catalogue of a loan collection projected by the Maryland Society of Colonial Dames. "Four fashionable silver Candlesticks, with Snuffers and Stand, and my Arms thereon." These candlesticks, together with a very beautiful table-top of silver, also embellished with the arms, surrounded by Oriental figures emblematic of the service of tea, were stolen from Wye House by British soldiers, and afterward restored to the family. This colonial nabob sends to London "a Picture of our esteemed Friend Miss Ogle, which is to be set in Gold and small Pearls, with the Hair on the back fashionably, for my Daughter Becky." He describes with much particularity a watch that is wanted for Mrs. Lloyd. It must be

An elegant gold-enameled Repeating Watch, by the most approved Maker in London; with an elegant fashionable Chain, Key, and Trinkets, with a Gold Seal, having my arms and the Letters E. Ll. on the Arms, in small Cipher Elegantly engraved; the Watch to be covered with a Common Case, to be worn occasionally.

There are to be Two Pairs of Gentlemen's silver Shoe-buckles, of the most elegant patterns; sky-blue Cloth sufficient for six servants' Coats, and yellow ditto for Breeches and Waistcoats, besides best Blue and Yellow Livery Lace; fashionable Hatts for the family, by Wagner of Pall Mall; Morning Caps for Mrs. Lloyd; 4 dozen Ladies' best White Kid Gloves, "for a small hand"; 2 Quarts of the finest Milk of Roses, in small Bottles; and 20 Pounds of best Perfumed Hair Powder. In fact, the consignments of imported hair-powder consumed in the household at Wye would suffice in these days to provoke a hysterical gasp of high-tariff horror, and the perfumes were adequate to impart an imperishable fragrance to the fields, woods, and waves from Easton to Annapolis.

Fishing excursions, picnics, and junketings *al fresco*, constituted a conspicuous feature of the summer hospitalities of Wye House. For these occasions tents were in request; not such a tent as a negro might carry on his shoulder, and pitch single-handed, but such a circus-like pavilion as the Master of Wye contemplated when he instructed Thomas Eden & Co., London merchants, to ship to him the caravansary of canvas he describes: A marquee large enough to hold a dozen people, laid off with apartments for lodging half that number; bedsteads and bedding complete in every article; tables and seats to accommodate a dozen guests; all of which to be so constructed as to be capable of packing up into as small a compass as possible. "It is intended to be used occasionally on Fishing Parties on the Shores of the Chesapeake Bay. Nothing to be left out that may add to its Convenience."

This Edward Lloyd 4th, known as "the Patriot," son of Edward "the Councilor," and father of Edward "the Governor," had been a member of the General Assembly and of the Council of Safety, and had represented Maryland in the Provincial, State, and Federal governments down to the adoption of the Federal Constitution. He was a patriot by heredity and propensity; he was the proprietor of a patrimonial welkin, and knew how to make it ring, regardless of expense, on appropriate occasions. His ideas of a Chesepeake pleasure-boat, for example, were peculiar, and seem to have been formed on the lines of a letter of marque. He writes:

Be pleased to send me a compleat Sett of American Colours, for a Pleasure-Boat of about 60 Tons burthen. Ensign and Pennant with 15 stripes; my arms painted thereon, the Field azure, the Lion Gold; let these Colours be Full-sized. Six Brass Guns, with hammers, screws &c. compleat, to fix on Swivels, and to act in such manner as *to give the greatest report*; with the letters E. Ll. thereon; fitted to fire with Locks. Pow-

Digitized by Google

der-horns, pricking-wires, and charges, showing the quantity of Powder for each gun; and 200 Ball, fitted to the size of the Bore. Have the Guns fully proved before purchasing. Send also 200 prepared Cartridges filled with powder.

When the master of Wye House stepped over the gangway of this very warlike pleasure-boat, and was received with a salute from those six brass guns, acting "in such manner as to give the greatest report," it is pleasant to contemplate the gallant, not to say gorgeous, figure he must have cut in the clothes that John Winter of St. James street had shipped to him: "Cloth Breeches lined with Silk Shag and set off with Gold Wire Buttons; six Pair of black Silk Breeches; Two Pair of White Silk ditto; a velvet Suit embroidered with silver; a Macaroni Waistcoat laced with Gold-spangled Lace and lined with Silk Shag; a plain Buff Waistcoat Lapelled; and a flannell powdering Gown." Mr. Winter is particular to express his professional approval of the velvet suit, which is "a fine Garnett Colour, lined with Pea-green Sattin, and embroidered with a very Genteel silver Embroidery, not *very* rich, but Handsome, and quite a new pattern, and which I dare say you will approve of. I have also sent an embroidered Sword-Knot to match it."

Taking leave, for the present, of Wye House and its storied precincts, so conspicuously representative of all that was bravest and most bountiful in the social outcome of colonial conditions, let us turn to the mixed multitude of the fields and towns, and consider them as we find them, in their graver or their gayer moods, in those aspects, often contradictory but always characteristic, which are remembered so kindly as the "old Maryland ways."

Very interesting is the first record in Talbot County of the transportation to the colony of a condemned person. His name was Alexander MacQueen, "taken in the late Rebellion against his Majesty, in Lancashire in Great Britain, and submitted to the Royal Pleasure." Whereupon his Majesty, by the Right Honorable James Stanhope, one of his Majesty's principal secretaries of state, has signified to John Hart, governor of Maryland, his royal will and pleasure "that the said Alexander MacQueen, now transported into the Province of Maryland, in the ship *Friendship* of Belfast, is to abide and serve for the full term of Seven Years in the said Province."

And whereas Mr Daniel Sherwood of Talbot county has purchased the said Alexander MacQueen for a valuable Consideration, it is his Majesty's pleasure that the said Alexander shall serve the said Daniel aforesaid for and during the full term and space of time as aforesaid: Given at ye Citie of Annapolis, this 17th day of September in the third year of the Reigne of our Sovereign Lord, King George of Great Britain, etc. Anno Dom. 1716.

The records of the colony show that it was not unusual for men to sell themselves into servitude under masters for a term of years, in consideration of the payment of debts previously incurred by the servant. Thus John Steele, in 1675, bound himself to Edward Roe to do all lawful service for four years; Roe to pay 4680 pounds of tobacco (including 2000 pounds due to Roe himself) to the several persons named in the covenant.

Slaves were held by free negroes. A deed of emancipation bearing date December 9, 1793, recites that Negro Tom, late a slave of Christopher Birkhead, being possessed of a negro girl named Grace, about sixteen years old, and held by him in slavery, "thinking in his conscience that all mankind are entitled to equal freedom in this life," hereby declares the said girl Grace free from the date of said deed, and so renounces all right and claim to her person. Similar deeds of emancipation were afterward recorded by free negroes in favor of slaves whom they had purchased or otherwise acquired. Slave-traders, especially those who bought slaves for the Southern market, soon came to be regarded with popular abhorrence. In an Easton paper of June 12, 1804, Thomas Prince, a tavern-keeper, publishes a card in which he repels with indignation, "as a foul aspersion upon his good name and as tending to attach indelible obloquy to his reputation," the report that he was associated with certain persons in the purchase and transportation of negroes to distant States.

In the Maryland "Journal" of February 3, 1792, appears a notice signed by Joseph Townsend, secretary, to the effect that "The Maryland Society for promoting the Abolition of Slavery will meet to-morrow evening at Nathan Griffith's at six o'clock." And on December 6, 1806, in the Maryland House of Delegates, leave was asked to bring in a bill entitled "An Act for the gradual Abolition of Slavery." The motion was lost, but the delegation of Talbot (a county having large property in slaves) recorded their emphatic yea.

A touching instance of the relations of love and trust that existed between the old family servants and their masters and mistresses is afforded by a letter addressed to the master of Wye House in April, 1790, by Joanna Lloyd, widow of Richard Bennet Lloyd, afterward married to Francis Beckford of Basing Park. She writes:

Lin, our old Negro Servant, will present you with this. She is so anxious to return to America

Digitized by Google

that I have put myself to the Expence of paying her Passage, and she now only waits for a fair Wind. I have told her I can not be answerable that she will have her Freedom when she arrives in Maryland. I can only recommend her to your Mercy, as she has behaved herself well while in this Country, and it is her own wish to *return to her Own.*

The inference is that the wish of his gracious and doubtless charming kinswoman must have been as law to the master; for we find her, a twelvemonth later, sending him live hares and rabbits for breeding; "and we have been thinking of sending some Partridge Eggs, which, if they arrive good, you may make a Hen sit on them."

The English love of sport, fostered in the colony by larger license of freedom and leisure and wider scope for exploit and pastime, became an insatiable passion, taking in every form of "fun" that an exuberant vitality joined with folly and conceit could contrive, from steeplechasing and fox-hunting to bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and dueling. Scrub- and quarter-races were the invariable diversion for every gathering of the people on court- and market-days, until the law was invoked to prohibit them, as a nuisance and offense, on Sundays and "at Quaker meetings." There were races for purses and cups at Annapolis, Williamsburg, and Marlborough, as early as 1750, and Maryland and Virginia often contended for the honors on the Chestertown course. Governor Ogle was among the first to import English-bred stallions; and the famous Figaro of the Annapolis meetings in 1767 had been brought over by Dr. Hammond after winning races at Preston and Carlisle.[1]

Land and negroes were lost and won on the course. Lady Teazle has a neat little wager with Charles Surface — her cunning mulatto page Puck to a quilted side-saddle; while the sanctimonious Joseph addresses his uncle as "Honoored Sir," and desires his esteemed judgment on the morality of racing.

We read of "a nice Red Fox" that will be let out on Saturday from Mr. Lowe's tavern in Easton; and on Friday, March 4, 1796, of a cock-fight to come off at Newmarket — a main of fifteen cocks on each side. "The bet on the Main is 20 guineas, and one guinea on each Battle. Perhaps it will be the greatest Cockfight that ever was on the Eastern Shore of Maryland."

Among the records of a county court is one of June 5, 1722, "ordering that the Publick Houses in the County shall be hindered from Keeping their Nine Pins on the Streets during the Sitting of the Court; and that no persons whatsoever be suffered to play at them during the term aforesaid."

In March, 1690, Francis Butler is sued by Thomas Bruff on a tavern bill which enumerates a variety of tipple no less alluring than archaic — "Burnt Rum, Canary, Mulled Wine, Sack, Syder, Perry, Punch, Claret, Flipp, Quince Drink, Sampson and Bear [beer]."

In those days a man's tap-room score seems to have run on as long as the chalk lasted; in fact, long credits were the rule in every line of business: even the postmaster finds the operation of the system not wholly free from embarrassment, as appears by his notice in a newspaper of November 14, 1797:

To those Gentlemen who have now open Accounts in the Office, he submits the two following Propositions: That they either pay for their Letters and Papers at the time they shall be taken from the Office, or that they anticipate and deposit in the Office the amount of their quarterly postage.

Early in the present century young gentlemen were expected to engage in duels in the intervals of business. The provision was a salutary one, inasmuch as it served to keep them out of mischief, while it entertained their friends. For this reason it was the practice to take the community into confidence, and to conduct the proceedings with unstinted publicity — a custom which commended itself to the approval of the parties most tragically concerned, because it afforded them the chance to air their valor in the public prints, and at the same time to exercise their wits in the contrivance of new and ingenious forms of scathing sarcasm and intolerable taunt, for "posting" at the court-house or the tavern. Here is a notable example:

TO THE PUBLIC.

WARWICK, 2nd Jany. 1805.

I have stated facts — facts that no equivocation can supercede; and if Mr. K—— dare deny them he asserts that which is not truth. If he takes usurage [*sic*] at any expressions I have used, and will call on me, I will give him Satisfaction. If the object of his pursuit is a paper war, I now file my objections to it; and if he pursues such conduct I shall view him, as his friend Mr. S——, a Coward and a Poltroon.

HENRY RINGOLD,
Second and Friend of Alexander Stuart, Jr.

The public press was by no means lacking in those qualities of invention and imagination which still go to the making of a great newspaper. Nothing human or inhuman, mundane or supernatural, was foreign to its office. On October 20, 1795, "A Constant Reader" informs the world through the columns of an Easton paper that the people of Annapolis have been greatly alarmed.

The other day the Coffins in the Old Burial Ground (at least 100) rose full six inches above

[1] Scharf: "History of Maryland."

Digitized by Google

the surface of the Earth, from what Cause is not known, but we have been amused with a variety of Reports and Conjectures thereon. The whole City has been a spectator of the Awful Scene, which (with a Report just come to hand from Philadelphia, respecting the appearance of Angels in the streets of that City, and the Conversation they had with the Watchmen) made a very sensible and deep impression upon the Spectators, and which I assure you was very visible in their Countenance.

I am just informed that a Young Lady of this City [Easton] has drawn the Hotel; and that a Young Man lost his Nose in an encounter at a Tavern. His Adversary bit it off.

It is subsequently explained that the accomplished and enterprising young lady drew the hotel with a common lead-pencil, and not with cart-ropes or a lottery ticket, as some had vainly imagined; but we are left to conjecture at what time the spectators were amused by the subsidence of the coffins.

There was always a poet's corner, in which from time to time the shrinking Muse took refuge from the world's ignoble strife, to sigh with Dobson, the inspired oysterman of St. Peter's parish, in a "Most Excellent New Song."

It is of a Damsel whoom I do write,
And in her sweet company I took Delight,
Her charming Love for to obtain;
And after this it proves a pain.

I promist her my love was free
From any Deceit or Uncevelty,
And hoping she wood pitty poor Swains,
And free me of all my pains.

She unto me O then did say,
To grant you Love I must say Na.
Some other man O I do love,
And unto you I should cruel prove.

Then unto my bed O I did go,
My heart was full of Greef and wo;
I still kept musing what I should say
For to gain her Love some other day.

Cupit I do beseech you to be so kind
To send home my heart which is confined.

On May 1, 1792, the "élite" of Easton were treated to an "Elegant Exhibition of Wax Works" at Captain Richard Coward's house.

Mr. Wm. Bowen respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of Easton and Vicinity, that his Exhibition is now ready for their Amusement. It would be needless to give a particular Description of all the Figures contained in this much admired Collection. However, among the most Interesting, we shall mention a beautiful Female Figure, lately added, called One of the beauties of Annapolis.

This Exhibition contains about 30 Figures, large as life, and is universally allowed to merit the Patronage and attention of the Public. . . .

As Mr. Bowen intends to close his Exhibition in the space of a few days, he hopes that all those who wish to gratify themselves in Viewing this great Production of Art, will embrace the present opportunity, as it will undoubtedly be the Last.

For sale, a few Likenesses of the President of the United States, a variety of elegant Prints, and a Guitar.

The theaters produced "Douglas" and "The Roman Father," with hornpipes and patriotic songs between; while the raptures of Ricketts's Circus held our little progenitors in thrall by the spell of those perennial novelties of the sawdust, "the Tinker's Ramble, the Trick Mule, and the Metamorphosis of the Sack, as presented for the astonishment and delight of the Nobility and gentry at Sadler's Wells."

Mr. Robardet respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of Easton (July 1, 1793) that he proposes to open a dancing-school in that city. He has taught in Philadelphia, Annapolis, and Baltimore, and has had the honor of the patronage of Mrs. Washington's grandchildren, "and several other of the most respectable characters in the above places." Nevertheless, he has a competitor for the favor of the fashionable in the person of M. Duclaraq, who "will give lessons on the violin and flute, and teach the stately steps of the *minuet de la cour*, and the *Allemands*, besides the *Gavotte de Vestris* and the Russian waltz."

The historians of Annapolis find a tantalizing fascination in the decade preceding the Revolution. Again and again they return to the theme, and dwell upon it as if spellbound by its splendid and picturesque forms of folly and naughtiness. They tell how leisure and culture waited upon wealth with all the allurements of a refined sensuousness. Merry England contributed the latest devices of an artful extravagance for the pampering of opulence and the diverting of ennui and indolence. These people lived in houses built and embellished with costly woods and marbles, and furnished with the choicest productions of Chippendale, Sheraton, and the brothers Adam. When they made the round of visits, or gathered for the minuet, they came in elegant equipages, drawn by gallant steeds and managed by liveried slaves. Many of the residences were distinguished by the superlatives of fastidious taste, while the employment of a French hair-dresser (by one lady at a thousand crowns a year) was prescribed by a censorship of languid voluptuaries, who minced and pranced around the severe stateliness of Colonel George Washington when he came to limber himself at a card-party or a ball.

Life on the bay was ever buoyant and careless: it veered with the rudder and bulged with the sail; it carried a tricksy pennant at the peak, and a frolicsome fiddle at the gangway;

Digitized by Google

it took in the quiet of the creek and the bustle of the steamboat-landing with equal gusto; it lightened business with pleasure, and made a picnic of occupation; and though it might call itself a dinghy, it behaved like a jolly-boat.

The "bugeye" that drowsed at anchor in the cove, lulled by the lapping of ripples, and the pinnace that danced in the moonlight on the swell off Cedar Point, were craft whose peculiarities of line and rig had been alike determined by local conditions. Beginning in the primitive handiness and spryness of the Indian dugout, to end in the peerless audacity and exploit of the Cape Horn clipper, they were, through all the long process of development, to retain the fine Chesapeake ways which made the canoe a clipper and kept the clipper a canoe, when the bay which had once been an Indian war-path had become a highway of the nations.

Scharf reminds us that the tide in the bay does not ebb or flow with strength enough to check the course of a sailing craft under headway; and the early colonists sailed or paddled from inlet to island in the canoe or the pungy, as, later, the lordly planters careered in their ten-oared barges, pulled by slaves. It was not long before the country bottoms of the Chesapeake controlled the coastwise commerce from New England to the West Indies. They traded with Liverpool and Bristol, and smuggled for Holland and France. Bordeaux wines became plentiful and cheap in the province; our leading merchants conversed in French; our fashionable women dressed in French; "and Antigua rums, Martinique cordials, and Scheidam Schnapps, were found on most sideboards." Old-country ships brought the planter's supplies to his very door, and the barges and lighters that took off his tobacco brought back his dry-goods and groceries.

At the outbreak of the Revolution, the smart and handy craft of the Chesapeake proceeded to show that they could fight as well as trade, and the port of Baltimore soon became the center of a system of privateering so formidable that the enemy had hardly learned to respect it before he began to fear it. The records show that between April 1, 1777, and March 14, 1783, two hundred and forty-eight vessels sailed out of the bay under letters of marque—"and this with a British fleet at Hampton Roads and inside the Capes nearly all the time." The gallant *Chasseur*, armed with twelve guns, manned by one hundred officers and men of Maryland, and commanded by Captain Thomas Boyle, made a true viking's record, capturing eighty vessels, of which thirty-two were of equal force with the privateer, and eighteen superior in guns and men. Boyle was born at Marblehead in 1776, married in Baltimore in 1794, and died at sea in October, 1825. He commanded a ship when he was a lad of sixteen, married at eighteen, and made a dramatic end of a romantic and glorious career at forty-nine.[1]

These Chesapeake privateers and letters of marque were as hornets and wasps in the face of the enemy. They fought and captured ships and smaller craft at the very gates of his ports, in the British and Irish channels, off the North Cape, on the coasts of Spain and Portugal, in the East and West Indies, and in the Pacific Ocean.

The ship-builders of St. Michael's in Talbot County, who have plied their honorable craft since the middle of the seventeenth century, hold fast by their hereditary claim that the primal model of the Baltimore clipper, and the later clipper-ship (*White Squall*, *Flying Cloud*, *Trade Wind*, or *Typhoon*) of the California and China trade, was lined in their boat-houses long years before the first scales of the yellow metal had dazzled the eyes and dazed the wits of the diggers in Captain Sutter's mill-race. It is a development, they say, of the light pinnace, or galley, in which "Claiborne's merry men fought, traded, and frolicked with the Susquehannocks and the Nanticokes," from Kent to Spesutie Island.

In 1832, in Baltimore, a stage started from Barnum's Hotel daily for Philadelphia, via York, Harrisburg, and Lancaster; but the route most approved by people of condition was by the *George Washington* or the *Constitution* steamboat, up the bay to Frenchtown; thence by frisky little coaches on a crazy little railroad to Newcastle on the Delaware; and thence by boat again to Philadelphia—"through in ten hours." This was the route which was especially affected by foreign dignitaries, Federal officials, senators and representatives, flitting between Washington and the North. Those were famous repasts that were served to distinguished men and brilliant women at the captain's table in the saloon of the *George Washington*. Here the great "Expounder of the Constitution" hobnobbed with "Harry of the West," and talked of "compromise" across the deviled crabs; and here, in his last days, John Randolph of Roanoke, weird and pessimistic, shook his long skinny finger at "Old Bullion," between the walnuts and the wine, while Dolly Madison lamented with Nellie Custis the degeneracy of the cream-sauce.

Even as I write, that sauce-boat is before me, my own precious possession. It bears the image and superscription of the dear old barge, and its handle seems still to tingle with the touch of those historic fingers.

[1] Coggeshall: "History of American Privateers."

John Williamson Palmer.

Digitized by Google

THE CASTING VOTE.

By the Author of "In the Tennessee Mountains," etc.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

IT was a hot day in the little valley town, the first Thursday in August, the climax of a drought, with the sun blazing down from dawn to dusk, and not a cloud, not a vagrant mist, not even the stir of the impalpable ether, to interpose. The mountains that rimmed the horizon all around Colbury shimmered azure, seeming far away through the heated air. No wind came down those darker indentations that marked ravines. A dazzling, stifling stillness reigned; yet now and again an eddying cloud of dust would spring up along the streets, and go whirling up-hill and down, pausing suddenly, and settling upon the overgrown shrubbery in the pretty village yards, or on white curtains hanging motionless at the windows of large, old-fashioned frame houses. Even the shadows were hot, with a sort of closeness unknown in the open air, yet as they dwindled to noontide proportions, it seemed as if some alleviation were withdrawn; and though the mercury marked no change, all the senses welcomed the post-meridian lengthening of the images of bough and bole beneath the trees, and the fantastic architecture of the reflection of chimney and gable and dormer-window, elongated out of drawing, stretching across the grassy streets and ample gardens. There among the grape trellises, and raspberry bushes, and peach- and cherry-trees, the locusts chirred and chirred, a tireless, vibrating-panegyric of hot weather. The birds were hushed; sometimes under a clump of matted leaves one of the feathered gentry might be seen with wings well held out from his panting sides. The beautiful green beetle, here called the "June-bug," hovered about the beds of thyme, its jeweled, enameled green body and its silver gauze wings flashing in the sun, although June was far down the revolving year. Blue and lilac lizards basked in the garden walks, which were cracked by the heat. Little stir was in the streets; the languid business of a small town was transacted if absolute need required, and postponed if a morrow would admit of contemplation. The voters slowly repaired to the polls with a sense of martyrdom in the cause of party, and the election was passing off in a most orderly fashion, there being no residuum of energy in the baking town to render it disorderly or unseemly. Often not a human being was to be seen, coming or going; sometimes a man in his shirt-sleeves waylaid another under an umbrella for a few moments, some candidate's friend, leaving not even a belated stone unturned.

To Theodosia it was all vastly different from the picture she had projected of Colbury with an election in progress. In interest, movement, populousness, it did not compare with county-court day, which her imagination had multiplied when she estimated the relative importance of the events. She had made no allowance for the absence of the country people, specially wont to visit the town when that tribunal was in session, but now all dutifully in place voting in their own remote districts. The dust, the suffocating heat, the stale, vapid air, the indescribable sense of a lower level—all these affected her like a veritable burden, accustomed as she was to the light and rare mountain breeze, to the tempered sun, the mist, and the cloud. The new and untried conditions of town life trammeled and constrained her. She had a certain pride, and she feared she continually offended against the canons of metropolitan taste. In every passing face she saw surprise, and she fancied reprehension. In every casual laugh she heard ridicule. Her brain was a turmoil of conflicting anxieties, hopes, resolutions, and in addition these external demands upon her attention served to intensify her absorbing emotions and to irritate her nerves rather than to divert or soothe them. She had escaped from the relative at whose house she was making a visit, craftily timed to include election day, on the plea that she wished to see something of the town. "Ye don't live up on the mounting, Cousin Anice, 'mongst the deer, an' b'ar, an' fox, like me," she had said jestingly, "or ye 'd want ter view all the town ye kin." And once outside the shabby little palings, she returned no more for many hours.

Up and down the scorching streets she wan-

Digitized by Google

dered, debating within herself anxious questions which, she felt, affected all her future, and unfitting herself still further to reach that just and wise conclusion she desired to compass. She could not altogether abstract her mind, despite the interests which she had at stake. She noticed that her unaccustomed feet stumbled over the flag-stones of the pavement—"Fit fur nothin' but followin' the plow!" she muttered in irritation. She hesitated at the door of a store, then sidled sheepishly in, tearing her dress on a nail in a barrel set well in the corner and out of the way.

But while looking over the pile of goods which she had neither the wish nor the money to purchase, she could have sunk with shame with the sudden thought that perhaps it was not the vogue in Colbury to keep a clerk actively afoot to while away the idle time of a desperately idle woman. She could not at once decide how she might best extricate herself, and for a good while the empty show of an impending purchase went on.

"I 'll — I 'll kem an' see 'bout 'n it ter-morrer," she faltered at last. "Much obleeged."

"No trouble to show goods," said the martyr of the counter, politely. In truth he had in the course of his career shown them as futilely to women who were much older and far, far uglier, and contemplating purchase as remotely.

She went out scarlet, slow, tremulous, and walking close in to the wall like an apprehensive cat, looking now and again over her shoulder. She wondered if he laughed when he was alone.

Her shadow was long now as it preceded her down the street, lank, awkward, clumsy. She took note of the late hour which it intimated, and followed the extravagant, lurching caricature of herself down to the palings of her cousin's house, a little unpainted, humble building set in the back yard, against the good time coming when a more ornate structure should be prefixed. The good time seemed still a long way off. Her cousin's ironing-board was on the porch, and presently a lean, elderly, active woman whisked out, her flat-iron in her hand.

"Cousin Anice," called Theodosia from the gate, "how 's the 'lection turned out?"

Cousin Anice paused to put her finger in her mouth; thus moistened, she touched it to the flat-iron, which hissed smartly, and which she applied then to the apron on the board.

"Laws-a-massy! chile, the polls is jes closed, an' all the country deestric's ter be hearn from. We won't know till ter-morrer — till late ternight, nohow."

Theodosia leaned against the gate. How could she wait! How could she endure the suspense! She thought of Justus, and of her promise to fix the date of the wedding on election day, but only as an additional factor of trouble in her own anxiety and indecision.

"Wat 's been hyar ez cross ez two sticks," said Mrs. Elmer. She paused to hold up the apron, exquisitely white, and sheer, and stiff, and to gaze with critical professional eyes upon it; she was what is known as a "beautiful washer and ironer," although otherwise not comely. "Wat 's beat plumb out o' sight, ef the truth war knowed, I reckon. He 'lows he 's powerful 'feared. Ef 't war Justus, now, *he 'd* hev been 'lected, sure. Justus is a mighty s'perior man; pity he never had no eddication. He could hev done anything — sharp ez a brier. Yes; Wat 's beat, I reckon."

In the instant Theodosia's heart sank. But she turned from the palings, and sauntered resolutely on. It well behooved her to take counsel with herself. "I mought hev made a turr'ble, turr'ble mistake," she muttered. She was sensible of a sharp pang pervading her consciousness. Nevertheless, judgment clamored for recognition.

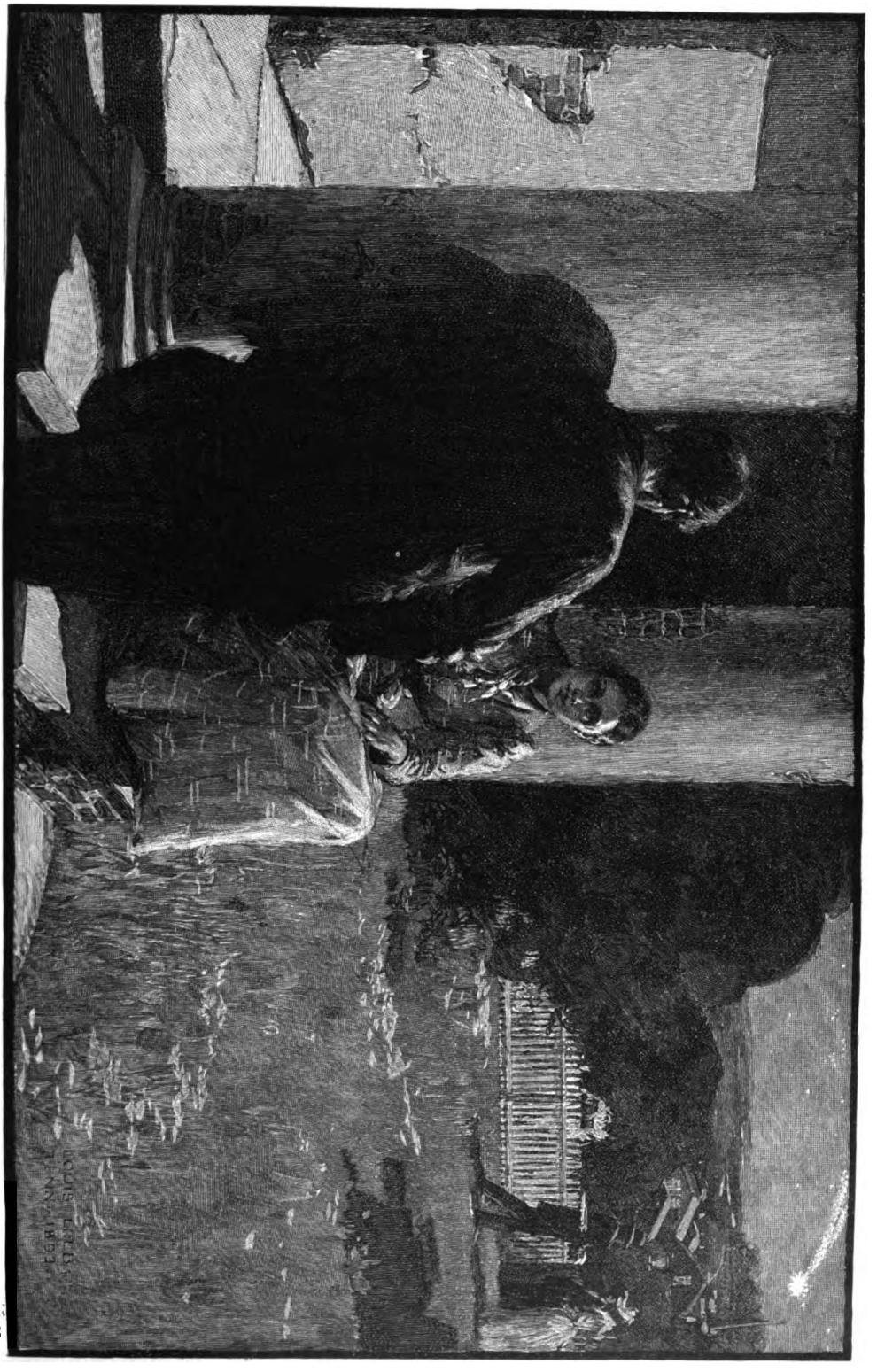
"Everybody gins Justus a good name, better 'n Wat," she argued. "An' ef Wat *ain't* 'lected —"

She walked down the street with a freer step, her head lifted, her self-respect more secure. With the possible collapse of her prospect of living in Colbury, of her ambition to adjust herself to the exigent demands of its more ornate civilization, her natural untrained grace was returning to her. She was certainly stylish enough for the hills, where she was likely to live all her days, and with this realization she quite unconsciously seemed easy enough, unconstrained enough, graceful enough, to pass muster in a wider sphere. Her heart was beating placidly now with the casting away of this new expectation that had made all its pulses tense. The still air was cooler, or at least darker. A roseate suffusion was in the sky, although a star twinkled there. More people were in the streets; doors and windows were open, and faces appeared now and again among the vines and curtains. As she hesitated on the street corner, two young girls in white dresses and with fair hair passed her. She watched them with darkening brow as they drew hastily together, and suddenly she overheard the half-smothered exclamation which had a dozen times to-day barely escaped her ears.

"What a pretty, pretty girl! Oh, my! how pretty, how pretty!"

Theodosia stood like one bewitched; a light like the illumination of jewels was in her sapphire eyes; the color surged to her cheek; she lifted up her head on its round, white throat; her lips curved. "Oh, poor fool!" she thought

Digitized by Google



"I CAN'T MARRY YOU-UNS."

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

Digitized by Google

in pity for herself, for this was what the Colbury people had been saying all day in their swift, recurrent glances, their half-masked asides, their furtive turning to look after her. And she — to have given herself a day of such keen misery unconscious of their covert encomiums!

"I live up thar in the wilderness till I jes don't sense nothin'," she said.

All the wilting prospects of life were refreshed as a flower in the perfumed dew-fall. She felt competent, able to cope with them all; her restored self-confidence pervaded her whole entity, spiritual and material. She walked back with an elastic step, a breezy, debonair manner, and she met Justus Hoxon at the gate of her cousin's house with a jaunty assurance, and with all the charm of her rich beauty in the ascendant.

He would fain have detained her in the twilight. "What 's that ye promised to tell me 'lection day?"

"I 'lowed the day Wat war 'lected," she temporized, laying her hand on the gate, which his stronger hand kept still closed.

"Waal, this is the day Wat is 'lected."

She drew back. Even in the dim light he could see her blue eyes widening with inquiry as she looked at him.

"I 'lowed the returns war n't all in," she said doubtfully.

"They ain't, but enough hev kem in sence the polls closed ter gin him a thumpin' majority. He 's safe." The tense ring of triumph was in his voice.

The scene was swimming before her; she was dazed by the sudden alternations of hope and despair, of decision and counter-decision, by the seeming instability of all this. Once more she thought, in a tremble and with a difference, of the mistake she might have made. She held to the gate to keep her feet, no longer to open it.

"What did ye promise ter tell me 'lection day?" he demanded once more, clasping her hand as it lay on the palings.

"'Lection day?" she said with a forced laugh — "'t ain't e-ended yit. An'," with a sudden resolution of effecting a diversion — "afore it *is* e-ended I want ter git a peep through that thar thing they call a telling-scope, ef they 'low women folks ter look through it."

He was instantly intent.

"Laws-a-massy, yes!" he exclaimed. "I seen Mis' Dr. Kane, and Mis' Jedge Peters, an' thar darters, an' a whole passel o' women folks over thar one night las' week. The young folks jes amble up an' down the court-house yard, bein' moonlight, like a lot o' young colts showin' thar paces. An' even ef they ain't thar ter-night, I 'll take ye over thar arter supper, with yer cousin Anice ter keep ye in countenance."

But after supper there was a sufficiency of fluttering white dresses astir in the court-house yard, and now and again crossing the wide, ill-paved street thither, to warrant Theodosia in dispensing with her cousin's company, much to that sophisticated worthy's relief.

"I hev seen all Colbury 's got ter show," she said with sated pride. "An' bein' ez I hev hed a hard day's ironin', I hev got a stitch in my side."

"I 'd onderstan' that better if ye hed hed a hard day's sewin'," said Justus. He was in high feather, eager, jubilant, drinking in all the rich and subtle flavors of success with the gusto of personal triumph.

"He air prouder 'n Wat," more than one observer opined.

There was another fine exhibition of pride on display in the court-house yard that evening. One might have inferred that Dr. Kane had made the comet, from his satisfaction in its proportions, his accurate knowledge and exposition of its history, its previous appearances, and when its coming again might be expected. He was the principal physician of the place, and the little telescope was his property, and he had thus generously loaned it to the public with the hope of illuminating the general ignorance by a nearer view of the starry heavens, while it served his own and his neighbors' interest in the nightly progress of the great comet. Total destruction had been prophesied as its imminent fate, but it had so far justified its owner's confidence in the promiscuous politeness of Kildeer County, and had been a source of infinite interest and pleasure to the country folks from the coves and mountains, who had never before seen, nor in good sooth heard of, such an instrument. For weeks past almost all night curious groups took possession of it at intervals, and doubtless it did much to enlarge their idea of science and knowledge of celestial phenomena, for it often jumped with Dr. Kane's idle humor to stand by and explain the various theories touching comets — their velocity, their substance or lack of substance, their recurrence, their status in the astral economy, and cognate themes. As he was a man of very considerable reading and mental qualifications, of some means for the indulgence of his taste, and a good deal of leisure, the synopsis of astronomical science presented in the successive expositions was very well worth listening to, especially by the more ignorant of the community, who were thus enlightened as to facts hitherto foreign even to their wildest imaginings.

But following hard on every benefaction is the trail of ingratitude, and certain of the ir-

Digitized by Google

reverent in the crowd found a piquant zest in secret derision of the doctor, who sometimes did, in truth, present the air of a showman with a panorama. More especially was this the case when his enthusiasm waxed high, and his satisfaction in the glories of the comet partook of a positive personal pride.

"What 's he goin' ter do about it?" demanded one grinning rustic of another on the outskirts of the crowd.

"Put salt on its tail," responded his interlocutor.

Others affected to believe that the doctor was performing a great feat with the long bow, especially in the tremendous measurements of which he seemed singularly prodigal. A reference to the height of the mountains of the moon as compared with the neighboring ranges elicited a whispered hope that the roads were better there than those of the Great Smoky, and an inquiry concerning the probable fate of the comet provoked a speculation that when he was done with it he would sell it at public outcry to the highest bidder at the east door of the court-house.

Close about the stand, however, the crowd took on something of the demeanor of a literary society. Discussions were in order, questions asked and answered, authorities quoted and refuted: the other physician, who practised much in consultation with Dr. Kane, two or three clergymen, several of the officers of the court, and a number of lawyers, all taking part. The more youthful members of the gathering affected the rôle of peripatetic philosophers, and sauntered to and fro, arm in arm, in the light of the waxing moon.

The big black shadows of the giant oaks were all dappled with silver as the beams pierced the foliage and fell to the ground below; only the cornice of the building threw an unbroken image, massive and somber, on the sward. The low clustering roofs of the town had a thin bluish haze hovering about them, and were all softly and blurringly imposed on the vaguely blue sky and the dim hills beyond. Among them a vertical silver line glinted, sharply metallic — the steeple of a church. Here and there a yellow light gleamed from a lamp within a window. No sound came from the streets; all the life of the place seemed congregated here.

There was a continual succession of postulants to gaze through the telescope, some gravely curious, some stolidly iconoclastic and incredulous, others with covert levity, and still others, self-conscious, solicitous, secretly determined to affect to see all that other people could see, lest some subtle incapacity, some flagrant rusticity, be inferred from failure. These last were hasty observers, scarcely waiting to adjust the eye to the lens, fluttered, and prolific of inapt exclamations, which too often betrayed the superficial, informal character of the investigation. To this class did Theodosia belong.

"Plumb beautiful!" she murmured under her breath, after a momentary contact of her dazzled eye with the brass rim of the telescope.

"Try ag'in, 'Dosia!" exclaimed Justus, aghast at this perfunctory dismissal of the comet, as she turned to go away.

She winced a little from his voice, clear, vibrant, and urgent, for Justus had no solicitude concerning the superior canons of Colbury touching etiquette, and suffered none of her anxieties. She caught Dr. Kane's eyes fixed upon him as she moved hastily away, and then he came up beside Justus, who stood near the tube.

"Let me explain the thing to you, Hoxon," he said. "Try a peep yourself."

Justus glanced after her. Walter had joined her — not so soon, however, but that she heard a half-suppressed criticism on her lover as he turned to the telescope and Dr. Kane's exposition.

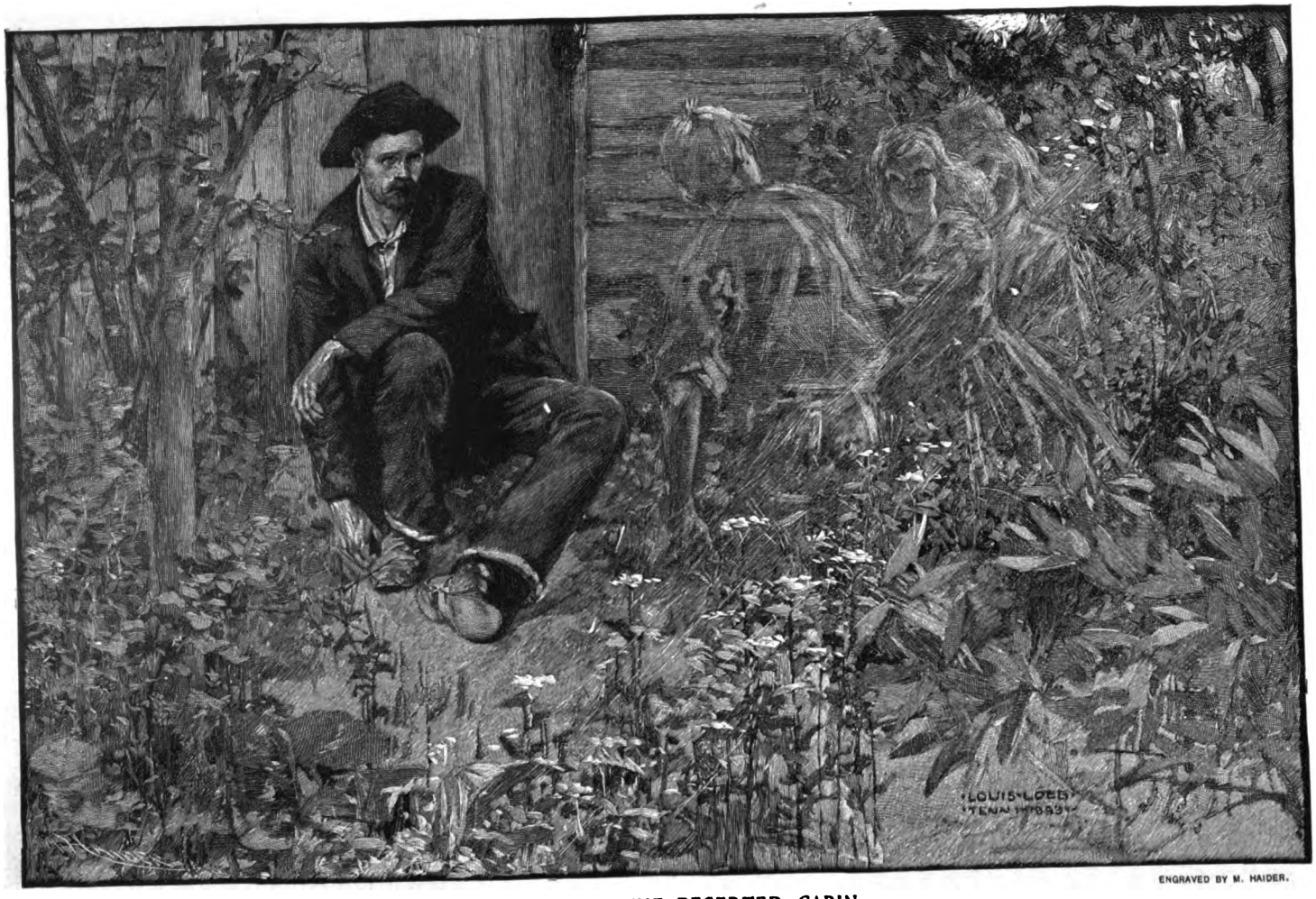
"Pity he 's got no education — smart fellow, but can't even read and write."

"Smart" enough to be an apt pupil. The others pressed close around, listening to the measured voice of the physician and the quick, pertinent questions of the star-gazer.

It is as an open scroll, that magnificent, wonder-compelling cult of the skies, not the sealed book of other sciences. Since the days of the Chaldean, all men of receptive soul in solitary places, the sailor, the shepherd, the hunter, or the hermit, whether of the wilderness of nature or the isolation of crowds, have read there of the mystery of the infinite, of the order and symmetry of the plan of creation, of the proof of the existence of a God, who controls the sweet influences of Pleiades and makes strong the bands of Orion. The unspeakable thought, the unformulated prayer, the poignant sense of individual littleness, of atomic unimportance, in the midst of the vast scheme of the universe, inform every eye, throb in every breast, whether it be of the savant, with all the appliances of invention to bring to his cheated senses the illusion of a slightly nearer approach, or of the half-civilized llanero of the tropic solitudes, whose knowledge suffices only to note the hour by the bending of the great Southern Cross. It is the heritage of all alike.

For Justus Hoxon, who had followed the slow march of the stars through many a year in troubled watches of the night, when anxiety and foreboding could make no covenant with sleep, there was, in one sense, little to learn. He knew them all in their several seasons, the time of their rising, when they came to the

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE VISION—THE DESERTED CABIN.

Digitized by Google

meridian, and when they were engulfed in the west, till with another year they sparkled on the eastern rim of the sky. He listened to Dr. Kane's explanation of this with an air of acceptance, but he hardly heeded the detail of their distance from the earth and from one another—he knew that they were far. And he shook his head over speculations as to their physical condition, vegetation, organic life, and inhabitation. "Ye ain't got no sort o' means o' knowin' sech, Doctor," he said reprehensively, gaging the depths of the ignorance of the wise man.

He heard their names with alert interest, and repeated them swiftly after his mentor to set them in his memory. "By George!" he cried delightedly, "I hed no idee they hed names!"

And as the amateur astronomer, pleased with so responsive a glow, began the tracing of the fantastic imagery of the constellations, detailing the story of each vague similitude, he marked the sudden dawn of a sort of enchantment in his interlocutor's mind, the first subtle experience of the delights of the ideal and the resources of fable. It exerted upon Dr. Kane a sort of fascinated interest, the observation of this earliest exploration of the realms of fancy by so keen and receptive an intelligence. The comet, the telescope, the crowd, were forgotten, as with Hoxon at his elbow he made the tour of the court-house yard, from point to point, wherever the best observation might be had of each separate sidereal etching on the deep blue. For a time the crowd casually watched them with a certain good-natured ridicule of their absorption, and the telescope maintained its interest to the successive wights who peered through at the comet still splendidly ablaze despite the light of the gibbous moon. The ranks of young people promenaded up and down the brick walks and the grassy spaces. Elder gossips sat on the court-house steps, or stood in groups about the gates, and discussed the questions of the day. Gradually disintegration began. The clangor of the gate rose now and then as homeward-bound parties passed through, becoming constantly more frequent. Still the shifting back and forth of the thinning ranks of the peripatetic youth went on, and laughter and talk resounded from the court-house steps. At intervals the telescope was deserted; the motionless trees were bright with the moon and glossy with the dew. The voice of guard-dogs was now and again reverberated from the hills. The languid sense of a late hour had dulled the pulses, and when Justus Hoxon turned back to earth it was to an almost depopulated scene, the realization of the approach of midnight, and the sight of Theodosia sitting alone in the moonlight on the steps of the east door of the court-house, waiting for him with, as it seemed to him at the moment, a touching patience.

"Air you-uns waitin' fur me, 'Dosia, all by yerse'f?" he demanded hastily, with a contrite intonation

"I *'pear* ter be all by myse'f," she said, with a playful feigning of uncertainty, glancing about her. She gave a forced laugh, and the constraint in her tone struck his attention.

"I 'lowed ez Wat war with ye," he said apologetically. "Air ye ready ter go over ter yer cousin Anice's now?"

He was standing leaning against one of the columns, his face half in the shadow of his hat and half in the moonlight.

She sat still upon the steps, looking up at him, her upturned eyes taking an appealing expression from her lowly attitude. She was silent for a moment, as if at a loss. Then suddenly her eyes fell.

"'Pears ter me ter be right comical ter hev ter remind *ye* o' what *I* promised ter tell ye 'lection day," she said.

"Why, 'Dosia," he broke in vehemently, "I hev axed ye twice ter-day, an' I did n't ax ye jes now 'ca'se ye hed been hyar so long alone, an' I wanted ter take ye ter yer cousin Anice's ef so be ye wanted ter go." He stopped for a moment. Then, with a change of tone, "Ye can't make out ez I hev been anything but hearty in lovin' ye — nearly all yer life long!" His voice rang out with a definite note of conviction, of assertion.

Reproach was an untenable ground. She desisted from the effort. Her eyes wandered down the street that lay shadowy with gable, and dormer-window, and long chimneys, in sharp geometric figures in the moonshine, alternating with the deeper shadow of the trees. There were no lights save a twinkle here and there in an upper window.

A flush rose to his pale cheeks. His heart was beating fast with heavy presage. He hesitated to demand his fate at so untoward a moment. He took off his hat, mechanically fanning with its broad brim, and gazing about him at the slowly dulling splendor of the moonlight as the disk tended further and further toward the west. The stars were brightening gradually, and within the range of his vision flared the great comet, every moment the luster of its white fire intensifying. He only saw; he did not note. His every faculty was concentrated on the girl's drawling voice as she began again, hesitating, and evidently at a loss.

"Waal, I hate ter tell ye, Justus, but I hev ter do it, an' I mought ez well the day that I promised ter set *the day*. It 's — it 's — *never!* I ain't goin' ter marry ye at all!"

Digitized by Google

He recoiled as from a blow. And yet he could not accept the fact.

"The'dosia," he said, "air ye mad with me 'ca'se ye 'low I furgot ye this evenin'?"

Theodosia had recovered her poise. Now that she had begun she felt suddenly fluent. It did not accord with her estimate of her own attractions to dismiss a lover because he had forgotten her. She began to find a relish in the situation, and sought to adjust its details more accurately to her preferences.

"Justus, I know ye never furgot me fur one minute. I kin find no fault with yer likin' fur me."

She had never seen a stage. She had never heard of a theater, but she was posing and playing a part as definitely as if it graced the boards.

He detected a certain spurious note in her voice. It bewildered him. He stared silently at her.

"I can't marry you-uns. I never kin."

"Why?" he demanded in a measured tone. "How kem ye hev changed yer mind? Ye hev tole me often that ye would."

"W-a-al," she drawled, looking away at the skies, her unthinking eyes arrested, too, by the blazing comet, "I *did* 'low wunst I would. But a man with eddication would suit me bes', an' ye hain't got none."

"No more hev ye," he argued warmly. He was clinging for dear life to his vanishing hope of happiness. He did not realize depreciation, imputation, in his words — only the facts that made them suited to each other. "Ye know ye *would n't* take l'arnin' at school — an' I *could n't* git it; 'pears ter me we air 'bout ekal."

"It air a differ in a 'oman," said Theodosia, quickly. "A 'oman hev got no call to be l'arned like a man."

This very subordinate view failed in this instance of the satisfaction it is wont to give to the masculine mind.

"Waal, ye did n't git enough l'arnin' ter hurt ye," he retorted. Then, relenting, he added, "But I don't find no fault with ye fur that, nuther."

The color flared into her face. How she resented his clemency to her ignorance! She still sat in her lowly posture on the step, leaning her bare head against the column of the porch, for her bonnet lay on the floor beside her; but there was a suggestion of self-assertion in her voice.

"I ain't expectin' ter live all my days in the woods, like a deer or suthin' wild. I expec' ter live in town with eddicated folks, ez be looked up ter, an' respected by all, an' kin make money, an' hev a sure-enough house." Her ambitious eyes swept the shadowy gables down the street.

He broke out laughing; his voice was softer; his face relaxed.

"Laws-a-massy! chile," he exclaimed, "yer head 's plumb turned by one day's roamin' round town. Ye won't be in sech a hurry ter turn me off whenst we git back ter the mountings."

"I ain't goin' back ter the mountings!" she cried; "I be a-goin' ter marry a town man ez hev got position, an' eddication, an' place." She paused, stung by the fancied incredulity in his eyes. "Why not? Ain't I good-lookin' enough?"

She had risen to her feet; her eyes flashed upon him; her beautiful face wore a look of pride. It might have elicited from another man a protest of its beauty. He stared at her with an expression of alarm that was almost ghastly.

"Other men like me fur my looks, ef ye don't, Justus Hoxon," she said in indignation.

"Ef they jes likes ye fur yer looks they won't like ye long," Hoxon said severely. "I 'll like ye when yer brown head is ez white ez cotton — ez much ez I like ye now — more! — *more*, I 'll be bound! O 'Dosia," with a sudden renewal of tenderness, "don't talk this hyar cur'ous way! I dunno what 's witched ye. But let 's go home ter the mountings, ter yer mother, an' see ef she can't straighten out any tangle yer feelin's hev got inter."

It needed only this — the allusion to her commonplace mother, the recollection of the forlorn little mountain home, the idea of her mother's insistent championship of Justus Hoxon — to bring the avowal so long trembling on her lips.

"I won't! I ain't likin' ye nowadays, Justus Hoxon, nor fur a long time past. I ain't keerin' nothin' 'bout ye."

There was something in her tone that carried conviction.

"Air ye in earnest?" he said, appalled.

"Dead earnest."

He gazed at her in the ever dulling light, that yet was clear enough to show every lineament — even the long black eyelashes that did not droop or quiver above her great blue eyes.

"Then thar 's no more to be said." He spoke in a changed voice, calm and clear, and she stared at him in palpable surprise. She had expected an outburst of reproach, of beseechings, of protestation. She had braced herself to meet it, and she felt the reaction. She was hardly capable of coping with seeming indifference. It touched her pride. She missed the tribute of the withheld pleadings. She sought to rouse his jealousy.

"It 's another man I like," she said, "better — oh, a heap better — than you-uns."

Digitized by Google

"That 's all right, then."

He wondered to hear the words so glibly enunciated. His lips seemed to him stiff, petrifying. He looked very white about them; she did not heed. She was angered, wounded, perplexed, by his acquiescence, his calmness, his taciturnity. A wave of anxiety that was half regret went over her. She felt lost in the turmoil of these complex emotions. With that destructive impulse to hurl down, to tear, to strike, that is an element of a sort of blind irritation, she went on tumultuously:

"He is a man ez hev got eddication, an' a place, an' a fine chance an' show in life — it 's — it 's — yer brother Walter."

Her aim was true that time. Her shaft struck in the very core of his heart; but the satisfaction of this knowledge was denied her. He looked very white, it is true, but the pale moonlight was on his face; and he only said in an undertone:

"Walter!"

She laughed aloud, a sort of mockery of glee. She had expected to enjoy the revelation, and her laughter was an incident of the scene as she had planned it.

"We war a-courtin' consider'ble o' the time whilst ye war off electioneerin'," she said, with the side glance of her old coquetry.

She saw his long shadow, lying on the pavement, bend forward and recoil suddenly. She did not look at him.

"An' so ter-night," she went on briskly,— she had truly thought it a very good joke,— "whilst you-uns war a-star-gazing an' sech, Wat an' me jes stepped inter the register's office thar, an' the Square married us. We 'lowed ye did n't see nothin' of it through the tellingscope, did ye? So Wat said I must tell ye, ez *he* did n't want ter tell ye."

She could not see his face, the light was dulling so, and he had replaced his wide hat. There was a moment's silence. Then his voice rang out quite strong and cheerful, "Why, then thar 's no more to be said."

He stood motionless an instant longer. Then suddenly he turned with a wave of his hand that was like a gesture of farewell, and she marked how swiftly his shadow seemed to slink from before him as he walked away, and passed the corner of the house, and disappeared from view.

She gazed silently after him for a moment in the gathering darkness. Then, leaning against the column, she burst into a tumult of tears.

DAYLIGHT found Justus Hoxon far on the road to the mountains. In the many miles, as he fared along, his thoughts could hardly have been pleasant company. As he sought to discover fault or flaw in himself, search as he might, he could find naught that might palliate the flippant faithlessness of his beloved, or the treachery of his brother. His ambition might have been too worldly a thing, but not a pulse of that most vital emotion beat for himself. He realized it now — he realized his life in looking back upon this completed episode, as he might have done in the hour of death. He had so expended himself in the service of others that there was naught left for him. He had no gratulation in it, no sense of the virtue of unselfishness, no perception of achievement; it only seemed to him that his was the most flagrant folly that ever left a man in the world, but with no place in it. A sorry object for pride he seemed to himself, but he quivered, and scorched, and writhed in its hot flames. His one object was to take himself out of the sight and sound of Colbury, till he might have counsel within himself, and perfect his scheme of revenge — not upon the woman. Poor Theodosia, with her limitations, could hardly have conceived how she had shattered the ideal to which her image had conformed in his mind, as she had stood on the steps and vaunted her beauty, and her belief in its power, and her pitiful ambitions. The woman was heartily welcome to the lot she had chosen. But the treacherous man — it was not in Justus Hoxon's scheme of things to receive a blow and return nothing. A "hardy fighter" he was esteemed, albeit his prowess was eclipsed by his more peaceful virtues. But this should be returned in kind. He would make no attack to be put in the wrong, arrested, perhaps, after the Colbury interpretation of assault and battery. But Walter had many a weak point in his armor, glaringly apparent now to the once fond brother.

Only a surly, bitter word he had for greeting to the few neighbors whom he met, and who went their way in the conviction that his brother had lost his election; for none ascribed any emotion of Justus Hoxon's to his own sake.

He reached in the evening the little cabin where the padlock hung on the door, and the heavy, untrodden dust of the drought lay without; and so it was that the old days when "Fambly" had struggled through their humble experiences came back to him with that incomparable sweetness of the irrevocable past. Hardships! How could there be, with fond faith in one another, and in all the world! Poverty — so rich they were in love! Life, after all, is more than meat, and there is no hunger like that of a famished heart. He reviewed that forlorn, anxious, struggling orphanage, transfigured in the subtle glow of regretful, loving memory, as one might gaze into the rich glamours of a promised land. Alas, that our promised land should be so often the land we made haste to leave! As he sat down on

Digitized by Google

the step he saw the ragged cluster of children troop down the road from twenty years agone, almost as if he actually beheld them, himself at the head. He could still feel their plump palms clinging to his hand at the first suggestion of danger. He had led them a right thorny path, each to a successful goal. And now could he turn against "Fambly"? Should he denounce the treachery of one of the little group that he could see huddling together for warmth on the meager hearthstone, while outside the snows of a long-vanished winter were a-whirl? Should he pull down the temple on Walter's success — the pride of them all? He remembered how his sisters, with that feminine necessity of hero-worship in their untaught little hearts, had clung about Walter. He remembered too that almost every thought of his own life had been given to this man, who had ruthlessly and secretly robbed him of all that was dear to him, and in such wise as to hold him up to ridicule, a scoffing jest, a very good joke! So Walter considered it, and so doubtless would all Colbury. It would have surprised Walter, but his sometime mentor's cheek burned with shame for him.

No; the claims of "Fambly" were paramount. He gave it precedence, as in the old days he had denied himself when "Fambly" dined at the skillet, and the bone and the broken bit he took for his share. He could not bring discredit upon it. He would not lift his hand against it. It was the object of a lifelong allegiance, and he only marveled that, since the uses of the loyalty were at an end, the empty life should go on. He gazed mechanically at the padlock as he sat there with his dreary thoughts, remembering with what different heart he had turned the key. Ah, Happiness — to pass out from a door, and knock there never again!

He rose up, his burden adjusted to his strength. He had never worked for thanks. It hardly mattered to him now how his efforts were requited. And though he encountered treachery at close quarters,— of his own household,— it was not in his heart to be a traitor to "Fambly" and its obvious interests. So he too went out from the door in the footprints of Happiness — likewise to return no more.

WALTER HOXON had not altogether ill-gaged the proclivity of the rustic to deem all fair in love or war. He was accounted to have performed something of a feat in the clever outwitting of his unsuspecting rival, and to the minds of the many there was an element of the romantic in this hasty wedding of the damsel of his choice almost under the eyes of the expectant bridegroom. He had added to the prestige of success in politics the luster of valiance in the lists of love, and he encountered laughing congratulations from his friends and political supporters, which served much to reassure him and to banish a vague and subtle anxiety as to public opinion that had begun to gnaw at his heart. They all seemed to think he had done a very fine thing, and that it was a very good joke, and he was soon most jauntily of their opinion. He could not know that here and there people were saying to one another, aside, the words he had feared to hear in reproach—that the swain whom he and his lady-love had conspired to dupe was his brother, who had done everything for him — had, as a mere child, encountered and vanquished poverty, had clothed and educated this man and his sisters, had served his every interest with a perfect self-abnegation all his life; that it was his brother who had won his election, being a man of much influence and untaught eloquence, and of great native tact and intelligence; that the secrecy, the conspiracy, and the publicity, of the dramatic dénouement, in lieu of an open rivalry, rendered it a case of the most flagrant ingratitude, and argued much unworthiness in the people's choice.

But suddenly a doubt began to prevail as to whether he were the people's choice. In the returns from the farthest districts, not heard from till quite late in the day, in which Walter Hoxon had felt secure, Quigley developed unexpected strength. In great perturbation Walter swiftly patrolled the town in search of Justus; unprecedented developments were imminent, and he hardly dared face the emergency without his valiant backer at hand. Justus had disappeared as utterly as if the night had swallowed him up.

"Consarn the tormentin' critter!" exclaimed Walter, mopping his brow as he stood at the little gate of Cousin Anice's yard, returning thither after his fruitless searching in the hope of finding his brother among the familiar faces. "Mad ez a hornet, I 'll be bound, an' lef' me in the lurch. Beat arter all, I 'll bet!"

Theodosia listened, tremulous, aghast. All the fine prospects that had seemed so near, into whose charming perspectives she might in another moment have stepped as actually as upon that path to the gate, were drawing away, dissolving, as tenuous, as intangible, as those morning sunlit mists shifting and rising from before the massive blue ranges of the Great Smoky Mountains, and dallying with the distances into invisibility.

"I tole ye ag'in an' ag'in ye bes' not be *too sure*," she said, a sob in her throat, with an obvious disposition to wreak her disappointment upon him.

It was crushed in the moment.

Digitized by Google

He turned a frowning face full upon her. "Hold yer jaw!" he cried violently. "Ef 't war n't fur you-uns I 'd hev Justus hyar, an' I 'll be bound *he* could fix it. Ye miserable, deceitful critter—settin' two own brothers at loggerheads! I 'll take no word from *you-uns*—sure!"

He shook his head indignantly at her, clapped his hat upon it, and turned desperately away as a man came running up. "Have ye found Justus?" Wat exclaimed.

"Justus? No. But they say it 's a tie—a tie!"

For the news was already bruited throughout the town—in a ferment of excitement, because of the closeness of the contest—that the two candidates, racing gallantly neck and neck, had come under the wire together with not so much as the point of a nose to distinguish the winner.

Walter stood for a moment, his dark eyes dilated with eagerness and anxiety. Suddenly he leaned back against the gate-post with a deep sigh of relief and relaxation.

"Then it 's all right," he exclaimed breathlessly. "The coroner 's my frien', ef I ain't got another in the worl'. Old Beckett will stan' by me, *sure!*"

As the coroner held the election, the sheriff himself being a candidate, it was his duty to give the casting vote. This prolongation of the jeopardy of the result heightened the popular interest, the more as the officer did not immediately decide upon his action in the matter.

"I want a leetle time ter think it over—a leetle time fur the casting vote," he said, as he gnawed at a plug of tobacco, then crossed his ponderous legs while he leaned back in a splint-bottomed chair in the register's office.

He was a tall, portly man, with a large, round, imperious face, thatched heavily with iron-gray hair. He wore no beard, and was dressed in brown jeans, which imparted a certain sallowness to his dark complexion. He had small gray eyes at once shrewd and good-natured, but his manner was bluff, imperative, and all the judiciary of the State could hardly have compassed an expression of a greater sense of importance.

He was observed with much interest by a number of men who lounged about the room, stalking over the bare floor, which was plentifully ornamented with tobacco juice, and with the traces of the red clay mud of the wet weather of a month ago; there was hardly so much mud to be seen elsewhere in the county. A tense sub-current of curiosity underlay the suspense natural to the occasion, for it was well known to the gossips about the court-house that he and the sheriff had not been on the best of terms during their respective incumbencies; when their official functions had happened to bring them into contact they had clashed smartly, and the county rang with their feuds. His course was obvious to all—his hesitation only an affectation, lest a too vehement animosity be imputed to him.

"Poor Quigley's cake is dough," observed one of the incumbent's friends in an undertone, standing with his hands in his pockets, and gazing through the long dark vista of the hall out of the great door into the sunlight's glow, as it fell upon the few houses and the great stretch of arable land beyond. A horizontal shadow of a cloud lay at its extremity, as definite as a material barrier, and far above it rose tiers of green and bronze hills like a molding to the base of the lapis-lazuli-tinted mountains.

"This never happened in this county before," said the register, glancing up from a big book in which he was copying the doings of "the party of the first part" and "the party of the second part"—the familiar spirits of his den.

"Why, no!" exclaimed the coroner, with a pleased laugh. "Ter me the castin' vote is ez *phee*-nomenal an' ez astonishin' ez the comet." He chuckled—the fat man's unctuous laugh. "Something like the comet, too: it hev its place in the legal furmament, but 't ain't often necessary ter use it."

"That war a toler'ble funny tale 'bout the comet they air a-tellin' roun' town," observed a young countryman, pausing in front of the two, his hands in his pockets, his hat on the back of his red head, a wide grin of enjoyment on his freckled face,—"about the feller that hed his sweetheart a-courtin' out hyar in the yard last night, an' tuk ter lookin' at the comet through the spy-glass, an' whilst he war busy a-star-gazin' the comet, another feller stepped up with the Square, an' married his gal—ha! ha! ha!"

Beckett looked up interested. Incongruously enough, a vein of romance ran through the massive strata of conceit, and intolerance, and vainglory, and pertinacity, and pugnacity, that made up the very definite structure of his nature. He dearly loved a lover. He was as sentimental as a girl of eighteen, and he melted instantly into suavest amenities at the first intimation of a love-story in abeyance.

"I ain't heard 'bout that," he said in a mellifluous voice. "Ye know I war tucked up in yonder"—he jerked his thumb over his shoulder—"tendin' ter the countin' of the votes, bein' returnin'-officer. Who married?"

"Why, this hyar Walter Hoxon—him ez is candidate fur sher'ff," said the red-haired interlocutor, widening his grin.

Digitized by Google

Beckett elevated his heavy, grizzled eyebrows. A sudden, secret, important look, as if he were colloguing with some one vanquished in argument, crossed his face. He nodded once or twice, but only said acquiescently: "Ah — ha! Ah — ha! Toler'ble enterprisin'. Run fur office an' git married 'lection day."

He smiled broadly. Any innovation on the stereotyped methods appealed to him with the grace and relish of a new meter to a neophytic rhymester.

"Wat 's a nice boy, a mighty good boy, too," he went on, with his oily voice quite soft. "Run mighty well in this 'lection, too. He 's a mighty smart, good boy."

He nodded his big head approvingly. "I don't wonder he cut the t'other feller out. Mighty fine feller Wat is."

"Waal, now," said the register, suddenly putting his pen behind his ear, and leaving the party of the first part and the party of the second part to their own devices, "I 'm blest if I don't think Justus is worth a hundred of Wat, lock, stock, an' barrel."

Once more the grizzled eyebrows went up toward the iron-gray thatch of the coroner's forehead. "*Justus!* I 'm free ter say I dunno nobody ekal ter Justus. I hev knowed Justus sence he war knee-high ter a pa'tridge — the way he did keer fur them chil'n, an' brung 'em up ter be ekal ter anybody in the lan'! An' smart — *smart* ain't the word fur him! Ef he hed eddication he could do anything; but he hed ter stan' back an' let the t'other chil'n git it. Whar would Wat be ef 't war n't fur Justus?"

"That 's what makes me say 't was a mighty mean trick he played on Justus," the register broke in.

"Who? How?" demanded the coroner.

"Why, Justus was the t'other feller. Wat an' the girl never let *him* have an inklin' of it. They jes fooled him along, believin' she was goin' ter marry *him*. An' las' night when it was reported all over town that Wat was 'lected, an' Justus took time from 'lectioneerin' fur his brother ter breathe, they tolled him out ter look at the comet, an' slipped off an' married."

The man of sentiment, with the election in his hand, sat looking loweringly about him. His satisfaction was wilted; his fat hung flabbily on his big bones; his small eyes were hard and cold.

"Waal," he said, rising at last, "these extry an' occasional opportunities like comets an' castin' votes oughter be took full advantage of — full advantage of; no doubt about that."

And thus it was that the casting vote tipped the scale in favor of the incumbent.

"He 's ez hard-headed, an' *ty*rannical, an' *per*verse, an' cantankerous a critter ez ever lived, with no feelin's, nor softness, nor perliteness in him — but he 's a square man. He 'll do the *fair* thing — every time," he said in explanation.

And so he braced himself for another term of official wrangling.

Poor Theodosia! She never forgot that return home, through all the dust of the drought and the glare of the midsummer sun. Even to herself her nature seemed too small for the magnitude of the various anguish which she was called upon to endure. The sharp alternations of certainty and doubt which she had undergone seemed slight, seemed naught, in comparison with the desolate finality of despair, the fang of hopeless regret, and the dread of the veiled future with which she had made no covenant of expectation or preparation, that preyed upon every plodding step as she went. Her anxiety as to the wisdom of her course was not assuaged by the aghast dismay of her mother's face, when she reached the little house overlooking the encircling mountains, — as still, as meditative, as majestically unmoved, as if no more troublous world existed, — and unfolded the story of her visit to Colbury. She felt for the first time in her life how Justus Hoxon's friend merited his confidence. Her mother had no reproaches, no sarcasms, no outbursts of grief. She addressed herself to the support and the comforting of her daughter, but with so evident a hopelessness and an expectation of bitter things to come that the girl burst out sobbing afresh.

"D'ye think Wat air so wuthless ez all that!"

The discipline of life began for her here. As the price of his political defeat, Walter had scant relish for the triumph he had scored in love. It had lost its savor. He was surly, taciturn, or else loud with reproaches and criminations, which grew more vehement and contumelious if she answered, seeking to exculpate or justify herself; and if she were silent, her submission seemed to exasperate him and to develop a crafty ingenuity in finding fault. He brooded grimly on his brother's probable exultation when he should return and hear the news of the casting vote. To fortify himself for the encounter he spent much time at the still, and his drunken, reasonless wrath was even more formidable to the object of his displeasure than his sober, surly resentment against her as the cause of all his disaster. But Justus did not come. Walter began to doubt if the news of the untoward result of the election, in which he had spent all his energies, had reached him. He also began to desire, contradictorily enough, that his brother should know it. For although Justus must needs recognize it as a mortal blow to his dearest foe, it had the capacity of doing

Digitized by Google

much execution in its recoil. Justus had had the election so greatly at heart, he had struggled, and planned, and managed with such preternatural activity and tact and energy from the first, it would smite him hard to know that it was all in vain. And then his vicarious ambitions, his pride, his pleasure, in the elevation of "Fambly"! Walter cast about futilely for an assurance that he might have the satisfaction of reducing all this. He knew that Justus, in his mistaken certainty of the result of the election, would not ask for information, and that he could not read the newspapers. A letter — even if there were any remote presumption as to his address — would lie indefinitely in the mail, and finally serve only to entertain the officials at the Dead Letter Office.

Walter realized after a time that he intended to return no more — the woman he loved was his brother's wife. Justus had probably put the breadth of the State between them, Walter sneeringly concluded.

He made haste to quarrel with his wife's mother, in his perverse relish of aught that might give Theodosia pain, and they quitted her home and took up their residence in the house in which Theodosia had once expected to live, the scene of the early struggles of "Fambly."

Theodosia's beauty could hardly be said to fade; it disappeared in the overblowing. She grew very fat and unwieldy as the years wore on; her face broadened, her florid complexion degenerated into a mottled red and purple. She was no prettier than her mother had been when she ridiculed her lover's eulogy of her mother's spiritual beauty. She had a hard life with her drunken, idle, slothful husband, who habitually imputed to her agency every evil that had ever befallen him, holding it to excuse him from all exertion to better their very poor estate, and whose affection had been easily kindled by her beauty and as easily extinguished.

JUSTUS, self-exiled from the mountains, tramped the valley roads, hardly caring whither, and drifted finally to the outskirts of one of the large manufacturing towns of Tennessee. He worked for some seasons doggedly, drudgingly, on a farm near by, but found a sort of entertainment in the sights and sounds within the city limits, as having no association with the past which his memory dreaded. He prospered in some sort, for although he was ignorant of all methods of skilled labor, fidelity is an art with so few proficients that friends and opportunities were not lacking. His progress was somewhat hampered, despite his evident intelligence, by a doubt which prevailed concerning his mental balance. He was often observed to stand and gaze smilingly, fondly, after any group of ragged, dirty children; he, although of the poorest, was profuse in gratuities to any callow beggar who did not know enough of the world's ways to expect nothing of such as he, as did the older ones. He could not read, but he bought newspapers from the smallest of the guild of newsboys, and meditatively turned the sheets in his hand, and then softly and slowly tore them to bits. And these things created a doubt of his sanity, for who could know how "Fambly" looked at him from the pinched face of every poor, and cold, and hungry child?

At last, despite this unsuspected drawback, a congenial occupation came to him. He was night watchman at a great furniture factory. It was his duty to replenish the fire of the furnace for drying and seasoning the wood, and then he was free to pace, all solitary, back and forth in the yard amidst the great piles of lumber, and to watch the stars as the infallible seasons brought them into place; and he began to remember their names, and to trace the strange configuration of the constellations, and to con again the stories woven into their shining meshes which he heard the night that the great comet blazed among them.

And this is his never failing interest — dark summer nights, when the Galaxy opens a broad avenue of constellated light across the heavens, seeming a veritable road, as if it might be the way to God's throne, beaten hard and bright by the feet of saints and martyrs; or when the moon is full, and autumnal glamours reign, and only the faint sidereal outlines prevail; or when winter winds are high, and the snow lies on slanting roofs, and spires gleam with icicles, and Orion draws his scintillating blade; or when, all bedight in scarlet, "Arcturus and his sons" are guided into the vernal sky.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

Digitized by Google



THE BABY'S CHRISTMAS.

I.

ROCKVILLE ought to have been a harmonious community if there ever was one. The same families had been living there for generations, and they had intermarried until everybody was everybody else's cousin. Those who were no kin at all called one another cousin in public — such is the force of example and habit. Little children playing with other children would hear them call one another cousin, and so the habit grew until even the few newcomers who took up their abode in Rockville speedily became cousins.

There were different degrees of prosperity in the village before and during the war, but everybody was comfortably well off, so that there was no necessity for drawing social distinctions. Those who were comparatively poor boasted of good blood, and they made as nice cousins as those who were richer. When the editor of the "Vade Mecum" wished to impress on his subscribers the necessity of settling their accounts, he prefaced his remarks with this statement: "We are a homogeneous people. We are united. What is the interest of one is the interest of all. We must continue to preserve our harmony."

But envy knows no race or clime, and it had taken up its abode among the cousins of Rockville. It was not even rooted out by the disastrous results of the war, which tended to bring each and every cousin down to the same level of hopeless poverty. When, therefore, Colonel Asbury announced in the streets that his wife had concluded to take boarders, and caused to be inserted in the "Vade Mecum" a notice to the effect that "a few select parties" could find accommodations at The Cedars, there were a good many smothered exclamations of affected surprise among the cousins, with no little secret satisfaction that "Cousin Becky T." had at last been compelled to "get off her high horse" — to employ the vernacular of Rockville.

Such an announcement was certainly the next thing to a crash in the social fabric, and while some of the cousins were secretly pleased, there were others who shook their heads in sorrow, feeling that a deep and lasting humiliation had been visited on the community. For if ever a human being was seized and possessed by pride of family and position, that person was Cousin Becky T. Her pride was reinforced by a will as firm, and an individuality as strong, as ever woman had; and these characteristics were so marked that she was never known among her acquaintances as Mrs. Asbury, but always as Rebecca Tumlin or "Cousin Rebecca T." The colonel himself invariably referred to her, even in his most hilarious moments, as Rebecca Tumlin. Times were hard indeed when this gentlewoman could be induced to throw open to boarders the fine old mansion, with its massive white pillars standing out against a background of red brick.

The colonel had three plantations — one near Rockville, one in the low country, and one in the Cherokee region; but in 1868 these possessions were a burden to him to the extent of the taxes he was compelled to pay. There was no market for agricultural lands. The value they might have had was swallowed up in the poverty and depression that enveloped everything in the region where war had dropped its litter of furies. Colonel Asbury might have practised law: he did practise it, in fact; but it was like building a windmill over a dry well.

Cousin Rebecca Tumlin finally solved the problem by announcing that she purposed to take boarders. No one ever knew what it cost her to make that announcement. Envious people suspected the nature of the struggle through which she passed,— the hard and bitter struggle between pride and necessity,— and some of them predicted it would do her good. The

Digitized by Google

colonel, who was proud after his own fashion, and also sympathetic, was shocked at first and then grieved. But he made no remark. Comment was unnecessary. He walked back and forth on the colonnade, and measured many a mile before his agitation was allayed. More than once he went down the long graveled avenue, and turned and gazed fondly at the perspective that carried the eye to the fine old house. It seemed as if he were bidding farewell to the beauty and glory of it all. But he made no complaint. When he grew tired of walking, he went in with the intention of taking down some family pictures that adorned the walls of the wide hall. But his wife had forestalled him. The house, by a few deft changes, had been made as cheerless as the most fastidious boarder could wish.

And so the word went round that Cousin Rebecca Tumlin would be pleased to take boarders. The response was all that she could have desired. The young men — the bachelor storekeepers and their clerks — deserted the rickety old tavern and the smaller boarding-houses, and took up their abode at The Cedars, and soon the house was gay with a company that was profitable if not pleasant.

The advent of boarders — some of them transient traveling-men — opened a new world for Mary Asbury, Cousin Rebecca Tumlin's daughter, and she made the most of it. She followed the example of her father, the colonel, and made herself agreeable to the young men. She made herself especially agreeable to Laban Pierson, the young conductor of the daily train on the little branch railroad that connected Rockville with the outside world. Cousin Rebecca T. held herself severely aloof from her boarders, but her attitude was so serene and graceful, so evidently the natural and correct thing, that it caused no ill-natured comment. Mary was sixteen, and when she sat at the head of the table, her mother was not missed. The young girl's manners were a rare combination of sweetness, grace, and dignity. She was affable, she was thoughtful, and she had a fair share of her father's humor. Above all, she was beautiful. Naturally, therefore, while her mother nursed her pride, and counted the money, Mary beamed on the boarders, and her father drew upon his vast fund of anecdote for their instruction and amusement.

Laban Pierson was not a very brilliant young man, but he was fairly good-looking, and he knew how to make himself agreeable. His train arrived at Rockville at half-past two in the afternoon, and left at five o'clock in the morning, so that he had plenty of time to make himself agreeable to Miss Mary Asbury, and he did so with only a vague notion of what he was about. Mary made herself agreeable to Laban simply because it was her nature to be pleasant to everybody. As for any other reason — why, the idea of such a thing! If young Pierson had told himself that he was courting Mary Asbury, he would have blushed with alarm. Perhaps he would have left The Cedars and gone to the old tavern again. Who knows? Young men will do very desperate things at certain stages of their checkered careers.

It was the old story with its own particular variations. Mary loved Laban, and was too shy to know what she was about. Laban loved Mary, and never discovered it until the disease had become epidemic in his system, and spread over his heart and mind in every direction. Neither one of them discovered it. It was a beautiful dream, too good to be true, too sweet to last. Finally the discovery was made by old Aunt Mimy, the cook, who had never seen Mary and Laban together. The affair, if it can be called by so imposing a name, had been going on a year or more, and Mary was past seventeen, when one afternoon the train failed to arrive on time. The afternoon wore into evening, and still the train did not come. Mary had the habit of sitting in the kitchen with Aunt Mimy when anything troubled her, and on this particular afternoon, after waiting an hour for the train, she went to her old seat near the window. Aunt Mimy was beating biscuit. Mary looked out of the window toward the depot.

"Train ain't come yit, is she, honey?" asked Aunt Mimy.

"No, not yet," replied Mary. "What can be the matter?"

"Run off de trussle, I speck," said Aunt Mimy.

"O mammy!" cried Mary, starting to her feet; "do you really think so? What have you heard?"

The girl stood with one hand against her bosom, her face pale, and her nether lip trembling. Aunt Mimy regarded her with astonishment, and then the shrewd old negress jumped to a conclusion. She paused with her arm uplifted.

"Is yo' ma on dat train? Is yo' pa on dat train? What de name er de Lord you got ter do wid dat train?"

She brought the beater down on the pliant dough with a resounding thwack. Mary hid her face in her hands. After a little she went out, leaving Aunt Mimy mumbling and talking to herself.

The cook lost no time in relating this incident to Cousin Rebecca T., and that lady lost just as little in making plain to her daughter the folly and futility of interesting herself in such a person as the young conductor. Cousin Rebecca T. gave Mary a brief but picturesque

Digitized by Google

biography of Laban Pierson. His family belonged to the poor white trash before the war, and he was no better. Muddy well, muddy water. He had been a train-hand, a brakeman, baggage-master, and what not. The colonel was called in to verify these biographical details.

Mary's reply to it all was characteristic. She listened and smiled, and tossed her head.

"What do *I* care about Laban Pierson? What have *I* to do with his affairs? Ought I to have jumped for joy when mammy told me the train had dropped through the trestle?"

The colonel accepted this logic without question, but Cousin Rebecca T. saw through it. She was a woman, and had a natural contempt for logic, especially a woman's logic. She simply realized that she had made a mistake. She had gone about the matter in the wrong way. As for Mary, she had found out her own secret. She hardened her heart against Aunt Mimy, and when the old negress sought an explanation, it was readily forthcoming.

"You got me into trouble," said Mary; "you won't get me into any more if I can help it." Aunt Mimy grieved over the situation to such an extent that she made herself disagreeable to everybody, especially to Cousin Rebecca T. She broke dishes, she burned the waffles, she flung the dish-water into the yard, and for a day or two she whipped the little negroes every time she got her hands on them.

Cousin Rebecca T. did not let the matter drop, as she might have done. The colonel used to tell his intimate friends that his wife had a fearful amount of misdirected energy, and the results that it wrought in this particular instance justified the colonel's description. Cousin Rebecca T. went straight to young Laban Pierson, and gave him to understand, without circumlocution or mincing of words, what she thought of any possible notion he had or might have of uniting his fortunes with those of her daughter. As might have been expected, Laban was thunderstruck. He blushed violently, turned pale, stammered, and, in short, acted just as any other young fellow would act when confronted with his own secret thoughts and desires, hardly acknowledged even to himself. To Cousin Rebecca T. all this was in the nature of a confession of guilt, and she congratulated herself on the promptness with which she had put an end to the whole miserable business. As a matter of fact, she did what many another hasty-tempered woman has done before her: she kindled into flame a spark that might have expired if let alone.

Young Mr. Pierson promptly took himself away from The Cedars, and it was not until after he was gone that the other guests discovered what an interesting companion he was at table and on the wide veranda. They began to talk about him and to discuss his good qualities. He was a clean, manly, bright, industrious, genial, generous young fellow. This was the verdict. The colonel, missing the cigars that Laban was in the habit of bringing him, and resenting the situation (inflamed, perhaps, by a little too much toddy), went further, and said that in the whole course of his career, sir, he had never seen a finer young man, sir. So that in spite of the fact that Laban sat at the table no longer, he was more in evidence than ever.

Affairs went on without a break or a ripple. Occasionally, Mary would walk in the direction of the depot in the afternoon, and whenever she saw Laban she made it a point to bow to him, and this salutation he always returned with marked emphasis. But Mary was not happy. She no longer went singing through the house. She was cheerful, but not in the old fashion. No one noticed the change but old Aunt Mimy, and perhaps she would have been blind to it if her conscience had not hurt her. The old negress's conscience was not specially active or sensitive, but her affections were set on Mary, and for many long weeks the girl had hardly deigned to speak to her. Conscience lives next door to the affections. Aunt Mimy rebelled against hers for a long time, but at last it roused her to action.

One afternoon, when dinner had been cleared away, she filled her pipe, adjusted her head-kerchief, and sallied out in the direction of the depot. The wheezy old locomotive was engaged in shifting the cars about, and Conductor Pierson was assisting the brakeman. Aunt Mimy seated herself on the depot platform, smoked her pipe, and patiently waited till the shunting was over. Then she placed herself in Pierson's way. He seemed to be preoccupied, but the old negress did not stand on ceremony.

"Look like our victuals wa'n't good 'nough fer you," she said bluntly.

"Why, this is Aunt Mimy!" He shook hands with her, and asked about her health, and this pleased her very much. He asked about the family, and especially about Miss Mary. When it came to this, Aunt Mimy took her pipe out of her mouth, drew a long breath, and shook her head. She could have given points on the art of pantomime to any strolling company of players. The whole history of the sad case of Mary Asbury was in the lift of her eyebrows, the motions of her head, and in her sorrowful sigh; and Conductor Pierson seemed to be able to read a part of it, for he asked Aunt Mimy into the passenger-coach, and there the two sat and talked until it was time for Aunt Mimy to go home and see about supper.

That night, as Aunt Mimy sat on the kitchen

Digitized by Google

steps smoking her pipe and resting herself, preparatory to going to bed, she saw Mary sitting at her room window looking out into the moonlight. It was not a very beautiful scene that fell under the young girl's eye. There was nothing romantic or picturesque in the view of the back yard, with the kitchen and the comical figure of the fat old cook in the foreground; but when a young girl is in love, it is wonderful what a mellowing influence the moonlight has on the most forbidding scene. It pushes the shadows into strange places, and softens and subdues all that is angular and ugly. Take the moon out of our scheme, and a good deal of our poetry and romance would vanish with it, and even true love would take on a prosiness that it does not now possess.

Aunt Mimy looked at Mary, and felt sorry for her. Mary looked at Aunt Mimy, and felt that she would be glad to be able to despise the old negress if she could. Aunt Mimy spoke to her presently in a subdued, insinuating tone.

"Is dat you, honey?"

"Yes."

"Better fling on yo' cape —"

"I 'm not cold."

"An' come down here an' talk wid me."

"I don't feel like talking."

"Been long time sence you felt like talkin' wid me. Well, dem dat don't talk don't never hear tell."

She pulled from somewhere under her apron something white and oblong, dropped it on the ground purposely, picked it up, and put it back under her apron. Then she said:

"Good night, honey! I ain't tellin' you good night des fer myse'f."

Aunt Mimy's tone was charged with information. Mary vanished from the window, and came tripping out to the kitchen. Then followed a whispered conversation between the old negress and the young lady. At something or other that Aunt Mimy said — some quaint comment, or maybe a happy piece of intelligence — Mary laughed loudly. The sound of it reached the ears of Cousin Rebecca T., who was playing whist. The colonel was dealing. She slipped away from the table, peeped through the blinds of the dining-room, and was just in time to see Aunt Mimy hand Mary something that had the appearance of a letter. She returned to the whist-table, revoked on the first round, and trumped her partner's trick on the second. Such a thing had never been heard of before. Her partner shook his head, and buried his face in his cards. Her husband regarded her with amazement. She made no excuse or explanation, but in the next two hands more than made up in brilliant play for the advantage she had lost.

Meanwhile Mary was reading the letter that Laban Pierson had sent her. It was a frank, manly declaration of his love expressed in plain and simple language. He had written, he said, on the impulse of the moment, but he did not propose to engage in a clandestine correspondence. He did not invite or expect a reply, but would always — ah, well, the formula was the same old one that we are all familiar with.

Mary placed the letter where she could feel her heart beat against it, and went to bed happy, and was soon dreaming about Laban Pierson. Cousin Rebecca T. played whist fiercely and won continuously. After the game was over, she went up-stairs, stirred a stiff toddy for the colonel, and put him to bed. Then she went into her daughter's room, shading the lamp with her hand so that the light would not arouse Innocence from its happy dreams. She moved as noiselessly as *Lady Macbeth* moves in the play, though not with the same intent. She searched everywhere for the letter, and at last found it where a more feminine woman would have hunted for it at first. One corner of this human document was peeping modestly forth from the virgin bosom of Innocence. Deftly, gently, even lovingly, Cousin Rebecca T. lifted the letter from its warm and shy covert.

It was a very simple thing to do, but there were hours and days and years when Cousin Rebecca T. would have given all her possessions to have left the letter nestling in her daughter's bosom; for, in lifting it out, Innocence was aroused from its sleep and caught Experience in the very act of making a fool of itself. Mary opened her wondering eyes, and found her mother with Laban's letter in her hand. The young lady sat bolt upright in bed. Cousin Rebecca T. was inwardly startled, but outwardly she was as calm as the moonlight that threw its slanting shadows eastward.

"I don't wonder that you blush," she cried, holding up the letter.

"Do you think I am blushing for myself?" asked Mary.

"If you know what shame is, you ought to feel it now," exclaimed her mother.

"I do — I do," said Mary, with rising indignation. "After to-night I shall always be ashamed of myself and of my family."

Cousin Rebecca T., stung by the tone and by this first sign of rebellion, turned upon her daughter; but her anger quickly died away, for she saw in her daughter's eyes her own courage and her own unconquerable will.

The scene did not end there, but the rest of it need not be described here. Innocence has as long a tongue as Experience when it feels itself wronged, and the result of this family quarrel was that Innocence went farther than Experience would have dared to go. When Laban

Digitized by Google

Pierson's train went puffing out of Rockville at five o'clock the next morning, it carried among its few passengers Miss Mary Asbury and old Aunt Mimy. The colonel and Cousin Rebecca T. lost a daughter, and their boarders had to wait a long time for their breakfast or go without.

The next number of the "Vade Mecum" had a beautifully written account of the marriage of Mary Asbury to Laban Pierson, under the double heading

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

A LOCAL ROMANCE WITH A HAPPY ENDING.

Cousin Rebecca T. turned up her nose at the newspaper account, but the colonel cut it out and hid it away in his large morocco pocket-book. That night, after he had taken his toddy and was sound asleep, Cousin Rebecca T. took the clipping from its hiding-place, and read it over carefully. Then she put out the light, and sat by the window and cried until far into the night. But she cried so softly that a little bird, sitting on its nest in the honeysuckle vine not two feet away from the lady's grief, did not take its head from under its wing.

II.

THIS was at the beginning of 1870, and about this time Colonel Asbury's fortunes took a decided turn for the better. During the war, in a spirit of speculative recklessness, he had invested $30,000 in Confederate money in 10,000 acres of land in Texas. He thought so little of the investment then, and afterward, that he did not take the trouble to pay the taxes. But the purchase of the land was a fortunate stroke for the colonel. In 1870 land-values in Texas were not what they were in Georgia. That vast southwestern empire (as the phrase goes) was just beginning to attract the attention of Northern and foreign capital. Railway promoters, British land syndicates, and native boomers, were combining to develop the material resources of the wonderful State.

In the early part of 1870, a powerful combination of railway promoters determined to build a line straight through the colonel's Texan possessions. His land there increased in value to $30, and then to $40, an acre, at which figure the colonel was induced to part with his titles. Cousin Rebecca Tumlin thus found herself to be the wife of a very rich man, and her pride at last found something substantial to cling to. The Cedars ceased to be a boarding-house. The old family pictures were brought down from the garret, dusted, and hung in their accustomed places. Great improvements were made in the place, and Cousin Rebecca and the colonel sat down to enjoy life as they thought it ought to be enjoyed.

But something was lacking. Life did not run as pleasantly as before. The dollar that brings content is at such a high premium among the nations of the earth that it can never be made the standard of value. That dollar was not among the $400,000 the colonel received for his Texan lands. The old style did not fit the new times. The colonel's old friends did not fall away from him, but they were less friendly and more obsequious. His daughter did not come forward to ask his forgiveness and his blessing. Something was wrong somewhere. The colonel and Cousin Rebecca Tumlin fretted a good deal, and finally concluded to move to Atlanta. So they closed their house in Rockville, and built a mansion in Peachtree street in the city whose name has come to be identified with all that is progressive in the South.

The building is on the left as you go out Peachtree. You can't mistake it. It is a queer mixture of summer cottage and feudal castle, with a great deal of fussy detail that bewilders the eye, and a serene stretch of roof broken by a delirious display of scrollwork. It is Rebecca Tumlin all over: pride — pride nailed to the grim walls, and vexation of spirit worked into the ornamentation. Yet it is a house that easily catches the eye. It is on a little elevation, and it has about it a certain suggestion of individuality. On the dome of the middle gable a smart and business-like dragon upholds the weather-vane with his curled and gilded tail.

The colonel prospered steadily. He was regarded as one of the most successful business men and financiers the South had ever produced. It is no wonder the Bible parable gives money the name of "talent." It *is* a talent. Give it half a chance, and it is the most active talent that man possesses. It is always in a state of fermentation; it grows; it accumulates. At any rate, the colonel thought so. His capital carried him into the inner circles of investment and speculation, and he found himself growing richer and richer, only vaguely realizing how the result was brought about.

The receptions at the Asbury mansion were conceded to be the most fashionable that Atlanta had ever seen; for along in the seventies Atlanta was merely experimenting with the social instinct. The "smart set" had no kind of organization. Society was engaged in disentangling itself from the furious business energy that has made Atlanta the best-known city in the South. It was at this juncture that Cousin Rebecca T., with her money, her taste, and her ambition to lead, appeared on the scene. She had all the requisites of a leader. Pride is a quickening quality, and it had made of Cousin Rebecca T. a most accomplished woman. There was something attractive and refreshing about her strong individuality. There

Digitized by Google

was a simplicity about her methods that commended her to the social experimenters, who stood in great awe of forms and conventions.

Naturally, therefore, the Asbury mansion was the social center. The younger set gathered there to be gay, and the married people went there to meet their friends. But many and many a night after the lights were out in the parlors, and the gas was turned low in the hall, Cousin Rebecca T. and the colonel sat and thought about their daughter Mary, each refraining from mentioning her name to the other — the colonel because he was afraid of irritating his wife, and Cousin Rebecca T. because she was afraid of exhibiting any weakness before her husband. Each, unknown to the other, had set on foot inquiries in regard to the whereabouts of Mary, and the fact that the inquiries elicited no response and no information gave the two old people a more valid excuse for misery than they had ever known.

The trouble was that their inquiries had begun too late. For a few months after her marriage the colonel had kept himself informed about his daughter. He expected her to write to him. He had a vague and unformed notion that in due season Mary would return and ask her mother's forgiveness, and then, if Cousin Rebecca T. showed any hardness of heart, he proposed to put his foot down, and show her that he was not a cipher in the family. The mother, for her part, fully expected that some day when she was going about the house, neither doing nor thinking of anything in particular, her daughter would rush suddenly in upon her and tell her between laughter and tears that there was no happiness away from home. Cousin Rebecca T. had her part all prepared. She would frown at first, and then throw her arms around Mary, and tell her what a naughty girl she had been.

But all this mental preparation was in vain. Weeks, months, and years passed by, but Mary never came. When the colonel and Cousin Rebecca T. woke up to their new prosperity, they were very busily engaged for some time in fitting themselves to it. It was during this period that Mary and her husband disappeared. The colonel heard in a vague way that Laban Pierson had moved to Atlanta, and that from Atlanta he had gone out West. All the rest was mystery.

But it was no mystery to Laban and Mary. For a little while their affairs went along comfortably. Laban became the conductor of a passenger-train on the main line of the Central of Georgia. Then he moved to Atlanta. Afterward he accepted a position on the Louisville and Nashville Railway, and there had the misfortune to lose a leg in a collision. This was the beginning of troubles that seemed to pursue Laban and Mary. Poverty laid its grim hand upon them at every turn. Mary did the best she could. She was indeed a helpmate and a comforter; she was brave and hopeful; yet she would have given up in despair but for old Aunt Mimy, who worked and slaved that her young mistress might be spared the bitterest pangs of poverty. Her faithfulness was without boundary or limit. Day and night she toiled, cooking, washing, and taking care of the toddling baby that had come to share the troubles of Laban and Mary. As soon as Laban could get about on his crutches, he tried to find work; but his efforts were fruitless. The time came when he was ready to give up in despair.

Finally the little family drifted back to Atlanta. Here Laban found employment in a small way as a solicitor of life insurance. He was doing so well in this business that a rival company sought his services, offering to pay a fixed salary instead of commissions. But no sooner had he given notice to his employers that he intended to accept the new position than a complication arose in his accounts. How it happened Laban never knew; he was as innocent as a lamb. The company was a new one, trying to establish a business in the Atlanta territory, and out of the funds he collected he used money to pay expenses incurred in the company's behalf. His vouchers showed it all; he had been careful to put down everything, even to the cost of a postal card. He turned over these vouchers and accounts to his employers. But when it was found that he had entered the service of a rival company, the charge of embezzlement was made against him. He found it impossible to give bonds, and was compelled to go to jail. A young lawyer took his case, and was sure he could clear him when the case came to trial. But meanwhile Laban was in jail, and to Mary this was the end of all things; for a time she was utterly prostrated. She refused to eat or sleep, but sat holding her child to her bosom, and crying over it. This went on for so long a time that Aunt Mimy thought it best to interfere. So she took the two-year-old child from its mother, and made some characteristic observations.

"You ain't gwine ter git Marse Laban out'n jail by settin' dar cryin', honey. Better git mad an' stir roun', an' hurt somebody's feelin's. Make you feel lots better, 'ca'se I done tried it."

"O mammy! mammy!" moaned Mary.

"Day atter ter-morrer 'll be Chris'mus," Aunt Mimy continued, "an' Marse Laban got ter be here ter dinner. Dey ain't no two ways 'bout dat."

"Oh, what a Christmas!" cried Mary.

"Yes 'm; an' de cake done baked. Don't you fret, honey! De Lord ain't fer f'om whar

Digitized by Google

folks is in trouble. I done notice dat. He may n't be right dar in de nex' room, an' maybe he ain't right roun' de corner, but he ain't so mighty fer off. Now, I tell you dat."

Whereupon Aunt Mimy, carrying the child, went out of the house into the street, and was so disturbed in mind that she walked on and on with no thought of the distance. After a while she found herself on Peachtree street, where the baby's attention was attracted by the jingling bells of the street-car horses. In front of one of the large mansions a fine carriage was standing. On the veranda a lady stood drawing on her gloves and giving some parting orders to a servant in the hall. Aunt Mimy knew at once that the lady was her old mistress. But she turned to the negro coachman, who sat on the box stiff and stolid in all the grandeur of a long coat and brass buttons.

"Who live' here?" she asked.

"Cun-nol Asbe'y," the coachman replied.

"Ain't dat Becky Tumlin yonder?" inquired Aunt Mimy, with some asperity.

"No, ma'am; dat is Missus Cun-nol Asbe'y."

"Well, de Lord he'p my soul!" exclaimed Aunt Mimy.

Then she turned and went back home as fast as she could, talking to herself and the child. Once she looked back, but Cousin Rebecca T. was sitting grandly in the carriage, and the carriage was going rapidly toward the business portion of the city. Cousin Rebecca T. bowed right and left to her acquaintances and smiled pleasantly as the carriage rolled along. She bowed and smiled, but she was thinking about her daughter.

Aunt Mimy hurried home as fast as she could go. She had intended at first to tell Mary of her discovery, but she thought better of it. She had another plan.

"You see me gwine 'long here?" she said, as much to herself as to the baby. "Well, ef I don't fix dat ar white 'oman you kin put me in de calaboose." She stood at the gate of the house Laban had rented, and compared its appearance with the magnificence of the mansion she had just left. The contrast was so startling that all the comment she could make was, "De Lord he'p my soul!" She took the child in, got its playthings, and then went about her business more briskly than she had gone in many a day. If Mary had not been so deeply engaged in contemplating her troubles, she would have discovered at once that something unusual had occurred. Aunt Mimy was agitated. Her mind was not in her work. She drew a bucket of water from the well when she intended to get wood for the little stove. Occasionally she would pause in her work and stand lost in thought. At last Mary remarked her agitation.

"What is the matter, mammy?" she asked. "Something has happened."

"Ah, Lord, honey! 'T ain't happen' yit, but it 's gwine ter happen."

"Well," said Mary, shaking her head, "let it happen. Nothing can hurt me. The worst has already happened."

Aunt Mimy made no audible comment, but went about mumbling and talking to herself. Mary sat rocking and moaning, and the little child made the most of the situation by toddling from room to room, getting into all sorts of mischief without let or hindrance. After a while Aunt Mimy asked:

"Honey, don't you know whar yo' pa an' ma is?"

"Yes," said Mary, languidly; "they live in Atlanta."

"Right here in dis town?"

"Yes."

"Whar'bouts?"

"Oh, don't worry me, mammy! I don't know. They care nothing for me. See how they have treated Laban!"

"Why n't you hunt 'em up, an' tell 'em what kinder fix you in? I boun' dey 'd he'p you out." Mary gazed at Aunt Mimy with open-eyed wonder. "Write a letter ter yo' ma. Here 's what 'll take it. *I* 'll fin' out whar she live at."

Mary rose from her chair and took a step toward Aunt Mimy, not in anger, but by way of emphasis.

"Mammy," she cried, "don't speak of such a thing!"

"Humph!" Aunt Mimy grunted; "ef you ain't de ve'y spit an' image er Becky Tumlin, I 'm a saddle-hoss. Proud! consated! Dat ain't no name fer it. De nigger man what I got now ain't much, but ef he wuz in jail I 'd be trottin' roun' right now tryin' ter git 'im out."

The next morning Aunt Mimy was up betimes. She cooked breakfast, and after that meal was over (it need not have been prepared so far as Mary was concerned), she dressed the baby in some of its commonest clothes, and put on its feet a pair of shoes that were worn at the toes. This done, she took the lively youngster in her arms and started out.

"Where are you going?" Mary asked.

"Baby gwine ter walk," Aunt Mimy answered.

"Not in those clothes!" Mary protested.

"Now, honey," exclaimed Aunt Mimy, "does you speck I ain't got no better sense dan ter rig dis baby out, an' his pa down yonder in de dungeons?"

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried Mary, forgetting everything else but her own misery and her husband's disgrace.

"Stay right here, honey, tell I come back.

Digitized by Google

I won't be gone so mighty long. Den you kin take dis precious baby down ter see his pa."

The day was clear and bright, and although it was Christmas, the soft breezes and the invigorating sunshine had the flavor and quality of spring. Aunt Mimy paid no attention to the auspicious weather, but made her way straight to the Asbury mansion on Peachtree street. On her face there was a frown, and her "head-han'k'cher," which usually sat straight back from her forehead, had an upward tilt that gave her a warlike appearance.

She went up the tiled walk and rang the door-bell. A quadroon girl came to the door; the girl's voice was soft, and her manners gentle, but Aunt Mimy had a strong prejudice against mulattos, and it came to the surface now.

"Is yo' mist'ess in?" she asked harshly.

"Mis' Asbury is in," said the girl, softly.

"Ax her kin I see her."

The girl slipped away from the door, leaving it ajar. The glimpse of the magnificence within angered Aunt Mimy. Presently the girl returned.

"Has you got any message?" she asked.

"No, I ain't. Tell her dat a' ole nigger 'oman f'om de country want ter see her."

Cousin Rebecca T. was listening at the farther end of the hall, and thought she recognized the voice. The girl turned away with a smile to deliver the message, but her mistress was standing near. With a wave of her hand, Cousin Rebecca T. dismissed the servant, saw her safely out of hearing, and then opened wide the door.

"Come in, Mimy," she said in a voice as serene as a summer morning; "come into my room. I have n't seen you in a coon's age." She dropped easily into the vernacular of Rockville and the region round about. She took Aunt Mimy somewhat off her guard, but this only served to increase the old negress's agitation. Cousin Rebecca T. led the way to her back parlor.

"Come in," she said kindly. "How have you been since I saw you last?" She shut the door and caught the thumb-bolt. "Sit in that chair. Now, what have you to tell me?"

Aunt Mimy saw that the thin white hand of her old mistress trembled as she raised it to her hair.

"Wellum," the old negress replied, "I des tuck er notion I 'd drap by an' say 'Chris'mus Gif'.' You know how we use' ter do down dar at home. I ain't seed you so long, it 's des de same ez sayin' howdy?"

Cousin Rebecca T. looked hard at the old darky, and drew a long breath.

"Do you mean to say you have nothing to tell me — nothing? What do you want?" She would have laid her hand on Aunt Mimy's shoulder, but the negress shrunk away, exclaiming:

"God knows dey ain't nothin' here I want! *No, ma'am!*"

Cousin Rebecca T. took a step toward her old servant.

"Where is Mary?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"She 's down yonder — down dar at de house." Aunt Mimy put the child down, faced Cousin Rebecca T., whose agitation was now extreme, and raised her strong right arm in the air. "I t'ank my God I ain't got no chillun! I t'ank 'im day an' night. Ef I 'd 'a' had 'em, maybe I 'd 'a' done 'em like you done yone."

"You are impudent," said Cousin Rebecca T. The little child had gone to her, and her hand rested on its curly head.

"Wellum," Aunt Mimy rejoined, "ef you want ter call de trufe by some yuther name, let it go at dat."

"Whose child is this?"

"Heh!" the old negress grunted. "He look like he know who he kim ter."

Cousin Rebecca T. took the child in her arms and carried it into her bedroom, closing the door behind her. Aunt Mimy went to the door on tiptoe, and listened silently for a moment. Then she nodded her head vigorously, ejaculating at intervals—"Aha-a-a!" "What I tell you?" "Ah-yi!"

Cousin Rebecca T. placed the child on the floor and knelt beside it.

"Darling, what is your name?"

"Azzerbewy Tummerlin Pierson," replied the child, solemnly.

"Oh, will the Lord ever forgive me?" cried Cousin Rebecca T., falling prone on the floor in her grief and humiliation.

"Yonner mudder!" said the child.

"Where?" exclaimed Cousin Rebecca T., starting up.

"Yonner." The youngster pointed to a picture of his mother hanging on the wall, an enlarged copy of a photograph taken before she was married. Seeing that the lady was crying, the child went to her, laid its soft face against hers, and gently patted her with one of its pretty hands.

"Mudder c'y—all, *all*'e time," said the child, by way of consolation.

"Oh, precious baby!" exclaimed Cousin Rebecca T., "she shall never cry any more if I can help it."

"Ah-yi!" responded Aunt Mimy on the other side.

At this juncture the colonel walked into the back parlor. "Well, my dear," he said, "what is the program to-day? In my opinion — why, this is Mimy! Mimy," — his voice sank to a whisper, — "where is your young mistress?"

"Ah, Lord! you been waitin' a mighty long time 'fo' you ax anybody dat quesht'on!"

Digitized by Google

"Mimy, is she dead?" The ruddy color had fled from his face.

"Go in dar, suh." Aunt Mimy pointed to the door leading into the bedroom.

The colonel found his wife weeping over the little child, and, being a tender-hearted man, he joined her. As Aunt Mimy said afterward, "Dey went on in dar mo' samer dan ef dey 'd 'a' done got erligion sho 'nough, an' de Lord knows dey needed it mighty bad."

The colonel went on at a great rate over the baby. "Look at the little shoes with holes in them!" he cried. "Look at the torn frock!" Then he fairly blubbered.

In the midst of it all, Aunt Mimy opened the door and walked into the room, calm, cool, and indifferent. Ah, how wonderfully she could play the hypocrite!

"Come on, honey," she said. "Mudder waitin' fer you. I tole 'er we wuz comin' right back. Come ter mammy." The baby ran away from its old nurse, and hid its face in its grandmother's bosom, then sought refuge between its grandfather's knees, and was otherwise as cute and as cunning as babies know so well how to be. But Aunt Mimy was persistent.

"Come on, honey; time ter go. Spile you ter stay here. Too much finery fer po' folks."

"Randall," said Cousin Rebecca T., calling her husband by his first name (something she had not done for years), "order the carriage."

"No, ma'am; *no, ma'am!*" Aunt Mimy cried. "You sha'n't be a-sailin' roun' *my* chile in a fine carriage wid a big nigger man settin' up dar grinnin'—*no, ma'am!* I won't go wid you. I won't show you de way. I 'm free, an' I 'll die fust. I ain't gwine ter have no fine carriage sailin' roun' dar, and Marse Laban lyin' down town dar in jail."

"In jail!" cried the colonel. "What has he done?"

"Nothin 't all," said Aunt Mimy. "De folks des put 'im in dar 'ca'se he wuz po'."

"Randall, go and get him out, and bring him here. Take the carriage." In this way Cousin Rebecca settled the trouble about the carriage. Then she went with Aunt Mimy to find her daughter, and the old negress had to walk rapidly to keep up with her. When they came to the door, Aunt Mimy paused and looked at her old mistress, and for the first time felt a little sympathy for her. Cousin Rebecca's hands were trembling, and her lips quivering.

"Des go an' knock at de door," said Aunt Mimy, kindly. "De po' chile 's in dar some'r's. I 'm gwine roun'."

She went round the corner of the house, and there paused to listen. Cousin Rebecca T. knocked, a little timidly at first, and then a little louder. Mary opened the door, and saw standing there a richly dressed lady crying as if her heart would break. For a moment she was appalled by this appearance of grief incarnate on her threshold, and stood with surprise and pity shining from her eyes.

"My precious child!" cried Cousin Rebecca T., "have you forgotten me?"

"Mother!" exclaimed Mary.

Then Aunt Mimy heard the door close. "Come on, honey," she said to the baby; "I 'll turn you loose in dar wid 'em."

Cousin Rebecca T. took her daughter home, and not long afterward the colonel appeared with Laban, and the baby's Christmas was celebrated in grand style. Aunt Mimy was particularly conspicuous, taking charge of affairs in a high-handed way, and laughing and crying whenever she found herself alone.

"Nummine!" she said to herself, seeing Mary and Laban and the old folks laughing and carrying on like little children—"Nummine! You 're all here now, an' dat 's doin' mighty well atter so long a time. I b'lieve dat ar aig-nog done flew'd ter der heads. I know mighty well it 's done flew'd ter mine, 'ca'se how come I wanter cry one minute an' laugh de nex'?"

Joel Chandler Harris.

THE GENTLER SIDE OF TWO GREAT SOUTHERNERS.

THE noble gentleness of character that distinguished some of our Southern generals in the civil war—I think the "our" may rightly be offered in a national sense—will still, I venture to say, be a pleasant theme when the generation that fought that fight has passed quite away. In Nashville a few years ago I heard, in a delightful dinner-table company of Southerners who had "been thoo" the war, this story of the tender forbearance of a great soldier when suddenly surprised by a child's impertinent intrusion.

It was when General Grant was besieging Richmond. Black clouds of disaster hung low over the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy; the very air seemed charged with anxiety, and the scarcest and most marketable thing in the city, in that day of fabulous prices, was official

Digitized by Google

news. One morning President Davis, Secretary Cooper, General Lee, and others of only less rank came down the steps of—if I remember the story aright—the War Office, to the sidewalk. Their horses stood saddled and bridled at the curbstone. Except General Lee, the company was about to visit the fortifications. He in weather-beaten uniform, and General Cooper wearing the particularly bad silk hat to which he was accustomed, were already on the sidewalk; and President Davis, in elegant new gray and drawing on a pair of showy yellow gauntlets that reached to his elbows, was coming down the steps, when, through the group of accidental passers that stopped to look at this bunch of distinguished personages, a messenger pushed forward and delivered to Secretary Cooper a telegram.

It seemed to be of serious import, for when the secretary had read it he handed it to General Lee. General Lee read it, and moving somewhat aside, lifted a beckoning glance to the President. Mr. Davis joined him, and elbow to elbow, in what they evidently intended should be complete privacy, the general was holding the despatch for the President to read, when the former suddenly became aware that an urchin of the strongest *gamin* type had slipped up behind and with uplifted face was reading between their elbows the tidings which they deemed necessary to hold so secret. General Lee—the same General Lee who on another day of that momentous epoch frowned the President and his staff off the battle-field with a single curt question as to what might be *their* business *there*—turned to the little rogue, and in a gentle voice and with a kind gesture of dismissal said:

"My little son, this is not for you; run away."

If the merit of this story is excuse enough for telling it thus at second hand, let me venture one more under the same drawback: especially as without this second I do not know that I should ever have related the first.

On a recent tour of the Pacific coast, it was my privilege to meet in Portland, Oregon, the owner and publisher of "The Evening Telegram" of that city, Mr. George H. Moffett. Any native Southerner and ex-Confederate will appreciate how pleasant it was to learn from him that he was by birth and rearing a Virginian, and had been a soldier on the Southern side from the opening of the civil war to its close. Naturally our talk ran upon that period, and it was by and by my good fortune to open this same familiar subtopic of the gentleness of certain great Southern captains; whereupon he spoke so interestingly of his personal acquaintance with Stonewall Jackson that when he had finished I asked, and he gave me, his leave to write what he had modestly taken such visible pleasure in recounting from his own private experience of the great Puritan Southerner.

"Stonewall Jackson," he said, "openly deplored, as did so many other great leaders of the South, the institution of slavery. Yet he was firmly convinced that its existence was not only guaranteed by the national Constitution, but sanctioned by a divinely inspired scripture. I heard him say as much in the only political speech he ever made. It was at a meeting held in Lexington, Virginia, in the election campaign of 1860, his voice coming unexpectedly from a seat in the rear of the house, where he had risen in support of an aggressive resolution. He was then Major Jackson, a professor, as every one knows, in the Lexington Military Institute. He was a frequent visitor in the house where, as a college student, I boarded, and I had more than once heard him express in private conversation the same convictions which he, on that one occasion only, declared in public.

"My acquaintance with him was only such as a boy of sixteen would have with a man of mature years. Our only point of intimate contact lay in the fact that I taught a class in the now famous colored Sunday-school which he had organized in connection with the Presbyterian church of the town. But I believe this Sunday-school of negro children of which he was superintendent lay closer to his heart than any other object on earth except his home and family. In the war, though much under legal age, I became a private cavalryman. Sometimes I saw General Jackson. In August, 1862, the day before he met and drove back Pope's army in the battle of Cedar Run, I was riding down the road leading north from Orange Court-House, on my way from brigade headquarters to join my regiment on the Rapidan, when I overtook a division of infantry on the march, going toward Culpeper. The active movements of our forces indicated the sharp work that was near at hand. When I reached the head of the column I found General Jackson, his cap drawn down over his forehead, riding alone and apparently buried in deep meditation of his strategic plans. I rode by with a silent salute, but he recognized me, called to me to halt, and, riding up by my side, began to talk about the colored Sunday-school in Lexington. It was a great gratification to him, he said, that the school was being kept up in his absence. So we parted, and he rode on to bloody victory.

"And once again: it was the afternoon of the first day of the second Bull Run battle, and one of the most critical moments of Jackson's whole military career. He had come round through Thoroughfare Gap, putting the Bull Run Mountains and Pope's whole army be-

Digitized by Google

tween himself and Lee. Pope had turned, closed in upon him, and brought him to bay. The battle had been raging for hours, and though Longstreet had come to Jackson's aid, no one could yet say that Jackson's hard-pressed left would not be overwhelmed. Our battalion of cavalry under Major Patrick had been halted near Groveton,— almost in the center of the field of battle,— and sharp-shooters were deployed to meet the enemy, who were coming down the Warrenton pike. At this moment General Jackson rode up. There was hard fighting everywhere. He conversed for a few moments with Major Patrick, and then turned and spoke to me. He said that certain of our men on an eminence above the road were needlessly exposed, and bade me ride to them and call them in. I had started to obey, when he suddenly stopped me with —

"'Oh! I had a letter a few days ago from Doctor White, and he tells me that our Sunday-school is still kept up.'

"That was all. I went my way to execute his command, and he rode back to his infantry. I never saw him again."

So spoke my narrator, whom I thank again here for allowing me the honor to tell the story after him.

G. W. Cable.

"TEXAS."

THE assemblage which had gathered outside the walls of Fort Norton for target practice was both gay and picturesque, though between the vast stretches of blue sky above, and of brown prairie below, the small post, with its three-company garrison, looked as helpless and solitary as a ship's crew in mid-ocean.

But no such thought shadowed the spirits even of the scanty dozen of ladies, whose pretty summer dresses made scattered bits of delicate color, surrounded by as much blue and gold as could escape by turns from the practice — a practice in which the regimental ladies were almost as keenly interested as the officers and men; for it was the prelude to the selection of a "team" to represent the regiment in a general competition to be held at the department headquarters during the early autumn.

"Who is that dark, slender girl regarding you and me with so much disapproval?" asked a young widow who was varying her usual summer experience of Newport or Bar Harbor by a visit to a Montana garrison, and who contemplated the subject of her question through a lorgnette of a length never hitherto seen at Norton, with all the calm impertinence of aspect bestowed by that instrument of torture.

"Is it possible that you have been among us twenty-four hours and do not yet know Texas?" Saxon exclaimed.

"So 'Texas' is a girl. I fancied, from the tone of *camaraderie* with which several of the younger officers mentioned the name last evening, that its bearer must be some popular newly fledged lieutenant."

"Texas is the good comrade of all the youngsters, most of whom knew her when she wore her skirts short and her hair long."

"And how do the older officers consider her?"

"As an adopted child; in fact, she is a new version of the 'Daughter of the Regiment.'"

"She should dress the part. It would suit her style exactly," Mrs. Stuart said, lowering the lorgnette, and raising her eyes to Saxon's handsome sunbrowned face. "To which rank of her admirers do you belong? Are you her comrade or her adopted father?"

"Neither one nor the other," Saxon replied, smiling as he met her bright gaze. "That staff appointment, which had the advantage of giving me your acquaintance long ago, has had the disadvantage of making me almost a stranger in my regiment when I rejoined last spring."

"Yet you seemed in haste to return here from headquarters the other day?"

"Was I not in command of the escort sent to meet you and Mrs. Lawrence? And did it not occur to you that my haste might have been a selfish desire to get you away from your adorers at Fletcher?"

"No; it did not," she answered, dimpling in a manner satisfactory to any masculine beholder. "But this 'Texas' — surely she has another name?"

"She was baptized Elizabeth Nugent; but she was born in Texas, and it suits her."

"It suits her? Explain yourself. To me Texas suggests only bowie-knives and yellow fever."

There was an odd thrill in the laugh which was Saxon's only reply. Why should he attempt to explain the freshness and frankness, the courage and fervor, that the name meant to him?

Digitized by Google

"Tell me her story," Mrs. Stuart insisted. "I am sure it is charming — and unconventional."

"On the contrary, it is a monotonous chronicle of wanderings from one dull frontier post to another," he said rather hurriedly. "Her parents died of fever in Arizona when she was four years old, and, as she was destitute of relatives and money, she was adopted by her father's friend Major Frost, our commandant here. He took her with him wherever he followed the regiment, until he married five years ago, when she was sent to a school in Chicago, where she was so desperately home-sick that Mrs. Frost brought her back at the end of the first term."

"A very bald statement," Mrs. Stuart exclaimed, with another curious upward glance. "I shall never ask you to be my biographer."

"With such a different subject—" he began.

"I can imagine your eloquence," she interrupted, shrugging her pretty shoulders. "Now go and bring her over to me. I foresee that I shall find her the most interesting of my Western studies."

"The rest of us must hope otherwise," Saxon said lightly, and walked across the ground to another group, where the girl whom they had been discussing stood surrounded by some of the younger officers, the merriest and also the noisiest of the company.

"Will you come with me to be introduced to Mrs. Stuart?" he asked, aware with surprise that her dark eyes met his with a defiance very unlike their usual greeting.

"No, I will not!" she cried sharply, adding with half-involuntary, half-mocking extenuation of her abruptness, as Saxon flushed and the others laughed: "Why should she know me? I am not a hero. And Tom says that she told a lot of you last evening that she came to Norton to know 'heroes.'"

"She is, nevertheless, most anxious to meet you," Saxon said with conscious stiffness.

"She must wait until I have nothing pleasanter to do. Just now I am going nearer the targets to watch Sergeant Blount score. Come on, boys!" and with a careless nod over her shoulder she walked briskly away.

Two hours later, Saxon, while on his way to a dinner given in honor of Mrs. Stuart, saw a small figure hurrying along the parade, and overtook it with half a dozen rapid strides.

"Don't you care to hear how I escaped from the awkward position into which you forced me this afternoon?" he asked, looking down into two brown eyes upturned to him with such an entire absence of surprise as revealed how quickly she had recognized his step.

"I suppose you said I had never been farther east than Chicago."

"If that is your idea of friendly loyalty!" he exclaimed, with a vexed laugh.

"I meant to be rude," she cried hotly. "What right has she to come here to inspect us with that horrid eye-glass, and classify us like specimens — this a hero, and that a young barbarian? Even you, whom she treats as one of her own kind — it is because you were many years on the general's staff, and not because of that glorious thing you did long ago." She paused breathless, while into her eyes came a sudden lovely softness that thrilled Saxon more than any previous praise for what he considered a much overlauded matter of duty.

"Did I do anything 'glorious'?" he murmured, smiling, as he felt himself ridiculously fatuous, but unable to resist the longing to make that look linger in her eyes.

"When you volunteered to bring water to the wounded, though the command was completely surrounded by Indians? Ah, you are laughing at me!"

"Laughing at you! Don't you know the vanity of men better than that?"

"I was not thinking of complimenting you. Years before I knew you I was proud that somebody in our regiment had done it," she said vehemently, as they paused before the door of her quarters.

"Texas!"

"My name is Nugent," she interrupted haughtily. "Texas is my name with the boys, and with those of the regiment who have been fathers and mothers to me ever since I can remember — not with such new acquaintances as you or Mrs. Stuart. Good night!"

Saxon stared at the door, which had closed behind her, with a frown that presently vanished in a smile.

"A small 'fagot of contradictions,'" he muttered to himself as he pursued his way to dinner. "He was a man of experience who discovered the subtle charm of that description — subtle enough to make two snubs and the shutting of a door in one's face rather exhilarating than irritating."

Summer is even more especially holiday-time with a Montana garrison than with the rest of the world, for they wake from the long hibernation of a rigorous and isolating winter to a few weeks of fine weather and of comparative freedom, into which youthful energy and ingenuity crowd much variety and intensity of amusement. Indeed, under such circumstances, and to such fair wanderers from a far-away civilization as Mrs. Stuart, a frontier post seems rather a picturesque and unconventional summer resort than a stern necessity. But it is a necessity the sternness of which is apt to claim sudden remembrance.

A number of picnics and riding-parties had

Digitized by Google

been planned for the week succeeding Mrs. Stuart's arrival, but on the day after the target practice certain rumors of Indian restlessness induced Major Frost to forbid any project which would take the ladies outside of Norton. The rumors, however, were of a kind which were heard every summer, and had so often died harmlessly away that nobody was seriously uneasy, and the merrymaking concentrated itself in the contrivance of a nightly dance.

Norton, being only a three-company post, possessed neither club-room nor band, both of which were enjoyed by the regimental headquarters at Fletcher; but every one contributed to replace these luxuries to the guest who had deserted their more richly endowed neighbor in their favor.

Two good-natured matrons, who had reached an age when even army ladies give up waltzing, proved themselves no mean substitute for the band. Lamps were collected with a zeal that left the "officers' row" in Cimmerian gloom, and the ball-room was supplied by two young lieutenants, who made a pretty and characteristic transformation of their quarters by the banishment of furniture, the ardent waxing of a rather uneven floor, and the concealment of ill-plastered walls with flags and quaint designs in bayonets and small arms.

At the earliest of these entertainments Texas met Mrs. Stuart with a look as defiant as that with which a duellist salutes his enemy while their swords flash from their scabbards,— a defiance so visible that it brought upon her a remonstrance from her guardian's wife as severe as that amiable woman could bestow,— but which achieved no apparent effect, as Mrs. Stuart continued to greet her haughty glances with the most serene smiles whenever their paths crossed, and graciously refrained from disputing her preëminence in the admiration of the younger officers.

"She is a jealous little monopolist — the 'Daughter of the Regiment,'" she said with charming candor one evening to Saxon. "Fortunately we are quite agreed upon a principal point: if she must spare me one of her court, she would rather do without you; and I am more than content to dispense with your juvenile confrères so long as you do not entirely desert me."

This confession Saxon received with eloquent gratitude, but with a gleam of something so like a laugh in the eyes which should have been tender, that she felt a sudden doubt of the success of a game which had seemed to promise most favorably, and which she had come so long a journey to win — a doubt that recurred again when Saxon at the beginning of the next dance walked slowly across the room toward Texas.

He was forced to hasten his lingering steps, for the girl put her slim hand on Tom Brooks's shoulder as he approached, and they were about to whirl away.

"Stop that, Tom!" he cried gaily. "Miss Nugent, this is my waltz."

"I never wait for any one," she exclaimed. "Go on, Tom!"

But Tom released her with a laugh. "He is my superior officer, and obedience is the first duty of a soldier. There is no use in pretending to look cross, Texas," he added as he moved away. "Do you think that I don't know that you would rather dance with Saxon after all the mean things you have said of my waltzing compared with his?"

"I shall not dance with you, Captain Saxon."

"I shall not ask you, Miss Nugent, but I shall suggest instead that the veranda is a very good substitute for Paradise these moonlit evenings."

"You and Mrs. Stuart have discovered its charms together," Texas suggested, allowing him to lead her through a long open window to the veranda, which extended the whole length of the officers' quarters, and overlooked a wonderful view of bluff and river and far-away rolling prairie.

"No," said Saxon, slowly, as he drew two wicker chairs within confidential neighborhood of each other, "it is a discovery I made last month in the society of somebody who did not then object to being called 'Texas,' and who was — "

"A stupid little savage who accepted criticism as proof of — of friendship, but who knows better now what was meant."

"What was meant?" Saxon repeated softly.

"A perpetual comparison with somebody else — somebody who never smokes, or runs races with the boys, who never talks slang; somebody who does not raise her voice when she is angry — who — "

"Do you think that if Mrs. Stuart did all of these things I should ask her to give up any of them?"

"I am sure that you would not. You would adore in silence."

"What would Captain Saxon adore in silence?" asked Mrs. Stuart, pausing with her partner just behind them. "I assure you, Miss Nugent," she added gaily, without waiting for reply, "if the past is a rule for the present, he is likely in any mood to express more than he feels — instead of less."

"'O unkind judge!'" Saxon quoted, rising. "Miss Nugent, I hear the first bars of another waltz. Shall I take you back to the dancing-room?"

"I will wait here for Tom."

He hesitated an instant, looking down at the small, closely folded hands, and the flushed and

Digitized by Google

drooping face—this wild rose whose very thorns were sweet. Then Mrs. Stuart called him, and he hurriedly followed her.

"Come along, Texas!" cried Tom's cheerful voice, presently. "Saxon told me where to find you, or I should never have guessed that you would be mooning while such a jolly waltz is going on."

They made one rapid turn about the room, and Texas stopped abruptly, while her eyes pursued the couple immediately in front of them.

"That looks like a case of 'on with the old love,'" Tom suggested sapiently.

"What do you mean?"

"Did not you know that they were engaged years ago? Some of the fellows were talking about it last night. She threw Saxon over because Stuart had such a lot of money, and now that he is dead, and she has his money, she means to have Saxon too."

"Tom," said Texas, hoarsely, "you have a horrid way of expressing yourself; and a boy of your age ought to be ashamed to gossip."

"Gossip? Well, I call that hard. A fellow cannot help seeing and hearing."

"But he can help repeating. Go away! There is my major; I shall talk to him." With which she turned her slender shoulders upon the bewildered Tom, and, walking over to a doorway in which her guardian was standing, laid her cheek against his arm.

"Take me home, dear!" she said softly; "I am tired."

"I shall send them all home when this waltz is ended," he replied gravely.

"Send them all home?" she repeated.

"Yes; the Indians are at their deviltry again. Refugees have been coming in to the post during the last two hours, and the telegraph-wires must have been cut between here and Fletcher, as I can get no answer to my despatches."

"What will you do?" she asked, with sharply roused attention.

"Send one of these fellows with Sergeant Blount to the colonel for orders."

"Only two?"

"Two will be safer than a dozen. And I must know how to act without delay."

"Whom will you send?"

Texas had asked her abrupt questions and listened to his hurried replies with a strange sense of double consciousness: one, that of the soldier's daughter, every instinct of whose nature thrilled to this news the meaning of which, present and possible, she understood; the other, that of the jealous woman whose sudden passionate purpose was to divide at any cost two figures who had disappeared upon the veranda that had been called Paradise.

"Either Tom Brooks or Saxon," the major answered hesitatingly. "It is the duty of one of the youngsters, and it 's Tom's turn; but Saxon has just been over the road twice, and he is such a lucky fellow."

"Then send Saxon."

The major turned his troubled gaze upon the shining dark eyes beside him.

"Is that to spare Tom? He would not thank you."

"No, no!" Texas faltered, with a shudder. "I was not thinking of Tom—I—"

"Poor child, how you are trembling! I thought my Texas had nerve enough to carry despatches herself. Where has Saxon gone?"

"To the veranda."

"I 'll tell him before I break up the dance," he said, moving away.

Texas left the house, and, running along the row of officers' quarters to their own, she rushed up the short stairs to her bedroom, and leant breathless against the open window.

For a moment or two there floated to her through the still prairie night the soft, continued cadence of the waltz—that waltz the beginning of which seemed to her so endlessly long ago. There was a sudden silence, broken again by a confusion of much talking; then she heard steps upon the wooden walk below her window, and her guardian's voice.

"I have ordered Blount to come to my office, and I will have the double sets of despatches ready by the time that you have had some supper and changed your clothes."

"I will not be long," Saxon said cheerily, as he emerged into the moonlight, and walked across the parade to his quarters, not to Captain Lawrence's, whose wife Mrs. Stuart was visiting. Surely, if he still loved the woman whom he had loved once, even so true a soldier would steal a moment from the few the major had allowed him, to say a farewell word to her. How tall and strong he looked! How lightly he stepped! O God! within an hour or two! And but for her Tom might have gone!

DURING the next twenty-four hours an atmosphere of suspense brooded over every heart at Norton, relieved, in the case of the officers and men, by their preparations for the marching orders, which were expected as soon as the regimental headquarters could be heard from, but which lay like a leaden weight upon the women of all ranks in the garrison. As the following evening grew later, the excitement increased, for refugees continued to come in with tales of fire and murder, and the despatches from Fletcher would arrive presently, unless both messengers, either in going or coming, had been cut off by the Indians. Most of the officers gathered in the major's sanctum, while the ladies wandered from one neighbor to another, or knelt beside their sleeping children. But no-

Digitized by Google

body turned to Texas for consolation, nobody thought her in special need of it. An isolation to which she was used in moments like these, when family bonds were closest, fell upon the petted "Daughter of the Regiment," who, after all, was nobody's very own.

Time is neither long nor short in such suspense as these hours were to her. It is lived through, and the end comes as it does to all things human, though the soul that endures it shall bear its mark eternally. In the visions of the solitary vigil which Texas kept, danger had so centered itself around one figure that the possible loss of both messengers, of which the officers were in fear, never occurred to her imagination. She knew, indeed, that neither Saxon nor Blount were likely to return, as the despatches would probably be sent from headquarters by untried men; but whoever came would bring tidings of how the others had fared — tidings for the realization of which not even that anguish of waiting had prepared her when the sound of a horse's tread at length broke upon the watchful silence of the post, and Blount rode up the parade alone.

A little later the officers dispersed to their various quarters, and the major entered the room where his wife sat weeping, while Texas knelt beside a table with her face hidden.

"You have heard of poor Saxon?" he exclaimed hurriedly. "Mary, will you see that the sergeant has a good supper at once? We march at dawn."

"Speak to this poor child," Mrs. Frost whispered as she rose. "She says that she asked you to send him."

The major put his hand on the bowed head. "My dear little girl," he said brokenly, "it was I who sent Saxon. It was my duty and his."

In the dining-room Mrs. Frost herself put cold meat and beer before the tired soldier, and then went up-stairs to pack her major's kit, as the only means of keeping her eyes dry and her hands steady.

"Blount," exclaimed Texas, abruptly, "tell me how he died!"

The sergeant looked up. To him, as to all the old soldiers in the regiment, Texas was a familiar presence, and his kindly eyes grew moist as he saw the white rigidity of the face he had known so bright from baby days to womanhood.

"It ain't a story you could bear to hear, miss." He hesitated.

"I can bear anything! Don't you see that I can?" she cried roughly. "Tell me — tell me quickly!"

Very hastily and huskily he obeyed. They had seen no Indians on the way to Fletcher, though they had passed a smoking fire, the evidence of their recent presence. At headquarters they had found the same hurried preparation which they had left at Norton. The colonel had wished to send fresh men with his despatches, but had yielded to Saxon's urgent desire to return, and they had started again after the briefest possible rest, and with a change of horses. Their long ride had seemed to them almost accomplished, when, within an hour of Norton, they came upon a large party of Indians camping for the night. They galloped through before the Indians could mount, but a volley was sent after them, and Saxon was wounded — so severely that, even with the terrible stimulus of his familiarity with the foe pressing so closely behind, he was barely able to sit his saddle when they reached the river, and Blount guided his horse across the ford.

"When we came out on dry land again I saw him fumbling for his pistol, and I knew what that meant. So I says, 'Hold on a bit longer, captain; we are near home now.' But he never opened his eyes, and just lifted the pistol, and —"

Texas, who had not stirred since the story began, uttered a sharp cry, and put her hands over her ears.

"No! no!" Blount exclaimed. "He did n't — he had no time; the pistol slipped from his fingers as he lifted it — and he pitched down sideways out of the saddle —"

"And you left him!"

"It was for that that there were two of us," cried the sergeant, while tears ran down his rough face. 'If I drop, Blount, you are to ride straight on with your despatches,' he says when he was hit, and he was always one that must be obeyed. And I think he died when he fell."

"You think? You are not sure?"

"It might have been a faint, but as long as I looked back he never stirred, and the Indians were so close behind they — they — they would make sure."

Texas shuddered; she understood the cruel meaning that made the sergeant stammer. But the numbness of her heart was thrilled by something that was scarcely hope, and yet was no longer despair.

"Where was it?"

"By the cottonwood grove, just this side of the river — where the picnic was last month, you remember, Miss Texas."

Ah, yes, she remembered! It was there — on that June day of sunshine and gladness — that she had first seen in Saxon's blue eyes that which had made her child's heart a woman's. And now? Was he lying there dead?

"Did the Indians dare come much nearer the post?"

Digitized by Google

"A couple of miles more they followed me —"

"Blount!" the major called from his office, and the sergeant walked toward the door.

"It must have been quick over," he began. "When we march that way to-morrow we shall find his —"

"Go, Blount!" she gasped.

To-morrow! It was not yet midnight; the regiment would not march until four, or perhaps five, o'clock.

Texas clenched her hands above the heart whose throbs half suffocated her, and forced herself to think clearly, an effort which made the soft young face stern and old.

Reason and experience were so utterly, so entirely, against even the faintest chance that Saxon still lived that, short as the distance was, neither his commanding officer nor his comrades had conceived the possibility of sending aid to him, and if she should seek to make her guardian share the passion of sudden hope which possessed her, his refusal would be inevitable and unchangeable. He would require more substantial argument before he would consent to expose a small search-party to the probability of annihilation.

The result of her thinking was a desperate resolve — a resolve which would have seemed madness to another woman, but which was conceivable and practicable to this prairie-bred, danger-tried girl; a resolve born of her conviction of Saxon's need, and of the impossibility of making any one else believe in it; a resolve, the means for the accomplishment of which spread themselves swiftly before her, plain, simple, depending only upon her strength and courage. She went up-stairs to her bedroom, and when presently she came down again she had put on a cloak and cap, and had fastened about her waist the belt, with pistol and brandy-flask, which the major had given her on her last birthday as a fit equipment for the "Daughter of the Regiment." Unseen and unheard she passed out upon the parade, where she met only three or four hurrying orderlies, as she turned into a narrow lane at the end of the "officers' row" that led to a wall behind the rampart. There was a long beat for the sentry at this point, where the bluff made a sheer descent of several hundred feet to the Yellowstone, rendering egress or ingress impossible to any reasonable mood. But such dangers as thrust themselves upon the remembrance of Texas had nothing to do with the precipice, which, indeed, she blessed as affording her the chance of leaving the post unobserved. With her skirts gathered in one hand, and with the other free to cling to any bush or shrub which might help her, she was over the wall like a cat, and scrambling down the rocks, in haste to be beyond discovery by the sentinel, if he should glance across the rampart as he returned.

When she had thus passed below the whole extent of the fort, she began more slowly to climb upward, tearing her hands and growing breathless, but spared all giddiness by the friendly darkness, which half hid the depths below. She paused as she reached the level of the prairie again, and cast one shuddering look around the shadowy vastness; only one, for she brought the lessons of frontier teaching to aid her passionate purpose. It was not probable that Indians would linger within six miles of Norton on the eve of a general outbreak, and the prairie between her and the little wood beside which Saxon was lying living or dead was probably as deserted as it seemed. Ah! living or dead? With that question possessing her heart,— the woman's heart, "the weakest yet the strongest" of all God's works,— there was no room for dismay.

After a while, as she pressed forward, the moon rose in a cloudless sky, revealing for a yet wider distance the motionless, soundless stretches of prairie, more awful in that utter stillness than the vast tumultuousness of the ocean. But Texas neither looked nor listened, until at length, from the slope of the last coulée, she saw the cottonwood-trees and heard the rush of the river. With devouring, shrinking eyes she gazed about her, but Saxon was not there, and, without a thought of what else she might find within its shelter, she entered the grove.

A dozen yards away, with the moonlight shimmering upon him through the scanty foliage, he lay outstretched, half stripped by that enemy who is even more robber than murderer, and with his feet and hands lashed to four close-growing young trees, a death-like, blood-stained figure. She flung herself down beside him in a passion of tender horror that was yet instinct with a strong assurance that she had not come in vain; for she knew that Indians would not bind or conceal a dead man. He must have been alive when they left him "staked out" to that torture which is their parting benison upon a prisoner who would encumber their flight, and whom, instead of killing at once, they prefer to leave to linger, with the agonies of cold and thirst added to his wounds.

There was as inevitably a pocket-knife in the possession of Texas as in that of a small boy, and with steady fingers she began to cut the straps of undressed hide which bound him — a long, slow task, for the blade was frail and the straps were stout. But at length he was free, and she could chafe his icy hands, and try to force a little brandy between his set lips, whispering to him all the while words of love and hope.

Digitized by Google

Lingeringly and waveringly consciousness came back to Saxon, but in the first upward glance of his haggard eyes there was recognition, and something else which thrilled her with a sudden and sweet self-remembrance — an instant of exquisite certainty; then his gaze changed to anxiety that grew to horror, as he strove to speak.

"You — leave me; Indians — return." The words faltered half audibly from his white lips, and sank away in a long sigh, as his eyes closed again.

"Yes; I must leave you, but not for my sake; for you, dearest — dearest — for you!" she murmured, bending over him during a moment that was the cruelest of her ordeal.

She had only half saved him. He lived; but the feeble spark of life would flicker out long before there could be aid from the passing troops in the morning. She must leave him, senseless and alone, while she went back to Norton to claim the help which would be sent with glad speed, now that she could urge facts instead of merely instinctive hope.

She folded her cloak over him, and, laying her flask in one of his limp hands, she turned swiftly away along the road she had come — swiftly indeed, though torturing herself, in the nervousness of failing powers, with the belief that each flying step was slower than the last. There had been calmness in the very desperation of the purpose which had brought her; but with the certainty that he lived, and that his life depended upon her haste — dear God, why was it that the way lengthened before her dragging steps?

TEXAS was in her bed, with the smiling, tear-wet eyes of Mrs. Frost looking down at her, when her senses cleared again, though she was dimly aware of a long interval, first of frantic effort to move or speak, and then of blankness.

"He is living; he is here; the surgeon thinks hopefully of him," her guardian's kind wife answered to the question with which Texas gazed mutely up. "Between what you said before you fainted, and what Blount told of the spot where Saxon fell, they knew where to find him, and the ambulance made quick work of that terrible road."

Texas asked no more, but turned her face to the pillows, and wept hysterically. Even when the major came to her presently, though she clung to him, she could answer his cheeriest of farewells only with tears. Bodily she was worn out, and through the passionate thanksgiving for Saxon's life there ached in her heart a pain which she did not explain to herself, but which she understood well enough as she grew stronger, and able to go about the post again. Nobody, alas! can remain in every-day existence upon the level of heroic moments, and Texas was defiantly self-conscious under the smiles with which her friends emphasized their praise of her courage.

She refused positively to see Saxon when Mrs. Frost told her that he had asked that she might come to him. There was no need for her to ask questions to hear every detail of his slow convalescence. Norton had grown drearily empty, now that only one company was left in garrison, and to all those anxious waiting women, who measured time from the arrival of one courier with despatches to the next, the care of the sorely wounded soldier made the best expression of their love for the absent. But Texas for the first time in her nineteen years of life was out of accord with her surroundings. It was not the return of the regiment which her heart anticipated with such a passion of mingled longing and dread, but the approach of an inevitable interview foreseen with a pang of proud self-torture.

Keen, however, as was her dread, she still counted the meeting as safely distant, when one afternoon she entered the little drawing-room of their quarters, to find a long figure on the sofa, and to hear Mrs. Frost exclaim as she left the room:

"Here he is, you naughty girl — before he is half strong enough to walk across the parade!"

Texas stood looking down dumbly at the two hands which clasped hers.

"My darling!" he murmured; "my brave — brave —"

"You do not understand," she gasped. "The major should have told you. I asked him to send you, instead of Tom —"

Saxon slowly released her.

"It was only remorse that brought you to me all that long way through the dark and the danger?"

"Your danger was my fault. I should never have forgiven myself if — if — if —"

He rose suddenly, and took her small quivering face between his hands, looking down at it with eyes that she felt were reading her soul, even through her closed lids.

"And the words you said to me while you were bringing me back to life? You thought I could not hear because I could not speak. If they were remorse, then this is gratitude. And love has nothing to do with us," he cried, kissing her. "My tenderest, cruelest, bravest, cowardliest — sweetheart!"

Nellie Mackubin.

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

"HE WAS BARELY ABLE TO SIT HIS SADDLE WHEN THEY REACHED THE RIVER."

Digitized by Google

CITY SONNETS.

I.



BROADWAY AT NOON.

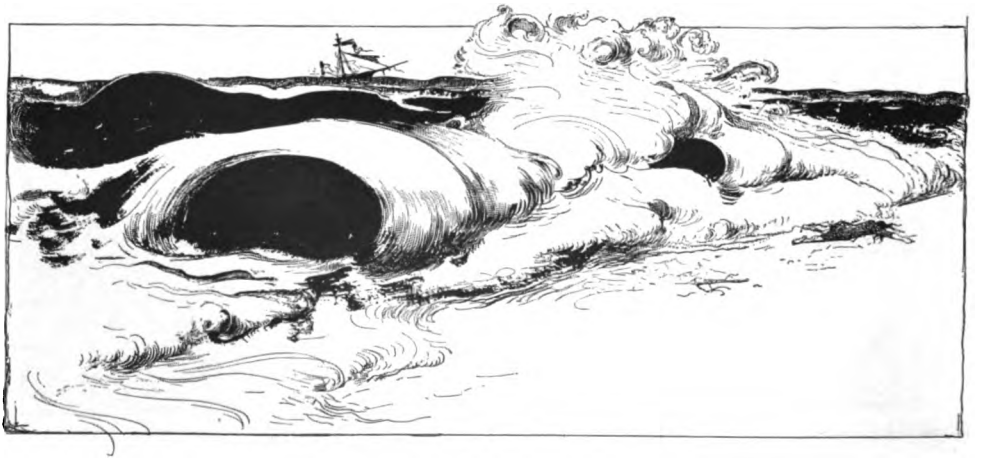
NIAGARA of streets! See this and know
The secret of New York — the spell that never
Can be resisted or forgot, the flow
Of torrented humanity, that ever
Is counter-currented, yet seems to sweep
Toward you, passes, plunges, and is lost
Abysmally, still followed by the deep
And surging stream, whereon are swiftly tost
The faces, faces, faces! Not the roar
Of ocean on her wildest crags could drown
The tumult of this torrent; and the prey
Of tempests, were they cast upon the shore
From places where the wild waves drew them down,
Could show no stranger wrecks than this Broadway.

II.

SOLITUDE.

Do you seek solitude? Go not to fields
Or pathless woods, or to the lonely shore,
Nor court the privacy seclusion yields
In some old house whose very ancient door
Proclaims the absence of intrusive guests.
Think not of desert waste, nor mountain height,
Nor tropic isle, nor where the eider nests
In arctic silence, nor the sea-gull's flight
In voiceless azure. But for solitude
Perfect, unparalleled, abiding, deep,
When next you feel the solitary mood
Insistent, trust not even dreamless sleep —
When for true loneliness your soul entreats,
Come to New York, and walk these crowded streets.

John H. Boner.



Digitized by Google

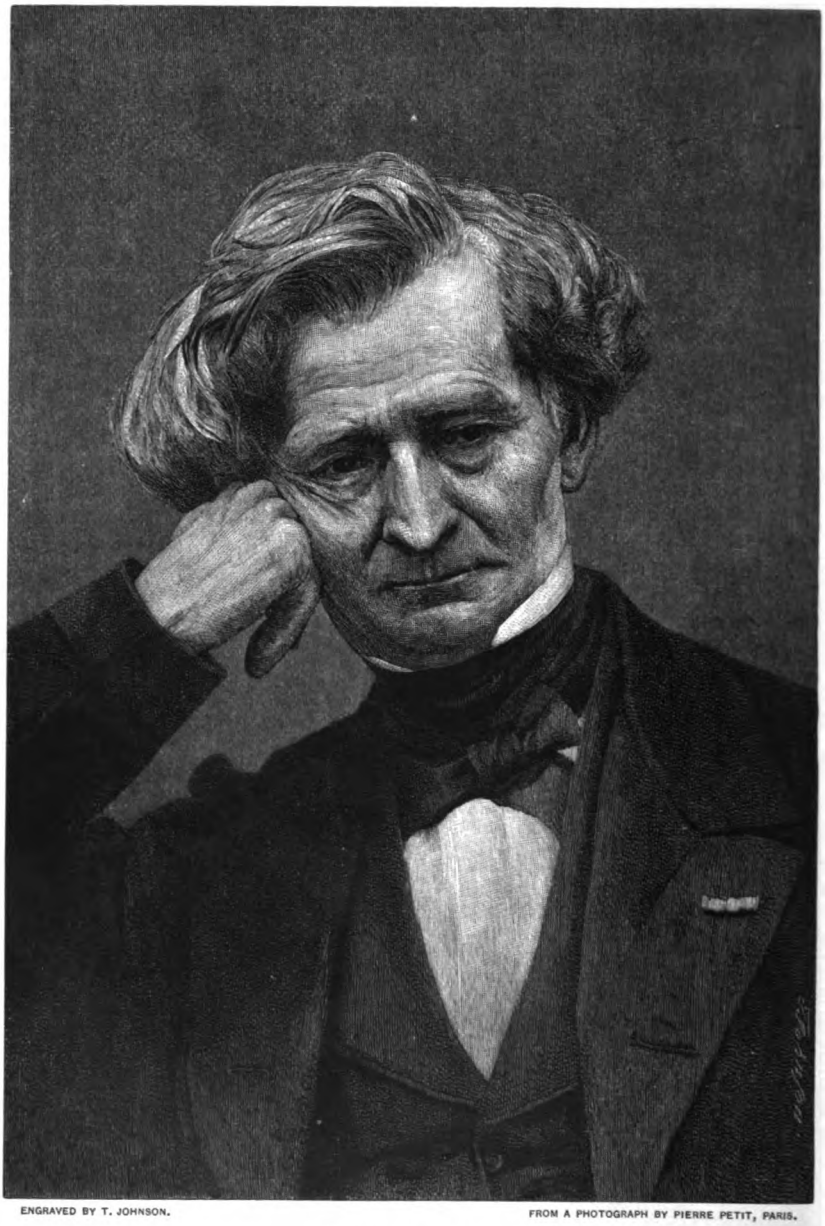


SEE "TOPICS OF THE TIME."

NAPOLEON I.

FROM THE WATER-COLOR DRAWING PRESENTED BY MR. HENRY IRVING TO THE ARMY MESS OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT, N. Y. THE FOLLOWING INSCRIPTIONS ACCOMPANY THE DRAWING: "ORIGINAL SKETCH OF NAPOLEON I., TAKEN FROM LIFE, ON BOARD THE 'BELLEROPHON' IN 1815, BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT." "GIVEN TO ME BY GILBERT FARQUHAR 30 JUNE, 1885 — HENRY IRVING."

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PIERRE PETIT, PARIS.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

Digitized by Google

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES AND PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY THE COMPOSER OF "SALAMMBÔ."

PROBABLY no musician has ever been more ridiculously criticized, more scoffed at, more insulted, than was Berlioz during the greater part of his career. And these outrages were heaped upon him by his own country! He was only too sensible of this fact. Luckily he possessed beak and claws, as certain feuilletons in the "Journal des Débats" attest.

After age, disease, and discouragement had rendered him less eager for the fray, he was allowed a little more peace; but when the "Trojans" appeared, those of his maligners who still survived availed themselves of the occasion to renew the attack. Among these the critic of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," the unimpeachable Scudo, who died stark mad a short time afterward, was one of the first to make himself prominent by the violence of his attacks and the extravagance of his pen, which, by the way, did not fail to recoil somewhat upon him. The day after the first performance of the symphony of "Harold," Berlioz received an anonymous letter in which, after a tirade of coarse abuse, he was charged with being "too cowardly to blow out his brains." Scudo never ventured to go so far as that,— not that he was lacking in the will,— but one day he wrote this sentence, which is worthy of being recorded: "The Chinese, who amuse their leisure moments by the sound of the tom-tom; the savage, who is roused into fury by the rubbing together of two stones, make music of the kind composed by M. Hector Berlioz." The insult, with the signature of its author, should go down to posterity beside the name of the illustrious artist whom it wounded. It is worthy to be written under the list of his masterpieces on the pedestal of the statue erected to him by the tardy enthusiasm of his fellow-citizens.

The reaction preceding his apotheosis was not slow to appear. It began almost immediately after the death, in 1869, of the man who, perceiving as in a sudden flash of light the glory that awaited him, said with his last sigh: "On va donc jouer ma musique!" I was there, at his bedside, gazing upon that pale, noble head, with its magnificent crown of white hair, waiting in anxious affliction for the last breath to be exhaled from those thin and colorless lips. I watched over him all night. In the morning his faithful servant handed me the copy of his memoirs designed for me. I had occasion at a later period to reward this honest man, who, during the long sickness of Berlioz, had not left him for a single moment, lavishing on him the most devoted care. A short time before the death of his master, he had accompanied Berlioz to my house. Painfully did the poor musician mount up the four flights of stairs to come and sit at my table. After the meal I begged him to write his name on the score of "Benvenuto Cellini." He seized a pen, wrote with a trembling hand "A mon ami," and then, looking at me with a wistful glance, said: "I have forgotten your name." It was a cruel blow, which went to my very heart. I was to see him no more till I gazed on his face as he lay upon his death-bed, that master whom I had so much admired, and on whom I had bestowed an affection which he could never doubt from the very moment when I first had the happiness to make his acquaintance. M. Adolphe Jullien, to whom I related this sad incident, has recorded it in his beautiful book entitled "Hector Berlioz: his Life and Works," the most complete monument which has ever been reared to the memory of the immortal author of the "Trojans" and the "Damnation of Faust."

I had not long been acquainted with Berlioz when his "L'Enfance du Christ" was performed for the first time, under his direction, in the Salle Herz, in the month of December, 1854. I was seated beside one of his intimate friends, Toussaint Benet, the father of the pianist Théodore Ritter, then almost a child. The emotion which I felt was such that at the end of the second part I burst into tears, and was on the point of fainting. My neighbor pressed my hands in his to restrain me from uttering a cry. From that time my admiration for Berlioz knew no bounds, and I began to study his works, with which I had had but slight acquaintance, never having had an opportunity to hear them. The Parisians were not at all pleased with them. The success of "L'Enfance du Christ" was, however, very great, and this piece opened to Berlioz the doors of the French Academy, of which he became a member two years afterward. Clapisson entered first. The very day of the election of the author of "La Promise," who was not yet the author of "La Fanchonnette," I was walking on the boulevard with the author of "L'Enfance

Digitized by Google

du Christ" and certain earlier masterpieces. It was the moment when the balloting was going on under the cupola of the Mazarin palace, and he was impatient to know the result. "But why?" I said to him. "At this very moment Clapisson is being elected." "You are a bird of ill omen," replied he, jumping into a cab to go to the secretary of the Academy, hoping to get a little earlier account of — the triumph of his competitor. I was not mistaken.

Toussaint Benet, whose name I have mentioned above, was a jovial fellow from Marseilles, who, possessed of an ample fortune, had settled at Paris to educate his son in music. Berlioz had recognized in the young Théodore a remarkable precocity and exceptional talents, and had taken great interest in him. He gave him the scores of the masters to read, and pointed out their beauties. Berlioz and I often met at the rooms of Toussaint Benet. The child had grown up, and on his return from Germany, where he had been to take lessons from Liszt and the learned Professor Schnyder von Wartensee, he was already something more than a surprising virtuoso; he was even a finished musician. What delightful evenings I owe to him! After dinner young Ritter would sit down at the piano and play his favorite works, "Romeo and Juliet" and the "Damnation of Faust," in turn. This was long before the appearance of the "Trojans." Berlioz, seated before the fire with his back toward us and his head bowed, would listen. From time to time a sigh would escape him: a sigh — perhaps a sob. One evening, I remember, after the sublime adagio of the "scène d'amour," he suddenly rose, and, throwing himself into the arms of Théodore, exclaimed in an ecstasy, "Ah, that is finer than the orchestra!" No, it was not finer; but it gave the impression, produced the illusion, of orchestra, so exquisite were the nuances in the playing of this most skilful virtuoso, so various were the qualities of tone — now delicate and caressing, now bold and passionate — that he evoked from his instrument. Nobody has ever equaled Ritter in this peculiar talent of making a piano suggest an orchestra.

No stranger, no friend even, — if we except a young relative of the family, — assisted at these reunions. Berlioz and I would withdraw together; he would accompany me to my house, I would see him to his, and we would walk the distance over two or three times, he smoking ever so many cigars, which he never finished, sitting down on the deserted sidewalks, giving himself up to the exuberance of his spirits, and I laughing immoderately at his jokes and puns. Ah, how few have seen him thus! The moment came to separate. Usually I accompanied him to his door, covetous of the last word. As we approached his house in the Rue Calais (to-day it bears a commemorative tablet, tardily set up), his enthusiasm vanished; his face, lighted up by the flickering gas-jet, settled into its habitually sad, careworn expression. He hesitated a moment as his hand touched the bell-pull, then murmured a cold, chilly adieu in a suppressed voice, as if I were never to see him again. He entered his house; and I — I went away with my heart torn, knowing well what a painful reaction would succeed the few hours of unbending delight and childish glee I had just witnessed.

Seven months after the death of his first wife Berlioz married again (in October, 1854). "This marriage," he wrote to his son, "took place quietly, without any parade, but also without any mystery. If you write me on this subject, do not mention anything that I cannot show my wife, because I am very anxious that no shadows should settle on my home." In a letter addressed to Adolphe Samuel some years after he says: "I am sick, as usual; besides, my mind is restless and disturbed, . . . my life seeks consolation abroad; my home wearies me, irritates me, is an impossible home, quite the contrary of yours. There is not a day or an hour when I am not on the point of ending my life. I repeat, I am living in thought and in affection far away from my home; . . . but I can tell you no more." Had he not said enough in this to make himself understood? After the death of his second wife, June 14, 1862, Berlioz continued to live with his mother-in-law, who cared for him with unfailing tenderness. This worthy woman was the widow of Major Martin, who had been in the Russian campaign with Napoleon. In company with her husband she had braved the cold, the snow, and all the other dangers of the journey with a babe in her arms. She was a courageous woman, who concealed great sensitiveness of feeling beneath a mask of impassibility. She idolized the genius of Berlioz, and every enemy of the great artist became her own. Her grateful son-in-law left her at his death the use of all he possessed, with the exception of some private bequests and his manuscripts, which went to the Conservatory. I see her still, trembling with emotion, but rigid as a specter, as she sat far back in her opera-box, the evening, a year after the death of the master, when we held the festival which was the first shining of the posthumous glory with which posterity should avenge him. Our finest artists sought the honor of appearing on that program, where the great names of Gluck, of Beethoven, and of Spontini were associated with that of Berlioz, the only contemporary musician who had nothing to fear from such dangerous companionship. Unhappily, the pecuniary result of this noble occasion came very far from answer-

Digitized by Google

ing the expectations of the friends and disciples who organized it. Many years were still to elapse before these disciples should record in bronze his complete glorification and final apotheosis.

The unveiling of the Berlioz statue took place on the 17th of October, 1886. The sky was leaden, the weather cold and rainy, but the approaches to Montholon Square had been invaded from an early hour in the morning. When the veil fell which covered the statue, and the first tone of the triumphal symphony swelled out, what an immense acclamation and long cry of enthusiasm burst among the multitude! This brilliant homage bestowed "on one of the most illustrious composers of any age, the most extraordinary one, perhaps, that ever existed," had long been in preparation by the directors of our three great musical societies, Messrs. Pasdeloup, Colonne, and Lamoureux. By initiating the public little by little into the beauties of the master's wonderful conceptions, they had conducted with ever-increasing success the work of reparation and of public recognition which had been started at the Opéra, and some years later was renewed at the Hippodrome.

One after another the detractors of Berlioz are disappearing. To-day only few remain. These timidly hazard a criticism or two in the following style: "Doubtless he is a great poet in music, but he imagines at times an ideal that neither his pen nor his genius is capable of realizing.... He does not always write with that firmness of hand which is the prime quality of a perfect musician.... His style exhibits defects resembling hesitation, and then there are awkward passages which often mar his work." Heaven pardon me! I think some, in memory of Cherubini, reproach him also with not knowing how to make a fugue — a man who has written fugues both vocal and instrumental, so perfect, so melodic, in his dramatic symphonies of "Romeo and Juliet," the "Damnation of Faust," in his sacred trilogy of "L'Enfance du Christ," in the "Mass of the Dead," in almost every one of his great works!

Such was the opinion of that composer, always mediocre, and to-day discredited and forgotten, to whom I used to vaunt the beauties of Berlioz's symphonies. Refusing to admire or to comprehend them, he would close the discussion with this phrase, astounding in its folly and stupidity: "What would you have? Berlioz and I do not speak the same language!"

But do not all innovators, all artists of genius, bear the same reproach? Was not Titian charged with not always being correct in his sketches; Delacroix, with not knowing his business; Spontini, with knowing less than the poorest pupils in the Conservatory, who laughed at him? And did not Handel say of Gluck, the author of "Alceste" and of "Armide," "He is as much of a musician as my cook"?

Poor Berlioz! He heard things to make him wince after he wrote his "Trojans at Carthage." True, at this period of his life invective was not used against him with such violence as in the earlier contests, but the most unjust and bitter criticisms were not wanting. I have cited a few of the "amenities" that Scudo indulged in every time he had occasion to mention a composition of Berlioz. I add another emanating from a pen less authoritative than that of the critic of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," but a pen wielded by a man who commanded a much larger number of readers through his position on one of the most widely circulated journals of Paris.

Having characterized the score of the "Trojans" as "a mountain of impotence compared with the *chefs-d'œuvre* that shine in the heaven of music," he gave M. Carvalho a piece of good advice: "Why not replace the specters of *Priam*, *Chorèbe*, *Cassandra*, and *Hector*, too little known to the public, by four others which should address Berlioz in the following words? The first: 'I am Gluck; you admired me, you spoke of my "Alceste" in rare terms of eloquence, and to-day you dishonor my recitative, so strong in its sobriety, so grand in its simplicity.' The second: 'I am Spontini; you loved my "Vestale" more than Licinius did; you say you are my disciple, and you extinguish its burning rhythm with the stagnant waters of your sluggish melopœias. Lay aside those fillets which I have bequeathed to my fellow-countryman Rossini.' The third: 'I am Beethoven, author of so many immortal symphonies, rudely torn from those visions which attend the illustrious dead, as they lie on the couch of their glory, by your symphony "La Chasse Royale."' And the fourth: 'I am Carl Maria von Weber. After having learned instrumental coloring from my school, you rob me of my palette and my brushes to daub on images worthy of a village painter.'"

Further on, speaking of "La Chasse Royale," the same critic, whose resources are inexhaustible, adds a few reflections to the monologue of Beethoven: "If the violent and horrible dissonances maintained through the strains of the orchestra are music; if that charivari which surpasses the pitiful and presumptuous failure of Jean Jacques at the Geneva[1] concert (!) be art, I am a barbarian. I am proud of it. I boast of it." There is some truth in this.

The first representation of the "Trojans"

[1] "The Confessions" have taught those who have read them that that wretched "Geneva" concert took place at Lausanne!

Digitized by Google

took place at the Théâtre Lyrique, November 4, 1863. Berlioz, as he relates in his memoirs, had composed this work at the instance of the Princess of Sayn-Wittgenstein, to whom he dedicated it. The princess lived at Weimar, where Liszt was director of the grand duke's chapel. She requested the grand duke to write to the Emperor Napoleon III. to request that rather unmusical sovereign to have the "Trojans" brought out at the Opéra. The Opéra was directed at that time by Alphonse Royer, one of the authors of the libretto of "La Favorite," a charming man, possessed of exceedingly distinguished manners. Berlioz went to several receptions at the Tuileries, and came away as he had gone. But one evening the emperor, perceiving him, asked him about the "Trojans," and expressed a desire to read the poem. Great was the joy of the composer, who thought the game was won. It was not long, however, before he was undeceived. The poem, sent back through the director of theaters by the emperor, who certainly had not read it, was thought to be "absurd and stupid," and of a length that far exceeded the ordinary dimensions of a great opera. A year afterward, Alphonse Royer told Berlioz, who could not believe his senses, that the "Trojans" was going to be "studied," and that the minister of state, "desirous of giving him full satisfaction," commissioned him to report this happy news. Nothing more came of the matter. "Tannhäuser" was represented instead of the "Trojans," and by an imperial order. The exasperation of Berlioz knew no bounds. Then it was that he accepted the proposition of M. Carvalho, who agreed to put on the stage the second part of the work, the "Trojans at Carthage," reserving the "Fall of Troy" for a second trial, in case the first should succeed. After a series of twenty performances, sustained with difficulty, the "Trojans" disappeared from the bulletin-board, and has never since graced it.

I was at Weimar a short time after the first representation. It was the birthday fête of the grand duchess. I was invited to court and presented to the grand duke, who immediately inquired about Berlioz, of whom he was personally very fond, and whose works he passionately admired. He told me that he had been delighted to hear of the success of the "Trojans" at the Opéra. "But, sir," I rejoined rather hastily, "the 'Trojans' was not played at the Opéra, but at the Théâtre Lyrique." "Why, I wrote an autograph letter to the emperor, and I thought —" I might have finished his phrase. The emperor had undoubtedly received the letter, but had paid no attention whatever to it.

When I came back to Paris I related to Berlioz my conversation with the grand duke. "How!" cried he, with astonishment. "You told him! You undeceived him! Ah, I never would have dared to do that." The error was easy of explanation: the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar had been informed that the "Trojans" had just been played at Paris, and he had made no further inquiry. A little more, and he would have written a second letter to the emperor — to thank him!

Berlioz never heard the "Fall of Troy," except a single fragment,— the duo between *Chorèbe* and *Cassandra*,— sung by the barytone Lefort and Madame Pauline Viardot, at one of the concerts directed by the master at Baden in the merry season — that season in which "Tout Paris" came together in the coquettish little town of the grand duchy. This first part of the "Trojans," superior to the second in the judgment of many musicians, has not to this day been performed at Paris, except at concerts. M. Pasdeloup first gave one act, then two; and lastly the whole work, on the same day on which it was given by M. Colonne at the Châtelet (December 7, 1879). The star of the founder of popular concerts[1] had begun to wane, and, besides, the execution was better, and much more careful, at the Châtelet than at the Cirque d'Hiver. M. Colonne, however, was able to give only four representations of the "Fall of Troy," while the success of the "Damnation of Faust," after more than fifty performances, is far from being exhausted.

Madame Rose Caron was the young artist who sang at Pasdeloup's the little part of *Hecuba* in the fine *ottetto* of the second act. She hardly suspected at that time that she would become a few years later the great lyric tragédienne so applauded by Paris, for whom no rival need be sought, because there is none.

The "Trojans" complete, but played in two successive evenings,[2] has lately obtained an immense success at Carlsruhe. The Capellmeister, Felix Mottl, a spirited Wagnerian, was the one who took the initiative in this grand manifestation. Unfortunately, it will doubtless produce a greater stir in Germany than with us of France.

It is ever to be regretted that the attempt of M. Lamoureux to produce "Lohengrin" at the Eden Théâtre failed on account of the threats and hisses of a troop of rattle-brained blackguards. The success of "Lohengrin" would have paved the way for that of the "Trojans"

[1] M. Pasdeloup.

[2] It must be conceded that Berlioz made a mistake in fixing four hours and twenty-six minutes as the time required for the representation of this work; and about three hours and three quarters with the suppressions which he himself indicated in the complete score just issued by the publishers Choudens.

Digitized by Google

and "Benvenuto Cellini"; and, sanctioned by the theater, as it already had been by the concert, the fame of Berlioz would have been much more complete and glorious. Berlioz and Wagner applauded in turn upon the same stage, and that a French one! Why not? The hostility existing between those two musical geniuses, the hatred with which the latter pursued the former, has but little interest at the present day except for biographers; the musical world cares little for it. Nobody denies to the one the priority of certain innovations, certain harmonic and instrumental combinations by which the other may have profited; but to try to make out the inventor of the modern lyric drama to be the humble imitator of his predecessor, who was above all a great innovator as a symphonist; to brand as plagiarisms a few involuntary reminiscences, a few chance coincidences, such as few composers, even those most original and most distinguished, have been able wholly to avoid, marks the difference between a rational and just opinion and an imbecility.

The first concert given by Richard Wagner at the Théâtre Italien, on the 25th of January, 1860, had just come to an end. Madame Berlioz, passing by leaning on the arm of her husband, said to me in her sarcastic tone, "Oh, Reyer, what a triumph for Hector!" And why? Because a certain air of kinship seemed to be discoverable between this or that passage in the prelude to the third act of "Tristan and Isolde" and the fugued theme of the "Convoi de Juliette"; between the figure played by the violins in the Pilgrim chorus in "Tannhäuser," and that which accompanies the oath of reconciliation between the Montagues and the Capulets over the inanimate bodies of *Juliet* and *Romeo;* because the ascending progression in the admirable prelude of the third act in "Lohengrin" was drafted, it is said, on that which ends at the principal motif of the "Festival at Capulet's" in the symphony of "Romeo." And the flatterers, happy to be able to point out those supposed coincidences to Berlioz, who perhaps had already perceived them, did not fail to exaggerate them. No, no; Hector would not have triumphed for so small a thing. And when, the day after the third concert, given with the same program as the two preceding ones, there appeared in the feuilleton of the "Débats" that famous *credo* which marks with an ineffaceable line the break between Berlioz and Richard Wagner, the most fervent admirers of Berlioz, instead of reciting devoutly the "act of faith" which spite or anger had dictated, did much better by beginning to study the works of Wagner, and trying to penetrate their undoubted beauties. There was certainly more profit for them in that course, and I affirm that some of them have not come out the worse for it.

During their stay in London Berlioz and Richard Wagner maintained friendly relations. Later, a German newspaper is said to have published an article, written by no less a personage than Wagner himself, in which Berlioz was very roughly handled. Some one, doubtless a friend of one of the parties, translated it so that Berlioz could read it with more ease, and sent it to him. The latter, it may be conceived, exhibited no little irritation. The story is probable enough; I will not be responsible for its truth.

Berlioz had a son named Louis, of whom he was very fond. In 1867, having been recently appointed captain in the merchant service, the young man suddenly died at Havana, in his thirty-fourth year. Berlioz learned this sad news just as he was getting ready to pass an evening at the house of one of my friends, the Marquis Arconati-Visconti. Arconati had organized in honor of the master he admired — for he had not failed to be present at a single performance of the "Trojans"— a private entertainment, to which several artists, and among others Théodore Ritter, had been invited. Berlioz did not come. Ritter repaired to his house, and found him in tears. The great composer outlived that son who was his only consolation and pride scarcely two years. Louis Berlioz, however, was not a musician, either by temperament or by instinct; and there is no doubt that on the rare occasions presented to him of hearing his father's music, his filial piety alone induced him to admire it.

Berlioz left me by his will a volume of "Paul and Virginia" with his name written in it, and with his autograph notes. One of these annotations (most of them are very curious) has been reproduced in the very remarkable and interesting work by M. Adolphe Guken. Here it is: "To sum up, a book sublime, heartrending, delicious, but which would make a man an atheist if he were not one already." It is found quite at the end of the romance, and is followed by certain chords which reproduce in the minor mode those which are found on the first page of the book. I have never believed in the atheism of the man who wrote the poem and the music of "L'Enfance du Christ," who sang such pure melodies to the Virgin Mary and to the angels guarding the sleep of the Child Jesus. A free-thinker — like his father, Dr. Berlioz — he was, perhaps; but nothing more. When the hearse which bore the remains of the master arrived before the Church of the Trinity, the horses reared and refused to advance. This was very much noticed and commented on at the time, with reference to the anti-religious sentiments of the illustrious dead. I imagine, however, that like accidents may have occurred

Digitized by Google

more than once at the burial of very fervent Catholics.

A few days after the concert which I directed at the Opéra, March 22, 1870, Madame Damcke, the testamentary executrix of Berlioz, was kind enough to present me with an orchestra score of the "Messe des Morts," annotated and corrected by the author. I have also in my library a copy, given me by Berlioz himself, of the symphony "Romeo and Juliet," with his autograph corrections and some changes introduced into the instrumentation of the first *morceau* in fugue style, principally in the altos and violoncellos. This score bears the date of 1857, and the symphony is dated September, 1839. Eighteen years after its publication, Berlioz discovered faults in the engraving, and whole passages to modify.

The day after my election to the Institute, I saw coming to my house the faithful servant whom I mentioned at the beginning of this article, the same who had nursed Berlioz with such devotion during his long sickness, and whom for many years I had not seen. He brought me the Academician's coat and sword, which his master had intrusted to him to be delivered to me — when the moment should come. I had been elected the night before; he had lost no time. He related to me how during the war his house, situated in the outskirts of Paris, had been pillaged by the German soldiers. Nevertheless, he had succeeded in concealing these relics from the rapacity of Prussians and Bavarians. I preserve them with religious veneration; and, as I have no great love for uniform, make as little use of them as possible. I ought, perhaps, to have exhibited them to the inhabitants of La Côte Saint-André when I went there last September to attend the inauguration of the Berlioz statue in the little town where he was born. This statue is a reproduction of the one in Montholon Square; it was unveiled with great pomp, the minister of public instruction and fine arts presiding at the ceremony, with all the authorities of the town and the department gathered on a vast platform, and a large number of Orpheonic societies drawn up around the pedestal. Medals with the bust of the master were sold in the street; flags waved at the windows of the houses; and upon the front of the one in which Berlioz was born you could read engraved upon a marble slab that inscription which ought to have been placed there twenty years before:

"To Hector Berlioz,
FROM HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS, HAPPY IN HIS GLORY, AND PROUD OF HIS GENIUS."

But for the commemorative slab no particular mark would point the attention of tourists to that house, so plain in its appearance and so simple in its architecture. It belongs today to a grocer.

I said that I have no great faith in the atheism of Berlioz; neither do I believe much in his Platonism. Nevertheless, he has devoted some twenty pages in his "Memoirs" to the story of his passion for Mme. F——, with letters to prove it, and some details which have always seemed to me rather puerile. Like Dante, he was ambitious of having a Beatrice — a very beautiful Beatrice apparently, but rather rustic, whom he knew very little, having seen her only three or four times at most, and those at long intervals. She was older than he, and was some seventy years of age when, having gone to visit her at Lyons, he came near fainting at her feet. It was at Meylan, a little village of the Dauphiné which overlooked the valley of the Isère, that she appeared to him one fine day wearing little pink shoes. She was then eighteen; he was twelve. That vision was never erased from his memory. "No; time can have no effect . . . new loves never erase the first one." Her name was Estelle, but to him she was always the nymph, the hamadryad of St. Eynard, the *stella montis*. That name was the one he wrote in the last line of his "Memoirs": it was perhaps that name, too, that he murmured when he heaved his last sigh.

Ernest Reyer.



Digitized by Google

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A Christmas Thought.

IN the time of the year especially devoted to generous thoughts and deeds, why may not one nourish the patriotic hope that the strain of feeling which has lately shown itself between certain sections of the country on the financial question may be somewhat allayed? With our enormous extent of territory and variety of interests, such a strain is at any time possible. Fortunately the war for the Union did not settle merely the bitter and tormenting question of slavery. The permanent decision then made of the question of national unity was worth all the cost of that desperate struggle. It is for this reason that the martial threats of heated partizans nowadays appeal rather to the sense of humor than to that of fear.

In the great currency struggle which has of late been in progress there has surely been dogged selfishness, as well as a plentiful lack of wisdom. But there has at times been an attribution of bad faith when men were acting with absolute sincerity, on lines of conviction. (We speak now not of the obstructive Senate, but of the debate outside of the Senate.) Neither side has perhaps fully realized, or been willing to acknowledge, this view of an opponent's position. In the pause of the winter holidays, when "charity" is always so much in mind, every good American may well recall Lincoln's generous phrase, and apply it to the condition of things now existing, in "charity for all" and "malice toward none."

Two Historical Portraits.

OF interest in connection with the diary of the voyage of Napoleon to St. Helena, printed in THE CENTURY for October and November, is the portrait of the Emperor shown on page 303. It is believed to be reproduced here for the first time, though portraits in a similar pose are extant. The original of our cut is a sketch of the Emperor made from life on board the *Bellerophon* in 1815 by Captain Marryat. It will be remembered that it was from this vessel that Napoleon was transferred to the *Northumberland* on the voyage to Elba. The original is a water-color, and is the property of the officers' mess at the United States Military Academy at West Point, to whom it was presented by the distinguished tragedian Henry Irving, having been given to him (as an inscription in his handwriting records) by Gilbert Farquhar, June 30, 1885. The probability that this attribution of the sketch to Captain Marryat is correct is strengthened by the facts that according to his daughter's memoir of him, Marryat was in England in 1815, and that he was a clever sketcher, as witness his well-known drawing of Napoleon made a few hours after the Emperor's death, Marryat being at this time in command of the *Beaver*, an English cruiser, at St. Helena.

The engraving of General Grant at Mount McGregor, printed on page 225, is of unique and historical interest, and its publication will revive in many a heart the touching experiences of the sad summer of 1885. It is here given by permission of Mrs. Grant.

An Interesting Experiment in Municipal Reform.

A YEAR or more ago a somewhat novel experiment in the direction of better municipal government was started in a Western city of about 7000 inhabitants. The city was not suffering from public scandals at the time. It had among its officials many men who were prosperous and respected citizens, and its government was fairly well administered. Still, there was a feeling among many of its citizens that the interests of the city would be promoted, and the public welfare enhanced, if the community as a whole could be brought to take a lively interest in the conduct of its affairs. In other words, they set themselves about the task of fostering public spirit and local pride.

For this purpose they formed an association consisting of the ministers of such churches as could be induced to join the movement, and a certain number of prominent citizens representing all religious and political creeds. This association adopted as its constitution the following brief but comprehensive declaration of purposes and beliefs:

> The object of this association shall be the promotion of municipal affairs in this city. It shall foster and encourage a good moral tone, uphold correct business principles, promote hygiene, and also interest itself in proper methods of education. It shall encourage the execution of the laws, uphold the officials in the performance of their duties, and recommend and urge the passage of such other ordinances, rules, and regulations as may be of public benefit.
>
> We believe that as a rule better municipal government will be secured by proper encouragement of officials in the enforcement of laws than by distinctive organizations for that purpose. We believe also that municipal officials have received too little commendation for honest efforts in the past in the arduous performance of their duties, and we will to the extent of our ability give due regard to merit wherever it may be found, but will also faithfully examine into, report upon, and be governed by the facts where there has been dereliction in official duty.
>
> We believe that municipal affairs should be conducted in accordance with honest business methods, keeping in mind also the health and morals of the citizens, and that national political issues, as such, should not control city elections.

Committees were appointed on several branches of municipal administration, with directions to collect and collate accurate information pertaining to the different departments, and to report to the association with such recommendations as they saw fit, all such reports and recommendations to be laid before public meetings, which were to be called from time to time for their consideration. When the first public meeting was called the attendance was very large, and so much interest was displayed in the reports presented that an adjourned meeting was held for the fuller consideration of them. The newspapers of all parties have sustained the movement from the outset, and its career promises to be one of great usefulness.

What this modest association is attempting to do in this little Western town is to develop what Professor James Bryce calls the "home side of patriotism," and which he defines as the willingness "to take trouble—

Digitized by Google

personal and even tedious trouble—for the well-governing of any public community one belongs to, be it a township or parish, a ward or a city, or the nation as a whole." The disinclination to "take trouble" about political matters is the chief cause of our evils of misgovernment. The average citizen exclaims, when his attention is called to the wretched way in which his municipal affairs are conducted, "Oh, I have no time to bother with politics!" and having said that, he gives no further thought to the subject. The idea that he owes a duty to the community in which he lives, which ought to compel him to take a personal interest in the management of its affairs, never occurs to him, or if it does occur to him, he waves it aside as the view of some visionary reformer. This is a state of mind which must be corrected if we are ever to have really good municipal government in this country, and we can conceive of no more effective method for correcting it than that of this Western town association. Everything that tends to create popular interest in public affairs is a step toward better government; for the people as a whole are always honest, are always in favor of intelligent and economic management of public affairs, and are always quick to respond to appeals to their local or public pride. They are as ready to commend a faithful public servant as they are to condemn an unfaithful one, but they must be actively interested in the doings of both before they can be depended upon to express judgment in either direction.

The task of following up the various city departments is much more difficult in a great city like New York, in which local pride is not as strong as it should be, and in which the struggle for existence is so strenuous that most men have little time or strength left for public affairs. Yet even in New York this method, as practised by a similar organization, has proved more effective than any other.

When once interest in public affairs has been aroused, the work of reform becomes easy. Then the intelligent body of citizens begin to realize how entirely a matter of good business management the conduct of a city's affairs ought to be; and if they become active partners in such management, they will see to it that the whole community enjoys the benefits which are certain to flow from honest, intelligent, and economic administration; for those are the qualities which are the essentials in the successful conduct of any business. Having realized this, they will perceive at once that the issues and divisions of national politics have no place in municipal politics, except to cause harm, and they will eliminate them speedily and completely. The great and all-controlling force is public spirit, or local pride, or civic duty, or, best name of all, the "home side of patriotism." Every community in this country needs more of this, and every movement which is calculated to foster and increase it is a movement of genuine patriotism.

What is the reader doing for his own community in the direction above indicated?

Free and Other Coinage.

WE are asked to give answers in simple terms to the following questions:

(1) What is free coinage?
(2) How does an ounce of silver or of gold get from the mines to the "pockets of the people" as money?
(3) What have been the leading features of American coinage laws since the foundation of our Government?

In replying to these questions we can make our answers more logical by beginning with the last, or third. The Constitution of the United States vested in Congress the power to coin money, and to regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin; and soon after the formation of the General government an act was passed by Congress, approved April 2, 1792, establishing a national mint at Philadelphia, and authorizing a national coinage of gold and silver at the ratio of 1 to 15. Both were made a legal tender without limit, and the coinage was free to all persons depositing bullion at the mint. The bullion was weighed on receipt, in presence of the depositor, and a certificate of weight was given to him. It was then melted into a bar, and a piece was cut from this for assay, in order to ascertain its fineness and to determine its value. The depositor was then paid on this valuation, according to the weight after melting, the mint charges for parting, refining, and toughening — that is, fitting the bullion for coinage — being deducted.

No other charge was made for coinage of gold and silver from that time down to February 21, 1853, when a new act was passed which provided that in addition to the mint charges there should be a charge to the depositor of one half of one per cent. This applied to gold and silver bars, gold coin, and silver dollars. This act took effect July 1, 1853, and on March 3, 1854, the act was modified so far as gold bars were concerned, limiting the charge on them to the actual cost of the operation. The charge of one half of one per cent. on gold coins and silver continued unchanged until April 1, 1873, when it was reduced to one fifth of one per cent. for gold coinage; the coinage of silver dollars was at the same time discontinued. The charge on gold coinage was abrogated under the act for the resumption of specie payments, January 14, 1875.

Since that time the depositor of gold bullion pays only mint charges and an additional amount for the copper used in alloying his gold. Under the Bland-Allison Act of 1878, the Government alone was empowered to coin silver, purchasing silver bullion at the market price and coining not less than two million dollars' worth nor more than four million dollars' worth each month. This act gave way to the Sherman Act of 1890, under which the Secretary of the Treasury was directed to purchase four and one half million ounces of silver bullion a month, or so much thereof as might be offered, at the market price, and to issue in payment for such purchases treasury notes redeemable, on demand, in coin. The Secretary of the Treasury was also directed to coin, until July 1, 1891, two million ounces of silver bullion a month into standard silver dollars, and after that time as much as should be necessary to provide for the redemption of the treasury notes.

The ratio of 1 to 15 was continued from 1792 to 1834, when it was changed to 1 to 15 $\frac{988}{1000}$, or nearly 1 to 16.

Taking up next the second question, it should be said that the mint at Philadelphia remained till 1835 the only one in the country. In that year an act was passed establishing branch mints at Charlotte, North Carolina, and at Dahlonega, Georgia, for the coinage of gold mined in the vicinity of those places, and at New Orleans for the coinage of silver imported from Mexico. In 1852 one was established in San Francisco, one at Denver in 1862, and one at Carson, Nevada, in

Digitized by Google

1863. By the coinage act of 1873 the Denver and Charlotte mints were changed into assay offices, and the mint bureau was created as a special division of the treasury department, with the director of the mint as chief officer. Prior to this act the chief officer was the director of the mint at Philadelphia, and the other mints were branches of that. They are now independent of one another, and each is in charge of a superintendent, who reports to the mint bureau. There are at the present time mints at Philadelphia, San Francisco, Carson, and New Orleans; and assay offices at New York, Denver, Helena, Boisé City, Charlotte, and St. Louis.

Under free coinage anybody who has gold bullion can take it to the nearest mint and have it coined into gold pieces, or cast into bars, receiving payment in full according to its fineness, only the charges for refining, separating, etc., and for copper used in the alloy, being deducted. Under limited coinage, like that authorized for silver by the Bland Act of 1878 and the Sherman Act of 1890, the Government alone has the right of coinage, which it exercises at its own profit. A gold eagle passes from the mines to the pockets of the people, therefore, practically without obstruction and without any expense for coinage to the owners of the bullion, for the Government pays that. A silver dollar, under the Bland Act, passed from the mines into the pockets of the people with equal lack of obstruction and without expense for coinage until the limit of monthly coinage fixed by the law and the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury was reached.

Virtually, the question of what is free coinage has been answered in what we have said in the foregoing. Free silver coinage would exist when owners of bullion had the right to have it coined to an unrestricted amount, at a fixed ratio with gold, with full legal-tender quality, and at the legal rates, or on the same terms as the Government. When the Government reserves to itself the right of coinage, then there is not free coinage. When two metals are given free coinage, at a fixed ratio, side by side, the cheaper one will always drive the dearer one out of circulation. This is known as Gresham's law. Thus, as early as 1810, after the adoption of the ratio of 1 to 15 in 1792, silver began to fall in value, and gold began gradually to disappear from circulation, and by 1818 it had ceased to circulate at all. We had no gold in circulation till 1834, when the ratio was changed to 1 to 16, or nearly that. This, it was soon seen, gave silver an overvaluation and gold an undervaluation, and the result was that the depreciated gold, which was now the cheaper metal, drove out silver. By 1837 silver had entirely disappeared from our circulation, and from that time till the recoinage of silver dollars under the Bland Act of 1878, silver dollars were never seen in circulation. The silver dollar was worth more than the gold dollar, and the latter drove the former out of circulation.

The operation of Gresham's law under these conditions was very simple. While the ratio of gold to silver between 1792 and 1834 was 1 to 15, and the market value of silver relatively to gold had fallen to 1 to 16, it required sixteen ounces of silver to buy one ounce of gold bullion in the market; but at the mint the Government received fifteen ounces of silver, and coined it into silver coins which were equivalent legally to one ounce of gold. Holders of silver bullion had a controlling inducement, therefore, to sell it to the mint rather than in the bullion market. As gold and silver were circulating side by side, any one who had received silver coins from the mint in return for fifteen ounces of silver bullion could exchange those for gold coins to the same amount, but the gold coins so obtained could be melted and sold as bullion for sixteen ounces of silver bullion. Thus a profit of one ounce of silver could be made upon every fifteen ounces that had been through the mint. When the knowledge that an operation of this kind is possible becomes general, gold will be drawn entirely from circulation and converted into bullion. This was what happened to gold between 1792 and 1834, and what happened to silver after the ratio was changed in the latter year.

If so slight a difference in the relative value of these metals operated in this effective manner, first against one, and then against the other, it is not difficult to perceive what would have happened had we attempted free coinage of both gold and silver under the Bland Act in 1878, or in 1890, or in 1893, with the ratio of 1 to 16, the true ratio in those years ranging from 1 to 18 to 1 to 28. The reason why gold was not driven out entirely was because the coinage of silver was limited. Even though it was limited, gold was fast disappearing from the country when President Cleveland called Congress together in extra session.

OPEN LETTERS.

Christmas and Modern Ritualism.

THE popular prejudice against the revival of ritualism in Protestant churches is, I believe, based rather on the feeling that it is a substitute for real devotion, than upon a dislike to august ceremonial itself. We are all more or less devotees of the high-sounding and impressive. The aim of the Montagnards in the Paris Reign of Terror was directly against anything savoring of man-worship, and still more, with most of them, against anything like God-worship. But in his declining days Robespierre found that he had to fall back on that trait in human nature stronger than almost everything else — the conception of supreme goodness and beauty, and the passionate desire to infold it. Hence the famous festival of the "Etre Suprême" — a very dreary farce when conducted by the green-eyed and flowery-waistcoated Maximilien, but evincing still his reliance upon form and ceremonial as a last means of awing the multitude whom he, first and foremost of all, had trained to lap blood. To be sure, it did not perceptibly delay his downfall; but it is a curious lesson in the springs of human action, and in the abstrusities of human motive — Robespierre officiating as the high priest of the semi-infidel France of the Revolution!

The signs of the times of late years have been very

Digitized by Google

favorable to the growth and expansion ot the ritualistic idea, and that in more churches than one. The devout Romanist, to whom these things are a matter of course, sometimes exhibits a little amusement at the zeal with which a large part of the Protestant world is embracing the idea which he has maintained without a thought of change for so many centuries. In his eye it is a concession to the inevitable, or else a mere spirit of imitation. At any rate, it is interpreted by him as a triumph and vindication of what he has always maintained as the proper mode of approach to the Invisible.

As I write these lines, the sight is recalled to my mind's eye of an old-fashioned congregation some twenty-five or thirty years since. If I picture the semicircle of horses and mules on all sides of the "paling" fence, and the groups of booted and spurred farmers scattered around, discussing the prospects of the tobacco or wheat crop, it will at once be recognized that the scene is laid in Virginia — south-side Virginia, somewhere. Passing into the church itself, I see the old worthies ranged in solemn and severe order, each with his mammoth, old-fashioned prayer- or hymn-book, ready to pour forth volumes of intentional praise. I call the praise "intentional" because that is all that the average congregational singing amounts to. Ritualism is not necessarily in the direction of distinctly Catholic observance. It means the substitution of the scenic for the introversive, the putting away of that rather morbid religious over-zeal and self-inspection of old for the eminently social exercises of the modern assemblage. It means the higher development of music and chancel adornments as contrasted with the severe and decidedly penitential cast of our fathers' worship. Our conception of the gospel is more esthetic, but I do not believe that it is on any account the less sincere.

In this same old country meeting-house to which I refer there was a hymn which always appealed to my taste in such matters. It seemed, set to the words used, the very essence of Protestantism, and gave great scope to the deep, sturdy bass voices of the planters. As years went by I had almost forgotten it, and indeed remembered but one line: "Come and let us worship." A few years ago I was invited by a party of friends in the interior of New York State to attend the midnight mass of Christmas eve in a church of the Roman Catholic communion. The choral and orchestral accompaniments were exceptionally fine. But imagine my surprise when the first notes that greeted my ear were those of that old Presbyterian hymn which had almost died away in memory. The old words were not even suggestive of the Christmas season — a feast the observance of which was in those days almost confined to the two ceremonial churches of this country. But I was now listening to the "Adeste Fideles."

The severe simplicity of our forefathers in matters of ceremonial was in itself a protest. It was akin to the spirit which made the finest dames of the Revolution ready to dress in home-made woolens sooner than depend upon the oppressor. But the sharpest religious reaction which this country has ever witnessed has come on in the last few years, and it is rapidly extending over the country, and taking in all shades and descriptions of believers. I do not now refer particularly to the substitution of a cheerful religious optimism for the soul-harrowing experiences through which our fathers passed in the endeavor to ascertain whether they were indeed the elect or not. I am dealing rather with the evolution of a new reign of taste, and, as I contend, of beneficent estheticism in the matter of form and ceremony itself. I might almost say that the war swept away a good many cobwebs from the religious brain of the average American. Men who had seen and felt the horrors of battle were not apt longer to imagine that they would dwell in eternal flame if they should dance a cotillion. It made our people, one and all, more practical. Having trodden the wine-press of the wrath of man, and passed through the Gehenna of a frightful civil strife, we were not over-anxious to persuade ourselves that the Lord himself was bent on our spiritual destruction. Some people lament still over this manifest and radical change in the national religious outlook. I for one shall always believe that the war itself was the crucible through which the national faith was to emerge less barnacled with the horrors of an expiring and anachronistic theology into the clearer, purer, milder light of true religious optimism.

I was speaking just now of the old life in southern Virginia. It is a curious parallelism which runs through the theology of the pilgrim and the cavalier, that in the matter of religious outlook they never widely diverged. The Christmas of the cavalier was as jubilant as that of the pilgrim was somber, but it may be questioned whether on the churchly and ceremonial side there was so great a difference as one might have expected. The slaying of fowls, the stuffing of pigs' mouths with apples, or the revival of the mistletoe, is not the "Christ's mass." To-day there is more ceremonial observance of this feast in many of the Protestant churches of Puritan Massachusetts than there was thirty years ago in some Virginia churches which had come down through the Church of England to its daughter church on this side. These two States were the great educators, the one for the North and West, and the other for the South and Southwest, and this is why I cite them. In each the old Calvinistic theology for many decades had unlimited sway. It was no uncommon thing before the war to hear of a man having gone insane on the subject of religion. There is nothing to drive any one insane in the very cheerful theology which we hear now from nearly every pulpit. Men are much more apt to go insane over notes in bank.

I have great faith in the future of the ritualistic movement in all the churches. I believe it is a most healthful reaction. I do not say that they will all immediately get to the "Te Deum" or the "Agnus Dei" or the "Salutaris Hostia" as a concomitant of their communion days. That will take time. But in the observance of Christmas and Easter alone the change in the last twenty-five years has been amazing. It is a fact that so far as the music is concerned you might have to spend some time in the average sanctuary to-day in our cities before you could decide whether it represents the shade of Calvin or the shade of Laud, whether Wesley and Luther or Keble and Newman might be supposed to be especially present in spirit. The ritualism of the future will assume varied forms, but it will be a plant of vigorous growth.

William B. Chisholm.

Digitized by Google

Foot-Ball in our Colleges.

REPORTS in my possession from sixty-seven institutions of learning, scattered over thirty-seven States of the Union, give much interesting information concerning the influence of foot-ball upon class standing and individual development, physical, mental, and moral. These reports originated in the discussion which arose last year as to the wisdom of permitting match games of foot-ball between the cadets of Annapolis and West Point. For them I am indebted to the courtesy of the officers of the army and navy detailed under an act of Congress to furnish military instruction to the educational institutions authorized to receive it. These gentlemen are admirably fitted to form a sound opinion as to the influence of athletic pursuits upon college training; they appreciate the importance of physical development; and they are sufficiently independent of the several institutions with which they are connected to be unbiased by local sentiment.

As a general conclusion from these reports, it would appear that foot-ball holds chief place among athletic games for its influence in developing the qualities especially required in an officer of the army or navy — qualities which it is at the same time well for every young man to cultivate. One officer says: "Foot-ball requires preservation of temper under trying circumstances, subordination of individuality to united work, prompt decision and action in the struggle, and tactical and strategical combinations for the accomplishment of the desired end by united force or systematic effort."

Foot-ball gives an outlet for the superabundant animal spirits which might otherwise find expression in the usual college pranks. It compels its devotees to keep good hours, to observe strict rules of temperance in diet and drink, to refrain from the use of tobacco, to select the most nourishing food, and to be systematic with cold baths, rubbing, and healthy exercise. It teaches, moreover, what American youth most need to learn — prompt and exact obedience to instructions. "I am on the foot-ball team" was the explanation given by an undergraduate when he was asked as to the abandonment of injurious habits, and from Harvard comes the report of one gilded youth who was permitted to remain at the college after his day of probation had passed, in view of the fact that he had joined the foot-ball team.

"So far as my observation goes," writes an officer who has done duty at three military schools, "foot-ball in no way interferes with academic work. It has rather the opposite effect, as the training exercises a restraining influence, and keeps down to steady, hard work a class of boys whose animal spirits could scarcely be held in constant check in any other way. Aside from hygienic considerations, there is mental stimulus in solving the many intricate problems that arise in playing the game, and foot-ball is eminently calculated to determine what sort of stuff a boy is made of." In harmony with this, another says: "The mind is aroused, enthusiasm is awakened, and all the players are better for it. The valuable lessons of courage and self-control, the necessity for concerted action, and the ability to stand hammering and yet keep one's head, which play at foot-ball teaches, will offset any temporary loss of study of text-books."

"The effect upon good students seems to be beneficial," reports St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland, "except perhaps for certain limited periods of time for visits. As to poor students, who do not study anyhow, they are perhaps no worse for it. Upon the whole, we find that the students who indulge in athletics are the best students, and in this respect foot-ball benefits a school. It is the opinion here that we had better discipline, better studying, better learning, and better health for athletics, and for foot-ball, which is one of the chief forms of athletics."

There is no military professor at Harvard, but through other sources we are informed that at that institution "what the young men lose in marks they more than gain in increased mental power and brightness; and it is a noticeable fact that the men devoted to athletics the past two years have stood exceptionally well in their classes. They are now obliged to maintain a certain average or be dropped from their class, and from athletics too; so that with less time at their disposal they are bound to work with diligence to keep their places. The training is strict here, and no lapses are allowed."

Yale reports that, "in the opinion of most of the professors, during the term in which foot-ball practice is active the academic work of the foot-ball teams is of little account. One gentleman — a graduate of some years back — a foot-ball player, and quite a noted tennis player, said he believed foot-ball was a great help to class standing, because it required regular habits during the training season, and many men continued them throughout the year to their manifest advantage." "Nearly every man's opinion," this correspondent adds, "is biased by his fondness for the game, and the love for athletics inherent in every strong, healthy man."

At Perdue University, Lafayette, Indiana, report says "the foot-ball men are men of prominence in the university, and are to a certain extent looked up to; and their regular lives, diet, and discipline are favorable to their own work, and their example has a favorable influence on others."

A calculation made by the professor of physical culture and hygiene at Cornell shows that the men on the intercollegiate athletic teams have a standing 1.2 per cent. better than the average of the whole college.

The general expression of opinion from the great majority of the colleges is in accord with these quotations, which are selected only because they elaborate somewhat the ideas which are more briefly expressed in most of the letters referred to.

As to physical injuries, there are reports of abundant minor mishaps, — strains, sprains, etc., some broken ribs, collar-bones, and fingers, and even noses, — but few permanent injuries are reported among the thousands of foot-ball players heard from. A California student had his neck broken, but I have heard of at least three similar accidents in the families of my friends, resulting from gymnasium practice — two in one family. At Yale one young man has sacrificed an eye to his enthusiasm for foot-ball, and at Cornell one was laid up for a year as the result of injury to his kidneys, following a blow upon the back. From two other institutions come reports of serious injuries, the nature of which is not specified. The knees seem to be the most vulnerable part, and some of the accidents suggest the necessity

Digitized by Google

for avoiding the use of hard or frozen ground in playing the game. It is doubtful whether the percentage of accidents among undergraduates would lessen were foot-ball forbidden. Nature will exact her tribute in physical injuries for her bestowal of surplus energy upon the young, and I have known one young man to break an arm three times in jumping over horse-posts. The physical dangers, such as they are, could be greatly lessened by a proper regulation of the game. It should be recognized as a part of the college curriculum, to the extent at least of encouraging every student to participate in it, grading the players according to their several abilities. It is found that systematic training reduces the risk from injuries. If foot-ball is beneficial, as would appear to be the case, the benefit should be extended to all students alike. As it is now, those who most need the exercise are debarred from it by the natural disposition to exclude all but the sturdier men. At Annapolis and West Point physical training is an essential part of the course, and it should be so in every college. It will be so when we have wholly escaped the influence of the false doctrine that the body is the instrument of Satan, and must be bound in fetters as a preliminary to intellectual and spiritual development.

William Conant Church.

American Militarism.

For what can war but endless war still breed?
—MILTON.

LIKE other agues that shake the body politic, militarism is intermittent. After our civil war a chill set in. Men had had enough soldiering for one generation. Now again a rising temperature bespeaks a strong accession of military fever. Military parades and processions are the rage; Boston school-boys want to be supplied with muskets for military drill; Congress is besieged with petitions clamoring for military or naval appropriations; an ex-ambassador avers that Columbia's only safety consists in the disbursement of our "debauching national surplus" on ironclads and big guns; importunate rival cities, each badly smitten with invasion panic, are to be appeased only by the expenditure of untold millions in forts and munitions of war. The popular cry echoes in the newspapers, and even reëchoes in the columns of THE CENTURY.

However opinions may differ as to the Christian or non-Christian character of war, it is notorious that the Church has unfailingly blessed the banners, and shared the spoils, of militarism. It ever speaks as spoke Etruria's "thirty chosen prophets" to Lars Porsena:

> Go, and return in glory
> To Clusium's royal dome;
> And hang round Nurscia's altars
> The golden shields of Rome.

Were the question of war's justifiability to be decided on the field of religious controversy, the Quaker, with Scriptural sling and stone, would find it an easy task to shatter the huge Goliath of militarism. But, keeping outside the pale of biblical polemics, militarism is not only anachronistic, but utterly opposed to the genius of America. On this continent there should be no contest between militarism and industrialism. A practical people should have not a moment's hesitation in choosing between systems so radically opposed. As a matter of fact, our choice was made, and our creed formulated, by Washington in his farewell address, September 17, 1796. "Overgrown military establishments are, under any form of government, inauspicious to liberty, and are particularly hostile to republican liberty." Our national policy has been, is, and ever should be, in accordance with that declaration, a consistent policy of industrialism.

Against the proud record of its sway set a picture of the results of its opposite—militarism. An example of it is ready to hand in Russia under its present Czar. Says Nicanor, archbishop of Odessa:

> Here in our own homes, here on Russian soil, conquered by Russian blood, we stand *not at the head, but at the tail; not above, but beneath all other races and peoples.*

This is what militarism has done for the most aggressive nation the world knows. Is that the development desired by Americans?

Russia may plead that "manifest destiny" requires of her this temporary sacrifice to militarism. A destiny a hundred-fold more manifest peremptorily forbids America to enter a career so degrading. War has ceased to be a needful or a beneficent factor in human development. The race is no longer to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Brawn contends unavailingly against machine-aided brain. The more vigorous the man, the ampler the target. Cœur de Lion falls by the bullet of Bottom, the weaver. The physically fittest no longer survives, unless the synonym for fittest be scrawniest. Nor is race renewal by intermarriage any longer promoted by war. Travel and commerce are now the more effective agents. Human evolution is to be compassed far more rapidly in the future by psychical force than in the past by physical. And no people should more gladly welcome the fact than Americans; none more readily adopt a policy in harmony therewith.

Surely if there be one particular in which the New World may fulfil its mission as enlightener of the nations, it is in the avoidance of that thrice-accursed incubus of militarism under which the Old World despairingly groans. An aggressive jingoism may muster its millions under the specious pretext of home defense. America knows no aspirations for other worlds to conquer, and a course of even-handed justice will be the best and only defense needed by the republic. The spirit of the Monroe doctrine demands that this continent be kept free from the pernicious feudal system, and other old rags of European impolicy. Feudal, as an adjective, may smack of romance and chivalry; but the system of eternal feud has been, is, and will be, an unceasing curse to all Europe. Even there education has rung its knell. A heptarchy no longer divides England; a hundred petty principalities have merged in the German empire, the factions of rival states no more distract a united Italy. Education and enlightenment will widen the bonds of brotherhood, and realize Victor Hugo's vision of the United States of Europe.

Moreover, new methods are dawning on mankind. Were there no other possible means of obtaining equitable treatment than by recourse to arms, an extension of our naval and military systems might be salutary. Such, happily, is by no means the case. A method at

Digitized by Google

once easy, honorable, and satisfactory has been found, and, it is safe to say, may always be found, in arbitration. A nation can never be dishonored by compliance with the terms of a just arbitration award. There is no need to prolong the bloody "martyrdom of man" on this American continent. The establishment of a high court of arbitration as a substitute for war is an idea by no means chimerical or quixotic. Personal feuds, family feuds, tribal feuds, baronial feuds, have all become obsolete under the reign of law; and to settle national feuds by appeal to arbitration is merely reducing to the realm of law the last unconquered stronghold of savagery. The American people must approve of so desirable a consummation, and the establishment of such a court of arbitration would be a moral and political development worthy to crown this age of material progress.

America cannot serve the two masters militarism and industrialism. The former converts citizens into machines unintelligently obeying the master mechanic who pulls the wires and moves the pieces. The latter makes mechanics into men, intelligent in devising, energetic in accomplishing. Which is to be the American idea? In grasping for both, "human nature," Herbert Spencer says, "cannot become properly adapted to either."

Edward Berwick.

The Charcoal Club of Baltimore.

A CHRISTMAS COMPETITION FOR THE CENTURY.

If we may judge by Albert Dürer's portrait of himself in his house at Nuremberg, he drew as well when twelve years of age as at any later period in his career. He is therefore the exception which proves the rule that, while capacity to become a great draftsman is in many cases intuitive, the ability to draw well is a development, is the result of education. This education is incomplete unless the artist can draw any and every object with equal facility. This would be impossible if a knowledge of their composition and construction was necessary; but drawing is simply the training of the eye correctly to see form, and of the hand to express what the eye sees. What method, then, shall he who selects art as a career follow in order to learn to draw? Shall his education be on the old academic graded lines, which begin by copying the flat, afterward the round, from simple forms such as cubes and spheres, then the antique, and lastly the living model? Or shall he, under good criticism, draw indiscriminately whatever he pleases? That the tendency of the present is toward the latter method is evidenced by the rapid increase of art students' clubs and leagues, which largely break away from old methods of teaching.

The main features of all these organizations are the same. Briefly stated, they may be summarized as the cultivation of an artistic environment, and the development of the artist on the lines of his individual temperament, by putting criticism in the place of teaching.

It is evident, therefore, that the success of these institutions must depend much more on the artistic standing, enthusiasm, and ability of their professors than on anything else; for they are the school. The Art Students' League of New York has always been fortunate in this respect, and its brilliant corps of professors past and present will render it historic. Of the adventitious circumstances which have aided its success, not the least has been the fact of its being located in the nation's largest city, where annual exhibitions, galleries, art museums, opera, and theaters afford the student an artistic environment. What Paris is in art to New York, New York is to Washington, Baltimore, etc. It may surprise many to know that in the chief city of Maryland there is a healthy, vigorous, growing institution, the Charcoal Club, the personnel of whose students and the quality of whose work bear favorable comparison with the older institutions of New York.

There is generally something dreary in a collection of drawings and compositions by students. The work of the tyro has lost its innocence, and the skill of the *arrivé* has not yet taken its place. Such an exhibit seems to divide itself into the awkward, laborious, conscientious grasping for something which through inherent lack of artistic instinct can never be reached; the airy nothings of the trifler, and the works of the "chic" fellow who, ignorant of form or character, draws something he thinks the model ought to look like; who, by a sort of legerdemain, gets pretty, "fat" effects in charcoal; who has learned to sign his name with gay lines and curves just in the right place. He is the abomination of his professor and the admiration of his fellows, and influences more or less their work, and occasionally the earnest effort of an artistic nature. The little collection at the Charcoal Club of some forty or fifty drawings was refreshing in the absence of these characteristics. It was workmanlike work; more, it was individual to a marked degree, as though each student had searched the character of the model for himself. They were not all alike good, but I question if in the qualities of sincerity and individual purpose any art school could have made a better showing.

In conversation with Mr. André Castaigne, the school's "professor," I gave expression to what has long been to me a matter for wonder, namely: that illustration, with the remunerative field it opens up for art activity, is so little considered in the art schools of the country. This was the occasion of a suggestion from him that THE CENTURY should announce a competition, to be open to the Charcoal Club. A Christmas subject was selected, and the successful drawing was to be purchased by THE CENTURY, and printed in the Christmas number. The *concours* resulted in half a dozen creditable compositions, of which Mr. J. Carrell Lucas's "Christmas at the Children's Hospital," which appears on page 251, was unanimously voted the best. This drawing, considered as student work, is more than creditable. It is true that in its leading lines it is reminiscent, and that its manner shows in a too marked degree the influence of Castaigne; but these are students' faults. The composition furnishes fairly satisfactory data for the assumption that Mr. Lucas will earn a place for himself as a successful illustrator.

W. Lewis Fraser.

"The Century's" American Artists Series.

HENRY SANDHAM.

HENRY SANDHAM spent the early years of his life in a remote country district of Canada. At sixteen, finding life on a farm utterly distasteful, he decided, despite the protests of his parents, to seek his future in the nearest city — Montreal. Here he was fortunate in

Digitized by Google

gaining the friendship of the aquarellist John A. Fraser, under whose guidance he made his first steps in art. A few years later Sandham had so ably profited by his teaching that his portraits of Sir Peter Coates and Sir John A. Macdonald gained for him an international reputation.

In 1881, finding that he had outgrown his field of operations, he removed to Boston, where he has since lived and been identified with American art. During the last few years he has developed a penchant for American historical "genre." In 1889 he painted for the town of Lexington "The Dawn of Liberty," an interesting composition of the fight at Lexington, now in the town hall of that city. In 1890 he painted "The March of Time," introducing in a clever and original way officers from Massachusetts who took part in the war of the Rebellion, and their children and grandchildren. The picture is now in the National Museum at Washington. Last year (1892) he painted the picture engraved on page 253.

Sandham's pictures are bold and original in composition, and one of their chief merits, besides their conscientiousness, is their story-telling quality. So far as patient research can make them, they are valuable historical data.

Sandham was born in Montreal in 1842. He has made many trips to Europe for observation and study, and has gained many awards.

ELLA CONDIE LAMB.

ELLA CONDIE LAMB, although known principally by her designs for stained-glass mosaics and mural painting, has made many clever portraits and other easel-paintings, not the least interesting of which is the "Advent Angel," which was exhibited in the American section of Fine Arts in the Columbian Exhibition. She is possessed of a true artistic temperament, has been well trained in the rudiments of her art, and is an interesting figure in the ranks of women artists. She was born in New York in 1862. When sixteen years of age she entered the school of the National Academy of Design. One year later she took the first prize in the woman's life class of that institution. In 1880 she was admitted to the Art Students' League, and for several years was one of its most promising and active members. Upon hearing of the establishment of Hubert Herkomer's art school in Bushey, England, she enrolled herself there as a student. The atmosphere of Bushey proving uncongenial, she went to Paris and became a pupil of Collin and Courtois. Soon after her return to America she married the artist J. R. Lamb, and in 1889 she won the prize instituted by Norman W. Dodge for the best picture by a woman artist at the National Academy Exhibition for that year.

W. Lewis Fraser.

"Christianity Outside the Churches."

WILL the editor of THE CENTURY allow me to call the attention of Rev. Dr. William Chauncy Langdon to the following facts? First, that statistics indisputably prove that the Christian churches are increasing even proportionally faster than ever before; second, that those churches — notably the Methodist and the Baptist — which insist on a more vital experience and a more prominent confession, are precisely the ones making the largest and most rapid increase.

It is no doubt true that this increasing power of Christianity in the churches is more powerfully affecting many outside the churches, and inclining them toward Christianity while still outside the churches, and while they may never enter any of them. But to take the fact, as Mr. Langdon apparently does, to indicate that the Church as an organized agency is losing its power, is not only unwarranted by any existing facts, but is clearly opposed to the facts in the case.

OAKLAND CITY, INDIANA. *A. D. Williams.*

Another Diary of Napoleon's Trip to St. Helena.

THE publication in THE CENTURY of the very interesting diary of Napoleon's voyage to St. Helena has called attention to a small volume entitled "Bonaparte's Voyage to St. Helena, comprising the diary of Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn." This volume was published in England in 1888, in a small edition. A comparison of the Admiral's diary with that of his secretary, John R. Glover (which is the diary for the first time printed by THE CENTURY), would seem to indicate that the Admiral's account was based on the fuller and more important record of his secretary. Whether the Admiral dictated any part of his diary may not be determined; but there can be no doubt of the paramount historical value of the Glover manuscript, to which the briefer publication bearing the Admiral's name stands as an authentication.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A Sheaf of Farm Superstitions.

A FAMILY WEAKNESS.

I WOUND N' be bound down
Believin' signs and things
Like Uncle Jerry Finckleys air
Fer fifty cents. Can't go anywhere,
Ner do a trick, unlest the signs is right.
When the peacocks sings
They stays at home from town
Fer fear of measles;
Hev a seprut sign fer dogs
A-howlin', and mewlin' cats,
An' hoppin' frogs,
An' snaky weasels.
An' when they see the bogie bats
A-huntin' pixies by the light
Of jack-a-lamps,
They flunk and pray in sech a plight
It gives 'em cramps.
Folks air short fer sense
Thet takes along thet way:
The'r lives makes more expense
Than all the profits pay.

Digitized by Google

Use reason—
Ther'! go slow,
You idiot! Don't you know
Any more 'n lug that hoe
In the house, a-temptin' death?
I swan, you 've scart my breath
Clean away. You pleggèd fool,
Little more 'n you 'll jest go
An' do some mischief with the tool.

THE CHARM.

To break the spell when bad signs come,
Go to the barn an' jest take some
Chaff up on the cockle screen,
An' shake it slowly, like you 've seen
Ma siftin' meal, 'n' then you sing,
"Rafferty tafferty tickory toe,
Elabow crackabow, ther' you go!"
An' all the time you keep the thing
A-shakin' till at last you see
The chaff 's shuck through, and then run three
Times round the heap, and kind o' sing
"Alaby balaby blubberin' Ben,
Don't let trouble come here again."
'N' if ye 're careful with the charm,
Ain't no signs ken do you harm.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

WHEN I 'uz a boy
The girl that worked fer mother
Kept me 'most scart to death
With some bad sign or other.
The tremblin' leaves on the big pople-tree
In our back yard, said she,
Meant weevil would destroy
The wheat. And when late summer's breath
Moaned in a sooty way
About the kitchen pipe,
She 'd say, "Afore the corn is ripe
A fever 'll take this house."
At last, when mother found me and brother
A-cryin' for the squeakin' of a mouse
That meant that some of us must die,
She turned the girl away,
And spanked us both, and I,
Still thankin' her, will always say,
"God bless my mother!"

Doane Robinson.

The Tests.

OF a broom: not its experience, but its lack of it.

Of innocence: not its ignorance, but its choice of what it knows.

Of useful knowledge: not how deep it goes, but how readily it comes to the surface.

Of a lover: not how many he has loved, but how well.

Of a philanthropist: not how well he has loved, but how many.

Of wisdom: its sympathy with folly.

Of folly: doing it again.

Of a good housekeeper: not that you notice her housekeeping, but that you do not notice it.

Of a good woman: not that she is good, but that she makes you good.

Of a teacher: not how many questions he asks that his pupils answer readily, but how many he inspires them to ask him which he finds it hard to answer.

Alice W. Rollins.

Exit Poetry.

ALACK, poor Phœbus, shut up shop,
And send the Muses packing!
Our old-time ways of turning lays
In rules were sadly lacking.
Instead of "light that never was
On sea or land" beholden,
They turn on verse electric light;
And scout our methods olden.

The veriest freshman of the schools
Now threatens to surpass us:
They 've got an Inclined Plane to lift
The rhymer up Parnassus.
They 've turned your Fount of Castaly
To steam to furnish "power,"
And handbooks of Poetics make
A poet in an hour!

The simple song, from simpler heart,
To law once bade defiance,
But verse no more can be an art—
They 've changed it to a science.
Since half the bards are pedants grown,
And half are college fellows,
The minstrel's occupation 's gone
As surely as Othello's!

Said Phœbus: "Bards began to sing
Ere handbooks of Poetics
Set all the world to tinkering
A sort of rhymed athletics.
What boots it that from dawn to dark
You spend the hours rehearsing
This ground-and-lofty tumbling, or
The Del Sarte drill in versing?

"Until some spark of fire divine
Has set the heart aglow, it
Is not the rules of all the schools
Will ever make a poet!
No, no, we 'll rhyme and chime it still
In that good old-time fashion
Which gave instead of rule and saw
Just melody and passion.

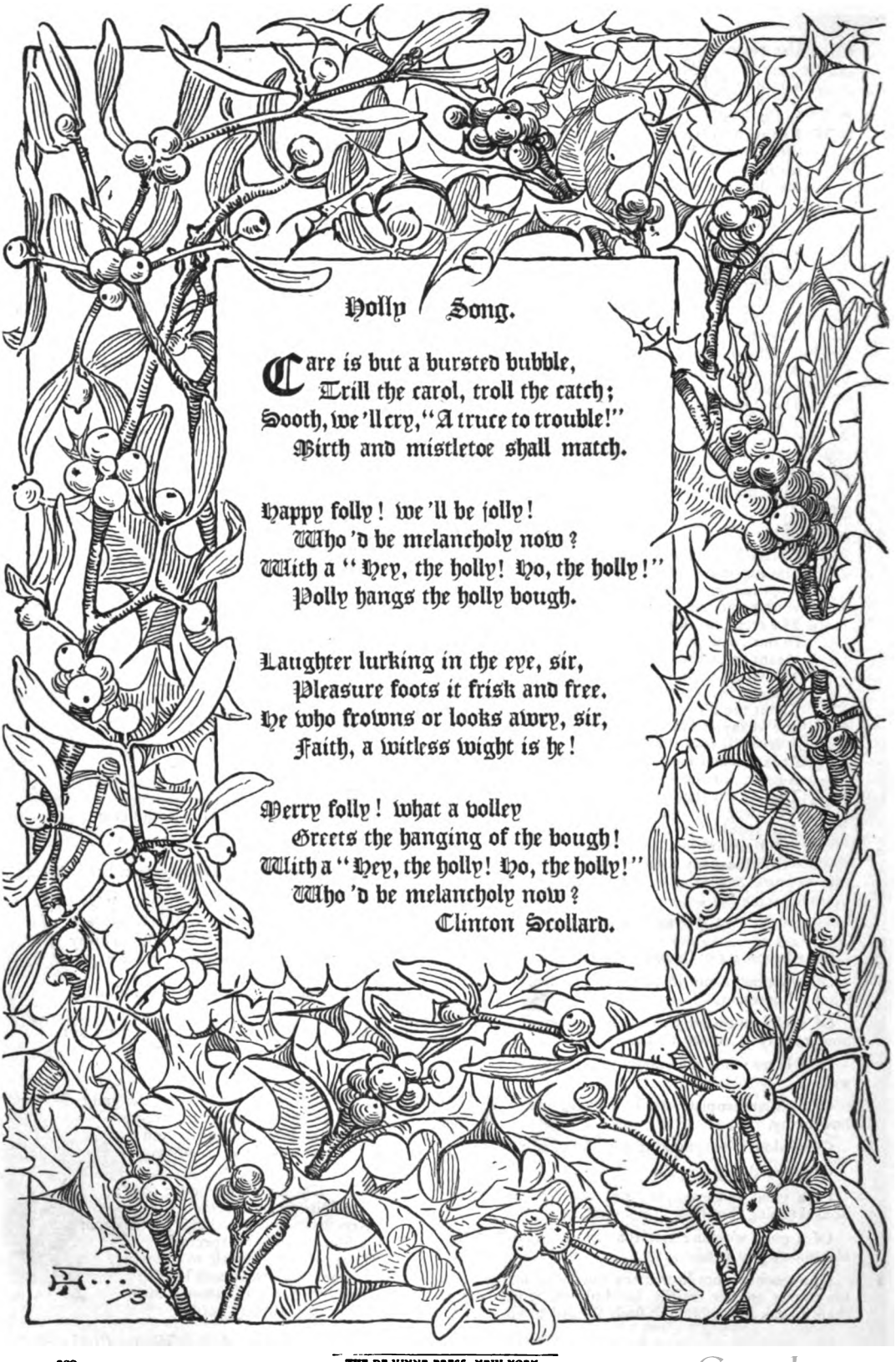
"First—*catch your thought*, then bend the ear
And set the lyre repeating
The tunes which still through earth and sky,
Through heart and brain, go beating:
The rhythms to which the billows sway
And which the flowers nod in,
To which the planets circle aye
And the first stars praised God in!"

Ah, no—too late! The day 's gone by:
Our simple themes romantic
Might on Parnassus win a place,
But scarce will suit *The Atl-nt-c!*
Who breaks the lock-step of the gang
Is lashed for being venture-y,
Or at the best will hardly find
His verses *fin du C-nt-ry.*

Wait, if you will, for better days;
Ambrosia and nectar
Are cheap, but bread and butter dear;
Starvation is no specter.
Leave nature's music to the wind,
The ocean wave and birdie:
The lyre is out of date—I mean
To buy a hurdy-gurdy!

Alice Williams Brotherton.

Digitized by Google



Holly Song.

Care is but a bursted bubble,
Trill the carol, troll the catch;
Sooth, we 'll cry, "A truce to trouble!"
Birth and mistletoe shall match.

Happy folly! we 'll be jolly!
Who 'd be melancholy now?
With a "Hey, the holly! Ho, the holly!"
Polly hangs the holly bough.

Laughter lurking in the eye, sir,
Pleasure foots it frisk and free.
He who frowns or looks awry, sir,
Faith, a witless wight is he!

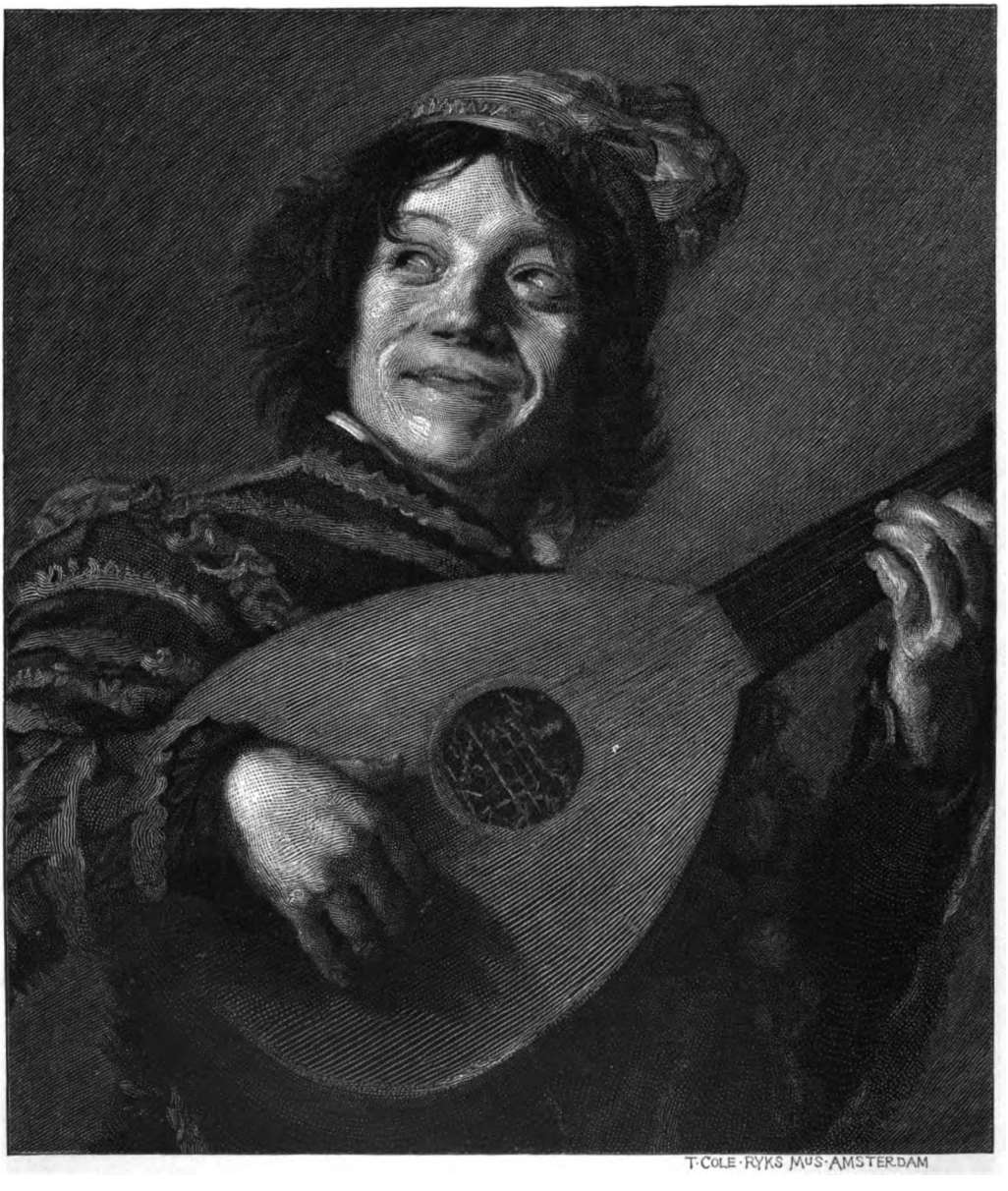
Merry folly! what a volley
Greets the hanging of the bough!
With a "Hey, the holly! Ho, the holly!"
Who 'd be melancholy now?

Clinton Scollard.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



"THE JESTER," BY FRANS HALS.

Digitized by Google

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVII. JANUARY, 1894. No. 3.

OLD DUTCH MASTERS.

FRANS HALS (1584–1666).

FRANS HALS is one of the very few Dutchmen who cannot be thoroughly appreciated or studied outside the towns which claim them. To know him one must go to Haarlem, where he occupies an eminence similar to that of Rembrandt in Amsterdam, though with the advantage of being far more comprehensively illustrated. There, in the museum of the town hall, he is represented by eight large canvases varying in length from eight to thirteen feet, the figures of which are life-size. They are corporation and regent pieces, ostensibly portraits of officers of the orders of St. Andrew and of St. George, and of the lady managers and governors of the hospital for old men and women, and of the Elizabeth Hospital. They are arranged in chronological order, appertaining to all periods of the artist's life and embracing his long career. It is a rare treat to see an array of masterpieces, imposing, well lighted, and placed at a convenient height for examination, affording at a glance fifty years of an artist's labor. The first of the series is of the year 1616, and shows Hals to us at the age of thirty-two; the last, of 1664, shows him to us at the extreme age of eighty, two years before his death. These corporation pieces were much the fashion in those days, and form a not inconsiderable feature of Dutch art. Frans Hals and Rembrandt have done the finest things in this line, and their works are not merely portrait groups, but pictures— illustrations of the higher laws of composition and chiaroscuro. The example I have engraved is one of the best of the series, and displays Frans Hals in full flower. It is of the year 1627, when he was forty-three years old. It represents the officers of St. Andrew at a banquet. Each individual may be identified, since he is numbered in the painting, and his name is affixed to the bottom of the frame. I did not engrave the numbers, for the names are of little or no account at the present day; they have, in fact, all merged in the one name of Frans Hals.

The painting is in a warm, fresh gray; the background is brownish. The various coats of arms in stained glass are indicated with delicacy and precision against the outside background of foliage. The scarfs are tawny, orange, or tender blue; the ruffs are white, and in them the artist employs touches of the pure pigment. The clothes are principally of dark stuff figured with embroidery upon the surface, the detail broadly yet delicately indicated; for Hals possessed the art of being precise without too much explanation, of making everything understood with half a word, of omitting nothing, but suppressing the useless. The hands are fine, and all well individualized. In this he is superior in judgment to Van Dyck, his contemporary, who, considering the hands of no particular importance in this respect, always used a model for them. There is a delightful harmony in the whole. It is charming to observe the rich but simple treatment; the breadth and certainty of his touch, its sharpness, promptness, and celerity; his free, bold, intelligent, supple handling, its dash and brilliancy, together with its moderation. Hals is always wise, and never insignificant; piquant, but not flippant. There is a

Copyright, 1893, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

Digitized by Google



"THE JOLLY MAN," BY FRANS HALS.

Digitized by Google

buoyancy, a joyousness—in fact, a jocoseness about him that places him most in sympathy with the painters of to-day. Here are much fiber and unction; good red blood, and plenty of it. How fine and living are his heads, and how spiritually expressive, too! Moreover, the action and movement are stirring. One can feel the moral atmosphere that pervades the group of the original Orangemen, pioneers in the cause of civic and religious freedom in the Netherlands.

To the period of this picture belongs "The Jolly Man" of the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam, one of those light subjects which Hals threw off in moments of relaxation; yet in point of technic it may be more remarkable than his more serious work in displaying the deftness and rapidity of his touch. In coloring it is golden and luminous. The dress is ocher, and the background is of a duller tone of the same. The hat is black, and the ruffs are white. The jolly fellow is in the act of singing; this explains the action. His face is all animation as he trolls his merry song. One outstretched hand is in the act of marking the time—a very characteristic action in a comic piece; while in the other he holds a wine-glass, grasping the lower rim.

"The Jester" is an uncertain work, though certainly displaying remarkable cleverness of handling. I had engraved this example before the others. When I had nearly completed it, the director of the museum came round to look at my work, and told me that the painting was considered by competent judges to be a doubtful example of the master, painted probably by some one of the Hals family, for Hals had sons who were skilful painters. It was not until after I had spent some six weeks at Haarlem, engraving the corporation picture, and had again confronted "The Jester," that I felt competent to pass judgment upon it myself. I could then clearly see in it the evidences of a heavier hand, something foreign to Frans Hals. The touch is conscious, and displayed apparently for its own sake. In the hand striking the strings it is bungling. In his touch Frans Hals is simplicity itself, perfectly natural and unconscious. At times it is perfectly indifferent, as in "The Jolly Man"; and again, in his more finished works, the smoothest possible rendering in engraving would be necessary to give an adequate idea of its softness, and of the subtle blending of the tints.

It is only within the last quarter of a century that Frans Hals has received the recognition due his brilliant talents. Unfortunately, the records of his life are very meager; but what we have of his history, from latest researches, shows him to us as a very different character from the mere sot his former imaginative biographers made him out to be. His habits were convivial, and he took no thought of the things of the morrow. His renown was great in his day; he stood high in public esteem, being a member of the Guild of Rhetoric, of the Civic Guard, and of the Guild of St. Luke, and he received a pension from the state in his old age. The Hals family occupied a place of distinction among the patrician houses of Haarlem fully two centuries before the artist's birth; but owing to misfortunes consequent upon the war of independence, his parents removed to Antwerp, where, about the year 1584, Frans was born. While he was yet a boy, however, his family returned to their native town, where the artist was mainly educated, and where he spent the rest of his long yet uneventful career. He is supposed to have received some instruction in his art before he came to Haarlem, but it is known that at this latter place he entered the school of Karel van Mander in the beginning of the seventeenth century. His master had finished his education in Italy, which country, in those days, was the goal in the education of all artists, for as yet Holland had not given birth to an art distinctively its own. Frans Hals and Rembrandt (who succeeded him about twenty-three years later) stand at the head of the Dutch school. From this time onward, for the space of forty years, follows thick and fast a procession of brilliant names, the first fruits of the young and vigorous republic. Up to this time there had existed an earlier Dutch school, of which Lucas van Leyden (1494–1533) is the principal and representative figure. It had not the unequivocal physiognomy of the brilliant school which succeeded it. It pointed to Flanders, and through Flanders to Italy, and was of a religious character. The later Dutch school, opening with Frans Hals, is characterized by the particular phase of genre painting which portrays the exterior image of the country, city and country life, home and public life, landscape, etc., and which was the program of the school from its first day to the day of its decline. It was the most local of all schools, and its sudden appearance was phenomenal, springing into existence with the recognition of the fatherland as an independent state. At last Holland had gained the freedom for which it had so long and dearly fought. The revolution had denuded the land of that ancient and religious art which had formed the model of its previous school. A clean sweep had been made of everything that savored of the Church of Rome. A new leaf was turned over that was indeed a blank. A new art naturally followed the new life and the new faith. The peace of 1609 between Holland and her tyrannical oppressor, Spain, had been concluded, and the hopeful young united states

Digitized by Google



IN THE MUNICIPAL MUSEUM, HAARLEM.

BANQUET OF THE OFFICERS OF THE CORPS OF THE ARCHERS OF ST. ANDREW, 1622, BY FRANS HALS.

Digitized by Google

began their prosperous career. Artists were born everywhere within the seven provinces, cropping up as from the soil, some even beyond the frontiers, like seed that had fallen outside the fields.

In genre painting, to which the taste of the times strongly set, Frans Hals led the way. He was the first who sought to break up the hitherto staid and serious forms, and to introduce homely reality and easy comedy. He is particularly happy in the delineation of mirth—a master, in fact, of the art of painting a laugh. The titles of many of his pictures, half-lengths of life-size and smaller, to be found in the galleries of Europe,—such as "The Jolly Topers," "The Jolly Trio," "A Jolly Toper Sitting at a Table," "Laughing Women," "Singing Boys," "The Frolicsome Man," "Table Company," etc.,—are sufficiently suggestive of the good humor that has earned for him the title of "jolly Frans Hals."

Hals was twice married, living happily for nearly fifty years with his second wife, by whom he was the father of a large family. In the Amsterdam Museum there is a portrait of him seated beside his wife upon a sylvan slope within the shade of overhanging foliage, which represents him to us quite as we should imagine him in his moments of relaxation when he is lightly mocking us. His wife, resting her hand upon his shoulder, joins him in sympathetic look and gesture. Yet beneath his debonair exterior we mark the man of depth and refinement.

In the Haarlem Museum is a picture representing the school of Frans Hals. It shows the interior of a studio in which a number of artists are drawing from a nude model, while the aged painter, who presides, is greeting a late comer at the door. From the inscription on the back we learn that it is the atelier of Hals as it appeared about the year 1652. He was then nearly seventy. His success as a master is seen in the powerful influence he exercised over the works of his contemporaries, and in the number of celebrated men who, directly or indirectly, sprang from his studio, such as Van der Helst, Adriaan van Ostade, Metsu, and Steen.

A story is told of a visit paid to Hals by Van Dyck. The latter was then twenty-two; Hals, fifteen years his senior. As a pleasantry Van Dyck suppressed his name, announcing himself as a wealthy stranger who wished to sit for his portrait, but who had only a couple of hours to spare. Hals fell to with his usual impetuosity, and completed a portrait for the sitter's inspection in even less than the limited time, much to the satisfaction of the latter, who expressed an astonishment not altogether feigned at the speed of its execution. "Surely," said he, "painting is an easier thing than I thought. Suppose we change places, and see what I can do." The exchange was made. Hals instantly detected that the person before him was no stranger to the brush. He speculated in vain as to who he might be. But when the second portrait was finished in still less time than the first, the mystery was solved. Rushing to his guest, he clasped him in a fraternal embrace. "The man who can do that," he cried, "must be either Van Dyck or the devil!"

T. Cole.

THE YEAR'S DAY.

AFTER the winter's night
From the world is withdrawn,
Out of the darkness gleams the light,—
Spring,—and the year's fresh dawn.

Blossom and leaf and bud,
And the birds all in tune:
Then in a fragrant, golden flood,—
Summer,—the year's glad noon.

Crimson the roses blow,
And the grove's breath is musk:
Then to the year the sunset glow,—
Autumn,—and hints of dusk.

Glimmer the stars of frost,
And the wind at the door
Mournfully sings of something lost,—
Winter—and night once more.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB. ENGRAVED BY H. HARDER.

ROXY AND THE CHILDREN.

Digitized by Google

PUDD'NHEAD WILSON.

A TALE BY MARK TWAIN.

ADAM and Eve had many advantages, but the principal one was, that they escaped teething.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

THERE is this trouble about special providences — namely, there is so often a doubt as to which party was intended to be the beneficiary. In the case of the children, the bears and the prophet, the bears got more real satisfaction out of the episode than the prophet did, because they got the children.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

CHAPTER IV.



HIS history must henceforth accommodate itself to the change which Roxana has consummated, and call the real heir "Chambers" and the usurping little slave "Thomas à Becket" —shortening this latter name to "Tom," for daily use, as the people about him did.

"Tom" was a bad baby, from the very beginning of his usurpation. He would cry for nothing; he would burst into storms of devilish temper without notice, and let go scream after scream and squall after squall, then climax the thing with "holding his breath"— that frightful specialty of the teething nursling, in the throes of which the creature exhausts its lungs, then is convulsed with noiseless squirmings and twistings and kickings in the effort to get its breath, while the lips turn blue and the mouth stands wide and rigid, offering for inspection one wee tooth set in the lower rim of a hoop of red gums; and when the appalling stillness has endured until one is sure the lost breath will never return, a nurse comes flying, and dashes water in the child's face, and — presto! the lungs fill, and instantly discharge a shriek, or a yell, or a howl which bursts the listening ear and surprises the owner of it into saying words which would not go well with a halo if he had one. The baby Tom would claw anybody who came within reach of his nails, and pound anybody he could reach with his rattle. He would scream for water until he got it, and then throw cup and all on the floor and scream for more. He was indulged in all his caprices, howsoever troublesome and exasperating they might be; he was allowed to eat anything he wanted, particularly things that would give him the stomach-ache.

When he got to be old enough to begin to toddle about and say broken words and get an idea of what his hands were for, he was a more consummate pest than ever. Roxy got no rest while he was awake. He would call for anything and everything he saw, simply saying "Awnt it!" (want it), which was a command. When it was brought, he said in a frenzy, and motioning it away with his hands, "Don't awnt it! don't awnt it!" and the moment it was gone he set up frantic yells of "Awnt it! awnt it! awnt it!" and Roxy had to give wings to her heels to get that thing back to him again before he could get time to carry out his intention of going into convulsions about it.

What he preferred above all other things was the tongs. This was because his "father" had forbidden him to have them lest he break windows and furniture with them. The moment Roxy's back was turned he would toddle to the presence of the tongs and say "Like it!" and cock his eye to one side to see if Roxy was observing; then, "Awnt it!" and cock his eye again; then, "Hab it!" with another furtive glance; and finally, "Take it!"— and the prize was his. The next moment the heavy implement was raised aloft; the next, there was a crash and a squall, and the cat was off on three legs to meet an engagement; Roxy would arrive just as the lamp or a window went to irremediable smash.

Tom got all the petting, Chambers got none. Tom got all the delicacies, Chambers got mush and milk, and clabber without sugar. In consequence Tom was a sickly child and Chambers was n't. Tom was "fractious," as Roxy called it, and overbearing; Chambers was meek and docile.

With all her splendid common sense and practical every-day ability, Roxy was a doting fool of a mother. She was this toward her child — and she was also more than this: by the fiction created by herself, he was become her master; the necessity of recognizing this relation outwardly and of perfecting herself in the forms required to express the recognition, had moved her to such diligence and faithfulness in practising these forms that this exercise soon concreted itself into habit; it became automatic and unconscious; then a natural result followed: deceptions intended solely for others gradually grew practically into self-deceptions as well; the mock reverence

Digitized by Google

became real reverence, the mock obsequiousness real obsequiousness, the mock homage real homage; the little counterfeit rift of separation between imitation-slave and imitation-master widened and widened, and became an abyss, and a very real one — and on one side of it stood Roxy, the dupe of her own deceptions, and on the other stood her child, no longer a usurper to her, but her accepted and recognized master. He was her darling, her master, and her deity all in one, and in her worship of him she forgot who she was and what he had been.

In babyhood Tom cuffed and banged and scratched Chambers unrebuked, and Chambers early learned that between meekly bearing it and resenting it, the advantage all lay with the former policy. The few times that his persecutions had moved him beyond control and made him fight back had cost him very dear at headquarters; not at the hands of Roxy, for if she ever went beyond scolding him sharply for "forgitt'n' who his young marster was," she at least never extended her punishment beyond a box on the ear. No, Percy Driscoll was the person. He told Chambers that under no provocation whatever was he privileged to lift his hand against his little master. Chambers overstepped the line three times, and got three such convincing canings from the man who was his father and did n't know it, that he took Tom's cruelties in all humility after that, and made no more experiments.

Outside of the house the two boys were together all through their boyhood. Chambers was strong beyond his years, and a good fighter; strong because he was coarsely fed and hard worked about the house, and a good fighter because Tom furnished him plenty of practice — on white boys whom he hated and was afraid of. Chambers was his constant body-guard, to and from school; he was present on the playground at recess to protect his charge. He fought himself into such a formidable reputation, by and by, that Tom could have changed clothes with him, and "ridden in peace," like Sir Kay in Launcelot's armor.

He was good at games of skill, too. Tom staked him with marbles to play "keeps" with, and then took all the winnings away from him. In the winter season Chambers was on hand, in Tom's worn-out clothes, with "holy" red mittens, and "holy" shoes, and pants "holy" at the knees and seat, to drag a sled up the hill for Tom, warmly clad, to ride down on; but he never got a ride himself. He built snow men and snow fortifications under Tom's directions. He was Tom's patient target when Tom wanted to do some snowballing, but the target could n't fire back. Chambers carried Tom's skates to the river and strapped them on him, then trotted around after him on the ice, so as to be on hand when wanted; but he was n't ever asked to try the skates himself.

In summer the pet pastime of the boys of Dawson's Landing was to steal apples, peaches, and melons from the farmers' fruit-wagons,— mainly on account of the risk they ran of getting their heads laid open with the butt of the farmer's whip. Tom was a distinguished adept at these thefts — by proxy. Chambers did his stealing, and got the peach-stones, apple-cores, and melon-rinds for his share.

Tom always made Chambers go in swimming with him, and stay by him as a protection. When Tom had had enough, he would slip out and tie knots in Chambers's shirt, dip the knots in the water to make them hard to undo, then dress himself and sit by and laugh while the naked shiverer tugged at the stubborn knots with his teeth.

Tom did his humble comrade these various ill turns partly out of native viciousness, and partly because he hated him for his superiorities of physique and pluck, and for his manifold clevernesses. Tom could n't dive, for it gave him splitting headaches. Chambers could dive without inconvenience, and was fond of doing it. He excited so much admiration, one day, among a crowd of white boys, by throwing back somersaults from the stern of a canoe, that it wearied Tom's spirit, and at last he shoved the canoe underneath Chambers while he was in the air — so he came down on his head in the canoe-bottom; and while he lay unconscious, several of Tom's ancient adversaries saw that their long-desired opportunity was come, and they gave the false heir such a drubbing that with Chambers's best help he was hardly able to drag himself home afterward.

When the boys were fifteen and upward, Tom was "showing off" in the river one day, when he was taken with a cramp, and shouted for help. It was a common trick with the boys — particularly if a stranger was present — to pretend a cramp and howl for help; then when the stranger came tearing hand over hand to the rescue, the howler would go on struggling and howling till he was close at hand, then replace the howl with a sarcastic smile and swim blandly away, while the town boys assailed the dupe with a volley of jeers and laughter. Tom had never tried this joke as yet, but was supposed to be trying it now, so the boys held warily back; but Chambers believed his master was in earnest, therefore he swam out, and arrived in time, unfortunately, and saved his life.

This was the last feather. Tom had managed to endure everything else, but to have to remain publicly and permanently under such

Digitized by Google

an obligation as this to a nigger, and to this nigger of all niggers — this was too much. He heaped insults upon Chambers for "pretending" to think he was in earnest in calling for help, and said that anybody but a blockheaded nigger would have known he was funning and left him alone.

Tom's enemies were in strong force here, so they came out with their opinions quite freely. They laughed at him, and called him coward, liar, sneak, and other sorts of pet names, and told him they meant to call Chambers by a new name after this, and make it common in the town — "Tom Driscoll's niggerpappy," — to signify that he had had a second birth into this life, and that Chambers was the author of his new being. Tom grew frantic under these taunts, and shouted —

"Knock their heads off, Chambers! knock their heads off! What do you stand there with your hands in your pockets for?"

Chambers expostulated, and said, "But, Marse Tom, dey 's too many of 'em — dey 's —"

"Do you hear me?"

"Please, Marse Tom, don't make me! Dey 's so many of 'em dat — "

Tom sprang at him and drove his pocket-knife into him two or three times before the boys could snatch him away and give the wounded lad a chance to escape. He was considerably hurt, but not seriously. If the blade had been a little longer his career would have ended there.

Tom had long ago taught Roxy "her place." It had been many a day now since she had ventured a caress or a fondling epithet in his quarter. Such things, from a "nigger," were repulsive to him, and she had been warned to keep her distance and remember who she was. She saw her darling gradually cease from being her son, she saw *that* detail perish utterly; all that was left was master — master, pure and simple, and it was not a gentle mastership, either. She saw herself sink from the sublime height of motherhood to the somber deeps of unmodified slavery. The abyss of separation between her and her boy was complete. She was merely his chattel, now, his convenience, his dog, his cringing and helpless slave, the humble and unresisting victim of his capricious temper and vicious nature.

Sometimes she could not go to sleep, even when worn out with fatigue, because her rage boiled so high over the day's experiences with her boy. She would mumble and mutter to herself —

"He struck me, en I war n't no way to blame — struck me in de face, right before folks. En he 's al'ays callin' me nigger-wench, en hussy, en all dem mean names, when I 's doin' de very bes' I kin. Oh, Lord, I done so much for him — I lift' him away up to what he is — en dis is what I git for it."

Sometimes when some outrage of peculiar offensiveness stung her to the heart, she would plan schemes of vengeance and revel in the fancied spectacle of his exposure to the world as an impostor and a slave; but in the midst of these joys fear would strike her: she had made him too strong; she could prove nothing, and — heavens, she might get sold down the river for her pains! So her schemes always went for nothing, and she laid them aside in impotent rage against the fates, and against herself for playing the fool on that fatal September day in not providing herself with a witness for use in the day when such a thing might be needed for the appeasing of her vengeance-hungry heart.

And yet the moment Tom happened to be good to her, and kind, — and this occurred every now and then, — all her sore places were healed, and she was happy; happy and proud, for this was her son, her nigger son, lording it among the whites and securely avenging their crimes against her race.

There were two grand funerals in Dawson's Landing that fall — the fall of 1845. One was that of Colonel Cecil Burleigh Essex, the other that of Percy Driscoll.

On his death-bed Driscoll set Roxy free and delivered his idolized ostensible son solemnly into the keeping of his brother the Judge and his wife. Those childless people were glad to get him. Childless people are not difficult to please.

Judge Driscoll had gone privately to his brother, a month before, and bought Chambers. He had heard that Tom had been trying to get his father to sell the boy down the river, and he wanted to prevent the scandal — for public sentiment did not approve of that way of treating family servants for light cause or for no cause.

Percy Driscoll had worn himself out in trying to save his great speculative landed estate, and had died without succeeding. He was hardly in his grave before the boom collapsed and left his hitherto envied young devil of an heir a pauper. But that was nothing; his uncle told him he should be his heir and have all his fortune when he died; so Tom was comforted.

Roxy had no home, now; so she resolved to go around and say good-by to her friends and then clear out and see the world — that is to say, she would go chambermaiding on a steamboat, the darling ambition of her race and sex.

Her last call was on the black giant, Jasper. She found him chopping Pudd'nhead Wilson's winter provision of wood.

Digitized by Google

Wilson was chatting with him when Roxy arrived. He asked her how she could bear to go off chambermaiding and leave her boys; and chaffingly offered to copy off a series of their finger-prints, reaching up to their twelfth year, for her to remember them by; but she sobered in a moment, wondering if he suspected anything; then she said she believed she did n't want them. Wilson said to himself, "The drop of black blood in her is superstitious; she thinks there 's some devilry, some witch-business about my glass mystery somewhere; she used to come here with an old horseshoe in her hand; it could have been an accident, but I doubt it."

CHAPTER V.

TRAINING is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond; cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

REMARK of Dr. Baldwin's, concerning upstarts: We don't care to eat toadstools that think they are truffles.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

MRS. YORK DRISCOLL enjoyed two years of bliss with that prize, Tom—bliss that was troubled a little at times, it is true, but bliss nevertheless; then she died, and her husband and his childless sister, Mrs. Pratt, continued the bliss-business at the old stand. Tom was petted and indulged and spoiled to his entire content—or nearly that. This went on till he was nineteen, then he was sent to Yale. He went handsomely equipped with "conditions," but otherwise he was not an object of distinction there. He remained at Yale two years, and then threw up the struggle. He came home with his manners a good deal improved; he had lost his surliness and brusqueness, and was rather pleasantly soft and smooth, now; he was furtively, and sometimes openly, ironical of speech, and given to gently touching people on the raw, but he did it with a good-natured semiconscious air that carried it off safely, and kept him from getting into trouble. He was as indolent as ever and showed no very strenuous desire to hunt up an occupation. People argued from this that he preferred to be supported by his uncle until his uncle's shoes should become vacant. He brought back one or two new habits with him, one of which he rather openly practised—tippling—but concealed another, which was gambling. It would not do to gamble where his uncle could hear of it; he knew that quite well.

Tom's Eastern polish was not popular among the young people. They could have endured it, perhaps, if Tom had stopped there; but he wore gloves, and that they could n't stand, and would n't; so he was mainly without society. He brought home with him a suit of clothes of such exquisite style and cut and fashion,—Eastern fashion, city fashion,—that it filled everybody with anguish and was regarded as a peculiarly wanton affront. He enjoyed the feeling which he was exciting, and paraded the town serene and happy all day; but the young fellows set a tailor to work that night, and when Tom started out on his parade next morning he found the old deformed negro bell-ringer straddling along in his wake tricked out in a flamboyant curtain-calico exaggeration of his finery, and imitating his fancy Eastern graces as well as he could.

Tom surrendered, and after that clothed himself in the local fashion. But the dull country town was tiresome to him, since his acquaintanceship with livelier regions, and it grew daily more and more so. He began to make little trips to St. Louis for refreshment. There he found companionship to suit him, and pleasures to his taste, along with more freedom, in some particulars, than he could have at home. So, during the next two years his visits to the city grew in frequency and his tarryings there grew steadily longer in duration.

He was getting into deep waters. He was taking chances, privately, which might get him into trouble some day—in fact, *did*.

Judge Driscoll had retired from the bench and from all business activities in 1850, and had now been comfortably idle three years. He was president of the Free-thinkers' Society, and Pudd'nhead Wilson was the other member. The society's weekly discussions were now the old lawyer's main interest in life. Pudd'nhead was still toiling in obscurity at the bottom of the ladder, under the blight of that unlucky remark which he had let fall twenty-three years before about the dog.

Judge Driscoll was his friend, and claimed that he had a mind above the average, but that was regarded as one of the Judge's whims, and it failed to modify the public opinion. Or rather, that was one of the reasons why it failed, but there was another and better one. If the Judge had stopped with bare assertion, it would have had a good deal of effect; but he made the mistake of trying to prove his position. For some years Wilson had been privately at work on a whimsical almanac, for his amusement—a calendar, with a little dab of ostensible philosophy, usually in ironical form, appended to each date; and the Judge thought that these quips and fancies of Wilson's were neatly turned and cute; so he carried a handful of them around, one day, and read them to some of the chief citizens. But irony was not for those people; their mental vision was not fo-

Digitized by Google

cussed for it. They read those playful trifles in the solidest earnest, and decided without hesitancy that if there had ever been any doubt that Dave Wilson was a pudd'nhead — which there had n't — this revelation removed that doubt for good and all. That is just the way in this world; an enemy can partly ruin a man, but it takes a good-natured injudicious friend to complete the thing and make it perfect. After this the Judge felt tenderer than ever toward Wilson, and surer than ever that his calendar had merit.

Judge Driscoll could be a free-thinker and still hold his place in society because he was the person of most consequence in the community, and therefore could venture to go his own way and follow out his own notions. The other member of his pet organization was allowed the like liberty because he was a cipher in the estimation of the public, and nobody attached any importance to what he thought or did. He was liked, he was welcome enough all around, but he simply did n't count for anything.

The widow Cooper — affectionately called "aunt Patsy" by everybody — lived in a snug and comely cottage with her daughter Rowena, who was nineteen, romantic, amiable, and very pretty, but otherwise of no consequence. Rowena had a couple of young brothers — also of no consequence.

The widow had a large spare room which she let to a lodger, with board, when she could find one, but this room had been empty for a year now, to her sorrow. Her income was only sufficient for the family support, and she needed the lodging-money for trifling luxuries. But now, at last, on a flaming June day, she found herself happy; her tedious wait was ended; her year-worn advertisement had been answered; and not by a village applicant, oh, no! — this letter was from away off yonder in the dim great world to the North: it was from St. Louis. She sat on her porch gazing out with unseeing eyes upon the shining reaches of the mighty Mississippi, her thoughts steeped in her good fortune. Indeed it was specially good fortune, for she was to have two lodgers instead of one.

She had read the letter to the family, and Rowena had danced away to see to the cleaning and airing of the room by the slave woman Nancy, and the boys had rushed abroad in the town to spread the great news, for it was matter of public interest, and the public would wonder and not be pleased if not informed. Presently Rowena returned, all ablush with joyous excitement, and begged for a re-reading of the letter. It was framed thus:

HONORED MADAM: My brother and I have seen your advertisement, by chance, and beg leave to take the room you offer. We are twenty-four years of age and twins. We are Italians by birth, but have lived long in the various countries of Europe, and several years in the United States. Our names are Luigi and Angelo Capello. You desire but one guest; but dear Madam, if you will allow us to pay for two, we will not incommode you. We shall be down Thursday.

"Italians! How romantic! Just think, ma — there 's never been one in this town, and everybody will be dying to see them, and they 're all *ours!* Think of that!"

"Yes, I reckon they 'll make a grand stir."

"Oh, indeed they will. The whole town will be on its head! Think — they 've been in Europe and everywhere! There 's never been a traveler in this town before. Ma, I should n't wonder if they 've seen kings!"

"Well, a body can't tell; but they 'll make stir enough, without that."

"Yes, that 's of course. Luigi — Angelo. They 're lovely names; and so grand and foreign — not like Jones and Robinson and such. Thursday they are coming, and this is only Tuesday; it 's a cruel long time to wait. Here comes Judge Driscoll in at the gate. He 's heard about it. I 'll go and open the door."

The Judge was full of congratulations and curiosity. The letter was read and discussed. Soon Justice Robinson arrived with more congratulations, and there was a new reading and a new discussion. This was the beginning. Neighbor after neighbor, of both sexes, followed, and the procession drifted in and out all day and evening and all Wednesday and Thursday. The letter was read and re-read until it was nearly worn out; everybody admired its courtly and gracious tone, and smooth and practised style, everybody was sympathetic and excited, and the Coopers were steeped in happiness all the while.

The boats were very uncertain in low water, in these primitive times. This time the Thursday boat had not arrived at ten at night — so the people had waited at the landing all day for nothing; they were driven to their homes by a heavy storm without having had a view of the illustrious foreigners.

Eleven o'clock came; and the Cooper house was the only one in the town that still had lights burning. The rain and thunder were booming yet, and the anxious family were still waiting, still hoping. At last there was a knock at the door and the family jumped to open it. Two negro men entered, each carrying a trunk, and proceeded up-stairs toward the guest-room. Then entered the twins — the handsomest, the best dressed, the most distinguished-looking pair of young fellows the West had ever seen. One was a little fairer than the other, but otherwise they were exact duplicates.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VI.

LET us endeavor so to live that when we come to die even the undertaker will be sorry.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

HABIT is habit, and not to be flung out of the window by any man, but coaxed down-stairs a step at a time.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

AT breakfast in the morning the twins' charm of manner and easy and polished bearing made speedy conquest of the family's good graces. All constraint and formality quickly disappeared, and the friendliest feeling succeeded. Aunt Patsy called them by their Christian names almost from the beginning. She was full of the keenest curiosity about them, and showed it; they responded by talking about themselves, which pleased her greatly. It presently appeared that in their early youth they had known poverty and hardship. As the talk wandered along the old lady watched for the right place to drop in a question or two concerning that matter, and when she found it she said to the blond twin, who was now doing the biographies in his turn while the brunette one rested—

"If it ain't asking what I ought not to ask, Mr. Angelo, how did you come to be so friendless and in such trouble when you were little? Do you mind telling? But don't if you do."

"Oh, we don't mind it at all, madam; in our case it was merely misfortune, and nobody's fault. Our parents were well to do, there in Italy, and we were their only child. We were of the old Florentine nobility"—Rowena's heart gave a great bound, her nostrils expanded, and a fine light played in her eyes—"and when the war broke out my father was on the losing side and had to fly for his life. His estates were confiscated, his personal property seized, and there we were, in Germany, strangers, friendless, and in fact paupers. My brother and I were ten years old, and well educated for that age, very studious, very fond of our books, and well grounded in the German, French, Spanish, and English languages. Also, we were marvelous musical prodigies—if you will allow me to say it, it being only the truth.

"Our father survived his misfortunes only a month, our mother soon followed him, and we were alone in the world. Our parents could have made themselves comfortable by exhibiting us as a show, and they had many and large offers; but the thought revolted their pride, and they said they would starve and die first. But what they would n't consent to do we had to do without the formality of consent. We were seized for the debts occasioned by their illness and their funerals, and placed among the attractions of a cheap museum in Berlin to earn the liquidation money. It took us two years to get out of that slavery. We traveled all about Germany, receiving no wages, and not even our keep. We had to be exhibited for nothing, and beg our bread.

"Well, madam, the rest is not of much consequence. When we escaped from that slavery at twelve years of age, we were in some respects men. Experience had taught us some valuable things; among others, how to take care of ourselves, how to avoid and defeat sharks and sharpers, and how to conduct our own business for our own profit and without other people's help. We traveled everywhere—years and years—picking up smatterings of strange tongues, familiarizing ourselves with strange sights and strange customs, accumulating an education of a wide and varied and curious sort. It was a pleasant life. We went to Venice—to London, Paris, Russia, India, China, Japan—"

At this point Nancy the slave woman thrust her head in at the door and exclaimed:

"Ole Missus, de house is plum' jam full o' people, en dey 's jes a-spi'lin' to see de gen'lmen!" She indicated the twins with a nod of her head, and tucked it back out of sight again.

It was a proud occasion for the widow, and she promised herself high satisfaction in showing off her fine foreign birds before her neighbors and friends—simple folk who had hardly ever seen a foreigner of any kind, and never one of any distinction or style. Yet her feeling was moderate indeed when contrasted with Rowena's. Rowena was in the clouds, she walked on air; this was to be the greatest day, the most romantic episode, in the colorless history of that dull country town. She was to be familiarly near the source of its glory and feel the full flood of it pour over her and about her; the other girls could only gaze and envy, not partake.

The widow was ready, Rowena was ready, so also were the foreigners.

The party moved along the hall, the twins in advance, and entered the open parlor door, whence issued a low hum of conversation. The twins took a position near the door, the widow stood at Luigi's side, Rowena stood beside Angelo, and the march-past and the introductions began. The widow was all smiles and contentment. She received the procession and passed it on to Rowena.

"Good mornin', Sister-Cooper"—hand-shake.

"Good morning, Brother Higgins—Count Luigi Capello, Mr. Higgins"—hand-shake, followed by a devouring stare and "I 'm glad to see ye," on the part of Higgins, and a cour-

Digitized by Google

teous inclination of the head and a pleasant "Most happy!" on the part of Count Luigi.

"Good mornin', Roweny"— hand-shake.

"Good morning, Mr. Higgins— present you to Count Angelo Capello." Hand-shake, admiring stare, "Glad to see ye,"— courteous nod, smily "Most happy!" and Higgins passes on.

None of these visitors was at ease, but, being honest people, they did n't pretend to be. None of them had ever seen a person bearing a title of nobility before, and none had been expecting to see one now, consequently the title came upon them as a kind of pile-driving surprise and caught them unprepared. A few tried to rise to the emergency, and got out an awkward "My lord," or "Your lordship," or something of that sort, but the great majority were overwhelmed by the unaccustomed word and its dim and awful associations with gilded courts and stately ceremony and anointed kingship, so they only fumbled through the hand-shake and passed on, speechless. Now and then, as happens at all receptions everywhere, a more than ordinarily friendly soul blocked the procession and kept it waiting while he inquired how the brothers liked the village, and how long they were going to stay, and if their families were well, and dragged in the weather, and hoped it would get cooler soon, and all that sort of thing, so as to be able to say, when they got home, "I had quite a long talk with them"; but nobody did or said anything of a regrettable kind, and so the great affair went through to the end in a creditable and satisfactory fashion.

General conversation followed, and the twins drifted about from group to group, talking easily and fluently and winning approval, compelling admiration and achieving favor from all. The widow followed their conquering march with a proud eye, and every now and then Rowena said to herself with deep satisfaction, "And to think they are ours— all ours!"

There were no idle moments for mother or daughter. Eager inquiries concerning the twins were pouring into their enchanted ears all the time; each was the constant center of a group of breathless listeners; each recognized that she knew now for the first time the real meaning of that great word Glory, and perceived the stupendous value of it, and understood why men in all ages had been willing to throw away meaner happinesses, treasure, life itself, to get a taste of its sublime and supreme joy. Napoleon and all his kind stood accounted for— and justified.

When Rowena had at last done all her duty by the people in the parlor, she went up-stairs to satisfy the longings of an overflow-meeting there, for the parlor was not big enough to hold all the comers. Again she was besieged by eager questioners and again she swam in sunset seas of glory. When the forenoon was nearly gone, she recognized with a pang that this most splendid episode of her life was almost over, that nothing could prolong it, that nothing quite its equal could ever fall to her fortune again. But never mind, it was sufficient unto itself, the grand occasion had moved on an ascending scale from the start, and was a noble and memorable success. If the twins could but do some crowning act, now, to climax it, something unusual, something startling, something to concentrate upon themselves the company's loftiest admiration, something in the nature of an electric surprise—

Here a prodigious slam-banging broke out below, and everybody rushed down to see. It was the twins knocking out a classic four-handed piece on the piano, in great style. Rowena was satisfied— satisfied down to the bottom of her heart.

The young strangers were kept long at the piano. The villagers were astonished and enchanted with the magnificence of their performance, and could not bear to have them stop. All the music that they had ever heard before seemed spiritless prentice-work and barren of grace or charm when compared with these intoxicating floods of melodious sound. They realized that for once in their lives they were hearing masters.

CHAPTER VII.

ONE of the most striking differences between a cat and a lie is that a cat has only nine lives.— *Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

THE company broke up reluctantly, and drifted toward their several homes, chatting with vivacity, and all agreeing that it would be many a long day before Dawson's Landing would see the equal of this one again. The twins had accepted several invitations while the reception was in progress, and had also volunteered to play some duets at an amateur entertainment for the benefit of a local charity. Society was eager to receive them to its bosom. Judge Driscoll had the good fortune to secure them for an immediate drive, and to be the first to display them in public. They entered his buggy with him, and were paraded down the main street, everybody flocking to the windows and sidewalks to see.

The Judge showed the strangers the new graveyard, and the jail, and where the richest man lived, and the Freemasons' hall, and the Methodist church, and the Presbyterian church, and where the Baptist church was going to be

Digitized by Google

when they got some money to build it with, and showed them the town hall and the slaughter-house, and got out the independent fire company in uniform and had them put out an imaginary fire; then he let them inspect the muskets of the militia company, and poured out an exhaustless stream of enthusiasm over all these splendors, and seemed very well satisfied with the responses he got, for the twins admired his admiration, and paid him back the best they could, though they could have done better if some fifteen or sixteen hundred thousand previous experiences of this sort in various countries had not already rubbed off a considerable part of the novelty of it.

The Judge laid himself out hospitably to make them have a good time, and if there was a defect anywhere it was not his fault. He told them a good many humorous anecdotes, and always forgot the nub, but they were always able to furnish it, for these yarns were of a pretty early vintage, and they had had many a rejuvenating pull at them before. And he told them all about his several dignities, and how he had held this and that and the other place of honor or profit, and had once been to the legislature, and was now president of the Society of Free-thinkers. He said the society had been in existence four years, and already had two members, and was firmly established. He would call for the brothers in the evening if they would like to attend a meeting of it.

Accordingly he called for them, and on the way he told them all about Pudd'nhead Wilson, in order that they might get a favorable impression of him in advance and be prepared to like him. This scheme succeeded — the favorable impression was achieved. Later it was confirmed and solidified when Wilson proposed that out of courtesy to the strangers the usual topics be put aside and the hour be devoted to conversation upon ordinary subjects and the cultivation of friendly relations and good-fellowship,— a proposition which was put to vote and carried.

The hour passed quickly away in lively talk, and when it was ended the lonesome and neglected Wilson was richer by two friends than he had been when it began. He invited the twins to look in at his lodgings, presently, after disposing of an intervening engagement, and they accepted with pleasure.

Toward the middle of the evening they found themselves on the road to his house. Pudd'nhead was at home waiting for them and putting in his time puzzling over a thing which had come under his notice that morning. The matter was this: He happened to be up very early — at dawn, in fact; and he crossed the hall which divided his cottage through the center, and entered a room to get something there. The window of the room had no curtains, for that side of the house had long been unoccupied, and through this window he caught sight of something which surprised and interested him. It was a young woman — a young woman where properly no young woman belonged; for she was in Judge Driscoll's house, and in the bedroom over the Judge's private study or sitting-room. This was young Tom Driscoll's bedroom. He and the Judge, the Judge's widowed sister Mrs. Pratt and three negro servants were the only people who belonged in the house. Who, then, might this young lady be? The two houses were separated by an ordinary yard, with a low fence running back through its middle from the street in front to the lane in the rear. The distance was not great, and Wilson was able to see the girl very well, the window-shades of the room she was in being up, and the window also. The girl had on a neat and trim summer dress, patterned in broad stripes of pink and white, and her bonnet was equipped with a pink veil. She was practising steps, gaits and attitudes, apparently; she was doing the thing gracefully, and was very much absorbed in her work. Who could she be, and how came she to be in young Tom Driscoll's room?

Wilson had quickly chosen a position from which he could watch the girl without running much risk of being seen by her, and he remained there hoping she would raise her veil and betray her face. But she disappointed him. After a matter of twenty minutes she disappeared, and although he stayed at his post half an hour longer, she came no more.

Toward noon he dropped in at the Judge's and talked with Mrs. Pratt about the great event of the day, the levee of the distinguished foreigners at Aunt Patsy Cooper's. He asked after her nephew Tom, and she said he was on his way home, and that she was expecting him to arrive a little before night; and added that she and the Judge were gratified to gather from his letters that he was conducting himself very nicely and creditably — at which Wilson winked to himself privately. Wilson did not ask if there was a newcomer in the house, but he asked questions that would have brought light-throwing answers as to that matter if Mrs. Pratt had had any light to throw; so he went away satisfied that he knew of things that were going on in her house of which she herself was not aware.

He was now waiting for the twins, and still puzzling over the problem of who that girl might be, and how she happened to be in that young fellow's room at daybreak in the morning.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VIII.

THE holy passion of Friendship is of so sweet and steady and loyal and enduring a nature that it will last through a whole lifetime, if not asked to lend money.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

CONSIDER well the proportions of things. It is better to be a young June-bug than an old bird of paradise.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

IT is necessary now, to hunt up Roxy.

At the time she was set free and went away chambermaiding, she was thirty-five. She got a berth as second chambermaid on a Cincinnati boat in the New Orleans trade, the *Grand Mogul*. A couple of trips made her wonted and easy-going at the work, and infatuated her with the stir and adventure and independence of steamboat life. Then she was promoted and became head chambermaid. She was a favorite with the officers, and exceedingly proud of their joking and friendly ways with her.

During eight years she served three parts of the year on that boat, and the winters on a Vicksburg packet. But now for two months she had had rheumatism in her arms, and was obliged to let the wash-tub alone. So she resigned. But she was well fixed—rich, as she would have described it; for she had lived a steady life, and had banked four dollars every month in New Orleans as a provision for her old age. She said in the start that she had "put shoes on one bar'footed nigger to tromple on her with," and that one mistake like that was enough; she would be independent of the human race thenceforth forevermore if hard work and economy could accomplish it. When the boat touched the levee at New Orleans she bade good-by to her comrades on the *Grand Mogul* and moved her kit ashore.

But she was back in an hour. The bank had gone to smash and carried her four hundred dollars with it. She was a pauper, and homeless. Also disabled bodily, at least for the present. The officers were full of sympathy for her in her trouble, and made up a little purse for her. She resolved to go to her birthplace; she had friends there among the negroes, and the unfortunate always help the unfortunate, she was well aware of that; those lowly comrades of her youth would not let her starve.

She took the little local packet at Cairo, and now she was on the home-stretch. Time had worn away her bitterness against her son, and she was able to think of him with serenity. She put the vile side of him out of her mind, and dwelt only on recollections of his occasional acts of kindness to her. She gilded and otherwise decorated these, and made them very pleasant to contemplate. She began to long to see him. She would go and fawn upon him, slave-like—for this would have to be her attitude, of course—and maybe she would find that time had modified him, and that he would be glad to see his long-forgotten old nurse and treat her gently. That would be lovely; that would make her forget her woes and her poverty.

Her poverty! That thought inspired her to add another castle to her dream: maybe he would give her a trifle now and then—maybe a dollar, once a month, say; any little thing like that would help, oh, ever so much.

By the time she reached Dawson's Landing she was her old self again; her blues were gone, she was in high feather. She would get along, surely; there were many kitchens where the servants would share their meals with her, and also steal sugar and apples and other dainties for her to carry home—or give her a chance to pilfer them herself, which would answer just as well. And there was the church. She was a more rabid and devoted Methodist than ever, and her piety was no sham, but was strong and sincere. Yes, with plenty of creature comforts and her old place in the amen-corner in her possession again, she would be perfectly happy and at peace thenceforward to the end.

She went to Judge Driscoll's kitchen first of all. She was received there in great form and with vast enthusiasm. Her wonderful travels, and the strange countries she had seen and the adventures she had had, made her a marvel, and a heroine of romance. The negroes hung enchanted upon the great story of her experiences, interrupting her all along with eager questions, with laughter, exclamations of delight and expressions of applause; and she was obliged to confess to herself that if there was anything better in this world than steamboating, it was the glory to be got by telling about it. The audience loaded her stomach with their dinners and then stole the pantry bare to load up her basket.

Tom was in St. Louis. The servants said he had spent the best part of his time there during the previous two years. Roxy came every day, and had many talks about the family and its affairs. Once she asked why Tom was away so much. The ostensible "Chambers" said:

"De fac' is, ole marster kin git along better when young marster 's away den he kin when he 's in de town; yes, en he love him better, too; so he gives him fifty dollahs a month—"

"No, is dat so? Chambers, you 's a-jokin', ain't you?"

"'Clah to goodness I ain't, mammy; Marse Tom tole me so his own self. But nemmine, 't ain't enough."

"My lan', what de reason 't ain't enough?"

Digitized by Google

"Well, I 's gwine to tell you, if you gimme a chanst, mammy. De reason it ain't enough is 'ca'se Marse Tom gambles."

Roxy threw up her hands in astonishment and Chambers went on —

"Ole marster found it out, 'ca'se he had to pay two hunderd dollahs for Marse Tom's gamblin' debts, en dat 's true, mammy, jes as dead certain as you 's bawn."

"Two — hund'd — dollahs! Why, what is you talkin' 'bout? Two — hund'd — dollahs. Sakes alive, it 's 'mos' enough to buy a tol'able good second-hand nigger wid. En you ain't lyin', honey? — you would n't lie to yo' ole mammy?"

"It 's God's own truth, jes as I tell you — two hund'd dollahs — I wisht I may never stir outen my tracks if it ain't so. En, oh, my lan', ole Marse was jes a-hoppin'! he was b'ilin' mad, I tell you! He tuck 'n' dissenhurrit him."

He licked his chops with relish after that stately word. Roxy struggled with it a moment, then gave it up and said —

"Dissen*whiched* him?"

"Dissenhurrit him."

"What 's dat? What do it mean?"

"Means he bu'sted de will."

"Bu's—ted de will! He would n't *ever* treat him so! Take it back, you mis'able imitation nigger dat I bore in sorrow en tribbilation."

Roxy's pet castle — an occasional dollar from Tom's pocket — was tumbling to ruin before her eyes. She could not abide such a disaster as that; she could n't endure the thought of it. Her remark amused Chambers:

"Yah-yah-yah! jes listen to dat! If I 's imitation, what is you? Bofe of us is imitation *white* — dat 's what we is — en pow'ful good imitation, too — yah-yah-yah! — we don't 'mount to noth'n' as imitation *niggers;* en as for —"

"Shet up yo' foolin', 'fo' I knock you side de head, en tell me 'bout de will. Tell me 't ain't bu'sted — do, honey, en I 'll never forgit you."

"Well, *'tain't* — 'ca'se dey 's a new one made, en Marse Tom 's all right ag'in. But what is you in sich a sweat 'bout it for, mammy? 'T ain't none o' your business I don't reckon."

"'T ain't none o' my business? Whose business is it den, I 'd like to know? Wuz I his mother tell he was fifteen years old, or wus n't I? — you answer me dat. En you speck I could see him turned out po' en ornery on de worl' en never care noth'n' 'bout it? I reckon if you 'd ever be'n a mother yo'self, Valet de Chambers, you would n't talk sich foolishness as dat."

"Well, den, ole Marse forgive him en fixed up de will ag'in — do dat satisfy you?"

Yes, she was satisfied now, and quite happy and sentimental over it. She kept coming daily, and at last she was told that Tom had come home. She began to tremble with emotion, and straightway sent to beg him to let his "po' ole nigger mammy have jes one sight of him en die for joy."

Tom was stretched at his lazy ease on a sofa when Chambers brought the petition. Time had not modified his ancient detestation of the humble drudge and protector of his boyhood; it was still bitter and uncompromising. He sat up and bent a severe gaze upon the fair face of the young fellow whose name he was unconsciously using and whose family rights he was enjoying. He maintained the gaze until the victim of it had become satisfactorily pallid with terror, then he said —

"What does the old rip want with me?"

The petition was meekly repeated.

"Who gave you permission to come and disturb me with the social attentions of niggers?"

Tom had risen. The other young man was trembling now, visibly. He saw what was coming, and bent his head sideways, and put up his left arm to shield it. Tom rained cuffs upon the head and its shield, saying no word: the victim received each blow with a beseeching "Please, Marse Tom! — oh, please, Marse Tom!" Seven blows — then Tom said, "Face the door — march!" He followed behind with one, two, three solid kicks. The last one helped the pure-white slave over the door-sill, and he limped away mopping his eyes with his old ragged sleeve. Tom shouted after him, "Send her in!"

Then he flung himself panting on the sofa again, and rasped out the remark, "He arrived just at the right moment; I was full to the brim with bitter thinkings, and nobody to take it out of. How refreshing it was! I feel better."

Tom's mother entered now, closing the door behind her, and approached her son with all the wheedling and supplicating servilities that fear and interest can impart to the words and attitudes of the born slave. She stopped a yard from her boy and made two or three admiring exclamations over his manly stature and general handsomeness, and Tom put an arm under his head and hoisted a leg over the sofa-back in order to look properly indifferent.

"My lan', how you is growed, honey! 'Clah to goodness, I would n't a-knowed you, Marse Tom! 'deed I would n't! Look at me good; does you 'member old Roxy? — does you know yo' old nigger mammy, honey? Well now, I kin lay down en die in peace, 'ca'se I 's seed —"

"Cut it short, —— it, cut it short! What is it you want?"

"You heah dat? Jes de same old Marse Tom, al'ays so gay and funnin' wid de ole mammy. I 'uz jes as shore —"

Digitized by Google

"Cut it short, I tell you, and get along! What do you want?"

This was a bitter disappointment. Roxy had for so many days nourished and fondled and petted her notion that Tom would be glad to see his old nurse, and would make her proud and happy to the marrow with a cordial word or two, that it took two rebuffs to convince her that he was not funning, and that her beautiful dream was a fond and foolish vanity, a shabby and pitiful mistake. She was hurt to the heart, and so ashamed that for a moment she did not quite know what to do or how to act. Then her breast began to heave, the tears came, and in her forlornness she was moved to try that other dream of hers—an appeal to her boy's charity; and so, upon the impulse, and without reflection, she offered her supplication:

"Oh, Marse Tom, de po' ole mammy is in sich hard luck dese days; en she 's kinder crippled in de arms en can't work, en if you could gimme a dollah—on'y jes one little dol,—"

Tom was on his feet so suddenly that the supplicant was startled into a jump herself.

"A dollar!—give you a dollar! I 've a notion to strangle you! Is *that* your errand here? Clear out! and be quick about it!"

Roxy backed slowly toward the door. When she was half-way she stopped, and said mournfully:

"Marse Tom, I nussed you when you was a little baby, en I raised you all by myself tell you was 'most a young man; en now you is young en rich, en I is po' en gitt'n' ole, en I come heah b'lievin' dat you would he'p de ole mammy 'long down de little road dat 's lef' 'twix' her en de grave, en—"

Tom relished this tune less than any that had preceded it, for it began to wake up a sort of echo in his conscience; so he interrupted and said with decision, though without asperity, that he was not in a situation to help her, and was n't going to do it.

"Ain't you ever gwine to he'p me, Marse Tom?"

"No! Now go away and don't bother me any more."

Roxy's head was down, in an attitude of humility. But now the fires of her old wrongs flamed up in her breast and began to burn fiercely. She raised her head slowly, till it was well up, and at the same time her great frame unconsciously assumed an erect and masterful attitude, with all the majesty and grace of her vanished youth in it. She raised her finger and punctuated with it:

"You has said de word. You has had yo' chance, en you has trompled it under yo' foot. When you git another one, you 'll git down on yo' knees en *beg* for it!"

A cold chill went to Tom's heart, he did n't know why; for he did not reflect that such words, from such an incongruous source, and so solemnly delivered, could not easily fail of that effect. However, he did the natural thing: he replied with bluster and mockery:

"*You 'll* give me a chance—*you!* Perhaps I 'd better get down on my knees now! But in case I don't—just for argument's sake—what 's going to happen, pray?"

"Dis is what is gwine to happen. I 's gwine as straight to yo' uncle as I kin walk, en tell him every las' thing I knows 'bout you."

Tom's cheek blenched, and she saw it. Disturbing thoughts began to chase each other through his head. "How can she know? And yet she must have found out—she looks it. I 've had the will back only three months, and am already deep in debt again, and moving heaven and earth to save myself from exposure and destruction, with a reasonably fair show of getting the thing covered up if I 'm let alone, and now this fiend has gone and found me out somehow or other. I wonder how much she knows? Oh, oh, oh, it 's enough to break a body's heart! But I 've got to humor her—there 's no other way."

Then he worked up a rather sickly sample of a gay laugh and a hollow chipperness of manner, and said:

"Well, well, Roxy dear, old friends like you and me must n't quarrel. Here 's your dollar—now tell me what you know."

He held out the wild-cat bill; she stood as she was, and made no movement. It was her turn to scorn persuasive foolery, now, and she did not waste it. She said, with a grim implacability in voice and manner which made Tom almost realize that even a former slave can remember for ten minutes insults and injuries returned for compliments and flatteries received, and can also enjoy taking revenge for them when the opportunity offers:

"What does I know? I 'll tell you what I knows. I knows enough to bu'st dat will to flinders—en more, mind you, *more!*"

Tom was aghast.

"More?" he said. "What do you call more? Where 's there any room for more?"

Roxy laughed a mocking laugh, and said scoffingly, with a toss of her head, and her hands on her hips—

"Yes!—oh, I reckon! *Co'se* you 'd like to know—wid yo' po' little ole rag dollah. What you reckon I 's gwine to tell *you* for?—you ain't got no money. I 's gwine to tell yo' uncle—en I 'll do it dis minute, too—he 'll gimme *five* dollahs for de news, en mighty glad, too."

She swung herself around disdainfully, and started away. Tom was in a panic. He seized

Digitized by Google

her skirts, and implored her to wait. She turned and said, loftily—

"Look-a-heah, what 'uz it I tole you?"

"You—you—I don't remember anything. What was it you told me?"

"I tole you dat de next time I give you a chance you 'd git down on yo' knees en beg for it."

Tom was stupefied for a moment. He was panting with excitement. Then he said:

"Oh, Roxy, you would n't require your young master to do such a horrible thing. You can't mean it."

"I 'll let you know mighty quick whether I means it or not! You call me names, en as good as spit on me when I comes here po' en ornery en 'umble, to praise you for bein' growed up so fine en handsome, en tell you how I used to nuss you en tend you en watch you when you 'uz sick en had n't no mother but me in de whole worl', en beg you to give de po' ole nigger a dollah for to git her sum'n' to eat, en you call me names—*names*, dad blame you! Yassir, I gives you jes one chance mo', and dat 's *now*, en it las' on'y a half a second—you hear?"

Tom slumped to his knees and began to beg, saying—

"You see I 'm begging, and it 's honest begging, too! Now tell me, Roxy, tell me."

The heir of two centuries of unatoned insult and outrage looked down on him and seemed to drink-in deep draughts of satisfaction. Then she said—

"Fine nice young white gen'l'man kneelin' down to a nigger-wench! I 's wanted to see dat jes once befo' I 's called. Now, Gabr'el, blow de hawn, I 's ready . . . Git up!"

Tom did it. He said, humbly—

"Now, Roxy, don't punish me any more. I deserved what I 've got, but be good and let me off with that. Don't go to uncle. Tell me—I 'll give you the five dollars."

"Yes, I bet you will; en you won't stop dah, nuther. But I ain't gwine to tell you heah—"

"Good gracious, no!"

"Is you 'feared o' de ha'nted house?"

"N-no."

"Well, den, you come to de ha'nted house 'bout ten or 'leven to-night, en climb up de ladder, 'ca'se de sta'r-steps is broke down, en you 'll fine me. I 's a-roostin' in de ha'nted house 'ca'se I can't 'ford to roos' nowher's else." She started toward the door, but stopped and said, "Gimme de dollah bill!" He gave it to her. She examined it and said, "H'm—like enough de bank 's bu'sted." She started again, but halted again. "Has you got any whisky?"

"Yes, a little."

"Fetch it!"

He ran to his room overhead and brought down a bottle which was two thirds full. She tilted it up and took a drink. Her eyes sparkled with satisfaction, and she tucked the bottle under her shawl, saying, "It 's prime. I 'll take it along."

Tom humbly held the door for her, and she marched out as grim and erect as a grenadier.

(To be continued.)

Mark Twain.

LOVE'S RIVALS.

I.

LOVE, who devoutly lovest me,
I knew well when I wedded thee
That, soon or late,
Death would come knocking at the gate,
Our happy breath to separate;
And thou or I
Some by and by
Would hear throughout an empty heart
The awful echo—"Till Death part."
I knew how idly one must wait
Were either laid in stony state,
Where lid nor lip is stirred,
The great Divorcer's voice once being heard.

II.

Ah, me! why did I never think
How often I must touch the brink
Of such a woe?
For lovely Sleep I count a foe!
When in her arms thou liest low,
Deaf, blind, and dumb
Dost thou become.
My eyes may beam on thee in vain
When thine have felt Sleep's lotus-chain;
Unheeded I may come or go
Whenever she will have it so.
True Love, I doubly weep,
Seeing I have two rivals, Death and Sleep.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

Digitized by Google

GARFIELD AND CONKLING.

IT fell to my lot at one time to be one of a "Committee of Conciliation" which was the outcome of a memorable struggle. Much has been written concerning the origin and merits of the Garfield-Conkling controversy, and no one cares at this day to reopen or reargue it. But there were incidents and interesting features in it which, in the absence of any report of that committee, or of what it brought to light or accomplished, may contribute to a better understanding of the inside history of that most remarkable as well as most unfortunate controversy. It becomes necessary, however, for the better understanding of the part taken by that committee, to restate some things already familiar.

Garfield's nomination for President was due to the Blaine-Conkling quarrel, and many other serious consequences followed not in all respects so evident. There were those who believed that the assassination itself was indirectly due to that fight. Garfield stepped between the combatants in a fierce and bitter struggle for mastery, unremitting for years, and increasing in bitterness and intensity every hour of its continuance. He carried off the prize they fought for, but their weapons passed through his body.

General Grant was brought forward for a third term, to make sure the defeat of Mr. Blaine. Mr. Conkling was then the master spirit in New York politics. His State was entitled to seventy votes in the convention which was to nominate the candidate. They would all be necessary to effect the result upon which Mr. Conkling was bent. Through his influence the New York Republican Convention had instructed the entire delegation to vote as a unit, the choice to be determined by a majority. But nineteen of them, under the lead of William H. Robertson, refused to be bound by these instructions, and cast their votes for Mr. Blaine. This was sufficient to prevent the nomination of General Grant, but not enough to secure that of Mr. Blaine, for Mr. Sherman was receiving a considerable support. The balloting continued in the convention without any material change in relative strength until, after many ineffectual trials, the friends of Blaine and Sherman, under instructions from their leaders in Washington, joined forces and nominated Garfield. Both combatants had been beaten — Conkling had defeated Blaine, and Blaine had defeated Grant. The effect of this discomfiture upon the two men was totally different in accordance with their different natures. Conkling sulked in his tent, while Blaine sent his congratulations to the successful candidate, and was early and ardent in his support. Before the canvass closed, however, Conkling was persuaded by General Grant himself to enter into the campaign, and did most important and effective work, especially in the State of New York, contributing largely to a result in that State, and thereby in the nation, favorable to Garfield. But he never forgave the nineteen, and swore especial vengeance upon Robertson, their leader.

During the winter preceding the inauguration, and while the excitement always attendant upon cabinet-making was at its height, the rumor got abroad that Mr. Blaine was to be Secretary of State. The mere rumor was enough to kindle anew into fresh flame all the fire of the old hate, and to summon the old foe to arms. This disturbance of that party harmony which is ever essential to administrative success was little heeded, if it was not welcomed; for hot blood begets hot blood, and the old Adam seldom confines his work to one side of an ancient feud. Neither of these men meant harm to the political party in which they were both great leaders, but neither of them could be made to see that their fight was reaching its very heart's blood. Each of them seemed to think that the great and acknowledged services he had rendered the party entitled him to call upon it to crush out his enemy. I do not think that either of them knew himself in this controversy, for each had come to believe that the surrender of the other was essential to the continuance of Republican supremacy.

I first heard of the purpose to call Mr. Blaine to the premiership from Mr. Blaine himself, who, taking me into his confidence, told me that it had been offered him, and proceeded to sound me upon the advisability of his acceptance. This information produced a shiver. Mr. Blaine never had a warmer friend than I had been from the day he entered Congress, nor Mr. Conkling one more true to him; but I had never felt called upon to pass judgment upon the merits of a controversy between these two friends of mine, which I had seen begin in empty trifles and grow by perpetual feeding till it had come to be a menace, and therefore I had refused many opportunities proffered on both sides to listen to or aid in redressing grievances that had arisen out of it. I could not, however, shut my eyes to the direct tendency and probable fatal consequences of its presence. I early saw that it must be buried, or it would itself

Digitized by Google

bury not only these two men, but also the political party to which they belonged. I warned Mr. Blaine that if he entered the cabinet with the intent or hope of circumventing his rival, it would be fatal to him and to the administration of Garfield, and I expressed the opinion that it would be impossible for him to keep the peace if he took the office. He replied with frankness and, I have no doubt, with entire sincerity that it would be his purpose if he accepted office to ignore all past differences, and so to deport himself in it as to force reconciliation. He said also that he could not agree with me, even if the effect should prove otherwise, that he should for that reason be debarred from the great opportunity, for which he felt himself qualified, to administer the Foreign Office on the broad and grand scale he did afterward undertake, but was not permitted to perfect. I foresaw the rocks all too plainly, and advised him to remain in the Senate. But he determined otherwise, and accepted the position.

After the report got abroad and before the official announcement, and while a change of policy was still possible, nothing was done to smooth the way for this important movement. On the contrary, bitterness of speech on both sides had free course, and the clans, ready for the fray, began to take their places under their respective leaders before Inauguration Day. Conkling refused to consider the proposed appointment of Blaine as other than a premeditated attempt to humiliate him, and those who had been with him in past controversies readily accepted his interpretation of it. Garfield, of whose great brain-power political sagacity formed no part, could not be made to see in the opposition anything but an attempt by dictation to trench upon his constitutional prerogatives in the free choice of his own councilors; and all "Blaine men" agreed with him. All was made worse, and the opposition was both intensified and confirmed in its belief, by the appointment to the cabinet of a Secretary of the Treasury from New York, not only without consultation with the Senator, but against his earnest recommendation of another. The administration was thus organized, not only without recognition of the Conkling "wing," but over it, and, as he and his friends insisted, in defiance of him. It is no part of my purpose to argue the question whether there might not have been right as well as wrong on both sides, nor on which was the preponderance. I am only putting on paper what I saw and heard (and, I might as well admit, part of which I was), and what I knew, of the political blindness which seemed to come over all who had to do with this affair.

After the inauguration and the selection of the leading places in the cabinet in the manner I have indicated, the Senator made one more attempt to regain that influence in the conduct of affairs, especially in the appointments to office in the State of New York, to which he and his following claimed that he was entitled. It was his claim that such appointments should not only be exclusively from among his friends and those who were with him in the late movement to renominate Grant, but that he should have the naming of them. To this President Garfield would not submit. Politically he considered himself under obligation equally to those who under the lead of Robertson had made his nomination possible, and to Conkling and his following for the great service they had rendered in making his election sure. In short, he believed it to be his duty to keep out of sight the lines of division upon which Mr. Conkling insisted, and furthermore that it was his prerogative to make the selections himself. There is no doubt that in this position he was sustained by Mr. Blaine, and the evidence is equally clear to those who were on the ground and familiar with the different stages of this progressive fight, that in the selection of appointees afterward made, on which the administration foundered, the Secretary had no part. Frequent interviews between the President and Mr. Conkling before the nominations were finally made failed to move either from the position he had taken. Mr. Conkling would listen to no name having any connection with the faction led by Robertson in the ante-election struggle, and insisted upon naming the men, according to a usage then prevalent. The President declared his determination to treat all political friends in New York alike, but indicated his willingness, so far as the public good would in his opinion permit, to accede to the wishes of Mr. Conkling in the selection between individuals. But Mr. Conkling would listen to nothing short of the adoption by the administration of the warfare of extermination which he was waging in New York; and there they parted company, and thereafter during the life of Garfield the New York senator had no further intercourse with the White House. It did not matter that when the New York appointments were made, to Mr. Morton, the warm friend of Mr. Conkling, whom he had presented for the Treasury portfolio, was given the second diplomatic office,—that of minister to France,—so long as Robertson, like Mordecai, sat at the port of New York. Even Morton lost much of the friendship of Conkling by accepting the office thus offered to him.

A declaration of war, if not as formal and high-sounding, yet as positive and as unrelenting as ever opened actual hostilities between

Digitized by Google

belligerent nations, followed immediately upon the sending of the New York nominations to the Senate. A little preliminary skirmishing formed a prelude to the more serious trial of strength. Friends identified with each side, and those who were friends of both, took the matter up, and strove for peace. Both sides desired peace, but on their own terms or not at all. Each was confident that it could win in the fight — Garfield with the power of a four years' administration before him, and Conkling through his influence with the Senate and with the Republican party of New York, of which he was the acknowledged leader. It was at this stage of the controversy that the Committee of Conciliation already alluded to came into being. Five persons, representing as well as could be all sides of this controversy, were requested to act as that committee; and at the suggestion, I believe, of the Senator himself I acted as its chairman. Mr. Conkling appeared before that committee in behalf of himself and the party grievances he represented, and was heard in one of the committee-rooms of the Senate at great length in recounting wrongs, and insisting upon the drastic remedy of extermination of the hostile faction in New York as the only cure. On that occasion he surpassed himself in all those elements of oratorical power for which he was so distinguished. I had heard him in all his great efforts from the day he entered Congress, more than twenty years before, but I had never heard anything which equaled this effort for flights of oratorical power — genuine eloquence, bitter denunciation, ridicule of the despised faction in New York, and contempt for its leader. He continued for two hours and a half to play with consummate skill upon all the strings known to the orator, and through all the notes, from the lowest to the highest, which the great masters command, and concluded in a lofty apostrophe to the greatness and glory of the Republican party, and his own devotion to its highest welfare. "And," said he, "I trust that the exigency may never arise when I shall be compelled to choose between self-respect and personal honor on the one side, and a temporary discomfiture of that party on the other; but if that time shall ever come, I shall not hesitate in the choice, and I now say to you, and through you to those whom it most concerns, that I have in my pocket an autograph letter of this President who is now for the time being its official head, which I pray God I may never be compelled in self-defense to make public; but if that time shall ever come, I declare to you, his friends, he will bite the dust."

This closed the interview, and the committee was left in a great state of excitement, produced not alone by the remarkable character of the entire speech, but especially by the concluding sentences, which seemed to imply that he held the life of the administration in his hand, and would not hesitate to take it if frustrated in his purposes in regard to New York politics. It was deemed absolutely necessary to get possession of this letter, or at least to learn the contents of a missive thus held over the head of the President. A time had been fixed to hear the President's side of the controversy, and it was arranged that I should in some way, without violating the confidences of the conference with Conkling, if there were any such, ascertain from the President himself the nature of this mysterious document. I accordingly went to the White House for that purpose a half hour in advance of the committee, and, without disclosing our interview with the Senator, sought to ascertain whether the President was aware of such a use of any such letter. Almost my first inquiry brought out this response: "Oh, you allude to a letter Conkling is saying that he has of mine, and which he represents to be a pretty bad one. I know what it is, and have a copy of it." He treated the whole matter lightly and as of no consequence; and remarking that he had heard of this before, took the letter from his pocket and handed it to me. Upon perusing it, I discovered that it was one of those indiscreet epistles, like the Jay Hubbell letters, which he had written during the Presidential campaign, aiding the efforts to collect from clerks and other government officials subscriptions to campaign expenses. Although by no means a good letter, I was satisfied that its chief harm to Garfield at that late date lay in the ability to create a mystery about its contents by keeping them from the public eye while still talking about it. I therefore advised its immediate publication, thereby doing away as early as possible with any bad impression which the scene before the committee might make when it came to be known, as it was sure to be — if indeed that had not been its design. I urged that he should not permit it to be held over his head as a menace for a single moment, and that whatever harm was possible from its publication would be less if it came from his friends promptly than if it waited on the opportunity of his enemies, after they had made whatever could be made by withholding its contents. I urged him to let me take it to the Associated Press that very night. As he was about to hand it to me for that purpose, Mr. Blaine entered the room. The President, turning to him, remarked: "Here, Blaine, is where I have been slopping over again. Here is a copy of one of my letters which Conkling has got hold of and is threatening to use against me. Dawes advises me to let the Associated Press have it to-night, and forestall him." Blaine read the letter, and shook his head, advising strongly against its publica-

Digitized by Google

tion. And so the letter never saw the light until such time as Mr. Conkling thought most opportune for his purpose. But he had waited too long, and its effect had been discounted before he used it.

The committee, arriving according to appointment, then proceeded to hear from the President, after the withdrawal of Mr. Blaine, the other side of the story, much of which has been already outlined. He stated his position to be that he could not ignore, much less taboo, either of the parties to this quarrel in New York, and for him to do so would be base ingratitude and the worst of politics. The one of them had been a potent factor in his nomination in spite of the other; while the other at the end of the canvass had caused the scale of popular favor to turn securely to his side. Both had the right to say that their claim to recognition could not be gainsaid in that forum where party fidelity and party service are the test. Equally clear was it to him that sound politics required him to take no share in party divisions which involved no political principle. He then recounted the pains he had taken in his attempt to apply these principles to the case in hand, and his failure to enlist coöperation; and said that, though compelled to take the course he had pursued unaided by those from whom he had hoped for assistance, he had been guided in it strictly by the principles here indicated. And to this course he must adhere. Thus nothing came of this effort at adjustment.

I had one more interview with Mr. Conkling after this, and before his resignation and his appeal from a Republican administration in Washington to the Republicans in New York. It was of his own seeking, and occurred only the Saturday afternoon before the resignation was made public. He hailed me from a carriage as I was turning a corner on the sidewalk, and, leaving his carriage, came to where I was standing "for a few minutes' talk." This interview on the corner of the street lasted nearly an hour. Both of us became very earnest, though with entire good feeling, he in rehearsing his grievances, and presenting them in new dress, and I in an attempt to point out to him a way not only of settlement but of triumph over his enemies — a view I thought most likely to prevail with him. I said to him: "Suppose all you say is true," — I always believed that more was his due than he had credit for, — "nevertheless this is your opportunity, by a stroke of magnanimity, to win a victory over those who are thus arrayed against you. Go into the Senate on Monday morning, and present your indictment, if you choose — as strong a case as facts will permit, the stronger the better for the conclusion. And let that conclusion be a declaration to the Senate and the country that there is something higher in the mission of the Republican party than the redress of personal grievances; that the cause must not be jeopardized by dissension, nor any one relieved from duty at his post, however grievous the wrongs and injustice he has encountered in its discharge: and then call on all friends and foes alike to put the past behind them, and close up the ranks with their faces to the future." I assured him of my belief that such a speech on Monday morning, made in sincerity and with his power, would send a thrill of joy through every Republican heart in the country, and that he would be hailed as the deliverer of the party from the perils which threatened its integrity. Such a course, I ventured to say, would, I believed, put him at once in popular favor a hundred miles ahead of those who were wronging him, and would lift the party out of the dangers which beset it.

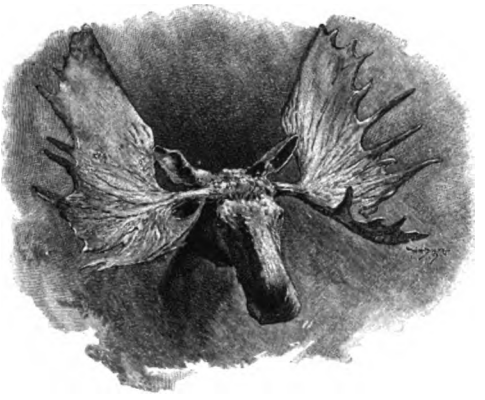
He turned upon me with a discouraged and disgusted look, remarking: "Your medicine, Dawes, is much easier to prescribe than to take. Suppose I should say to you, 'Go home to Massachusetts, and in the spirit of meekness and peace embrace Ben Butler.' Why, you have no idea of the bitterness of the feeling in New York in condemnation of these men. If I should take the course you suggest, I should myself go under, and should be burned in effigy from Buffalo to Montauk Point, and could not be elected a delegate to a county convention in Oneida County."

And so we parted. On Monday he resigned, and appealed for indorsement to the Republican legislature of New York, then in session. They decided against him, and he went into retirement. But the struggle rent the party in twain, and the wounds have never healed. To it more than all else may be traced the present condition of Republican politics in New York. Bitterness and hate, born of this strife, outlived the actors themselves. Disappointed office-seekers turned in wrath upon the appointing power. In two short months from the retirement of Conkling, the President himself was shot by the madman Guiteau, possessed with the idea that in some way his own failure to get office grew out of this unfortunate and fatal quarrel.

And, as if to make a dramatic climax, it is said, with how much truth I do not know, that Mr. Conkling did afterward actually fail of an election to an Oneida County convention.

Henry L. Dawes.

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE. ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER.

HEAD OF A MOOSE KILLED IN MAINE IN 1880, SHOWING EXTRAORDINARY DEVELOPMENT OF ANTLERS.

THE VANISHING MOOSE,

AND THEIR EXTERMINATION IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

SO much has been written of late, especially in this Columbian year, of the great achievements and rapid development of the United States that sometimes we lose sight of the fact that we are still in a period of transition. The old order of things has largely passed away, but we are yet within sight of the primeval state of a savage and beautiful wilderness, and can obtain some idea of what this country once was by the untouched or only partly mutilated corners that remain. The end, however, is near, and before many years we shall have to cultivate trees as is done in Europe, and the only hunting will be in private parks. Of the great forests that absolutely covered the Eastern and Northwestern States, and served as the home of vast numbers of animals, scarcely anything is left. That little will be destroyed by fire and ax within two decades, and with the trees will vanish the last of the game.

It is really appalling to compare the enormous amount of game on this continent at the beginning of the century with the wretched remnant of to-day. At that time the American buffalo roamed the prairies in countless thousands, and was probably the most numerous large animal in the world, and now — but all Americans know the shameful story of its extermination.

Little more than a hundred years ago great herds of elk swarmed in the Kentucky and Illinois hunting-grounds, and even as late as 1820 a few could be found in the district north of the Ohio River. To-day their fast-diminishing bands are confined to the mountains of the Northwest. The same sad story of fast-approaching extinction is true of the other game animals, the antelope, bighorn, mountain goat, and the various kinds of deer; in fact, it is true of all our larger mammals. Many persons living to-day will see their final disappearance in a wild state; so, in view of this destruction in the flora and fauna of our land, it would be wise to consider carefully the most important of the American animals that remain while yet we can gather the facts from those who actually know them, and need not rely on the wretched compilations which pass for natural histories, and which are based, perhaps, on a few badly mounted specimens.

The largest and most interesting of our native quadrupeds is the moose, an animal but little known to the average inhabitant of the United States. Oftentimes, in old settled countries, deer, bear, and a few other animals linger on, and become well known to the inhabitants of the more thinly populated districts, passing into the literature of the people, as has been the case in Europe. Not so the moose and caribou. They shrink back before the most advanced outpost of civilization, and soon vanish altogether, leaving behind the names of lakes, rivers, and mountains as the only evidences of their existence. So complete in some instances has been the disappearance of moose that one actually hears people question the fact that they ever lived in the Adirondacks, where forty years ago they were well known. The comparative mystery that has always clung to moose has caused a great deal of nonsense and error to be written about them. It often begins with their name, and in this way much confusion has been caused by would-be naturalists between the moose (*Cervus alces*) and our Ameri-

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY AUGUST WILL.

MAP SHOWING THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE MOOSE. IN THE DOTTED TERRITORY THE MOOSE STILL EXISTS. IN THE LINED TERRITORY THE MOOSE IS EXTINCT.

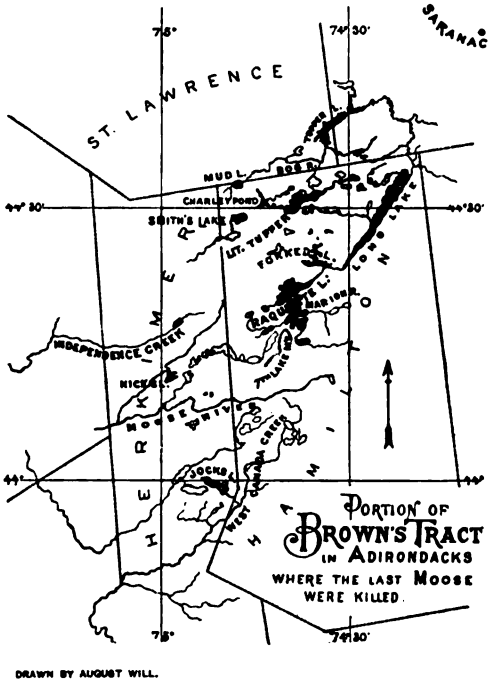
can elk, or wapiti (*Cervus canadensis*). The moose closely resembles the European elk, an animal well nigh extinct, but which in Cæsar's time abounded in the lands about the Baltic, and thus the name "elk" has been sometimes applied to the moose. Long usage, however, in this country has confined the term "elk" to the wapiti deer of the West, and it can create only obscurity to use it in any other sense. So, also, by reason of a resemblance to the Scottish stag (*Cervus elaphus*), or red deer of Europe, the wapiti has been termed "red deer" by Englishmen. The word moose is the Indian word "moosoa," meaning "wood-eater," in allusion to the fact that the animal lives on twigs and the bark of young trees rather than by grazing, for which its short neck is not adapted.

The moose is distinctively a forest-loving animal, and lives only in wooded countries where the winters are long and severe. There seem to be in its geographical distribution two distinct ranges, one in the northeast and the other in the northwest of our continent. These two territories are at the present day separated by the strip of land between Lake Superior and James Bay, where no moose are found. They have always been less numerous in the West than in the extreme East, where the forests and lakes are singularly well fitted to their habits, and it is here that they are still hunted with the most success. In northern Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Washington, and, perhaps, Dakota, northward to the Mackenzie River, moose are moderately abundant in the mountain districts, but very inaccessible to the hunter. Their southernmost limit in this section is the junction of the Snake River with the Three Tetons in Idaho. There are a few in the Yellowstone Park, but here the best moose country is imperiled by the Segregation Bill now before the Senate, which threatens to open up half of the Timber Land Preserve, including nearly all the moose district, and which should be vigorously opposed by every true sportsman. They extend through the mountains of British Columbia into Alaska, where the coast Indians tell of gigantic moose which come down from the unexplored interior in severe winters. Their extreme eastern limit north of the Canadian border is the Lake of the Woods and Dog Lake in Manitoba, around which they are numerous. South of the line they extend farther east, and are rather plentiful (that is, for moose, which is everywhere a scarce animal) in the tamarack swamps of northern Minnesota around Red Lake. A very few are found in Wisconsin and the north peninsula of Michigan. In 1875 a number were killed near Superior City in the extreme northwest of Wisconsin, but they probably wandered down from the lake country just mentioned. Beyond the St. Lawrence they are found from points north of Lake Huron as far east as the Saguenay, which seems an almost absolute boundary. There are none in Labrador. At the present day they extend northward to the "height of land" or watershed of Hudson Bay, but formerly they pushed northward to the great bay itself. In the country immediately north of Lake Superior none are found, although at one time they extended as far north and west as the Albany River.

South of St. Lawrence they were once very numerous in all the country, roughly speaking, between this river, the sea, and the 43d parallel in New York. There is no trace known of them in Pennsylvania, or immediately south of the great lakes, in historic times, but remains

Digitized by Google

of moose and elk found in the shell-heaps of New Jersey show they formerly existed there. At the first settlement of this country they ranged throughout nearly the whole of New England, and in New York as far south as the Catskills. In Canada proper they are numerous, but are going fast, in spite of the nominal protection of the law. They are still hunted in Maine with success, but they have utterly vanished from what were once their favorite haunts—the northern parts of New York and Vermont. In 1871 there were said to be some in northern Vermont, and in the extreme north of New Hampshire around the sources of Connecticut River there still may be a few individuals. Even as late as 1879, near the Second Connecticut Lake, they were rather numerous, and in 1884 five were killed at that place. The following year some were there, and an old bull was frequently seen, but was left undisturbed.



DRAWN BY AUGUST WILL.

At one time they pressed close to the Atlantic, for we read that a pair were sent to England from Fisher's Island. There is, however, no trace of them since the settlement in Connecticut and Massachusetts, except in the Berkshire Hills, where a few once existed, probably only as migrants from the North. The early settlers in Vermont and New Hampshire found in their meat a most welcome source of food; in fact, the numbers of moose alone enabled the colonists at first to keep from starvation during the long winters. They seem to have left the Catskills about a hundred years ago, for an account of that district published early in the century speaks of them as subjects of tradition only.

With the exception of the remarkable fact that about twenty years ago the wolves all vanished from the North Woods in one season without any known cause, the similar disappearance of moose from the same region is the strangest incident in the natural history of New York. Before the advent of the white hunter, the moose are believed to have exceeded in number the deer in that beautiful country of mountain, lake, and forest, and yet to-day in all the settlements and hunters' cabins in the North Woods, or in the towns on its borders, there is not a single set of moose antlers said to be from that region.

The Adirondacks were once the hunting-grounds of the Six Nations and of the Canadian Indians for their winter supply of moose meat, and the bones of many a dusky warrior, slain in the savage combats between the rival tribes, lie under the pines and spruces by the lakes he loved so well. Many, too, were the tragedies enacted later between the red man and the white trapper, both seeking moose-hides in what was then an ideal hunting-country.

The tradition of the mighty moose will be preserved to all time by the names throughout this district, which abounds in Moose rivers, creeks, lakes, and ponds. Raquette Lake received its name from the circumstance that the Canadian Indians resorted there to get hides for their snow-shoes (raquette), and State Naturalist De Kay, writing as late as 1841, says moose still frequented that vicinity. In fact, the last authentic moose were killed there. They lingered long in what is still the wildest part of the hunting region, viz., the country south of Mud Lake, which was their head-quarters long after they had vanished from the surrounding territory. Here, too, their memory flourishes, and all yarns of moose tracks are now referred to that lake. They still figure on the statute-book in mockery of the tardiness and impotence of the law to protect them, and fifty dollars is the fine for killing one.

The extremely wary character of the moose, and his dislike for the vicinity of man, render it very probable that although some were killed for their hides and meat, the great majority left the country and fled northward as settlements pressed in. The last stragglers killed seemed to have been shut off in the southwestern part of the wilderness, and so had no choice but to stay.

This tendency of game, and particularly of moose, to retire northward on the approach of man is seen to-day in the region of the upper Ottawa River. Moose are now abundant around Temiscamingue, where a few years ago none were to be found.

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

BULL MOOSE. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE.

ENGRAVED BY G. P. BARTLE.

Digitized by Google

A deer when started by a hunter or driven by hounds usually returns in a few days to the same hill or mountain-side where he was first found; but a moose, when once thoroughly alarmed, will start on a long swinging walk, and, taking with him his entire family, leave for good. It is one of the greatest difficulties — and there are many — in still-hunting this animal, to avoid getting him under way, for then the hunter may as well break camp and try other fields, since not a moose will be found within miles. They scent a moccasin track or the smoke of a fire at an incredible distance. A fresh trail may be found one day, and arrangements made to follow it at daybreak on the morrow. During the night the moose, returning to his old haunts, detects the danger-signs, and all the hunters find in the morning is a trail six or eight hours old leading for parts unknown in an almost perfectly straight line. The moose is at that moment, perhaps, twenty miles off, and still going.

Although moose cannot be driven to water by hounds like a deer, but will turn savagely to bay, still they will not remain in a locality where dogs are running; so that when the white hunters became numerous in the North Woods, and especially when they introduced hounding, the moose simply left the country, and passed either eastward to Maine or northward to Canada.

It is a well-authenticated but little-known fact that they practically left in one season. They were numerous in the Adirondacks, especially in Brown's Tract,— a large district in what is now the southwestern part of the wilderness — until the period between 1850 and 1855 (probably near the latter year), when they suddenly disappeared. Before this several had been killed yearly. Scattered ones were shot later, but 1855 marked their exit from the annals of New York game. Years later, four or five were brought back to Saranac, but would not stay.

An account of the localities in which moose were killed during the last few years of their existence in the Adirondacks will be interesting, and in time prove of great historical value. The data have been collected with great care.

From the following facts 1861 appears to be the year of their final disappearance, although so high an authority as Mr. Verplanck Colvin asserts that the year 1863 is more correct, and that for several seasons after the latter date their browsings and tracks were seen.

John Constable, a well-known sportsman and hunter, killed two moose near Independence Creek, Herkimer County, in 1851, and in the winter of 1852–53 shot his last one west of Charley Pond. That same season Alonzo Wood and Edward Arnold shot two moose, and found another dead, in the forest back of Seventh Lake Mountain in Hamilton County. In the summer of 1855 the last moose captured alive was taken by Charles L. Phelps, who killed a cow moose in Brown's Tract and brought her calf out of the woods with him. It died the following year. A moose was killed at Mud Lake in 1856, and Edward Arnold at Nick's Lake in the same year killed another. The next year a man named Baker shot one in the same vicinity.

It was long thought that Governor Horatio Seymour had killed the last moose in the Adirondacks, but several others have better claims to that honor, if honor it be. Governor Seymour did shoot a fine bull in 1859, just north of Jock's Lake, not far from West Canada Creek, Herkimer County. The horns were kept for years at his farm at Deerfield, near Utica.

In 1860, however, Alva Dunning killed several on West Canada Creek, and Reuben Howard, an old moose-hunter, killed his last the same year. Howard states that he heard of two being shot a little later, which may refer to the two that Chauncey Hawthorne claims to have killed about this time. The year 1861 saw at Raquette Lake the destruction of the last family of moose, and, in all probability, of the last individual in the State. In July a Mr. Blossom killed a cow moose on the south inlet of Raquette Lake, and later in the same month his companion, Mr. Tait, while jacking on Marion River, wounded a young moose, but lost him in the dark. Early in August a bull calf was killed near the same place by a guide named William Wood. It had been wounded, and was unquestionably the one hit by Mr. Tait. Marks of a bull were seen in the neighborhood.

But the last positively authentic moose killed in the Adirondacks was in the autumn of the same year, on the east inlet of Raquette Lake. A party of sportsmen, guided by Palmer of Long Lake, was canoeing down Marion River toward the lake. On turning a bend in the river they were surprised to see a huge creature start up among the lily-pads and plunge wildly toward the shore. Several charges of shot were fired with no visible effect, when Palmer took deliberate aim with his rifle, and killed the animal on the spot. It proved to be a cow moose, the last known native of its race in New York State. Most fitting was it that the final death-scene should be at Raquette Lake, which for centuries had been their favorite haunt — a worthy subject for a painter to match with the "Last Buffalo."

Tales like the following are rife in the North Woods, and show how strong a hold this great animal has on the popular imagination:

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM. ENGRAVED BY H. BAKER.

TRAILED DOWN.

In the summer of nineteen years ago a sportsman was jacking on Bog River, when suddenly the light flashed on two moose among the lily-pads stupidly staring at it. The guide, not relishing the idea of additional loads over the carries, joggled the boat, and the astonished hunter missed with both barrels full of buckshot.

About twenty-five years ago a party of hunters were hounding back of what is now Paul Smith's, and one of the watchers, an old guide, had taken his watch-ground on Mountain Pond, about five miles from lower St. Regis Lake, when he was so frightened at seeing a huge animal plunge into the pond and swim over that he did not even dare to move from his post, much less to use his rifle. From the description given by the thoroughly scared hunter, it must have been a moose.

One of the Saranac guides, Reuben Reynolds, remembers hearing his father tell of helping to kill a bull moose which was mired in Fish Creek on the Lower Saranac Lake, near the present Hotel Ampersand. This is interesting as an example of the manner in which many prehistoric animals, notably the Irish elk, have been buried in the bogs, and their remains thus preserved to future ages. A number of similar stories exist, most of which relate vaguely back to a period at least twenty-five years ago. The moose had gone long before that, but it is possible that solitary individuals lingered on in the Bog River country even later.

In 1877, tracks of moose were reported near Great Sand Lake, and nearly ten years later, in October, 1886, a young bull weighing three hundred and fifty pounds was shot on Long Lake. This last was unquestionably one of several which had been turned loose by a game club near Lake Placid. They had imported three or four to stock their preserves, but on discovering that the moose did not breed well in confinement, set them all free in the woods.

It seems well nigh incredible that, if this young moose was native to the Adirondacks, no authenticated instance had been recorded of seeing either a moose, or even undoubted moose-signs, during the quarter century since 1861. Their tracks, and other indications of their presence, were occasionally reported, but in a well-known country like the Adirondacks a moose could be trailed — or his yard found, if in winter — by a persistent hunter. From the eagerness and perseverance shown in hunting down a panther whenever a track of one is found, one can readily imagine how much chance a moose would have of escaping. Moose-signs are unmistakable, and the marks where they have yarded may show for years. Nothing but doubtful tracks, which may have been made by a lost cow, or lopped twigs have been proved, so we may be

Digitized by Google

tolerably certain that at least for twenty years there has not been a native moose in New York.

Strange tales are told, however, that lead even a very cautious hearer to think that perhaps somewhere in the woods there is something bigger than the ubiquitous "big buck"—perhaps by some strange chance a stray caribou, for a caribou was killed there a few years ago, and it has since been proved that it was one turned loose by a game club. Better still, let us call it by the term used by the guides in describing the antlers of the mysterious beast—a "brush heap."

The southern watershed in New Brunswick was once a grand place for moose, and around the head-waters of the Miramichi and Restigouche rivers many are still to be found. North of the latter river, in the peninsula of Gaspé and in the county of Rimouski, they existed in great quantities until the winter of 1862, when, during the deep snows, they were almost entirely exterminated by Indians sent out to get hides. Moccasins were needed for the British troops just arrived in Canada, in consequence of the threatening aspect of the Trent affair. Gaspé was the last place where they were very numerous, and this indiscriminate slaughter sealed the doom of the moose in the East. A few may still be found in the once-famous Muskoka deer country, a locality that has been several times suggested as an excellent place for a moose preserve. The best place for a good hunter to get a moose head is now the country on each side of the Ottawa River above Mattawa.

The moose, while totally lacking the grace and ease of movement of the deer, is appallingly grand as he stands swinging his immense antlers like feathers as he turns to catch a taint in the breeze. In the rutting season, when they are at their best, the body is rusty black and the legs grayish. The shoulders and broad chest show tremendous strength, and the hips are stout and clean cut; but the great height of a moose is owing chiefly to his long legs and bristling mane.

When a bull moose lies dead in the forest, he looks like some strange antediluvian animal, with his square prehensile muffle and horns spreading laterally—a peculiarity which he shares with the prehistoric Irish elk and the nearly extinct European elk of later times. The huge form tells of strength and swiftness, and, withal, the still dangerous gleam of the eye, glazed in its last stare, bids the hunter pause and feel almost guilty of a crime in the destruction of so much that is grand and weird, a feeling very different from the sentiment supposed to attend the slaughter of a deer. But the triumph of mastering the wariest and bravest animal in the woods by fair still-hunting, and by grimly sticking to the track for many a weary mile, amply atones for any regrets.

One can form only a very erroneous idea of the true appearance of a moose from the stuffed heads usually seen. Few, if any, taxidermists have ever seen a live moose, and with only the loose hide to work on, they make a monstrosity of it, giving him a decidedly misshapen nose, and filling out to the utmost the immense nostrils, which in repose are in a collapsed state. The ears come above the horns, not behind them, as is usually the case in mounted specimens.

In the living animal the nose is a marvel of ugliness, and the surface covered by the olfactory nerves so great that it is doubtful whether there is any other animal whose sense of smell is so highly developed. Like most other denizens of the forest, it relies far more on its scent than on its sight. The eyes are small and wicked, snapping and gleaming on the slightest provocation, and betray at once the ugly character of their owner.



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

HEAD OF A MOOSE KILLED ON THE UPPER OTTAWA RIVER IN 1891, SHOWING THE "BELL."

When captured young, moose prove most interesting pets, and become very tame, remaining so except in the autumn, when the bulls are apt to give trouble. Taken later in life, however, they are extremely hard to domesticate; still, they have been broken in to harness and used for draft purposes. In confinement they are dangerous from a little trick they have of striking with their fore feet, not straight out, as a horse sometimes strikes, but first lifting the

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM. ENGRAVED BY H. BAKER.

"THE SIOUX INDIANS BELIEVED IN A MONSTROUS MOOSE WHICH COULD STRIDE WITH EASE THROUGH EIGHT FEET OF SNOW."

hoof almost perpendicularly above their head, and then cutting forward and down — a blow that would tear a man nearly in two. The lightning-like quickness of the movement does not give time to dodge, and there is no warning. In the autumn, when wounded in the body or brought to bay, a full-grown bull is a very dangerous animal; by some hunters of wide experience they are thought to excel the grizzly bear in downright ugliness. A case occurred in Maine in 1885 of a bull attacking two men on sight, and keeping them treed for hours, a not uncommon event when they are wounded.

The battles between the bulls — the only occasion when their huge antlers come into use — are described as being simply terrific, and often result in the death of one or both of the combatants. The double fenders or brow-antlers do the most damage, although the whole horn, so massive and firmly supported by the stout neck, deals fearful blows. The shock between two of these animals can safely be left to the imagination, for a large bull usually weighs about 1000 pounds, and they are sometimes killed weighing from 1200 to 1500 pounds, which is about the limit. Cases, how-

Digitized by Google

ever, apparently authentic, have been reported when 2000 pounds have been claimed. The great difficulty is to find anywhere near their haunts scales which can weigh so huge an animal, for if gralloched and carted out, much of the original weight is lost.

They begin their battles early in life, for a four-year-old bull, shot last autumn on the Ottawa, when skinned showed on one side a fresh wound with a shattered rib beneath it, and on the other, the scars of an old wound where another rib had been broken the year before. His latest combat had evidently been successful, for when shot he had two cows with him as proof of triumph. Whether in his maiden battle of the year before he had been victorious over his rival it would be interesting to know, for he was a brave brute, who met his death from pure love of a fight. Hearing the approach of hunters, and probably thinking the noise came from another bull, he turned back to defend his charge, freshly wounded as he was, and deliberately stalked up to within thirty yards of his enemy, only to fall with a bullet below his ear.

Early in September, before they are mated, in a good moose country it is no uncommon thing to hear their challenging calls, which sound precisely like a man chopping, and their combats are of daily, or rather nightly, occurrence. Indian hunters say that when they hear in the twilight the breaking of the undergrowth and the crash of antlers in one of these mighty battles, they slip up close and shoot the cow as she stands placidly at one side watching the result with languid interest. When she falls the bulls fight on with redoubled fury, and so intent are they on the duel that both can be killed with ease. If, however, a bull is shot first, the survivors take to the bush at the report. As in the case of battles between deer or elk, the horns are said sometimes to become so interlocked that they cannot be pulled apart, and both animals perish miserably. From the structure of the horns, however, this must be a very rare event, but a pair of interlocked horns were found in Oxford County, Maine, about 1845.

There are two varieties of moose, according to experienced hunters, the chief difference being in the antlers. The smaller, the kind most often found in Maine and New Brunswick, has small antlers, inclined upward, with wide palmations and having many points. This is a dark-colored, short-legged swamp breed. The other, which ranges further north and west, and in Ontario about equals in numbers the former kind, has the grand antlers we occasionally see — wide-spreading, more symmetrical, and with from eight to twelve points, and very massive brow-antlers. As the palmation, or webbing, is not so wide as in the first variety, the points are longer. This kind is browner in color, and has longer legs than the other. Like the antlers of other deer, those of the moose are not constant in shape or size, and vary from year to year, and even one blade from its mate. The size is probably in great degree dependent on the way the animal wintered, for the drain of the system must be very great to produce such a mass of bone. If the preceding season was an open one, so that plenty of good food could be found, the moose of course would be in condition, and the horns consequently would appear early in the spring and attain their full development. If a severe winter should follow, the next set of horns might be very backward and much smaller.

A large pair measures from three to four feet from tip to tip. Now and then a pair will exceed five feet. One killed in 1881 measured five feet six inches from the extreme points. Mr. Albert Bierstadt, the artist, is in possession of an immense pair of moose antlers measuring five feet five inches at the widest point. The webbing is remarkably wide. A gentleman of Mattawa, Ontario, has a pair which measures five feet eleven inches from tip to tip. This seems to be the limit. An interesting theory has been advanced to account for the palmation of the horns: that being placed below and behind the ears, they act as a sounding-board and give the animal his great quickness of hearing.

The height of moose at the withers is a source of much dispute, and this variation largely grows out of the different ways of measuring one as he lies on the ground. An ordinary bull stands fully six feet, and a very large one seven feet at the shoulders. There are many authenticated cases where they ran as high as seven feet two inches and seven feet four inches. In October, 1880, George Ross killed in Muskoka a moose which, when carefully measured by several persons, stood eight feet two inches at the shoulders! His antlers alone weighed eighty-four pounds! This seems beyond the possible limits, but gigantic moose do occur, especially in this part of Canada. Indian legends abound in stories of moose of fabulous size. The Sioux Indians believed in a monstrous moose which could stride with ease through eight feet of snow, and which no single hunter dared attack. Alaska and Rupert's Land furnish material for similar tales. At all events, the moose is the largest quadruped on our continent, and with his strength and swiftness has only man to dread, as the bear lacks both the courage and agility necessary, and the wolf or panther would scarcely dare to attack any but a very young calf.

Of the various modes of hunting moose, the most destructive is "crusting" in the deep

Digitized by Google

snow, when the surface has melted and refrozen hard enough to support a man on snow-shoes. The heavy moose of course cuts through, and is soon exhausted by plunging, and his legs are terribly lacerated, so that he can be safely approached and killed with an ax. In this way the lumbermen slaughter numbers of them for their meat, and even more are killed every year for their hides by the Indians and half-breeds. One Indian on the Ottawa killed twenty in the spring of 1891. The law is apparently helpless to prevent this indiscriminate destruction, and in fact does little except annoy sportsmen, who as a rule kill very few, and then only bulls and in the proper season. If this hunting in the deep snow could be severely punished, and the law enforced in Canada and Maine, the natural increase would fully compensate for those killed by other methods; but it is useless to expect this amount of foresight among legislators until, as was the case with the buffalo, there is no game left to protect.

Maine and New Brunswick need a long, close season like that in force in Ontario, until the number of moose increases again. This, if rigidly enforced, would be effective to preserve them for a time at least.

No true sportsman would kill a bull in summer, or a cow at any time, except in case of actual need of food, and then only when no deer or other game could be had. The antlers at that season are in the velvet, and useless to mount, and the skins are of little value as rugs. Still, many are shot on the borders of the lakes and rivers while feeding on the roots of the water-lily.

"Jacking," or "floating," for moose is seldom practised, from the difficulty found in getting close enough to flash the light on the game. Deer will stand and watch a light until they see the boat or scent its occupants, but in the case of moose a light would drive them back into the bush. So a lantern fastened to the hat, and provided with a powerful reflector and quick-working slide, is used. Generally the animal can be located from his splashing in the water near the shore as he tears up the roots of the water-lily, his favorite food. He can be very closely approached by listening carefully and advancing only when his head is underwater. When very near, the lantern is flashed suddenly on him, and a shot fired at the same moment. The light must be instantly extinguished, and the canoe drawn noiselessly back; otherwise a charge will instantly follow, probably with fatal results to one or both hunters. If, however, the animal hears or sees nothing after the flash and report, he retires to the bank, and attributes his wound to some unknown agency. If disturbed again, he will fight, or run for miles without stopping. If left alone, he will not go far, and can be easily trailed in the morning, when he will be found stiff and weak from the loss of blood.

"Calling" is a perfectly legitimate but rather lazy way of hunting, practised in September, chiefly in Maine and New Brunswick. The long call of the cow is imitated by the Indian guide at night with the aid of a birch trumpet, and the cry repeated at intervals until answered by the bull. Great caution is then necessary to prevent giving alarm, and sometimes most of the night is passed by the bull in circling around the supposed cow to catch the wind. It is exciting, and requires strong nerves and a steady hand, for the bull is very close before he can be seen clearly enough to afford a good mark, and he sometimes charges if only wounded.

By far the noblest way for a real sportsman to secure a set of antlers is the still-hunt. It requires strength and nerve, and calls into play great knowledge of woodcraft and of the habits of the quarry. None but a true hunter is capable of the persistency needed, and the result is in proportion to his patience and shooting qualities. After locating his camp in a good moose country, the hunter first carefully inspects the neighborhood for moose-signs. This is done by taking a wide circle, crossing over the tops of the hardwood ridges, if there are any, to find indications of a yard. They do not, properly speaking, yard up until the deep snow comes; but immediately after the rutting season they appear to locate the future yard, and to frequent the vicinity. Like all other deer, early in September they leave the watercourses and lakes and retire to the hills. In winter the yards often cover several acres, and have beaten paths radiating in every direction. The snow is trampled, and the twigs are cropped close. The smaller saplings are ridden down, and the tops and bark torn off. A yard usually contains a family — an old bull, sometimes a half-grown bull, and several cows and yearlings. At times several such groups yard together.

Throughout the following summer, and often much longer, the evidences of an old moose-yard are easily seen in the mutilated condition of the branches and bark, and sometimes, but rarely, by the presence of a single antler-blade, cast off in midwinter. It is very strange that horns are found so seldom, especially in yards; but the truth is, almost as soon as dropped they are eaten by mice and other small rodents which abound in the woods.

Another excellent plan to find moose-signs in the early fall before the freezing of the small waters is to examine the edges of the ponds or marshes in abandoned beaver meadows, where the moose come at night to drink or wade in the mud. As soon as a fresh track is located, and followed for a short distance until his general route is clear, the hunters are satisfied for

Digitized by Google

the day, and return to camp. An experienced Indian or half-breed can tell from the direction and character of the trail about where the game is. To him the woods are an open book, with the tracks for words.

The next day before sunrise the hunters are off, and starting from a new direction make a wide circle around the spot where the fresh track was last seen. Presently the guide stops, and, after looking earnestly at the ground for a moment, turns disgustedly away. The hunter questions him, and he points to the leaves. "Two moose — cow and calf — two days old." Sure enough, there are the two tracks, looking not unlike cattle-marks, only rather more pointed in shape, one large and the other small. The leaves fallen into the prints show they are old. Swinging the butts of their rifles over their shoulders again, the two move on in silent Indian file, winding now over the top of some hill with an open glade of birch, maple, and beech, now through some hemlock swamp; walking logs in preference to the ground, a feat easily performed when one wears moccasins; now out on some *brûlée* in hideous contrast to the surrounding forests. Mile after mile in this way — the guide stopping often to examine a trail, where perhaps the blunted character of the prints shows that some big bull has passed there many hours before. Finally the fresh track of the day before is found miles from where last seen. It can be identified by the general direction of the trail, and the number, sex, and age of the moose that made it. All this is an open secret to the guide, who grins silently as he points to the trail, which the other had long since given up as hopelessly lost. Now it is time for lunch. A little fire is built, the inevitable tea cooked, and cold pork or venison eaten in silence.

The hunter, when the halt was called, was so exhausted that he could scarcely stagger under the weight of his rifle. The rest and lunch make a new man of him, and he takes the trail again as fit and enthusiastic as when he left camp. Now the real work begins. The track is an hour or so old. The twigs crushed under the heavy foot have scarcely begun to straighten out, as they will in a few hours. Perhaps a little snow still shows the clean-cut outlines that last so short a time. The game cannot be far off, and is apparently moving slowly along, feeding on the tops of the moosewood, which grows abundantly in their favorite haunts.

It would never do to follow directly down trail, for the moose would catch the scent. So they circle down wind — that is, leave the track and, taking a long swing round, turn up wind again and approach the trail with great caution at a point a mile or so beyond where it was last seen. The prints now show very fresh. Water, perhaps, from a puddle is still trickling into a half-filled mark. Other signs indicate his nearness. He has stopped lopping the twigs, and his uncertain and wandering course shows that he is looking for a comfortable place to lie down. The track is at once abandoned, and in the same way as before a smaller circle is made. Every step is studied, not a twig must snap, not a bush be disturbed, not a bough scrape against moccasin or gun. Foot by foot the hunters again get down wind, and even more slowly turn back. The moose is now in front, lying down. He has himself made a half-circle on his own trail, and is now to leeward of it, so that anything passing along his back track will scent the wind as it blows to him. Then, too, he is lying facing his footmarks, and can see anything approaching him from that direction. Thus the necessity of not following directly on the track is apparent. The hunters are now to leeward of the moose, and are working slowly toward him with every nerve on the stretch, starting at the slightest noise, peering anxiously in every direction, expecting to see the huge beast rise from behind each fallen tree-top. Every hillock is carefully mounted, and the surrounding woods are inspected. Panting with excitement, forgetful of the weariness and the long road home, the hunter sees phantoms of immense antlers and charging bulls, figures to himself a thousand times the deliberation with which he will shoot, just where on the shoulder he will "hold," and sees in every movement of the spruce boughs a dim and vanishing form, and hears in every squirrel's chattering around him the sound of departing hoofs. Thus on and on, praying for a clear shot and a big pair of horns, till suddenly the guide stops and looks reproachfully back, and then turns sadly to the hunt again. A rotten root has broken underfoot with a muffled sound so slight that the hunter himself had not noticed it. Fifty rods further, and for the last time the guide stops and points to the bed of a huge moose faintly outlined in the wet leaves, still warm. "Too much hurry" is his only comment. The broken root has done its work and told its story to the ready ears, and the immense creature has risen, and, stepping over a log some three feet thick without touching it, has passed noiselessly into the dense bush from under the very eyes of his pursuers.

Then comes the long tramp back to camp in the growing dusk. Tired out and disgusted with hunting, they pick their way through the woods by some short cut which the guide finds and follows with the instinct of a hound, until at length the welcome gleam of the camp-fire is seen. Back at last, they eat a hasty supper and sink into a dreamless sleep, only to waken on the morrow with fresh determination to find more tracks. So the hunt goes on, until at last the stalk is successful, and the game is started

Digitized by Google

up in plain sight, or is found quietly browsing. A well-sent ball ends the chase, and the labor and fatigues of perhaps weeks are fully recompensed. A still-hunt of this description, in the skill required, infinitely outranks the much-vaunted "stag-stalking" in Scotland, and is the noblest of American sports.

Here, truly, is grand game, and one which could be restored to its former haunts in the Adirondacks with a little intelligent outlay. Native American game abounded in that beautiful region at no far distant time, and may again, if the men who have charge of the forest commission, and who appear to know nothing of game, would abstain from silly plans of introducing the European boar — a most unattractive and destructive creature, entirely out of keeping with American surroundings. Perhaps some day the example of private preserves may induce the legislature to attempt a restoration in a State park; but until that day comes, the work of destruction in game and forest will go on.

Madison Grant.

POEMS OF WINTER.

THE STILLNESS OF THE FROST.

OUT of the frost-white wood comes winnowing through
No wing; no homely call or cry is heard.
Even the hope of life seems far deferred.
The hard hills ache beneath their spectral hue.
A dove-gray cloud, tender as tears or dew,
From one lone hearth exhaling, hangs unstirred,
Like the poised ghost of some unnamed great bird
In the ineffable pallor of the blue.
Such, I must think, even at the dawn of Time,
Was thy white hush, O world, when thou lay'dst cold,
Unwaked to love, new from the Maker's word,
And the spheres, watching, stilled their high accord
To marvel at perfection in thy mold,
The grace of thine austerity sublime!

Charles G. D. Roberts.

A WINTER LOVE-SONG.

THE sad fields, veiled in falling snow,
They are not sad to me;
Not chill, to me, the winds that blow,
However chill they be:

The eddying flakes that speed away,
With music they drift down,
Through myriad, lacing branches gray,
On dead leaves, crisp and brown.

No bloom upon the whitening hill,
No green leaf on the tree;
The music is sad music: still
It is not sad to me.

For song, with my heart's muffled might,
Keeps measure, blow for blow;
My love's warm breast is pure and white,
And softer than the snow.

Robert Burns Wilson.

Digitized by Google

OUT OF HER CLASS.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.

THE Eltons had gone South to see less of their friends and more of each other. Since his father's death Arthur Elton had found it necessary to devote all the time to the office he could possibly spare from dinners and dances. Occasionally he saw his mother at breakfast, and his sister at dinner — that is, when they happened to be dining out at the same house. Yet, like most small families, they were peculiarly united in their affections, although circumstances had kept them constantly apart.

Elton had regarded his sister Alice much as he would a growing plant. Her development from a girl in short dresses to a thorough girl of society was a never-failing source of interest and amusement to him. When she had been much younger she used to come to his room to see him add the finishing touches to his evening toilet, and to listen to the unpleasant things he said about his ties and washerwoman, and the terrible errors committed by girls he knew which had quite ruined their social career. This was his idea of telling her what not to do. He knew that when Alice did come out the sort of time she had would materially affect his own enjoyment. He did not fancy spending the entire evening with her at dances, and he was also anxious that she should add credit to the family name. When she did come out, and women told him his sister was a success, and he saw her surrounded by the right sort of men, there was no one who enjoyed her success as much as he did.

Alice and her mother went South in June, with the understanding that Arthur was to join them a month later. They settled themselves in a small cottage which stood in a wood a few hundred feet from the hotel. They had not expected to find many people who would interest them, and they were not disappointed. The men and women at the hotel were gathered together from every corner of the South. Along with representatives of the best of the old families was a sprinkling of the sort that wear a good deal of jewelry, and who in the eyes of the Eltons were very much overdressed. There was dancing from eleven until dinner-time, which was at one o'clock, and after dinner the men who had traps took their favorites driving, and those who did not have traps, or were not favorites, had a very good time standing on the piazzas and making remarks about those who were more fortunate. After supper the dancing was resumed to the strains of a very bad quartet of violins, a piano, and a shrieking cornet.

In all of this the Eltons took little or no part. A few of the women at the hotel called at the cottage, and the calls were promptly returned, but no intimacies followed. The Eltons were not popular. The girls at the hotel said Alice was a nice, quiet young thing who was good to her mother, and there their opinion rested. They presumed the mother was an invalid, and the girl not sufficiently intelligent to enjoy their amusements. This was very well as long as the mother and daughter were alone, but they knew that the head of the family was fond of other society than their own, and they did not believe that he would be content to remain forever in the cottage.

And yet among all the girls they could see no one whom they thought it worth while to adopt for his special benefit. There were pretty girls who were very stupid, and girls who were not pretty, and who had enough sense to know it, and had adopted certain artificial virtues of which the Eltons did not approve, but there were none whom they thought sufficiently attractive to take into their confidence. Mrs. Elton was less hopeful than her daughter. Alice had seen her brother in society, which his mother had not, and very often she did not agree with her brother's choice as to the girls to whom he chose to devote himself. Her greatest fear was that he would be attentive to some one to whom her mother or herself could not be polite.

"Arthur is always finding virtues in a girl," she said, "that exist for no one but himself. I should not be surprised to see him devote himself to the worst flirt at the Springs."

She spoke in generalities, but she was really afraid of one girl. Her name was Zoë White, and she was admitted to be easily the belle of the Springs. Tall and well-built, with big gray eyes and a mass of fluffy brown hair, she was at least a girl about whom every man was sure to express an opinion. Her complexion varied with the tone of her gowns, which were well made and rather accentuated her well-developed figure. Alice Elton objected to her because her

Digitized by Google

gloves were usually slightly soiled, and there was an air about her clothes, especially about her throat, that looked as if she had dressed hurriedly and for men, and not, as most girls do, for other women. She had been engaged to half a dozen men, and boasted of the fact to every new man she met. At the time of the Eltons' arrival an insignificant gentleman named Crowley was her accepted suitor. Both of them had horses at the Springs, and they drove each other out on alternate afternoons. He was rich, and had the prestige of an array of love-affairs almost equal to that of Miss White herself. The people at the hotel said that when two such celebrities as Zoë White and young Crowley got together something had to come of it, and the date of the marriage was variously fixed at from one to six months.

Miss White was at her best when perched on the box seat of her high cart. The close-fitting cloth dress and the trap had been imported from New York, and the effect was very smart. Alice Elton suggested to her mother that the cart, dress, and all had been bought in a set, just as croquet and tennis sets are bought—"all complete," and she was fearful of the result when a part of the outfit should wear out, and Miss White should attempt to replace the loss without consulting the manufacturers.

The two girls seldom met. Miss White had made numerous advances to Alice, but they were not received with much enthusiasm. It was not usual for Zoë White to be persistently polite to any one. She occasionally stopped to speak to a group of old ladies knitting on the piazza, but this was only a plea to be treated gently in their garrulous talks. To her rivals she was perhaps more than civil, because by long experience she found it paid. These were the women she feared. Old ladies could talk only of what they heard. It was the girls of her own age and her own set, who saw her commit the follies which had made her famous, that she dreaded. Perhaps she saw that Alice Elton had certain dangerous attractions which she and the other women at the Springs did not have, or it may have been from a certain goodness of heart which had been kept under for some time past, but certain it is that she tried to be very kind to Alice, and that Alice politely but positively refused such kindness.

Once or twice Alice had gone over to the hotel with her mother, and had accepted the attentions of some of Miss White's lovers with apparent pleasure. Why she did this she probably did not know herself, unless it was an undefined desire for the admiration she was so used to in the city. After leading a man on for an evening she always woke up the next morning with a keen regret for her behavior, and with a feeling that she had done something unworthy of her. Then she went over to the hotel to breakfast, and utterly ignored her admirer of the evening before. The only effect produced was slightly to reduce the young man's opinion of himself, and seriously to annoy Miss White, to whom he was sure to open his heart and say he was going to cut Miss Elton hereafter for good and all.

It was late in July when Arthur Elton joined his family at the Springs. When he left New York for the South he thought that he had been very much overworked, and was run down in consequence. He decided that when he reached the Springs he would lie down on a lounge in his mother's cottage, and stay there until his month's vacation had come to an end; but when he left the train at the little station in the Virginia hills, and had climbed to the top of an old stage-coach, he drew in a long breath of the fresh mountain air and felt quite himself again. He at once decided that he would send for his riding-clothes by the first mail, and spend the next month riding over the mountains with Alice for his companion. He sat on the front seat of the stage with the driver, and discussed the horses that were pulling them over the rough mountain roads, the crops, and all the other subjects which he thought the driver's bucolic mind was capable of grasping. When all the subjects of conversation had at last been exhausted, he relapsed into a silent admiration of the beauty of the high hills, with their splendid growth of fir and hemlock, and of the sky, which seemed bluer to him than he had ever seen it before. While the stage was still at some distance from the hotel, in a narrow turning in the road it came suddenly upon Zoë White in her cart, with the faithful Crowley at her side. If a fairy princess in a gauze skirt and with a silver wand had suddenly stepped out from one of the high rocks that lay along the road, young Elton could not have been more surprised than by the sudden appearance of Miss White. Before he reached his mother's cottage he had decided that he would not send for his riding-clothes, but would probably do a great deal of driving.

He did not broach the subject of the girl he had seen in the cart until he saw her enter the dining-room on the evening of his arrival. Then he told his family how he had met her on the road, and asked them why they had failed to mention her in their letters. It was not difficult to see that Miss White was not a favorite. While his sister acknowledged her supremacy as the belle of the Springs, her dislike for the girl was ill-concealed.

"Why," said Elton, "what is the matter with her?"

"Oh, I don't know," said his sister; "she

Digitized by Google

pencils her eyebrows, and rouges, and generally makes herself unnaturally fascinating."

"What if she does?" said her brother. "Lots of girls do that down here. It is just as right and natural for her to put on rouge as it is for you to put on your skirt."

Mrs. Elton, who had regarded what her children were saying with the seriousness that mothers usually attach to the remarks of their offspring, suddenly broke into the conversation.

"I 'm very sorry, Arthur," she said, "but Alice and I never thought you would like her at all, and this morning we refused an invitation for you to a supper that she gives to-night."

"You and Alice don't seem very fond of the belle of the Springs, but I suppose suppers are plentiful. I 'm not sure that I sha'n't give her one myself."

"It 's very simple," said the sister; "all you have to do is to tell Miss White to ask ten of her friends, and then get a case of champagne. The hotel supplies the crackers."

The coming of Arthur Elton to the Springs was a matter of much moment. The fact that he was Mrs. Elton's son was a sufficient guarantee as to his sound financial condition, and that he was from the North did not detract from his popularity among the women. He was a good-looking, athletic young man, whom the world, which had become acquainted with his position long before he had, had treated very well. If he had one decided advantage over other well-to-do young men, it was in the fact that he never tired of the pleasures that money brought him, and never grew callous to the fact that he had advantages which very few of his fellow-men ever enjoyed.

After supper it was the custom of the entire hotel to adjourn to the little office and wait for the mail. Elton took advantage of the opportunity to meet Miss White, and did not leave her until he had promised to devote himself to her during the entire evening. Then he joined his people, and told how the belle of the Springs stormed at young men's hearts at a first meeting, instead of wasting time in preliminary skirmishes.

When the dance began, the three Eltons sat outside of the window and watched the people inside. There was much that was very new and interesting to them. Some of the dresses were distinctly odd, and the manœuvers of several gentlemen in the square dances were of the kind to be found only in a country hotel.

Elton left them presently, and went to dance with Zoë White, while the mother and sister watched them from the window. It would be difficult to say which interested them more, the apparent efforts of the girl to ensnare her partner's affections, or his apparent amusement at them. When he returned to his mother and sister he told them that he had been entrapped, and was going to supper with Miss White after all. The sister laughed, and the mother tried to look amused, and then they went off to a corner of the piazza, where he told them all that he and the other men had done since they had left the city.

Elton had never attended a supper just like the one given to Miss White that evening, and when it was through, and he had gone out on the porch, he thought the night air had never seemed so pleasant. There was a refreshing purity about it, and he was glad to be alone.

The morning after the supper Elton ate a lonely breakfast, and then went outside to look for his people. He saw them sitting alone at the end of the porch. He nodded and bowed to his friends of the previous evening, and stopped for a moment to speak to Miss White.

"Mr. Elton," she said, "I have a very fair pair of cobs down here, and if you have nothing better to do, would you care to drive this afternoon?"

Elton glanced at his mother, who was some distance away, and could see that both she and his sister were smiling at him.

"Yes," he said; "I should be only too glad to go. What time would suit you best — shall we say four?"

"Very well," she said, and then he moved on through the little groups of women and their admirers until he reached the place where his people had settled for their morning's sewing.

The hot summer day dragged through its weary length as only a summer day can in Virginia. He had a chat with Miss White in the morning, and found her far more proficient in the art of flirtation than most young ladies that he had known. Later in the day they drove through the winding roads of the mountains. He had never before been in so picturesque a country, and by the time he returned to the hotel he felt that he was launched in an affair that could scarcely end before the breaking up of the season.

Much to the disgust of his rival, Crowley, he danced many times with Miss White that evening, and drove with her the next day. Indeed, for the next three days he saw little else at the Springs than Miss White. Once or twice he stopped to wonder exactly how it would end, but he had great confidence in his ability to break off affairs easily, and he saw no reason why this should prove an exception. It was on the evening of the third day that they left the ball-room together, and went to the corner of the hotel which Miss White said she had made her own by right of discovery. It was a little porch leading off from the second floor hallway, and was very dark and isolated.

Digitized by Google

It had been part of Elton's education to make love to women who wished to be made love to. In the few days that he had known this girl it was very easy to see that this was what she was used to; and it was not very difficult, for she was pretty, and he to a certain extent was susceptible. He had told a dozen women before that he loved them, and the conditions on this occasion were certainly favorable to such a falsehood. It was what she liked, it was what she courted, and so he told her that even in the short time that he had known her he had learned to care for her as he never had for any other woman. When he began he knew he did not mean it; he knew that she knew he did not mean it. But as he whispered to the girl the words he had so often before spoken to pretty women, he almost forgot for the time that he was not telling the truth. In the dim light he thought he had never seen any one half so pretty. The fact that he had only just met the girl was proof against any danger; so he ran on without a thought of the consequences. He told her all the silly lies that a man tells this sort of woman. But in such an affair, to the man of the world, there is a point at which there is a danger-signal, and he never passes this point. But Elton was very young, and did not see the danger-signal; he flew past it.

In his feigned eagerness he said something that might have been construed into a proposal. The second the words were out of his mouth he saw his mistake, and would have given anything to recall them. He was about to hurry on and save himself, when the girl suddenly drew her hand away from his, and looked directly into his eyes. With an effort he kept his eyes fastened on her, but he knew that he had grown absolutely cold. In that second he was aware that he had thrown away his life, and that he had made his mother and his sister miserable for the rest of their days. And then there came a sudden revulsion against the woman who sat beside him; the pretty face that in its pretended innocence had been listening to his silly words had turned into one of a hardened woman of the world. Even in the dim light he could see that her face was rouged, and her eyebrows absurdly blackened. Then he heard her say something about "meaning it," and "so sudden," and he knew he had had his chance and had thrown it away.

To a certain extent she had taken advantage of him, but he believed that he deserved it. He had made a mistake, and he must take the consequences. Whether she loved him or not he had no idea, but there could be no doubt that if she did not really care for him she made a very good pretense of doing so.

That night he spent tossing about in his narrow bed; he could think of nothing but his mother and sister waiting for him in the morning. He repeated many times what he had to tell them, and he knew that it was going to break their hearts and make them unhappy always.

The next morning after breakfast he took them to a quiet corner of the porch, and told them all that had happened, all—except the fact that he did not love the girl. There was no use in telling them this, and making their pain the greater. He would try to deceive them as he would the girl; for how long he did not know.

Later in the day he was congratulated by half the people in the hotel. It seemed to him the girl might have waited until they had decided together when the engagement should be officially announced, but in his present state of mind he really did not care much what she or any one else did.

The next day and the next he drove and walked with her in the daytime, and danced with her at night. His mother and his sister treated her with civility, and that was all. They avoided the subject as much as possible, and when other people broached it they said as little as they could. There is nothing so conducive to positive affection or absolute hatred between a young man and a young woman as to put them together in a small place where they are each the most interesting of their sex that that particular place can boast of.

In a week Elton's mother and sister saw what Elton himself did not see, and that was that he was happy only when he was with Zoë White. He dropped his family entirely, and fretted and worried when they insisted on his occasionally dining with them alone. They would not believe that he was with Zoë White so constantly with so much apparent pleasure only because he had no one with whom to compare her.

Elton did sometimes compare her with his sister, but he knew that Alice had been brought up differently from other girls, and it would not have been fair to any one of them to make such a comparison. Once or twice he stopped to wonder at the change that had come over him, but his thoughts were always interrupted by the appearance of Miss White, on which occasions serious thoughts were entirely out of the question. The mother and sister made a desperate effort to overcome their aversion to the girl, and decided that the boy had found something in Zoë White which other people had failed to find; that there must be another side which she had never shown. That Arthur was falling honestly in love with the girl the two women had no doubt, and if she was not the one they would have chosen for a daughter and sister, at least there must be something in her to have gained such a hold on Elton.

It was nearly two weeks after the engagement had been announced that the two girls met one

Digitized by Google



"IN HIS FEIGNED EAGERNESS."

afternoon in the woods near the house. All the day Alice Elton had been upbraiding herself for the way in which she had treated Zoë White, and she was glad to be alone with the girl, that she might try to make amends, and to make it more easy for the future.

"Zoë," she said, "I 'm very glad to find you alone, for I want to speak to you, and beg your pardon for the mistake that mother and I have made. It is n't an easy thing to do, unless you choose to make it so. We were not friends before, because — well, because we did n't seem to have the same tastes. I misunderstood you, and I showed it. Then Arthur came, and he was cleverer than we were, and he liked you; and Zoë, we want to like you, too." Miss Elton held out her hand, but the other girl was looking at the ground. "Of course Arthur was the only brother I had, and I should n't have liked any one he cared

Digitized by Google

for as much as he does for you; that is, until I became used to it. I know that I was brutally rude to you, but I want you to forget that, and let us not be enemies any longer — just sisters, as we should be."

The Southern girl had listened to Alice's long, faltering apology without a word of help or forgiveness. Once or twice she had smiled, as if unconsciously, but for the most part the words seemed to fail in fulfilling their purpose. But now it had become necessary that she should say something, and she stopped knocking pebbles into the little stream that ran by her feet, and turned to look at Alice.

"Do you know, Miss Elton," she said, "I 've waited for this for a long time, and I had almost given up the hope that it was ever going to come. I know it has been a pretty hard thing for you to say, for you don't like or understand me, whichever way you choose to put it; and so I appreciate it all the more. As for all the hard, unkind things you said about me before Arthur — before your brother came, they were uncharitable, and I was n't used to them, and they cut me, and they made me hate you as I believe I never hated any one before. But that is your forte; that has been part of your Northern training. They like it up there; we don't down here. I did n't think of that then — I was too angry, I suppose; but it 's all over now, and — well, I reckon we 're quits." Alice Elton stepped to the side of the girl and tried to take her hand, but Zoë drew it away, and quickly rose to her feet. She was very nervous, and the tears were coming to her eyes. "You must forgive me, but I must go now. I promised to meet your brother at the hotel. We 're going for a walk, and I 'm late now." She started in the direction of the hotel, but when she had gone a few steps she turned suddenly about, took both of Miss Elton's hands in hers, and smiled in her face with the superiority with which a mother might look at her child. "Thank you, my dear," she said; "you have been very good; I won't be ungrateful. Good-by."

In another moment she had gone to meet her lover, and Alice was left alone with her book, and to wonder how Miss White meant to be grateful.

Elton and Zoë White walked up the steep hill, and wandered along a narrow path facing a deep valley. They did not talk much, for, like all lovers, their happiness was in being together. Sometimes they stopped to say something about the trees or the hills that lay in front of them, and sometimes it was only to allow him to pull a brier that had caught her skirt; but it always ended by some remark on his part which would have seemed very unnecessary to outsiders, but which was nevertheless very pleasant to her ears.

When they reached a turn in the path they stopped for lack of breath. The girl sat on the edge of a low flat rock, and Elton threw himself at full length on the ground at her feet. For a few minutes neither of them spoke. They were looking at the green hills across the cañon. The air was so clear that they could see the hills and valley stretching out for miles in front of them.

"I wish," he said, "that our life would always be as clear ahead of us as that valley, and that the right thing to do would always stand out as clearly as that fir-tree over there does against the sky." She looked at him questioningly, but he was still looking away and did not see her.

"I don't think it is very hard for a man or woman who has been well brought up to see the right thing to do. Do you?" she said.

"No," he said, without raising his eyes. "I suppose that is what stamps a man or woman of good breeding, to be able to choose the one right thing from the dozen wrong ones."

"Do you think I could always choose the right one?" she said.

Elton did not reply, but, reaching out, took her hand. She did not draw it away, but let it lie in his as cold and unresponsive as if it belonged to the dead. He looked up suddenly into her face, and saw a look there which he had never seen before. Her lips were tightly closed, and she was looking across the valley with a hard, determined expression that he feared without knowing why.

He pressed her hand, and called her "Zoë" several times, but she seemed unconscious of his presence, and paid no attention to him. Then, without taking her eyes from the hills across the valley, she began to talk as if to herself, and as if the man beside her might have been a great many miles away.

"No," she said; "I don't think I can make a mistake, and that is what I wanted to speak to you about to-day. When you came here some weeks ago you heard me spoken of as a summer girl; you heard that I made love to men, and that dark corners and buggy-rides were my only source of amusement. Well, they were right, in a way. I sat in corners, and I drove with men in buggies, because I was taught that that was the most profitable way to spend my time.

"Don't you suppose that I tired of all that long ago? Do you think I get any pleasure out of men who know no more than I do; who give up their lives to talking a lot of lies to girls whom they have been brought up with as children, and should treat as sisters? But what is a girl going to do? I 'm like every other woman that ever breathed: I like attention from men, and I 'm going to get it even if I have to do the things I most detest.

"Do you, and your mother, and your sister,

Digitized by Google



"ONCE OR TWICE SHE HAD SMILED."

think I am going to lead the life your sister does just because you think in the North that your sort of life is right and ours is wrong?

"Why, I know perfectly well all the unkind things your sister said about me. If it had been one of these girls down here I should n't have cared, for I could have taken the men away from her. But it was different with her. She did n't care for these men here, and was glad to be left alone. The only way I could strike her was through you, and I did it. I have made her and your mother suffer as probably they have never suffered before. But I reckon it has gone far enough, and I am going to let up on all of you. You can go home now and tell them that I — or you, if you choose — broke off the engagement. It is all over. I have had my revenge, and every one is happy again. You can go back to the North and make love to your cold Northerners, and I shall go back to the dark corners. It seems strange though, after these two weeks, does n't it?"

The man had been looking into her face, but it was only as she finished her last sentence that her eyes met his. She looked at him for several moments until the tears slowly filled her eyes. "Zoë," he said, "you are talking nonsense. I don't care what idea you may have

Digitized by Google

had in the first place. I know how much I love you now, and I think I know how much you care for me."

The girl brushed the tears away, but did not again look at him. "Arthur," she said, "as you say, there is one right thing to do in this and in all cases, and a lot of wrong ones. I won you under false pretenses, and I am going to give you up. I owe it to you. I owe it to myself. I owe it to your family for all the pain I have given them. Then, I think, perhaps they will see there was something under the rouge after all.

"There is but one favor I still have to ask you, and if you love me as you say you do I don't see how you can very well refuse me. You must leave me here now, and never try to see me again. I am to leave the Springs tomorrow, and you can spend the rest of the summer unmolested with your mother and your sister."

"And wherever you go," he said, "I am going with you."

"I would n't if I were you," she said, "because Crowley is going with me."

"Crowley?"

"Yes, Crowley. I am going to end my notorious career by running away with the richest man at the Springs. If you come back here a year from now, or later, you will find me a gay married woman. The rouge will be a little thicker, and my hair perhaps a little lighter, but I shall still be the same old Zoë White you used to know."

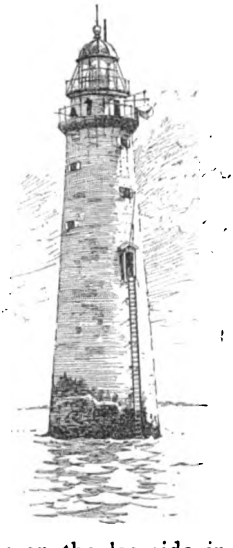
"And is this the girl," said Elton, "that I have heard talk as I have heard you talk of what a girl could do with her life and the life of the man that loved her?" She sat for a long time resting her chin in one hand, and looking across the valley.

"Yes," she said; "it 's the same girl. She talked that way under very peculiar conditions. Did you ever notice those cobs of mine? Well, if you have, you will remember that Tatters is n't nearly as good as Rags; but drive them together, and Tatters can hold up his end every time: drive him single, and he is n't even fit for the roads about here. I don't know whether you see what I mean, but I 've watched those horses so closely I see a likeness to them in everything. I was being driven at an unnatural gait, that 's all. It could n't last, because I could n't stand the strain any more than old Tatters. It just showed me what a chance some girls have. But that is all over now forever."

Elton tried to put his arm about her and say something to her, but she angrily pushed him away, and then all the flush left her face just as suddenly as it had come, and she put her hand on his shoulder just as one man does to another when he wants to show his affection for him.

"Yes," she said; "you may kiss me again, but it is for the last time. I don't belong to you any more. You must go back at once. I 've thought of this so long and so much, and I know it is best for both of us. For heaven's sake, Arthur, leave me now — won't you? Don't forget I am only a woman."

Charles Belmont Davis.



LIFE IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

(MINOT'S LEDGE.)

WITH PICTURES BY W. TABER.

AS the billows roll in from the Atlantic toward the rocky shores of Cohasset, on the south side of Boston Bay, their onward sweep is checked by a round, gray, ancient-looking tower that rises out of the sea. On a calm day the waves swash around its base, meeting on the lee side in a spout that quivers in the air, a column of liquid porphyry, to fall back again and be lost in a hundred eddies among hidden rocks, like the Little Minot and East Shag, that lie between the tower and the shore. In a stiff breeze each billow, as it strikes, sends a shower of glittering spray half-way up the tower's height of a hundred and fourteen feet, and a long breaker sweeps shoreward, its gleaming crest, which seems about to pour like a cataract into the trough of the sea, held in suspense by the mighty onrush of the wave from which it overhangs. But right in its course lies the Little Minot; and lo! the bold front of the breaker, with the power of the Atlantic at its back, is broken to foam as it closes in upon the ledge. Its crest, so long proudly poised, pours into the hollow; there is a moment of hissing and seething; a thou-

Digitized by Google

sand white tongues are licking the jagged outcropping of rock; they meet, pass over and under one another in their undulations, swish up and swash back again, separate into countless miniature whirlpools—and then there is nothing left of the great wave but a circle of froth.

savagely upon the tower, dashing tons of spray high into the air above it—the shattered remnants of the heaving mass that a moment before struck the granite courses. For the sea meets its match in the lighthouse on Minot's Ledge. Yet the shattered wave has not spent

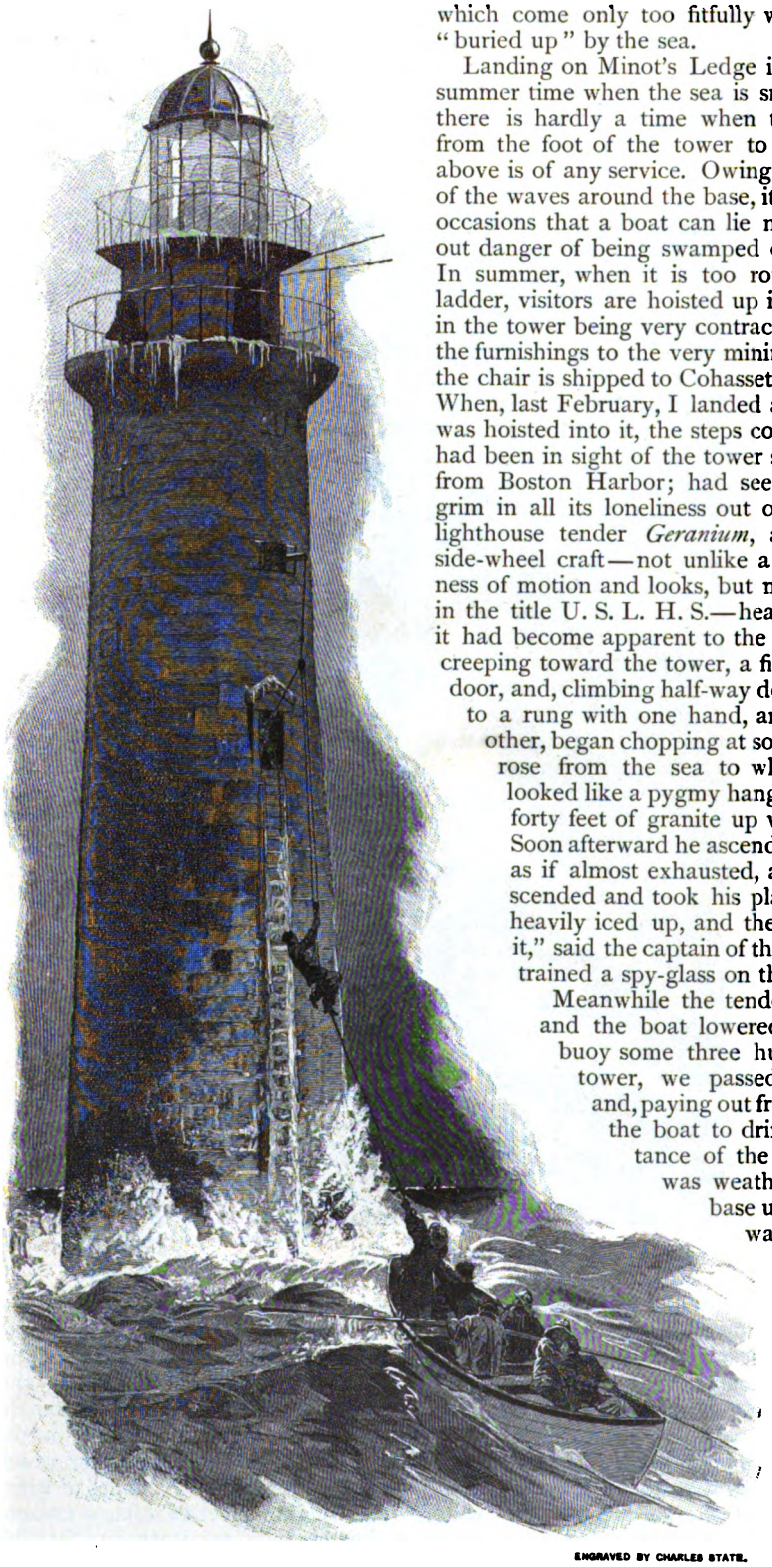


ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

IN A NORTHEASTER.

But it is in a northeasterly storm that the old gray tower most grandly maintains its battle with the sea; for then the billows have had the broad expanse of storm-swept ocean over which to gather force. Long livid lines of breakers rush out from behind the threatful storm-clouds that lower upon the horizon, like the battalions of an army marshaled by the powers of the air and the sea against the structure that man has reared in defiance of their prerogative. Each wave hurls itself its fury all in vain. It, too, can boast its moment of triumph, for it has struck terror into some hearts—not into those of the lighthouse-keepers, for throughout the shock and confusion of the storm the vigil in the watch-room is faithfully maintained; but in the keepers' dwellings on shore, between which and Minot's Ledge gleam three miles of white water,—the winding-sheet of ships,—anxious faces at the windows are watching through the night for reassuring glimpses of the light,

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

A WINTER LANDING.

which come only too fitfully when the tower is all "buried up" by the sea.

Landing on Minot's Ledge is easy enough in the summer time when the sea is smooth; but in winter there is hardly a time when the ladder that runs from the foot of the tower to the door forty feet above is of any service. Owing to the peculiar wash of the waves around the base, it is only on very rare occasions that a boat can lie near the ladder without danger of being swamped or dashed to pieces. In summer, when it is too rough to land by the ladder, visitors are hoisted up in a chair; but space in the tower being very contracted, the keepers limit the furnishings to the very minimum, and in the fall the chair is shipped to Cohasset, where it hibernates. When, last February, I landed at Minot's, or rather was hoisted into it, the steps could not be used. We had been in sight of the tower since we had put out from Boston Harbor; had seen it rising gray and grim in all its loneliness out of the waves. As the lighthouse tender *Geranium*, a low, broad, black side-wheel craft—not unlike a beetle in deliberateness of motion and looks, but nevertheless rejoicing in the title U. S. L. H. S.—headed for Minot's, and it had become apparent to the keepers that she was creeping toward the tower, a figure appeared at the door, and, climbing half-way down the ladder, hung to a rung with one hand, and, with an ax in the other, began chopping at something white which rose from the sea to where he stood. He looked like a pygmy hanging there against the forty feet of granite up which the ladder ran. Soon afterward he ascended the ladder slowly, as if almost exhausted, and another man descended and took his place. "The ladder is heavily iced up, and they 're trying to clear it," said the captain of the *Geranium*, who had trained a spy-glass on the tower.

Meanwhile the tender had been hove to and the boat lowered. Pulling to a spar-buoy some three hundred feet from the tower, we passed a line around it, and, paying out from the buoy, allowed the boat to drift within hailing distance of the keeper. The tower was weather-streaked, and its base up to high-water mark was covered with a greenish black ooze. Around the base the sea was gurgling. Occasionally a breaker swept threateningly toward the boat, and the mate in the stern would haul her in by the cable toward the buoy, while the crew

Digitized by Google

backed water clear of the combing crest, which would have swamped her but for this manœuvering. Out of the ocean before us rose course after course of solid masonry to a deep, narrow doorway far above us, where, his hands grasping iron supports, he himself leaning out over the water, stood what seemed from our distance a diminutive human figure in dark blue. The answer to our hail came back faintly above the noisy sea. It was too rough to land at the ladder, and even if it were not, the lower half was so thickly incrusted with ice that no one could retain a foothold on it; but if the block and tackle could be rigged before the sea roughened, I might be hoisted into the tower. The assistant inspector had told me before I left the tender that this might be the only way of landing me, adding, "If you don't like the looks of the rig, come back, and we 'll try some other day"; so that I had determined to make the attempt, no matter at what risk. In a deep port-hole two stories above the door a spar had been rigged. To this was attached a block through which ran a rope ending in a loop. A coil of line fastened to the loop was held in the hand of the keeper, who stood in the doorway. The boat was paid out from the buoy, the keeper threw the line, and as it fell across the boat one of the crew seized it and hauled it in. Straddling the loop, and grasping the rope above it with both hands, I gave the signal, and the keepers began hoisting, while one of the boat's crew slowly paid out the line to which the loop was attached. I was literally hanging between sea and sky, being hoisted upward and at the same time across toward the tower. It was a gray day. Where the sea below me shallowed over the jagged rocks around the base of the tower, I saw a tangle of slimy seaweed swirl half-way up to the surface and sink slowly out of sight. The little craft was now rising upon the waves, now lying in the trough of the sea, now backing toward the buoy, now moving away from it, according to the changing condition of the sea — and at Minot's it is ever changing. An accident to the boat or to the man who held the line attached to the loop, and no earthly power could have prevented my being dashed against the tower. But at last I had been raised to a level with the door, and was allowed to swing slowly into the arms of the keeper, who hauled me in, and was apparently as glad as I was to see me safely landed.

I found myself in a circular, brick-lined room, or rather cell, which received its only light through the deep, narrow door so high above the base of the tower that, as one looked out through it from the center of the room, it framed in nothing but a distant vista of heaving sea and gray, scurrying clouds. In the wall opposite



A SUMMER LANDING.

the door was a small, deep window, like the port-hole in a casemate. Its heavy wooden shutter was securely bolted, yet water was dripping from the granite recess into a bucket on the floor, with such force does the sea strike the tower on Minot's Ledge. An iron stairway curved along the wall through an iron ceiling to the story above. The granite floor was wet from spray that had been blown in through the doorway, and the roar of the sea reverberated within the confines of the room.

By all who are familiar with the dangers to which it is exposed and the difficulties which had to be overcome in its construction, the Minot's Ledge Lighthouse is considered a great work of engineering — greater, many experts think, than the famous Eddystone, because outlying ledges somewhat protect the latter against the assaults of the sea, and the rock on which

Digitized by Google



THE WRECK OF THE FIRST LIGHTHOUSE.

ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

it stands, being all above water, offers a better foundation surface than Minot's. The Outer Minot, the most exposed rock among the ledges on which the Minot's Ledge Lighthouse stands, is entirely submerged at high tide. Not until three quarters ebb do the first jagged points jut out above the water, and preliminary surveys showed that a surface only thirty feet in diameter was exposed at extreme low tide.

The lighthouse on Minot's Ledge stands within the shadow of a tragedy. It is the second structure erected upon the ledge. The first lighthouse and the lives it held were claimed by the sea. Begun in 1847 and completed in November, 1848, it was overwhelmed in April, 1851. Its destruction was the most tragic event in the history of our lighthouse establishment. The structure was an octagonal tower supported upon wrought-iron piles strengthened by braces. The piles penetrated five feet into the rock. On the braces, thirty-four and a half feet above the rock, the keeper had constructed a platform for the storage of bulky articles, and had fastened to the lantern-deck, sixty-three feet above the rock, a five-and-a-half-inch hawser which he had anchored to a seven-ton granite block. Along this hawser articles were hoisted up to the platform, and there landed. These "improvements" were convenient—and fatal; not, however, to the keeper who made them, for he was on shore when the storm which has become historic for its fury burst over the coast.

On Monday, April 14, 1851, there was a strong easterly gale blowing. At that time there were on the tower two assistant keepers and a friend of the principal keeper. The visitor became frightened at the first indication of a storm, and, in response to a signal from the tower, a boat put off from Cohasset and took him ashore. On Tuesday the wind swung around to the northeast, the most dangerous quarter from which the elements can hurl themselves upon Minot's, as they then rejoice in the accumulated fury of miles of wind-torn sea. By the 16th it had increased to a hurricane, and the tower was so completely buried in the heavy seas that nothing of it could be seen by the group of anxious watchers at Cohasset. About four o'clock in the evening of the 16th the platform was washed ashore. Then the watchers knew that the water had risen to within seven feet of the tower. At nightfall it was seen that the light was burning. It was observed at fitful intervals until ten o'clock that night, when it was finally lost to sight. At one o'clock on the morning of Thursday, April 17, just at the turn of the flood, when the outstreaming tide and the inrushing hurricane met at Minot's, a violent tolling of the lighthouse bell was heard. After that no sound rose above the din of the storm. About six o'clock in the morning a man walking along the shore

Digitized by Google

saw a chair washed up a little distance ahead of him. Examining it, he recognized it as having been in the watch-room of the tower. After this discovery no one had any doubts of the tragedy which had been enacted behind the curtain of the storm. When it lifted, naught was seen over Minot's Ledge but the sea, its white crests streaming triumphantly in the gale.

It is believed by those competent to judge of such matters that the destruction of the tower was due to the surface which the platform constructed by the keeper offered to the waves, and to the strain of the hawser upon the structure. Every time this hawser was struck by a sea it actually tugged at the tower. There seems also little doubt that the sum appropriated by Congress for the building of the lighthouse was insufficient by about two thirds for such a structure as the perilous situation called for.

When the site was visited after the disaster, the bent and broken stumps of the iron piling were found in the rocks. Their appearance indicated that before the tower fell it had been bent to leeward until it actually hung over the wild and crested waters. This brought to mind the sudden violent tolling of the bell at one o'clock in the morning of that fatal 17th of April. No other conclusion seems possible than that when the tower heeled over to leeward each wave, as it swept over the parapet, struck the bell and set it swinging, so that the sea itself tolled the knell of the souls it was about to claim.

There is an incident in the tragedy of Minot's Ledge that should always be remembered. Up to the last moment the men on the tower kept the light, for its gleam was seen through the storm-scud until the hurricane closed in too thick for the light to be visible. Of the men who thus did their duty face to face with death for the honor of the lighthouse service of the United States, one was a German, the other a Portuguese. No monument has been erected to these brave fellows; probably the idea of one has never been broached. Not even their names are remembered; for if you attempt to discover something of these humble heroes in Cohasset, all you will learn is that one was a "Dutchman" and the other a "Portugee."

"They hung to duty to the last," said the present keeper of Minot's Ledge Lighthouse, concluding his story of the tragedy to me one night in the watch-room, while a northeaster roared around the lantern, and the spray came rattling down upon it, the old tower meantime shaking the water off like a dog that has had a wetting. Such nights our thoughts naturally reverted to the men who had perished at their posts on the very spot where the tower in which we sat was built. The body of one of them was found among the seaweed around East Shag. The other was never recovered.

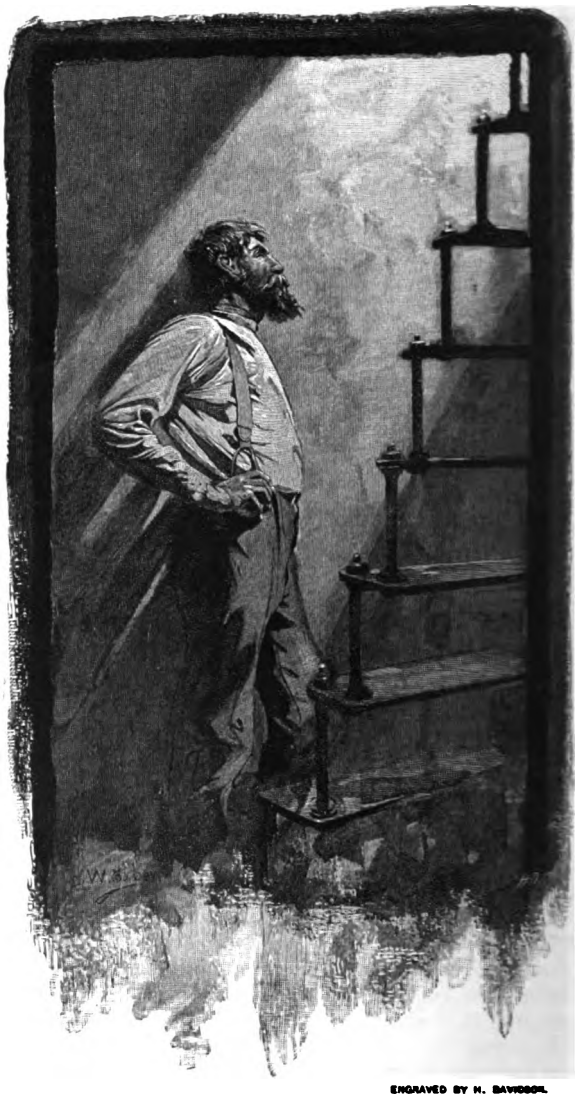
Of these two whose spirit is it that is believed to revisit Minot's Ledge? For there have been keepers of the present tower who have affirmed that one of those who perished with the old lighthouse haunts the spot. Strange noises have been heard in the oil-room—sudden rattling of cans and clinking of glass, as if some one were at work there. Stories are also current of the mysterious filling of the lamp and cleaning of the lens and lantern. In the old tower, when a watch was at an end, the keeper in the watch-room summoned the keeper below by rapping on the stovepipe which ran up from the lower room, and the other keeper would rap in reply to notify the watch that he had heard the signal and would be up immediately. In the present tower the watch is called and the answer given by electric bells. One night, as the midnight watch was drawing to a close, the keeper in the watch-room, who had been brooding over the destruction of the old tower, quite unconsciously leaned forward and rapped with his pipe. A few minutes later he was startled to hear an answering rap from below. Every moment he expected the other keeper to appear and relieve him. After waiting in vain, he pressed the button of the electric bell, and after the usual interval the bell in the watch-room rang the reply from below, and the steps of the relieving watch were heard on the iron stairs. He had not heard the rapping, and therefore had made no reply, his first intimation of the change of watch having been the ringing of the bell!

The Minots are off the southeastern chop of Boston Bay. Vessels standing in for Boston Harbor, and losing their bearings in a northeaster, would be apt to be driven on the ledges, unless warned off by a friendly beacon. Indeed, here was, before the establishment of the light, a veritable ocean graveyard. Even since then there have been heartrending disasters, such as the breaking to pieces of the ship *St. John* on the Hogshead, when all but one of the hundred and sixty people aboard her were lost, the survivor being a woman who, lashed to a spar, was washed ashore in a half-frozen condition. Many corpses, among them women with children clasped to their breasts, drifted in on the "porridge-ice" with which the harbor was filled.

After the destruction of the first lighthouse, Congress made an appropriation for the building of another. The tower which now stands upon Minot's Ledge was designed by General J. G. Totten, and erected by Captain Barton S. Alexander, both of the Engineer Corps of the United States army. Captain Alexander's

Digitized by Google

work on the tower is considered second in importance only to that of the designer; for, owing to the exposed site, many difficulties had to be overcome in the course of construction. Work could be carried on only from April to September, the sea being too rough at other times to admit of the workmen gaining a footing on the ledge, or even of approaching it with safety. The first blow was struck Sunday morning, July 1, 1855. The building of Minot's Ledge Lighthouse was a work for humanity, and therefore Sunday, the first day the weather had been propitious for beginning operations, was utilized. The weather allowed of only one hundred and thirty working hours at the ledge that entire season. Preparing a partly submerged rock to receive the foundations of a granite tower is quite a different matter from digging a hole in the ground on shore. Guards in boats constantly plied around the ledge to pick up workmen who might be washed off into the sea, and their services were frequently required. Not until July 9, 1857, could the first stone be laid. During that season there were again only one hundred and thirty working hours at the ledge. Anticipating such a contingency, Captain Alexander had picked out a force of good all-round workmen, so that when work had to be suspended on the ledge the morale of his force would be maintained by keeping the men occupied on shore in shaping the granite blocks for the tower, and fitting the courses on a model, so that no time would be lost in correcting errors after the blocks had been shipped to the ledge. As a matter of fact, work on the model disclosed several miscalculations which would have caused annoying delay had they not been discovered in time to be rectified on shore. The tower was completed September 16, 1860, in 1102 hours and 21 minutes, at a cost of $300,000. In shape it is the frustum of a cone, one hundred and fourteen feet and one inch in height, including the lantern. The first full course of masonry is thirty feet in diameter. Except for a narrow well running down through the center to the rock, the tower is a piece of solid granite masonry to the store-room, forty feet above. The well, besides storing water for the keepers' use, serves as an indicator of danger; for should there be a crack in the masonry, it would leak. The store-room is one of five stories above the solid base. Each consists of one circular room lined with brick, and has a deep port-hole. All the stairways in the tower are iron, and so are the ceilings, except that of the fifth story, which is granite, is arched, and forms the top of the tower proper. These rooms are fourteen feet in diameter. The watch-room, lantern, and dome are built above the tower proper, the cornice of which forms a parapet around the watch-room, while part of the bronze metal ceiling of the latter serves the same purpose for the lantern-deck. The lantern is framed in iron, and iron supports slant from the edge of the lantern-parapet to the top of the framework.



ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

WATCHING THE LIGHT.

Digitized by Google

The masonry work of the base is strengthened by eight iron shafts set in the rock at the same points as the piling of the first tower; there are dowels between each course in the base, and the courses above the base are dovetailed. Indeed, the whole tower is so closely bolted and knit together that it seems destined to last as long as the rock on which it stands.

Over the store-room is the kitchen, where the keepers also eat their meals. Above this is the bedroom of the assistant keepers, that of the keeper being on the third floor. Though furnished with only the most necessary articles, there is little moving room left. Toilet is made at the kitchen sink, an arrangement which experience has proved to be the simplest and the best adapted to the circumstances. The fourth floor is the oil-room, where the nights' supply of oil for the lamp is kept, the annual consumption being about 875 gallons. The watch-room —the drawing-room of Minot's Ledge Lighthouse—is above this. Here the keepers sit when they are not busy during the day, and from here they watch the light at night, the watches lasting from 4 P. M. to 8 P. M., 8 P. M. to 12 M., 12 M. to 4 A. M., 4 A. M. to 6 A. M.

The routine of duty on Minot's Ledge is the same as in any other lighthouse, but it is gone through under somewhat different circumstances. At the end of the dog-watch at 6 A. M., the assistant keeper, who also officiates as cook, prepares breakfast. This is usually ready by half-past six. The electric bell rouses the other keeper from his sleep in time for him to make his toilet. This is a very simple matter on Minot's Ledge—at least in winter. It does not take a man long to put on his clothes there, because, on account of the dampness and cold of the sleeping-rooms, he usually goes to bed with most of his clothes on. I remember one night, when the tower was "sweating" inside, as it often does in winter, we divested ourselves only of jackets and shoes, piled sheets, blankets, and quilts over us, and even then had difficulty in keeping thoroughly warm. I have referred to the bucket which stood under the store-room window to receive water which might drip from the sill. A bucket stands under every window in the tower. The windows on the northeast side are always kept closed in winter, and the heavy wooden shutters bolted, yet the seas strike the tower with such searching power that it was found necessary to run a little gutter along each sill, and to lead a rubber tube from it into the pail; and during severe storms the pails on the weather side often require emptying once an hour. No one thinks of going to bed on Minot's Ledge in winter without a cap or other warm head-covering.

By the time one is dressed—if putting on one's shoes and jacket can be called dressing—and has washed in the icy water from the well in the granite base, the breakfast is steaming on the table; and a very good breakfast it usually is, for Minot's Ledge is bountifully stocked with provisions. Good food and a pipe of good tobacco are the only luxuries that tend to ameliorate life in this tower.

Breakfast over, and the dishes washed (neatness is of course scrupulously observed), the lamp is trimmed and polished, the lens wiped, and the lantern cleaned. As regards the lamp-chimney, if you ask a lighthouse-keeper the best way to wash lamp-chimneys, he will tell you the best way is not to wash them at all. Rubbing with a dry cloth is the correct method. There is considerable brass-work about the lamp to keep as bright as a mirror, and the care of the lens is a delicate matter. To those whose idea of a lens is derived from a camera or a telescope, the lens which surrounds a lighthouse lamp will be a novelty. It is a veritable structure in itself, consisting of rings of glass, many of them prismatic, built around the lantern. In a second-order light like Minot's, the lens stands four feet high. Not a breath must dim the clearness of



CLEANING THE LANTERN, OUTSIDE.

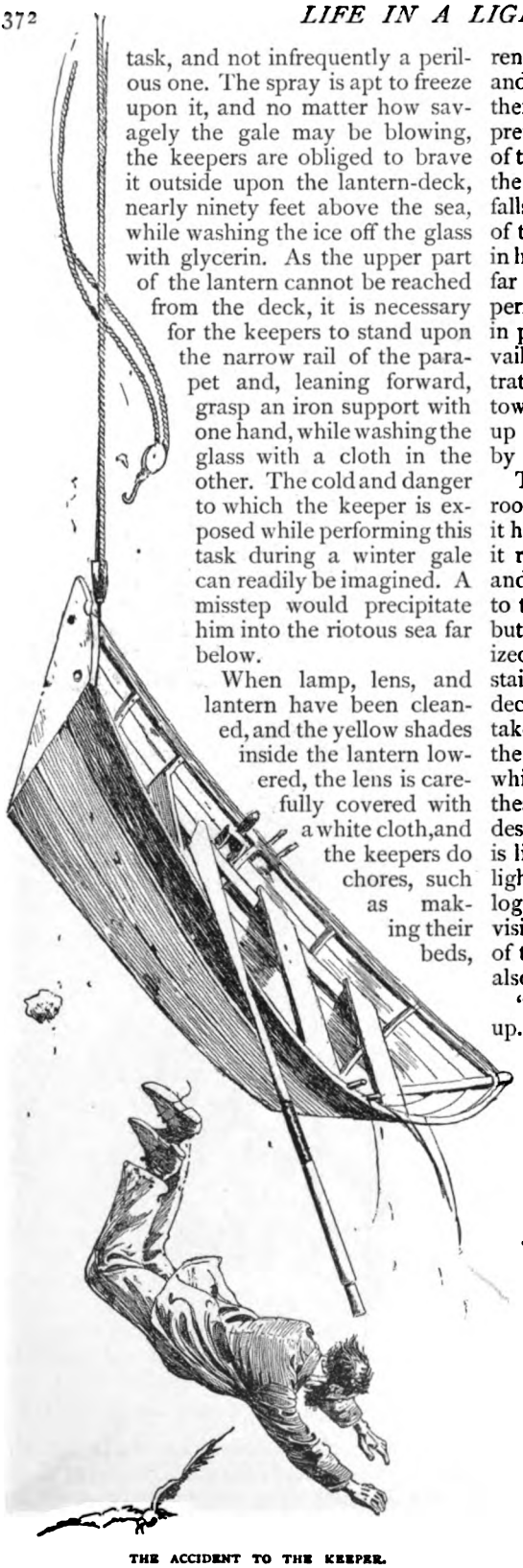
this beautiful glass-work, which on a bright day reflects all the hues of the rainbow, and at night causes the lamp to cast its grateful rays fifteen and a half miles out to sea.

Cleaning the lantern is at times an arduous

Digitized by Google

task, and not infrequently a perilous one. The spray is apt to freeze upon it, and no matter how savagely the gale may be blowing, the keepers are obliged to brave it outside upon the lantern-deck, nearly ninety feet above the sea, while washing the ice off the glass with glycerin. As the upper part of the lantern cannot be reached from the deck, it is necessary for the keepers to stand upon the narrow rail of the parapet and, leaning forward, grasp an iron support with one hand, while washing the glass with a cloth in the other. The cold and danger to which the keeper is exposed while performing this task during a winter gale can readily be imagined. A misstep would precipitate him into the riotous sea far below.

When lamp, lens, and lantern have been cleaned, and the yellow shades inside the lantern lowered, the lens is carefully covered with a white cloth, and the keepers do chores, such as making their beds, renovating the white paint on the brick lining, and putting on necessary little touches here and there to maintain the scrupulous neatness of the premises which is embraced within the meaning of the phrase "keeping a good light." That is the test by which a lighthouse-keeper stands or falls. It means that he must not only get out of the lenticular apparatus and its accessories in his care a ray that will pierce the darkness as far as the full capacity of the apparatus will permit, but also that he must keep the premises in perfect order. The *esprit de corps* that prevails in the lighthouse service is well illustrated by the fact that the keepers of the first tower on Minot's Ledge "kept a good light" up to the moment the tower was overwhelmed by the sea.



THE ACCIDENT TO THE KEEPER.

The leisure hours are spent in the watch-room. In size it is little more than a cell, but it has the advantage over the rooms below that it receives daylight through the lee port-hole and through a manhole in the ceiling leading to the lantern-deck. It is ten feet in diameter, but not even all of this small space can be utilized. There are a manhole in the floor for the stairway from below, the stairs to the lantern-deck, the columnar support of the lamp, which takes up the center of the room, and at one side the incased machinery for striking the fog-bell, which stands on the parapet outside. Add to these a stove, two chairs, and a high, shallow desk, and it may easily be realized that there is little moving room left. On the desk is the lighthouse journal, which takes the place of the log-book on a vessel. Herein are noted the visits of the inspector, the coming and going of the keepers, and similar details. You may also read such entries as:

"Broke ice from lantern. Tower heavily iced up. . . . A lonesome, snowy day."

The present keeper does not enter items like the last. "Every day here is lonesome," he said, "so that I might just as well enter, 'A lonesome, sunny day.'"

An entry that tells of breaking ice from the lantern and of the icing up of the tower is usually made after a heavy northeaster — one of those storms during which the lighthouse is so completely buried by the heavy seas that from the shore the tower by day and the light by night are invisible, except perhaps at fitful intervals; and the keepers' families take turns standing watch at the windows of the dwellings, fearful of a repetition of the calamity of April, 1851. During such storms the heavy seas strike the tower about twenty feet above the base with such force as to send tons of spray some twenty-five feet above the dome, — or over a hundred feet into the air, — and the great mass, not losing its onward rush, comes crashing down

Digitized by Google

upon the lantern, and streams over it on to the parapet and into the ocean beyond. Hanging from davits on this side, with some ninety feet of rope coiled near each davit, is a small life-boat. Though it is swung eighty feet above the sea, it would be dashed to pieces against the parapet if it were on the weather side. Even as it is, the water pours into the boat with such force that it would probably be broken from the davits were it not kept unplugged.

I shall never forget my sensation when the first heavy sea struck the tower during my stay there last February. I was sitting with the assistant keeper in the watch-room. Both of us were reading. At the head of three of the staircases in the tower are heavy iron doors. Suddenly there was a clangorous shock, as if these ponderous doors had crashed to in unison, and a moment later all the demons of the storm seemed to be let loose around the top of the tower, such was the confused roar of wind and water above and about us, the only rhythmic sound being the dismal striking of the fog-bell. "She 's taking on a sea," was all the keeper said. After one of these storms the tower is covered with ice, and tons of it hang from the side of the parapet. As the weather moderates, heavy pieces break off with a loud report, and plunge into the ocean.

Even in perfectly calm weather sounds of the sea eighty feet below rise to the watch-room. The store-room door is kept open as much as possible for ventilation, and the swash of the waves around the foot of the tower travels up through the five stories to the watch-room like a long-drawn gurgle. This, varied with the turmoil of the storm, is all the keepers of Minot's Ledge hear in winter besides their own voices. About their only diversions are reading, and playing games, like cards and draughts, and of these they naturally weary. Even in playing games they cannot make themselves comfortable; for as there is no space for a table in the watch-room, they are obliged to stand up to the bell-casing. "The trouble with our life here," said the keeper, "is that we have too much time to think." Not many years ago one keeper thought so much that he left the watch-room, went below, and cut his throat. Instances when keepers new to life on Minot's have been so frightened by the shock of only moderately heavy seas against the tower that they have left it the first chance possible, have not been uncommon. "No money 'll hire me to stay on Minot's," exclaimed one of these deserters, as he followed his gripsack down the line into the boat.

On the lantern-deck above the watch-room is a spy-glass, and frequently the keepers train this glass upon their dwellings ashore. The principal keeper has children who are attending school, and at the hour for their leaving or returning home he will invariably be found glass in hand in the lantern or on the parapet. In some respects this proximity to shore adds to the loneliness of life on Minot's. The keepers see what they crave constantly before them without being able to attain it. If, for instance, the keeper's children go to or return from school at some unusual hour, and he misses seeing them, he worries until he catches



THE FOG-BELL.

a glimpse of them again. The keepers are also alarmed if they see a small boat putting out from shore in winter time, apprehensive that it means bad news from home.

Pacing the parapet is the only outdoor exercise Minot's Ledge affords. It may readily be imagined that neither a tennis-court nor a base-ball diamond can be laid out on it. It is a few feet in width, and encircles a room only ten feet in diameter. One cannot walk clear around because the fog-bell obstructs the passage on one side, and in winter the gale is usually so savage that one dare not venture on the weather side.

During my stay at Minot's I often went out on the parapet at night, and peered over the rail into the blackness below me, out of which issued the voice of the sea. There was something indescribably grand in this surging of the unseen ocean. One night, after a gray, threatening day, as I was standing upon the parapet, I heard a sudden rush of wind, and through the halo that surrounded the lantern there scurried what seemed to be myriads of white, ghost-like birds without a twitter or even

Digitized by Google

the rustle of a feather, driven before the storm, and vanishing into the darkness as suddenly as they had emerged from it. Cold, feathery flakes blown into my face told me that this weird effect was produced by a snow-squall whirling around the tower. Another night, as I came out upon the parapet, I was startled to find the sky ribbed with black lines that formed the framework of a huge dome centering directly above the tower. A fog had closed in, and against it were projected the vastly elongated shadows of the iron supports that run from the lantern-deck to the dome above it, while the light, as it was thrown upon the fog by the lens, filled in the spaces with a dun glare that was unearthly in its effect.

The boat that swings from the parapet eighty feet above the sea is lowered only in emergencies. It is remembered of a former keeper that when a small craft was capsized near the tower, he leaped into the lighthouse boat, cast off the lines, and let it descend at full speed. Fortunately, neither cable fouled, otherwise the boat would have remained hanging, stern or bow up, as the case might have been, and the keeper would have been dashed to pieces on the rocks; for, as it was low tide, the ledge was not wholly submerged. At one time a dory was swung from the parapet. While a keeper was letting himself down in it the wood-work in the bow gave way, and the dory hung by its stern, the keeper falling from a great height headlong into the water. Luckily it was flood-tide, but he struck with such force that he penetrated the water far enough to feel the seaweed on the rocks, and he suffers from the effects of the shock to this day. It was discovered that some one had tampered with the dory — with the purpose, it is supposed, of creating a vacancy in the lighthouse service, repulsive as the thought may be.

There are four keepers at Minot's Ledge, or, to be more exact, one keeper and three assistants. They alternate two and two on the tower every fortnight, excepting when stormy weather forbids a landing at the ledge. Keepers have been storm-bound there seven weeks, and when the storm abated sufficiently for them to be lowered by the rope, have discovered, when the boat came out for them, that the door was so heavily iced up they would be unable to open it for several days. It may seem that, with every other fortnight ashore, the keepers of Minot's Ledge have an undue proportion of vacation. But as a matter of fact the two weeks on the tower drag like two years, while the two weeks ashore glide by like two hours. The time ashore is not a holiday, for there is much work to be done about the dwellings and grounds. Yet the position of keeper or assistant on Minot's Ledge is eagerly sought for — by those who have never tried it. Were I asked after my experience on Minot's Ledge to define a sea-rock lighthouse, I should reply, "A prison surrounded by water."

The keepers' dwellings are prettily situated on the Cohasset shore. In an emergency the men on the tower set a signal, in response to which the keepers on shore put off in a small boat. Several days elapsed after I had finished my work on Minot's Ledge before the keeper thought the sea had gone down sufficiently to warrant him in setting the signal. By the time the boat was half-way out the waves had roughened up so that he was obliged to lower the signal, and the little craft turned back. I was detained for three days longer before the boat, after the fourth attempt to reach the tower, succeeded in taking me off by means of the block and tackle. No wonder that days before their tour of duty on the tower ends, the keepers anxiously watch every change of the weather. I experienced the sensation of joy that must thrill through them when they reach shore, when at last I sprang from the gunwale of the little boat to *terra firma*.

Passing up the road that led to the village, I turned as it wound away from the shore for a last look out to sea. On a rocky slope near the dwellings stood one of the keepers, spy-glass in hand. About him, and looking anxiously seaward, was a group of women and children. Beyond the low land of the little harbor the sea was boiling over innumerable rocks and ledges. Against the background of ominous storm-clouds stood the gray tower, the waves, as they dashed against it, tossing the spray high up toward the parapet, from which only a few hours before I had watched the keepers' boat put out from shore. Such was my last glimpse of Minot's Ledge Lighthouse.

Gustav Kobbé.



Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY BURNE MURDOCK. ENGRAVED BY J. F. JUNGLING.

ANDREW LANG.

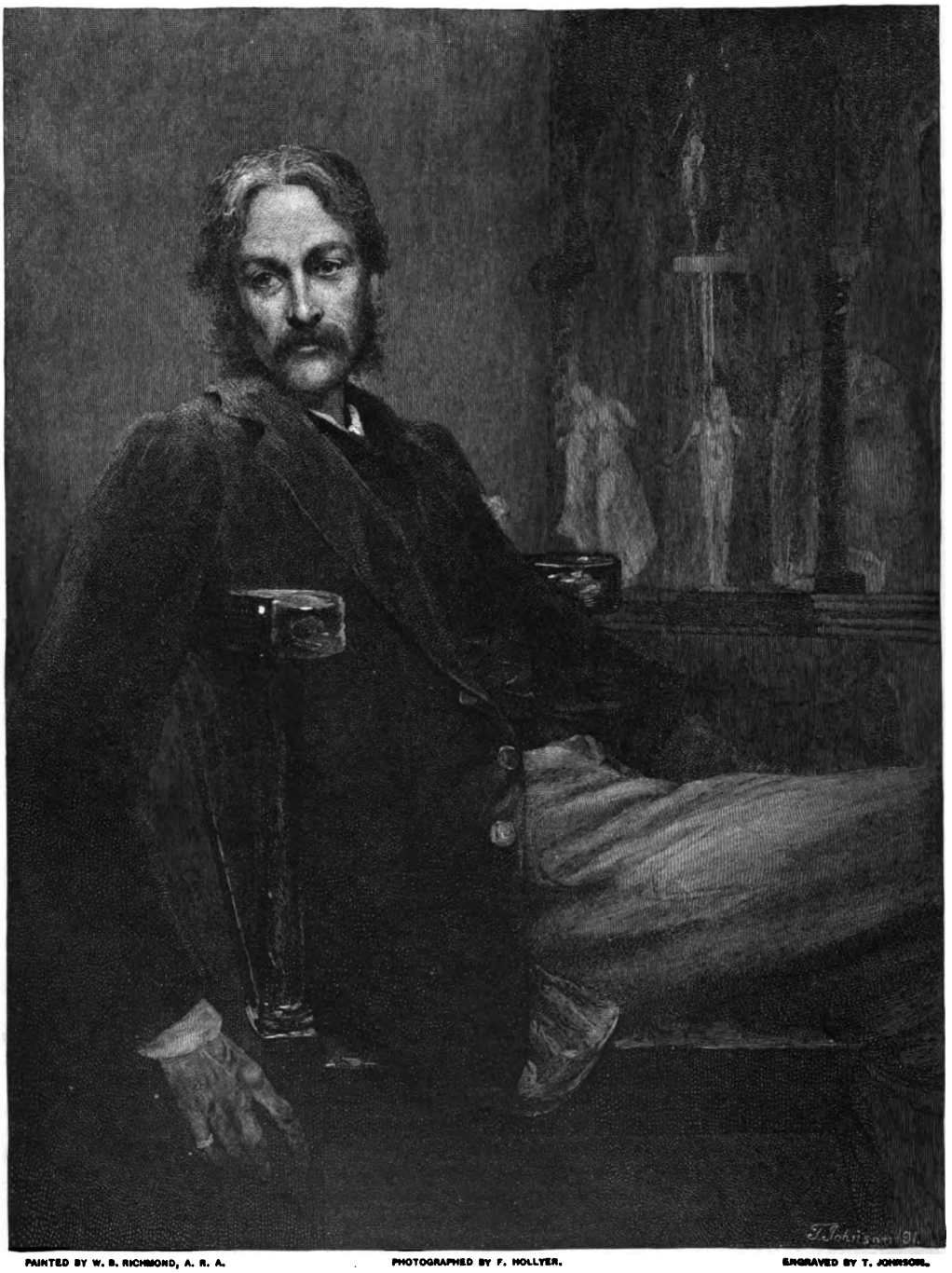
THE most lifelike photograph of a friend is no more than a reminder of what we have seen for ourselves, since the camera has neither insight nor imagination; a portrait by a true artist may bring out qualities but doubtfully glimpsed before, or it may even reveal depths of character hitherto unsuspected. In one of the London exhibitions during the season of 1885, amid many a "portrait of a gentleman," there was at least one portrait of a man—nervous, significant, vital. At a glance it was obvious that the man here depicted was a gentleman and a scholar, although the picture had none of the prim propriety of the ordinary academic portrait. There was an air of distinction about the sitter, twisted around in his chair, with his frankly humorous gaze. The casual stranger whose eye might fall on the painting could not but feel that the restless attitude was inevitably characteristic, and he could not but confess the charm of a most interesting personality. And, indeed, Mr. Richmond's picture of Mr. Andrew Lang seems to me one of the most successful of modern portraits.

Perhaps the first effect it made on the beholder was to suggest the extreme cleverness of its subject—an effect which does but scant justice to Mr. Lang, for cleverness is best as an extra, as the superfluity of him who has some quality other and better. Molière was not clever, and M. Sardou is clever beyond belief. When cleverness is all a man's having, though he make a brave show for a while, he is poor indeed. Cleverness Mr. Lang has, and a plethora of it; but he has also a richer endowment. He may be called the Admirable Crichton of modern letters; and he is a graduate of St. Andrew's, that ancient Scottish university where the original Crichton was once a student, three centuries earlier. Thence he went to Oxford, where there lingered memories of Landor and Shelley, where he took the Newdigate prize for poetry, and where in due season he was elected a Fellow of Merton, the college of Anthony Wood. Herein, I think, we may grasp the clue to Mr. Lang's character, and to his career: he is a Scotsman who has been tinctured by Oxford, but who still grips his stony native land with many a clinging radicle.

Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson are the two Scottish chiefs of literature to-day. Both live out of Scotland, yet both are loyal to the land of their birth, and love it with all the ardor of a good son's love. Neither is in robust health, but there is no taint of invalidism in the writings of either, no hint of morbid complaint or of unwholesome self-compassion. Both are resolutely optimistic, as becomes Scotchmen. Both are critics, with sharp eyes for valuing, and with a faculty of enthusiastic and appetizing enjoyment of what is best. They have both attempted fiction, and both belong to the romantic school. In differing degrees each is a poet, and each is master of a prose than which no better is written in our language nowadays. Mr. Lang's style has not the tortured felicity of Mr. Stevenson's; its happiness is easier and less wilful. The author of "Letters to Dead Authors" is not an artificer of cunning phrase like the author of "Memories and Portraits"; his style is not hand-made nor the result of taking thought; it grows more of its own accord. The style of each is transparent, but while Mr. Stevenson's is as hard as crystal, Mr. Lang's is fluid like water; it flows, and sometimes it sings as it flows, like the beautiful brooks he longs to linger beside, changing with the sky and the rocks and the trees, but always pure, and limpid, and delightful.

American readers, annoyed at the slovenli-

Digitized by Google



PAINTED BY W. B. RICHMOND, A. R. A. PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. HOLLYER. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

ANDREW LANG.

Digitized by Google

ness of most modern British essayists, are struck by the transparent clearness of Mr. Lang's style; for though he was born north of the Tweed his pages are spoilt by no Scotticisms, and though he dwells by the banks of the Thames they are disfigured by no Briticisms. They are free from the doubtful English which has "the largest circulation in the world." A constant perusal of the fine prose of the great Frenchmen whom Mr. Lang admires may have tended to keep his own paragraphs free from blemish; and a devoted study of the great Greeks whom he loves may have helped to give his pages their dignified ease.

In his pellucid prose, as in his intellectual alertness and in his lightness of touch, Mr. Lang is rather French than English. He is a nephew of Voltaire, and a cousin of M. Jules Lemaître. As we read his graceful and nervous sentences sometimes our ear catches an echo of Thackeray's cadences: and it was in France that Thackeray served his apprenticeship to the trade of author. Sometimes our eye rejoices in the play of a humor always lambent and often Lamb-like; and it is perhaps from Charles Lamb that Mr. Lang has got the knack of the quotation held in solution. Like Dryden and Burke and Bagehot, three masters of English prose, Mr. Lang quotes abundantly and from a full memory, and not always exactly. "Verify your quotations" is not a warning that he has taken to heart. The books from which he can draw illustrations at will are numberless, and they are to be found in every department of the library. In Greek literature, and in French as well as in English, he has the minute thoroughness of the scholar; but his main reading seems to have been afield, as happens to every man who loves books, and who likes to browse among them without let or hindrance.

The equipment of a critic Mr. Lang has, and the insight, and also the sympathy, without which the two other needful qualities lose half their value. There are limits to his sympathy, and he tells us that he does "not care for Mr. Gibbon except in his autobiography, nor for the elegant plays of M. Racine, nor very much for Mr. William Wordsworth, though his genius is undeniable"; but the range of his knowledge and of his understanding seems to me wider than that of any other contemporary British critic. He is unfailing in affection for Homer, Herodotus, Theocritus, and Lucian, for Virgil and Horace, for Rabelais, Molière, and Dumas, for Shakspere, Fielding, Miss Austen, and Thackeray, for Scott and Burns. He delights in the skittish writings of the lively lady who calls herself "Gyp," while for the psychologic subtleties of M. Paul Bourget he cares as little as does "Gyp" herself. He was prompt in praise of the author of "King Solomon's Mines"; in fact, Mr. Haggard's tales of battle, murder, and sudden death have found no warmer eulogist than the author of "Ballades in Blue China."

Longfellow declared that "many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings, as some savage tribes determine the power of muskets by their recoil; that being considered the best which fairly prostrates the purchaser." Mr. Lang's taste is too refined for this saying to be justly applicable to him; but he does not think the worse of a book because it tells a tale of daring-do. He is eager for a story of

> . . . battles, sieges, fortunes,
> . . . . . .
> Of moving accidents by flood and field,
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach.

He is quick to give a cordial greeting to a traveler's history of "antres vast and deserts idle," of "Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." In other words, Mr. Lang is a romanticist to the bitter end. Broad as his sympathy is, it is not broad enough to comprehend realism. He is restive when realism is lauded. Unconsciously, no doubt, he resents it a little, and he does not quite understand it. Mr. Lang can enjoy Rabelais, and praise him for the qualities which make him great in spite of his wilful foulness; but in M. Zola Mr. Lang sees little to commend. Quite the most perfunctory essay of Mr. Lang's that I ever read was one on the author of "L'Assommoir," which did but scant justice to the puissant laborer who is toiling unceasingly on the massive edifice of the "Rougon-Macquart" series, as mightily planned and solid in structure as a medieval cathedral, and, like it, disfigured and defiled by needless and frequent indecencies. Tolerant toward most literary developments, Mr. Lang is a little intolerant toward the analysts. Amiel delights him not, nor Marie Bashkirtseff either; and it irks him to hear Ibsen praised, or Tolstoi, though the pitiful figure of Anna Karénina lingers in his memory. And as for Mr. Howells, it is hard to say whether it is as novelist or critic that he irritates Mr. Lang more. Mr. Howells once spoke of the critical essaylets which issued monthly from the "Editor's Study" as "arrows shot into the air in the hope that they will come down somewhere and hurt somebody." Enough of them have hit Mr. Lang to make him look like St. Sebastian, if only he had not plucked them out swiftly, one by one, and sent them hurtling back across the Atlantic. Fortunately, the injuries were not fatal on either side of the water, and there was no poison on the

Digitized by Google

tips of the weapons to rankle in the wounds. Sensitive as most British writers are to the darts of transatlantic criticism, it has seemed to me sometimes that Mr. Lang is even tenderer of skin than are most of his fellow-sufferers.

The ocean that surges between Mr. Howells and Mr. Lang is unfordable, and there is no hope of a bridge. There is no common standing-ground anywhere for those who hold fiction to be primarily an amusement and those who believe that it ought to be chiefly a criticism of life, as Matthew Arnold said all literature should be. The romanticist considers fiction as an art, and as an art only; whilst the extreme realist is inclined to look on it almost as a branch of science. Kindly as Mr. Lang may be in his reception of a realistic book, now and then, he stands firmly on the platform of the extreme romanticists. "Find forgetfulness of trouble, and taste the anodyne of dreams — that is what we desire" of a novel, he declares in his cordial essay on Dumas. And in another paper he calls again for a potion against insomnia:

> Pour out the nepenthe, in short, and I shall not ask if the cup be gold-chased by Mr. Stevenson, or a buffalo-horn beaker brought by Mr. Haggard from Kakuana-land — the Baron of Bradwardine's Bear, or "The Cup of Hercules" of Théophile Gautier, or merely a common café wine-glass of M. Fortuné du Boisgobey's or M. Xavier de Montépin's. If only the nepenthe be foaming there, — the delightful draught of dear forgetfulness, — the outside of the cup may take care of itself; or, to drop metaphor, I shall not look too closely at an author's manner and style, while he entertains me in the dominion of dreams.

Here Mr. Lang is in accord with Mérimée, who wrote in 1865 that "there is at present but one man of genius: it is Ponson du Terrail . . . No one handles crime as he does, nor assassination. *J'en fais mes délices.*" But Mérimée's humorous exaggeration is not in accord with his own practice; however abundant in imaginative vigor his stories might be, nothing could be more rigorously realistic in treatment. Mr. Lang seems to me happiest as a story-teller when his practice departs from his theory. His longest story, "The Mark of Cain," is as who should say a tale by M. Xavier de Montépin, but by a Montépin who was a Scotsman, and had been to Oxford, and did not take himself quite seriously. Now, for a romanticist not to take himself seriously is to give up the fight before the battle is joined. Mr. Lang has balladed the praises of "Miss Braddon and Gaboriau," and he may be sure that these masters of sensation believed in themselves, else would they never have held thousands breathless. If an author once lets his readers suspect that he is only "making believe," instantly he loses his grip on their attention, and may as well put away the puppets, since few spectators will care to wait till the fall of the curtain.

The one fault that Mr. James found with Trollope — that "he took a suicidal satisfaction in reminding the reader that the story he was telling was only, after all, a make-believe" — Mr. Lang never commits of malice prepense; but though he does not confess this unpardonable sin in so many words, yet his tone, his manner, his confidential approach, make the confession for him, and readers find themselves glancing up from the printed page to see if the author has not his tongue in his cheek or is not laughing in his sleeve. And the crime is the more heinous in story-telling according to the romantic tradition than in fiction of the realistic school. Mr. James reminds us that "there are two kinds of taste in the appreciation of imaginative literature; the taste for emotions of surprise, and the taste for emotions of recognition." It is the latter that "Barchester Towers" gratifies, and it is to the former that the "Mark of Cain" appeals, and the taste for the emotion of surprise is not satisfied if it suspects the writer of treating tragic moments with levity, or even of being capable of such treatment. But perhaps the real reason why a public that accepted the tawdry "Called Back" did not take kindly to the "Mark of Cain" is that Mr. Lang's story was too clever by half — a thing resented by most of those who have a taste for the emotion of surprise.

Perhaps the same criticism applies to some of the stories in the collection called "In the Wrong Paradise" — to the Poe-like tale of "A Cheap Negro," for example. But others of the stories in this volume, especially the uncanny tales of spooks and of medicine-men, are most delicious fooling — and fooling founded on the impregnable rock of modern science. What could be better in its way than the "Great Gladstone Myth"? — wherein the grand old man is resolved into his elements in the fashion familiar to students of sun-myths. Equally amusing, and quite as pregnant in suggestion, is the description of the poor souls who found themselves each "In the Wrong Paradise" — the scalped Scotchman dwelling with the Apaches in their happy hunting-grounds, and the wretched cockney esthete desperately out of place in the Fortunate Islands of the Greeks. And in the volume of pleasant papers on "Books and Bookmen" there is an eery tale of painful and humorous misadventure in "A Bookman's Purgatory." Akin to these in method, and even superior to them in charm, is the story of "Prince Prigio," which of all Mr. Lang's

Digitized by Google

fictions I like best, unhesitatingly proclaiming it the most delightful of modern fairy-tales since the "Rose and the Ring"; and if any one should tell me that he found no fun in the awful combat between the Firedrake and the Remora, I should make answer that such an one, waking or sleeping, does not deserve ever to receive as a gift, or even as a loan, the seven-leagued boots, the cap of darkness, or the purse of Fortunatus—all properties of fairy-lore with which Prince Prigio was duly accoutered.

From fairy-land to the doubtful region of folklore is no seven-leagued stride, and Mr. Lang is master in both territories. He stands ready to trace the kinship of Barbarossa and Barbe-bleue, and to insist that neither is a child of the sun. In defense of his theories Mr. Lang is armed to give battle to Professor Max Müller and his men; and they find him a redoubtable opponent, in no danger of putting off the heavy armor of scholarship because he has not proved it, and never without a smooth stone in his scrip to cast full at the forehead of his adversary. Lowell has protested against that zeal which seeks to explain away every myth as a personification of the dawn and the day. "There's not a sliver left of Odin," he declared:

> Or else the core his name enveloped
> Was from a solar myth developed
> Which, hunted to its primal shoot,
> Takes refuge in a Sanskrit root,
> Thereby to instant death explaining
> The little poetry remaining.
> Try it with Zeus, 't is just the same;
> The thing evades, we hug a name;
> Nay, scarcely that — perhaps a vapor
> Born of some atmospheric caper.

Against the philologic school of mythologists of whom Professor Max Müller is the chief, Mr. Lang has led a revolt in behalf of an anthropological explanation of those habits, customs, beliefs, and legends for which the upholders of the sun-myth theory provided an etymological interpretation. Mr. Lecky tells us that invariably with increased education the belief in fairies passes away, and "from the uniformity of this decline, we infer that fairy-tales are the normal product of a certain condition of the imagination; and this position is raised to a moral certainty when we find that the decline of fairy-tales is but one of a long series of similar transformations." Inspired by McLellan and Professor Tylor, and following Fontenelle, Mr. Lang has given battle to those who maintain that the descriptions of the elemental processes of nature developed into myths, and who accept a personification of fire, storm, cloud, or lightning as the origin of Apollo and his chariot, Thor and his hammer, Cinderella and her slipper, and Brer Rabbit and the tar-baby.

In the stead of the arbitrary interpretations of the philologists, wherein scarcely any two of them are agreed, Mr. Lang proffers an explanation derived from a study of the history of man and founded on the methods of comparative anthropology. He turns to account the evolution of humanity from savagery to civilization, and he examines the irrational beliefs and absurd customs which survived in Greece even in the days of Pericles by the aid of a study of the beliefs and customs of savage tribes still in the condition in which the ancient Greeks had once been. Thus he is ready to see in the snake-dance of the Moquis of Arizona a possible help to the right understanding of a similar ceremony described by Homer. He seeks to show that in savagery we have "an historical condition of the human intellect to which the element in myths, regarded by us as irrational," seems rational enough. Further, he urges that as savagery is a stage through which all civilized races have passed, the universality of the mythopeic mental condition will explain not only the origin, but also the diffusion throughout the world, of myths strangely alike one to another.

That this ethnological hypothesis has gained general acceptance, and placed the philologic theory on the defensive, is due almost altogether to the untiring advocacy of Mr. Lang. His views have been presented modestly but firmly and incessantly. He has prepared the case himself, examined the witnesses, and summed up for the plaintiff. And he is an awkward antagonist, quick-witted and keen-sighted, and heavy-laden with the results of original anthropological investigation. He has scholarship in the old sense of the word; and to this he adds the advantage of a memory which retains every pertinent fact accumulated during omnivorous reading over a marvelously wide range of subjects. Most disinterested scholars have now accepted either as a whole or in part the theory Mr. Lang has set forth.

Of the scholarship which forms the solid basis for Mr. Lang's scientific inquiry he has given abundant evidence in his nervous prose translations of the "Odyssey" and the "Iliad" done in partnership with friends, in his refined rendering of the "Idyls" of Theocritus, and in his fresh and fragrant version of that other idyl, "Aucassin and Nicolette." The transfusion of a work of art from one language to another is a feat of the utmost difficulty, which Mr. Lang has accomplished with triumphant success, not only once or twice, but thrice at least. His translations reveal a most unusual union of scholarly exactness with idiomatic vigor; they are graceful,— almost the rarest quality of a translation,— and they are unfailingly poetic. Perhaps an enforced quaintness, and an occa-

Digitized by Google

sional insistence on an archaic word, seem almost like affectation, but this may be forgiven and forgotten in the charm and the felicity of the rendering as a whole. The secret of this charm is to be found, I think, in Mr. Lang's attitude toward the authors he translates. To him Homer, and Theocritus, and the old man who sang of "Aucassin and Nicolette," are still living, and their works are alive. Scholar as he is, his interest is never grammatical or philological, but always literary and human. He never regards these writings as verse to scan, or as prose to parse, but poetry to be enjoyed.

As it happens, Mr. Lang has attempted no long translations in verse, but some of his briefer metrical attempts are almost as happy as Longfellow's, than which there can hardly be higher praise. No doubt the carrying over of a lyric from one language to another is an easier task than the transferring of an epic, but nevertheless it is a feat many a minor poet has failed to accomplish. The difficulty lies in the double duty of the translator — to present the thought of his original and to preserve the form, not sacrificing the spirit, and at least suggesting the atmosphere. Mr. Lang has given us the most satisfactory version of Villon's "Ballade of Dead Ladies" (although Rossetti attempted it earlier), and of Clément Marot's "Brother Lubin" (although both Longfellow and Bryant severally essayed it, neglecting to retain the ballade form).

In his brightsome "Ballades in Blue China," and in his brilliant "Rhymes à la Mode," Mr. Lang shows his mastery of the accomplishment of verse, and his skill in that department of poetry which seems easy and is beset with danger. Voltaire tells us that difficulty conquered in whatsoever form of art is a large share of the merit; and neither in sonnet, nor ballade, nor other fixed form of verse, has Mr. Lang shirked any difficulty. If the game is worth the candle, Mrs. Battle is right in insisting on the rigor of the game. In his freer stanzas Mr. Lang has sometimes something of the singing simplicity of Longfellow and Heine, where the music of the verse sustains the emotion. In "Twilight on Tweed,"

> A mist of memory broods and floats,
> The Border waters flow:
> The air is full of ballad notes,
> Borne out of long ago,

and in "The Last Cast," the angler's thoughts wander to the rivers he has never fished, and then go back to the streams of Scotland again:

> Unseen, Eurotas, southward steal,
> Unknown, Alpheus, westward glide,
> You never heard the ringing reel,
> The music of the water-side!
> Though gods have walked your woods among,
> Though nymphs have fled your banks along,
> You speak not that familiar tongue
> Tweed murmurs like my cradle song.
>
> My cradle song — nor other hymn
> I 'd choose, nor gentler requiem dear
> Than Tweed's, that through death's twilight dim
> Mourned in the last Minstrel's ear.

Mr. Lang has taken for an epigraph Molière's "Ce ne sont point de grands vers pompeux, mais de petits vers," yet he has at times the gift of lofty lines. It is only fair to judge a poet by his highest effort. In the case of the present poet these seem to me to be two sonnets on Homer, of a sustained and noble elevation. For love of Homer's heroine Mr. Lang has written his longest poem, "Helen of Troy," a brevet-epic.

> The face that launch'd a thousand ships
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium

holds its fascination still across the centuries. Nor is "Sweet Helen," as Faustus calls her, the only lady of Mr. Lang's affections. He has a wealth of platonic love for many a fair dame (in poetry), and for many a damsel in distress (in prose). I doubt if he would deny his devotion to Beatrix Esmond, for whose sake the author of "The Faithful Fool," a comedy once performed by Her Majesty's Servants, broke his sword before his king. I question whether he would not admit an affection for Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, *née* Sharp, a green-eyed lady who once acted Clytemnestra at the Gaunt House theatricals. I know that he confesses a fondness for Manon Lescaut, a young person of reprehensible morals, who lightly sinned in France and then died happily in Louisiana. And I think that he is ready to boast of his liking for Miss Annie P. Miller of Schenectady, New York, an American girl who was known to her intimates as "Daisy," and who died in Rome after an imprudent visit to the Colosseum by moonlight.

Mr. Lang has the same frank and sturdy love for literature that he has for some of its captivating female figures. No reader of his could be in doubt as to his ceaseless and loyal study of Homer and Theocritus, of Rabelais and Molière, of Shakspere and Thackeray. And in sports, too, his tastes are as wholesome and as abundant as his predilections in letters. He cherishes the cricket of Oxford and the golf of St. Andrews; he follows with equal zest trout-fishing and book-hunting. Than this last there is indeed no better sport; and the poetic author of "Books and Bookmen" has proved his interest in the bees of De Thou as well as in those that made the honey of Hy-

Digitized by Google

mettus. The original Crichton, we may remember, sent an epistle in verse to Aldus Manutius, the great printer-publisher of Venice.

Mr. Lang is at his best when he writes about the Scots and about the Greeks of old, for these he knows and loves; and perhaps he appears to least advantage when he is writing about the American writers of to-day, since these he neither likes nor cares to know — and unsympathetic criticism is foredoomed to sterility. The native Americans Mr. Lang is most familiar with are the red men, and he is fonder of them, I fancy, than he is of the pale faces who have built towns by the banks of the streams over which Uncas and Hard-Heart skilfully propelled their birch-bark canoes. It might have been better, therefore, had he not laid himself open to Mr. Fiske's rebuke for the "impatient contempt" with which he chose to speak of a man of Lewis H. Morgan's caliber; and if he had not permitted himself his recent and doubtfully courteous attack on Mr. Boyesen. And a more careful understanding of American literary history would have saved Mr. Lang from that farewell to Poe, in the "Letters to Dead Authors," in which the author of "The Raven" is hailed as "a gentleman among *canaille*"! — surely as strange an opinion as one can find in all the long annals of criticism.

"Letters to Dead Authors" is one of the minor masterpieces of letters, the keenest and cleverest volume of playful criticism since the "Fable for Critics" was published two-score years ago, as that in its turn was the brightest book of the kind since "Rejected Addresses." But I am afraid to linger over this delightful tome for fear I may laud it extravagantly. The "Epistle to Mr. Alexander Pope," a marvel of parody with many lines as good as the one which tells the poet that "Dunces edit him whom dunces feared!" — the letter to "Monsieur de Molière, Valet-de-Chambre du Roi," with its delicious suggestion that if the great and sad French humorist were alive to-day, he might write a new comedy on *les Molièristes;* the communication to Herodotus, with its learned fooling; the missive to Alexandre Dumas, with its full current of hearty admiration and enjoyment — these and many another I dare not dwell on, because, as I read in the letter to W. M. Thackeray, "there are many things that stand in the way of the critic when he has a mind to praise the living." Quite as welcome as these are some of the essays in epistolary parody to be found in "Old Friends."

Of necessity every man has the defects of his qualities, and the very success of Mr. Lang's briefer essays tends to prevent his attempting longer labors. He gets most out of a subject which may be treated on the instalment plan, when every portion is complete in itself, and yet unites with the others to form a complete whole. A book like "Letters to Dead Authors," which is avowedly a collection of separable essays, has not only a broader outlook but also a stronger unity than the pleasantly discursive volume on Oxford, for example. A collection of Tanagra figurines, however, is in no wise inferior in interest to a colossal statue; art has nothing to do with mere bulk, nor has literature. Mr. Lang cultivates to best advantage ground which can most easily be cut into allotments.

It is to be noted also that despite his extreme multifariousness there are certain segments of life and of literature in which Mr. Lang takes little interest or none. Though he once wrote a poem on General Gordon, and though he is ever chaffing Mr. Gladstone, it is obvious that he cares not for the contentions of politics; and apparently he cares as little for the disputes of theology, although he did write a chance article on "Robert Elsmere." For art, music, and the drama he reveals no natural inclination. We may guess that it has been his fate to serve as art-critic, toiling in the galleries yearly; but we can discover no signs of any real understanding of art, either pictorial or plastic, nor of any aptitude for it. Of music he says almost nothing, and he seems to know as little about it as we know about the song the Syrens sang. And as for the acted drama, I am afraid that he is a heretic, even as Lamb was heretical in regard to the performance of Shakspere's plays. I hesitate to assert, though I am inclined to believe, that to him "As You Like It" and "Much Ado About Nothing" are comedies to be read in the fields or by the fire-side, rather than stage-plays to be acted before the footlights.

Nor has he busied himself with any science other than anthropology. But what of it? His interests are wider than those of almost any other man of letters in our time; and in these days, when the pressure of civilization forces men into an extreme and cramping specialization, Mr. Lang has circumvented this tendency by cultivating not one specialty or two, but a dozen at least. And perhaps there could be no better proof of his surpassing cleverness.

Brander Matthews.

Digitized by Google

THE MASQUERADE OF TIME.

I HEARD the New Year whisper, passing by,
"I am the Old Year, and did never die.

"As phenix bird, that from the sunset springs,
Next in the East replumes his wondrous wings,

"As dewdrop trembling in the morning flower,
Exhaled ere noon, returns at evening hour,

"So never lost was I, though steeple chime
Hurl out my knell — for I, behold, am Time!

"The Years but lend so many a quaint disguise
Wherein I masquerade to mortal eyes."

Edith M. Thomas.

A NO-ACCOUNT CREOLE.

I.



ONE agreeable afternoon in late autumn two young men stood together on Canal street, closing a conversation that had evidently begun within the club-house which they had just quitted.

"There 's big money in it, Offdean," said the elder of the two. "I would n't have you touch it if there was n't. Why, they tell me Patchly 's pulled a hundred thousand out of the concern a'ready."

"That may be," replied Offdean, who had been politely attentive to the words addressed to him, but whose face wore a look indicating that he was closed to conviction. He leaned back upon the clumsy stick which he carried, and continued: "It 's all true, I dare say, Fitch; but a decision of that sort would mean more to me than you 'd believe if I were to tell you. The beggarly twenty-five thousand 's all I have, and I want to sleep with it under my pillow a couple of months at least before I drop it into a slot."

"You 'll drop it into Harding & Offdean's mill to grind out the pitiful two-and-a-half-per-cent.-commission racket; that 's what you 'll do in the end, old fellow — see if you don't."

"Perhaps I shall; but it 's more than likely I sha'n't. We 'll talk about it when I get back. You know I 'm off to north Louisiana in the morning —"

"No! What the deuce —"

"Oh, business of the firm."

"Write me from Shreveport, then; or wherever it is."

"Not so far as that. But don't expect to hear from me till you see me. I can't say when that will be."

Then they shook hands and parted. The rather portly Fitch boarded a Prytania street car, and Mr. Wallace Offdean hurried to the bank in order to replenish his porte-monnaie, which had been materially lightened at the club through the medium of unpropitious jack-pots and bob-tail flushes.

He was a sure-footed fellow, this young Offdean, despite an occasional fall in slippery places. What he wanted, now that he had reached his twenty-sixth year and his inheritance, was to get his feet well planted on solid ground, and to keep his head cool and clear.

With his early youth he had had certain shadowy intentions of shaping his life on intellectual lines. That is, he wanted to; and he meant to use his faculties intelligently, which means more than is at once apparent. Above all, he would keep clear of the maelstroms of sordid work and senseless pleasure in which the average American business man may be said alternately to exist, and which reduce him, naturally, to a rather ragged condition of soul.

Offdean had done, in a temperate way, the usual things which young men do who happen to belong to good society, and are possessed of moderate means and healthy instincts. He had gone to college, had traveled a little at home and abroad, had frequented society and the clubs, and had worked in his uncle's

Digitized by Google

commission-house: in all of which employments he had expended much time and a modicum of energy.

But he felt all through that he was simply in a preliminary stage of being, one that would develop later into something tangible and intelligent, as he liked to tell himself. With his patrimony of twenty-five thousand dollars came what he felt to be the turning-point in his life — the time when it behooved him to choose a course, and to get himself into proper trim to follow it manfully and consistently.

When Messrs. Harding & Offdean determined to have some one look after what they called "a troublesome piece of land on Red River," Wallace Offdean requested to be intrusted with that special commission of land-inspector.

A shadowy, ill-defined piece of land in an unfamiliar part of his native State might, he hoped, prove a sort of closet into which he could retire and take counsel with his inner and better self.

II.

WHAT Harding & Offdean had called a piece of land on Red River was better known to the people of Natchitoches[1] parish as "the old Santien place."

In the days of Lucien Santien and his hundred slaves it had been very splendid in the wealth of its thousand acres. But the war did its work, of course. Then Jules Santien was not the man to mend such damage as the war had left. His three sons were even less able than he had been to bear the weighty inheritance of debt that came to them with the dismantled plantation; so it was a deliverance to all when Harding & Offdean, the New Orleans creditors, relieved them of the place with the responsibility and indebtedness which its ownership had entailed.

Hector, the eldest, and Grégoire, the youngest, of these Santien boys had gone each his way. Placide alone tried to keep a desultory foothold upon the land which had been his and his forefathers'. But he too was given to wandering — within a radius, however, which rarely took him so far that he could not reach the old place in an afternoon of travel, when he felt so inclined.

There were acres of open land cultivated in a slovenly fashion, but so rich that cotton and corn and weed and "cocoa-grass" grew rampant if they had only the semblance of a chance. The negro quarters were at the far end of this open stretch, and consisted of a long row of old and very crippled cabins. Directly back of these a dense wood grew, and held much mystery, and witchery of sound and shadow, and strange lights when the sun shone. Of a gin-house there was left scarcely a trace; only so much as could serve as inadequate shelter to the miserable dozen cattle that huddled within it in winter-time.

More than a swift stone's-throw from the Red River bank stood the dwelling-house, and nowhere upon the plantation had time touched so sadly as here. The steep, black moss-covered roof sat like an extinguisher above the eight large rooms that it covered, and had come to do its office so poorly that not more than half of these were habitable when the rain fell. Perhaps the live-oaks made too thick and close a shelter about it.

The verandas were long and broad and inviting; but it was well to know that the brick pillar was crumbling away under one corner, that the railing was insecure at another, and that still another had long ago been condemned as unsafe. But that, of course, was not the corner in which Wallace Offdean sat the day following his arrival at the Santien place. This one was comparatively secure. A gloire-de-Dijon, thick-leaved and charged with huge creamy blossoms, grew and spread here like a hardy vine upon the wires that stretched from post to post. The scent of the blossoms was delicious; and the stillness that surrounded Offdean agreeably fitted his humor that asked for rest. His old host, Pierre Manton, the manager of the place, sat talking to him in a soft, rhythmic monotone; but his speech was hardly more of an interruption than the hum of the bees among the roses. He was saying:

"If it would been me myse'f, I would nevair grumb'. W'en a chimbly breck, I take one, two de boys; we patch 'im up bes' we know how. We keep on men' de fence', firs' one place, anudder; an' if it would n' been fer dem mule' of Lacroix — *tonnerre!* I don' wan' to talk 'bout dem mule'. But me, I would n' grumb'. It 's Euphrasie, her'. She say dat 's all fool nonsense fer rich man lack Hardin'-Offde'n to let a piece o' lan' goin' lack dat."

"Euphrasie?" questioned Offdean, in some surprise; for he had not yet heard of any such person.

"Euphrasie, my li'le chile. Escuse me one minute," Pierre added, remembering that he was in his shirt-sleeves, and rising to reach for his coat, which hung upon a peg near by. He was a small, square man, with mild, kindly face, brown and roughened from healthy exposure. His hair hung gray and long beneath the soft felt hat that he wore. When he had seated himself, Offdean asked:

"Where is your little child? I have n't seen her," inwardly marveling that a little child should have uttered such words of wisdom as those recorded of her.

"She yonder to Mme. Duplan on Cane

[1] Pronounced "Nack-e-tosh."

Digitized by Google

River. I been kine espectin' hair sence yistiday—hair an' Placide," casting an unconscious glance down the long plantation road. "But Mme. Duplan she nevair want to let Euphrasie go. You know it 's hair raise' Euphrasie sence hair po' ma die', Mr. Offde'n. She teck dat li'le chile, an' raise it, sem lack she raisin' Ninette. But it 's mo' 'an a year now Euphrasie say dat 's all fool nonsense to leave me livin' 'lone lack dat, wid nuttin' 'cep' dem nigger'—an' Placide once a w'ile. An' she came yair bossin'! My goodness!" The old man chuckled. "Dat 's hair been writin' all dem letter' to Hardin'-Offde'n. If it would been me myse'f—"

III.

PLACIDE seemed to have had a foreboding of ill from the start when he found that Euphrasie began to interest herself in the condition of the plantation. This ill feeling voiced itself partly when he told her it was none of her lookout if the place went to the dogs. "It 's good enough for Joe Duplan to run things *en grand seigneur*, Euphrasie; that 's w'at 's spoiled you."

Placide might have done much single-handed to keep the old place in better trim, if he had wished. For there was no one more clever than he to do a hand's turn at any and every thing. He could mend a saddle or bridle while he stood whistling a tune. If a wagon required a brace or a bolt, it was nothing for him to step into a shop and turn out one as deftly as the most skilled blacksmith. Any one seeing him at work with plane and rule and chisel would have declared him a born carpenter. And as for mixing paints, and giving a fine and lasting coat to the side of a house or barn, he had not his equal in the country.

This last talent he exercised little in his native parish. It was in a neighboring one, where he spent the greater part of his time, that his fame as a painter was established. There, in the village of Orville, he owned a little shell of a house, and during odd times it was Placide's great delight to tinker at this small home, inventing daily new beauties and conveniences to add to it. Lately it had become a precious possession to him, for in the spring he was to bring Euphrasie there as his wife.

Maybe it was because of his talent, and his indifference in turning it to good, that he was often called "a no-account creole" by thriftier souls than himself. But no-account creole or not, painter, carpenter, blacksmith, and whatever else he might be at times, he was a Santien always, with the best blood in the country running in his veins. And many thought his choice had fallen in very low places when he engaged himself to marry little Euphrasie, the daughter of old Pierre Manton and a problematic mother a good deal less than nobody.

Placide might have married almost any one, too; for it was the easiest thing in the world for a girl to fall in love with him—sometimes the hardest thing in the world not to, he was such a splendid fellow, such a careless, happy, handsome fellow. And he did not seem to mind in the least that young men who had grown up with him were lawyers now, and planters, and members of Shakspere clubs in town. No one ever expected anything quite so humdrum as that of the Santien boys. As youngsters all three had been the despair of the country schoolmaster; then of the private tutor who had come to shackle them, and had failed in his design. And the state of mutiny and revolt that they had brought about at the college of Grand Coteau when their father, in a moment of weak concession to prejudice, had sent them there, is a thing yet remembered in Natchitoches.

And now Placide was going to marry Euphrasie. He could not recall the time when he had not loved her. Somehow he felt that it began the day when he was six years old, and Pierre, his father's overseer, had called him from play to come and make her acquaintance. He was permitted to hold her in his arms a moment, and it was with silent awe that he did so. She was the first white-faced baby he remembered having seen, and he straightway believed she had been sent to him as a birthday gift to be his little playmate and friend. If he loved her, there was no great wonder: every one did, from the time she took her first dainty step, which was a brave one, too.

She was the gentlest little lady ever born in old Natchitoches parish, and the happiest and merriest. She never cried or whimpered for a hurt. Placide never did, why should she? When she wept, it was when she did what was wrong, or when he did; for that was to be a coward, she felt. When she was ten, and her mother was dead, Mme. Duplan, the Lady Bountiful of the parish, had driven across from her plantation, Les Chêniers, to old Pierre's very door, and there had gathered up this precious little maid, and carried her away, to do with as she would.

And she did with the child much as she herself had been done by. Euphrasie went to the convent soon, and was taught all gentle things, the pretty arts of manner and speech that the ladies of the "Sacred Heart" can teach so well. When she quitted them, she left a trail of love behind her; she always did.

Placide continued to see her at intervals, and to love her always. One day he told her so; he could not help it. She stood under one of the big oaks at Les Chêniers. It was mid-

Digitized by Google

summer time, and the tangled sunbeams had enmeshed her in a golden fretwork. When he saw her standing there in the sun's glamour, which was like a glory upon her, he trembled. He seemed to see her for the first time. He could only look at her, and wonder why her hair gleamed so, as it fell in those thick chestnut waves about her ears and neck. He had looked a thousand times into her eyes before; was it only to-day they held that sleepy, wistful light in them that invites love? How had he not seen it before? Why had he not known before that her lips were red, and cut in fine, strong curves, that her flesh was like cream? How had he not seen that she was beautiful? "Euphrasie," he said, taking her hands—"Euphrasie, I love you!"

She looked at him with a little astonishment. "Yes; I know, Placide." She spoke with the soft intonation of the creole.

"No; you don't, Euphrasie. I did n' know myse'f how much tell jus' now."

Perhaps he did only what was natural when he asked her next if she loved him. He still held her hands. She looked thoughtfully away, unready to answer.

"Do you love anybody better?" he asked jealously. "Any one jus' as well as me?"

"You know I love papa better, Placide, an' Maman Duplan jus' as well."

Yet she saw no reason why she should not be his wife when he asked her to.

Only a few months before this, Euphrasie had returned to live with her father. The step had cut her off from everything that girls of eighteen call pleasure. If it cost her one regret, no one could have guessed it. She went often to visit the Duplans, however; and Placide had gone to bring her home from Les Chêniers the very day of Offdean's arrival at the plantation.

They had traveled by rail to Natchitoches, where they found Pierre's no-top buggy waiting for them, for there was a drive of five miles to be made through the pine woods before the plantation was reached. When they were at their journey's end, and had driven some distance up the long plantation road that led to the house in the rear, Euphrasie exclaimed:

"W'y, there 's some one on the gall'ry with papa, Placide!"

"Yes; I see."

"It looks like some one f'om town. It mus' be Mr. Gus Adams; but I don' see his horse."

"'T ain't no one f'om town that I know. It 's boun' to be some one f'om the city."

"O Placide, I should n' wonder if Harding & Offdean have sent some one to look after the place at las'," she exclaimed a little excitedly.

They were near enough to see that the stranger was a young man of very pleasing appearance. Without apparent reason, a chilly depression took hold of Placide.

"I tole you it was n' yo' lookout f'om the firs', Euphrasie," he said to her.

IV.

WALLACE OFFDEAN remembered Euphrasie at once as a young person whom he had assisted to a very high perch on his club-house balcony the previous Mardi Gras night. He had thought her pretty and attractive then, and for the space of a day or two wondered who she might be. But he had not made even so fleeting an impression upon her; seeing which, he did not refer to any former meeting when Pierre introduced them.

She took the chair which he offered her, and asked him very simply when he had come, if his journey had been pleasant, and if he had not found the road from Natchitoches in very good condition.

"Mr. Offde'n only come sence yistiday, Euphrasie," interposed Pierre. "We been talk' 'bout de place, him an' me. I been tole 'im all 'bout it—*va!* An' if Mr. Offde'n want to escuse me now, I b'lieve I go he'p Placide wid dat hoss an' buggy"; and he descended the steps slowly, and walked lazily with his bent figure in the direction of the shed beneath which Placide had driven, after depositing Euphrasie at the door.

"I dare say you find it strange," began Offdean, "that the owners of this place have neglected it so long and shamefully. But you see," he added, smiling, "the management of a plantation does n't enter into the routine of a commission merchant's business. The place has already cost them more than they hope to get from it, and naturally they have n't the wish to sink further money in it." He did not know why he was saying these things to a mere girl, but he went on: "I 'm authorized to sell the plantation if I can get anything like a reasonable price for it." Euphrasie laughed in a way that made him uncomfortable, and he thought he would say no more at present — not till he knew her better, anyhow.

"Well," she said in a very decided fashion, "I know you 'll fine one or two persons in town who 'll begin by running down the lan' till you would n' want it as a gif', Mr. Offdean; and who will en' by offering to take it off yo' han's for the promise of a song, with the lan' as security again."

They both laughed, and Placide, who was approaching, scowled. But before he reached the steps his instinctive sense of the courtesy due to a stranger had banished the look of ill humor. His bearing was so frank and graceful, and his face such a marvel of beauty, with its dark,

Digitized by Google

rich coloring and soft lines, that the well-clipped and groomed Offdean felt his astonishment to be more than half admiration when they shook hands. He knew that the Santiens had been the former owners of this plantation which he had come to look after, and naturally he expected some sort of coöperation or direct assistance from Placide in his efforts at reconstruction. But Placide proved non-committal, and exhibited an indifference and ignorance concerning the condition of affairs that savored surprisingly of affectation.

He had positively nothing to say so long as the talk touched upon matters concerning Offdean's business there. He was only a little less taciturn when more general topics were approached, and directly after supper he saddled his horse and went away. He would not wait until morning, for the moon would be rising about midnight, and he knew the road as well by night as by day. He knew just where the best fords were across the bayous, and the safest paths across the hills. He knew for a certainty whose plantations he might traverse, and whose fences he might derail. But, for that matter, he would derail what he liked, and cross where he pleased.

Euphrasie walked with him to the shed when he went for his horse. She was bewildered at his sudden determination, and wanted it explained.

"I don' like that man," he admitted frankly; "I can't stan' him. Sen' me word w'en he 's gone, Euphrasie."

She was patting and rubbing the pony, which knew her well. Only their dim outlines were discernible in the thick darkness.

"You are foolish, Placide," she replied in French. "You would do better to stay and help him. No one knows the place so well as you—"

"The place is n't mine, and it 's nothing to me," he answered bitterly. He took her hands and kissed them passionately, but, stooping, she pressed her lips upon his forehead.

"Oh!" he exclaimed rapturously, "you do love me, Euphrasie?" His arms were holding her, and his lips brushing her hair and cheeks as they eagerly but ineffectually sought hers.

"Of co'se I love you, Placide. Ain't I going to marry you nex' spring? You foolish boy!" she replied, disengaging herself from his clasp.

When he was mounted, he stooped to say, "See yere, Euphrasie, don't have too much to do with that d—— Yankee."

"But, Placide, he is n't a—a—'d—— Yankee'; he 's a Southerner, like you—a New Orleans man."

"Oh, well, he looks like a Yankee." But Placide laughed, for he was happy since Euphrasie had kissed him, and he whistled softly as he went cantering away in the darkness.

The girl stood awhile with clasped hands, trying to understand a little sigh that rose in her throat, and that was not one of regret. When she regained the house, she went directly to her room, and left her father talking to Offdean in the quiet and perfumed night.

V.

When two weeks had passed, Offdean felt very much at home with old Pierre and his daughter, and found the business that had called him to the country so engrossing that he had given no thought to those personal questions he had hoped to solve in going there.

The old man had driven him around in the no-top buggy to show him how dismantled the fences and barns were. He could see for himself that the house was a constant menace to human life. In the evenings the three would sit out on the gallery and talk of the land and its strong points and its weak ones, till he came to know it as if it had been his own.

Of the rickety condition of the cabins he got a fair notion, for he and Euphrasie passed them almost daily on horseback, on their way to the woods. It was seldom that their appearance together did not rouse comment among the darkies who happened to be loitering about.

La Chatte, a broad black woman with ends of white wool sticking out from under her *tignon*, stood with arms akimbo watching them as they disappeared one day. Then she turned and said to a young woman who sat in the cabin door:

"Dat young man, ef he want to listen to me, he gwine quit dat ar caperin' roun' Miss 'Phrasie."

The young woman in the doorway laughed, and showed her white teeth, and tossed her head, and fingered the blue beads at her throat, in a way to indicate that she was in hearty sympathy with any question that touched upon gallantry.

"Law! La Chatte, you ain' gwine hinder a gemman f'om payin' intentions to a young lady w'en he a mine to."

"Dat all I got to say," returned La Chatte, seating herself lazily and heavily on the doorstep. "Nobody don' know dem Sanchun boys bettah 'an I does. Did n' I done part raise 'em? W'at you reckon my ha'r all tu'n plumb w'ite dat-a way ef it war n't dat Placide w'at done it?"

"How come he make yo' ha'r tu'n w'ite, La Chatte?"

"Dev'ment, pu' dev'ment, Rose. Did n' he come in dat same cabin one day, w'en he war n't no biggah 'an dat Pres'dent Hayes w'at you sees gwine 'long de road wid dat cotton

Digitized by Google

sack 'crost 'im? He come an' sets down by de do', on dat same t'ree-laigged stool w'at you 's a-settin' on now, wid his gun in his han', an' he say: 'La Chatte, I wants some croquignoles, an' I wants 'em quick, too.' I 'low: 'G' 'way f'om dah, boy. Don' you see I 's flutin' yo' ma's petticoat?' He say: 'La Chatte, put 'side dat ar flutin'-i'on an' dat ar petticoat'; an' he cock dat gun an' p'int it to my head. 'Dar de ba'el,' he say; 'git out dat flour, git out dat buttah an' dat aigs; step roun' dah, ole 'oman. Dis heah gun don' quit yo' head tell dem croquignoles is on de table, wid a w'ite tableclof an' a cup o' coffee.' Ef I goes to de ba'el, de gun 's a-p'intin'. Ef I goes to de fiah, de gun 's a-p'intin'. W'en I rolls out de dough, de gun 's a-p'intin'; an' him nevah say nuttin', an' me a-trim'lin' like ole Uncle Noah w'en de mis'ry strike 'im."

"Lordy! w'at you reckon he do ef he tu'n roun' an' git mad wid dat young gemman f'om de city?"

"I don' reckon nuttin'; I knows w'at he gwine do—same w'at his pa done."

"W'at his pa done, La Chatte?"

"G' 'long 'bout yo' business; you 's axin' too many questions." And La Chatte arose slowly and went to gather her party-colored wash that hung drying on the jagged and irregular points of a dilapidated picket-fence.

But the darkies were mistaken in supposing that Offdean was paying attention to Euphrasie. Those little jaunts in the wood were purely of a business character. Offdean had made a contract with a neighboring mill for fencing, in exchange for a certain amount of uncut timber. He had made it his work—with the assistance of Euphrasie—to decide upon what trees he wanted felled, and to mark such for the woodman's ax.

If they sometimes forgot what they had gone into the woods for, it was because there was so much to talk about and to laugh about. Often, when Offdean had blazed a tree with the sharp hatchet which he carried at his pommel, and had further discharged his duty by calling it "a fine piece of timber," they would sit upon some fallen and decaying trunk, maybe to listen to a chorus of mocking-birds above their heads, or to exchange confidences, as young people will.

Euphrasie thought she had never heard any one talk quite so pleasantly as Offdean did. She could not decide whether it was his manner or the tone of his voice, or the earnest glance of his dark and deep-set blue eyes, that gave such meaning to everything he said; for she found herself afterward thinking of his every word.

One afternoon it rained in torrents, and Rose was forced to drag buckets and tubs into Offdean's room to catch the streams that threatened to flood it. Euphrasie said she was glad of it; now he could see for himself.

And when he had seen for himself, he went to join her out on a corner of the gallery, where she stood with a cloak around her, close up against the house. He leaned against the house, too, and they stood thus together, gazing upon as desolate a scene as it is easy to imagine.

The whole landscape was gray, seen through the driving rain. Far away the dreary cabins seemed to sink and sink to earth in abject misery. Above their heads the live-oak branches were beating with sad monotony against the blackened roof. Great pools of water had formed in the yard, which was deserted by every living thing; for the little darkies had scampered away to their cabins, the dogs had run to their kennels, and the hens were puffing big with wretchedness under the scanty shelter of a fallen wagon-body.

Certainly a situation to make a young man groan with ennui, if he is used to his daily stroll on Canal street, and pleasant afternoons at the club. But Offdean thought it delightful. He only wondered that he had never known, or some one had never told him, how charming a place an old, dismantled plantation can be—when it rains. But as well as he liked it, he could not linger there forever. Business called him back to New Orleans, and after a few days he went away.

The interest which he felt in the improvement of this plantation was of so deep a nature, however, that he found himself thinking of it constantly. He wondered if the timber had all been felled, and how the fencing was coming on. So great was his desire to know such things that much correspondence was required between himself and Euphrasie, and he watched eagerly for those letters that told him of her trials and vexations with carpenters, bricklayers, and shingle-bearers. But in the midst of it, Offdean suddenly lost interest in the progress of work on the plantation. Singularly enough, it happened simultaneously with the arrival of a letter from Euphrasie which announced in a modest postscript that she was going down to the city with the Duplans for Mardi Gras.

VI.

WHEN Offdean learned that Euphrasie was coming to New Orleans, he was delighted to think he would have an opportunity to make some return for the hospitality which he had received from her father. He decided at once that she must see everything: day processions and night parades, balls and tableaux, operas and plays. He would arrange for it all, and he went to the length of begging to be re-

Digitized by Google

lieved of certain duties that had been assigned him at the club, in order that he might feel himself perfectly free to do so.

The evening following Euphrasie's arrival, Offdean hastened to call upon her, away down on Esplanade street. She and the Duplans were staying there with old Mme. Carantelle, Mrs. Duplan's mother, a delightfully conservative old lady who had not "crossed Canal street" for many years.

He found a number of people gathered in the long, high-ceiled drawing-room — young people and old people, all talking French, and some talking louder than they would have done if Madame Carantelle had not been so very deaf.

When Offdean entered, the old lady was greeting some one who had come in just before him. It was Placide, and she was calling him Grégoire, and wanting to know how the crops were up on Red River. She met every one from the country with this stereotyped inquiry, which placed her at once on the agreeable and easy footing she liked.

Somehow Offdean had not counted on finding Euphrasie so well provided with entertainment, and he spent much of the evening in trying to persuade himself that the fact was a pleasing one in itself. But he wondered why Placide was with her, and sat so persistently beside her, and danced so repeatedly with her when Mrs. Duplan played upon the piano. Then he could not see by what right these young creoles had already arranged for the Proteus ball, and every other entertainment that he had meant to provide for her.

He went away without having had a word alone with the girl whom he had gone to see. The evening had proved a failure. He did not go to the club as usual, but went to his rooms in a mood which inclined him to read a few pages from a stoic philosopher whom he sometimes affected. But the words of wisdom that had often before helped him over disagreeable places left no impress tonight. They were powerless to banish from his thoughts the look of a pair of brown eyes, or to drown the tones of a girl's voice that kept singing in his soul.

Placide was not very well acquainted with the city; but that made no difference to him so long as he was at Euphrasie's side. His brother Hector, who lived in some obscure corner of the town, would willingly have made his knowledge a more intimate one; but Placide did not choose to learn the lessons that Hector was ready to teach. He asked nothing better than to walk with Euphrasie along the streets, holding her parasol at an agreeable angle over her pretty head, or to sit beside her in the evening at the play, sharing her frank delight.

When the night of the Mardi Gras ball came, he felt like a lost spirit during the hours he was forced to remain away from her. He stood in the dense crowd on the street gazing up at her, where she sat on the club-house balcony amid a bevy of gaily dressed women. It was not easy to distinguish her, but he could think of no more agreeable occupation than to stand down there on the street trying to do so.

She seemed during all this pleasant time to be entirely his own, too. It made him very fierce to think of the possibility of her not being entirely his own. But he had no cause whatever to think this. She had grown conscious and thoughtful of late about him and their relationship. She often communed with herself, and as a result tried to act toward him as an engaged girl would toward her *fiancé*. Yet a wistful look came sometimes into the brown eyes when she walked the streets with Placide, and eagerly scanned the faces of passers-by.

Offdean had written her a note, very studied, very formal, asking to see her a certain day and hour, to consult about matters on the plantation, saying he had found it so difficult to obtain a word with her, that he was forced to adopt this means, which he trusted would not be offensive.

This seemed perfectly right to Euphrasie. She agreed to see him one afternoon — the day before leaving town — in the long, stately drawing-room, quite alone.

It was a sleepy day, too warm for the season. Gusts of moist air were sweeping lazily through the long corridors, rattling the slats of the half-closed green shutters, and bringing a delicious perfume from the courtyard where old Charlot was watering the spreading palms and brilliant parterres. A group of little children had stood awhile quarreling noisily under the windows, but had moved on down the street and left quietness reigning.

Offdean had not long to wait before Euphrasie came to him. She had lost some of that ease which had marked her manner during their first acquaintance. Now, when she seated herself before him, she showed a disposition to plunge at once into the subject that had brought him there. He was willing enough that it should play some rôle, since it had been his pretext for coming; but he soon dismissed it, and with it much restraint that had held him till now. He simply looked into her eyes, with a gaze that made her shiver a little, and began to complain because she was going away next day and he had seen nothing of her; because he had wanted to do so many things when she came — why had she not let him?

"You fo'get I 'm no stranger here," she told

Digitized by Google

him. "I know many people. I 've been coming so often with Mme. Duplan. I wanted to see mo' of you, Mr. Offdean—"

"Then you ought to have managed it; you could have done so. It 's—it 's aggravating," he said, far more bitterly than the subject warranted, "when a man has so set his heart upon something."

"But it was n' anything ver' important," she interposed; and they both laughed, and got safely over a situation that would soon have been strained, if not critical.

Waves of happiness were sweeping through the soul and body of the girl as she sat there in the drowsy afternoon near the man whom she loved. It mattered not what they talked about, or whether they talked at all. They were both scintillant with feeling. If Offdean had taken Euphrasie's hands in his and leaned forward and kissed her lips, it would have seemed to both only the rational outcome of things that stirred them. But he did not do this. He knew now that overwhelming passion was taking possession of him. He had not to heap more coals upon the fire; on the contrary, it was a moment to put on the brakes, and he was a young gentleman able to do this when circumstances required.

However, he held her hand longer than he needed to when he bade her good-by. For he got entangled in explaining why he should have to go back to the plantation to see how matters stood there, and he dropped her hand only when the rambling speech was ended.

He left her sitting by the window in a big brocaded arm-chair. She drew the lace curtain aside to watch him pass in the street. He lifted his hat and smiled when he saw her. Any other man she knew would have done the same thing, but this simple act caused the blood to surge to her cheeks. She let the curtain drop, and sat there like one dreaming. Her eyes, intense with the unnatural light that glowed in them, looked steadily into vacancy, and her lips stayed parted in the half-smile that did not want to leave them.

Placide found her thus, a good while afterward, when he came in, full of bustle, with theater tickets in his pocket for the last night. She started up, and went eagerly to meet him.

"W'ere have you been, Placide?" she asked with unsteady voice, placing her hands on his shoulders with a freedom that was new and strange to him.

He appeared to her suddenly as a refuge from something, she did not know what, and she rested her hot cheek against his breast. This made him mad, and he lifted her face and kissed her passionately upon the lips.

She crept from his arms after that, and went away to her room, and locked herself in. Her poor little inexperienced soul was torn and sore. She knelt down beside her bed, and sobbed a little and prayed a little. She felt that she had sinned, she did not know exactly in what; but a fine nature warned her that it was in Placide's kiss.

VII.

THE spring came early in Orville, and so subtly that no one could tell exactly when it began. But one morning the roses were so luscious in Placide's sunny parterres, the peas and bean-vines and borders of strawberries so rank in his trim vegetable patches, that he called out lustily, "No mo' wintah, Judge!" to the staid Judge Blount, who went ambling by on his gray pony.

"There 's right smart o' folks don't know it, Santien," responded the judge, with occult meaning that might be applied to certain indebted clients back on the bayou who had not broken land yet. Ten minutes later the judge observed sententiously, and apropos of nothing, to a group that stood waiting for the post-office to open:

"I see Santien 's got that noo fence o' his painted. And a pretty piece o' work it is," he added reflectively.

"Look lack Placide goin' pent mo' 'an de fence," sagaciously snickered 'Tit-Edouard, a strolling *maigre-échine* of indefinite occupation. "I seen 'im, me, pesterin' wid all kine o' pent on a piece o' bo'd yistiday."

"I knows he gwine paint mo' 'an de fence," emphatically announced Uncle Abner, in a tone that carried conviction. "He gwine paint de house; dat what he gwine do. Did n' Marse Luke Williams ordah de paints? An' did n' I done kyar' 'em up dah myse'f?"

Seeing the deference with which this positive piece of knowledge was received, the judge coolly changed the subject by announcing that Luke Williams's Durham bull had broken a leg the night before in Luke's new pasture ditch, a piece of news that fell among his hearers with telling, if paralytic, effect.

But most people wanted to see for themselves these astonishing things that Placide was doing. And the young ladies of the village strolled slowly by of afternoons in couples and arm in arm. If Placide happened to see them, he would leave his work to hand them a fine rose or a bunch of geraniums over the dazzling white fence. But if it chanced to be 'Tit-Edouard or Luke Williams, or any of the young men of Orville, he pretended not to see them, or to hear the ingratiating cough that accompanied their lingering footsteps.

In his eagerness to have his home sweet and attractive for Euphrasie's coming, Placide had gone less frequently than ever before up to

Digitized by Google

Natchitoches. He worked and whistled and sang until the yearning for the girl's presence became a driving need; then he would put away his tools and mount his horse as the day was closing, and away he would go across bayous and hills and fields until he was with her again. She had never seemed to Placide so lovable as she was then. She had grown more womanly and thoughtful. Her cheek had lost much of its color, and the light in her eyes flashed less often. But her manner had gained a something of pathetic tenderness toward her lover that moved him with an intoxicating happiness. He could hardly wait with patience for that day in early April which would see the fulfilment of his life-long hopes.

After Euphrasie's departure from New Orleans, Offdean told himself honestly that he loved the girl. But being yet unsettled in life, he felt it was no time to think of marrying, and, like the worldly-wise young gentleman that he was, resolved to forget the little Natchitoches girl. He knew it would be an affair of some difficulty, but not an impossible thing, so he set about forgetting her.

The effort made him singularly irascible. At the office he was gloomy and taciturn; at the club he was a bear. A few young ladies whom he called upon were astonished and distressed at the cynical views of life which he had so suddenly adopted.

When he had endured a week or more of such humor, and inflicted it upon others, he abruptly changed his tactics. He decided not to fight against his love for Euphrasie. He would not marry her — certainly not; but he would let himself love her to his heart's bent, until that love should die a natural death, and not a violent one as he had designed. He abandoned himself completely to his passion, and dreamed of the girl by day and thought of her by night. How delicious had been the scent of her hair, the warmth of her breath, the nearness of her body, that rainy day when they stood close together upon the veranda! He recalled the glance of her honest, beautiful eyes, that told him things which made his heart beat fast now when he thought of them. And then her voice! Was there another like it when she laughed or when she talked! Was there another woman in the world possessed of so alluring a charm as this one he loved!

He was not bearish now, with these sweet thoughts crowding his brain and thrilling his blood; but he sighed deeply, and worked languidly, and enjoyed himself listlessly.

One day he sat in his room puffing the air thick with sighs and smoke, when a thought came suddenly to him — an inspiration, a very message from heaven, to judge from the cry of joy with which he greeted it. He sent his cigar whirling through the window, over the stone paving of the street, and he let his head fall down upon his arms, folded upon the table.

It had happened to him, as it does to many, that the solution of a vexed question flashed upon him when he was hoping least for it. He positively laughed aloud, and somewhat hysterically. In the space of a moment he saw the whole delicious future which a kind fate had mapped out for him: those rich acres up on the Red River his own, bought and embellished with his inheritance; and Euphrasie, whom he loved, his wife and companion throughout a life such as he knew now he had craved for — a life that, imposing bodily activity, admits the intellectual repose in which thought unfolds.

Wallace Offdean was like one to whom a divinity had revealed his vocation in life — no less a divinity because it was love. If doubts assailed him of Euphrasie's consent, they were soon stilled. For had they not spoken over and over to each other the mute and subtile language of reciprocal love — out under the forest trees, and in the quiet night-time on the plantation when the stars shone? And never so plainly as in the stately old drawing-room down on Esplanade street. Surely no other speech was needed then, save such as their eyes told. Oh, he knew that she loved him; he was sure of it! The knowledge made him all the more eager now to hasten to her, to tell her that he wanted her for his very own.

VIII.

If Offdean had stopped in Natchitoches on his way to the plantation, he would have heard something there to astonish him, to say the very least; for the whole town was talking of Euphrasie's wedding, which was to take place in a few days. But he did not linger. After securing a horse at the stable, he pushed on with all the speed of which the animal was capable, and only in such company as his eager thoughts afforded him.

The plantation was very quiet, with that stillness which broods over broad, clean acres that furnish no refuge for so much as a bird that sings. The negroes were scattered about the fields at work, with hoe and plow, under the sun, and old Pierre, on his horse, was far off in the midst of them.

Placide had arrived in the morning, after traveling all night, and had gone to his room for an hour or two of rest. He had drawn the lounge close up to the window to get what air he might through the closed shutters. He was just beginning to doze when he heard Eu-

Digitized by Google

phrasie's light footsteps approaching. She stopped and seated herself so near that he could have touched her if he had but reached out his hand. Her nearness banished all desire to sleep, and he lay there content to rest his limbs and think of her.

The portion of the gallery on which Euphrasie sat was facing the river, and away from the road by which Offdean had reached the house. After fastening his horse, he mounted the steps, and traversed the broad hall that intersected the house from end to end, and that was open wide. He found Euphrasie engaged upon a piece of sewing. She was hardly aware of his presence before he had seated himself beside her.

She could not speak. She only looked at him with frightened eyes, as if his presence were that of some disembodied spirit.

"Are you not glad that I have come?" he asked her. "Have I made a mistake in coming?" He was gazing into her eyes, seeking to read the meaning of their new and strange expression.

"Am I glad?" she faltered. "I don' know. W'at has that to do? You 've come to see the work, of co'se. It 's—it 's only half done, Mr. Offdean. They would n' listen to me or to papa, an' you did n' seem to care."

"I have n't come to see the work," he said, with a smile of love and confidence. "I am here only to see you — to say how much I want you and need you — to tell you how I love you."

She rose, half choking with words she could not utter. But he seized her hands and held her there.

"The plantation is mine, Euphrasie — or it will be when you say that you will be my wife," he went on excitedly. "I know that you love me —"

"I do not!" she exclaimed wildly. "W'at do you mean? How do you dare," she gasped, "to say such things w'en you know that in two days I shall be married to Placide?" The last was said in a whisper; it was like a wail.

"Married to Placide!" he echoed, as if striving to understand — to grasp some part of his own stupendous folly and blindness. "I knew nothing of it," he said hoarsely. "Married to Placide! I would never have spoken to you as I did, if I had known. You believe me, I hope? Please say that you forgive me."

He spoke with long silences between his utterances.

"Oh, there is n' anything to fo'give. You 've only made a mistake. Please leave me, Mr. Offdean. Papa is out in the fiel', I think, if you would like to speak with him. Placide is somew'ere on the place."

"I shall mount my horse and go see what work has been done," said Offdean, rising. An unusual pallor had overspread his face, and his mouth was drawn with suppressed pain. "I must turn my fool's errand to some practical good," he added, with a sad attempt at playfulness; and with no further word he walked quickly away.

She listened to him go. Then all the wretchedness of the past months, together with the sharp distress of the moment, voiced itself in a sob: "O God — O my God, he'p me!"

But she could not stay out there in the broad day for any chance comer to look upon her uncovered sorrow.

Placide heard her rise and go to her room. When he had heard the key turn in the lock, he got up, and with quiet deliberation prepared to go out. He drew on his boots, then his coat. He took his pistol from the dressing-bureau, where he had placed it a while before, and after examining its chambers carefully, thrust it into his pocket. He had certain work to do with the weapon before night. But for Euphrasie's presence he might have accomplished it very surely a moment ago, when the hound — as he called him — stood outside his window. He did not wish her to know anything of his movements, and he left his room as quietly as possible, and mounted his horse, as Offdean had done.

"La Chatte," called Placide to the old woman, who stood in her yard at the wash-tub, "w'ich way did that man go?"

"W'at man dat? I is n' studyin' 'bout no mans; I got 'nough to do wid dis heah washin'. 'Fo' God, I don' know w'at man you 's talkin' 'bout —"

"La Chatte, w'ich way did that man go? Quick, now!" with the deliberate tone and glance that had always quelled her.

"Ef you 's talkin' 'bout dat Noo Orleans man, I could 'a' tole you dat. He done tuck de road to de cocoa-patch," plunging her black arms into the tub with unnecessary energy and disturbance.

"That 's enough. I know now he 's gone into the woods. You always was a liar, La Chatte."

"Dat his own lookout, de smoove-tongue' raskil," soliloquized the woman a moment later. "I done said he did n' have no call to come heah, caperin' roun' Miss 'Phrasie."

Placide was possessed by only one thought, which was a want as well — to put an end to this man who had come between him and his love. It was the same brute passion that drives the beast to slay when he sees the object of his own desire laid hold of by another.

He had heard Euphrasie tell the man she did not love him, but what of that? Had he not heard her sobs, and guessed what her distress was? It needed no very flexible mind to guess

Digitized by Google

as much, when a hundred signs besides, unheeded before, came surging to his memory. Jealousy held him, and rage and despair.

Offdean, as he rode along under the trees in apathetic despondency, heard some one approaching him on horseback, and turned aside to make room in the narrow pathway.

It was not a moment for punctilious scruples, and Placide had not been hindered by such from sending a bullet into the back of his rival. The only thing that stayed him was that Offdean must know why he had to die.

"Mr. Offdean," Placide said, reining his horse with one hand, while he held his pistol openly in the other, "I was in my room w'ile ago, and yaired w'at you said to Euphrasie. I would 'a' killed you then if she had n' been 'longside o' you. I could 'a' killed you jus' now w'en I come up behine you."

"Well, why did n't you?" asked Offdean, meanwhile gathering his faculties to think how he had best deal with this madman.

"Because I wanted you to know who done it, an' w'at he done it for."

"Mr. Santien, I suppose to a person in your frame of mind it will make no difference to know that I 'm unarmed. But if you make any attempt upon my life, I shall certainly defend myself as best I can."

"Defen' yo'se'f, then."

"You must be mad," said Offdean, quickly, and looking straight into Placide's eyes, "to want to soil your happiness with murder. I thought a creole knew better than that how to love a woman."

"By ——! are you goin' to learn me how to love a woman?"

"No, Placide," said Offdean, eagerly, as they rode slowly along; "your own honor is going to tell you that. The way to love a woman is to think first of her happiness. If you love Euphrasie, you must go to her clean. I love her myself enough to want you to do that. I shall leave this place to-morrow; you will never see me again if I can help it. Is n't that enough for you? I 'm going to turn here and leave you. Shoot me in the back if you like; but I know you won't." And Offdean held out his hand.

"I don' want to shake han's with you," said Placide, sulkily. "Go 'way f'om me."

He stayed motionless, watching Offdean ride away. He looked at the pistol in his hand, and replaced it slowly in his pocket; then he removed the broad felt hat which he wore, and wiped away the moisture that had gathered upon his forehead.

Offdean's words had touched some chord within him and made it vibrant; but they made him hate the man no less.

"The way to love a woman is to think first of her happiness," he muttered reflectively. "He thought a creole knew how to love. Does he reckon he 's goin' to learn a creole how to love?"

His face was white and set with despair now. The rage had all left it as he rode deeper on into the wood.

IX.

Offdean rose early, wishing to take the morning train to the city. But he was not before Euphrasie, whom he found in the large hall arranging the breakfast-table. Old Pierre was there too, walking slowly about with hands folded behind him, and with bowed head.

A restraint hung upon all of them, and the girl turned to her father and asked him if Placide were up, seemingly for want of something to say. The old man fell heavily into a chair, and gazed upon her in the deepest distress.

"O my po' li'le Euphrasie! my po' li'le chile! Mr. Offde'n, you a'n't no stranger."

"*Bon Dieu!* Papa!" cried the girl, sharply, seized with a vague terror. She quitted her occupation at the table, and stood in nervous apprehension of what might follow.

"I yaired people say Placide was one no-'count creole. I nevair want to believe dat, me. Now I know dat 's true. Mr. Offde'n, you a'n't no stranger, you."

Offdean was gazing upon the old man in amazement.

"In de night," Pierre continued, "I yaired some noise on de winder. I go open, an' dere Placide, standin' wid his big boot' on, an' his w'ip w'at he knocked wid on de winder, an' his hoss all saddle'. O my po' li'le chile! He say, 'Pierre, I yaired say Mr. Luke William' want his house pent down in Orville. I reckon I go git de job befo' somebody else teck it.' I say, 'You come straight back, Placide?' He say, 'Don' look fer me.' An' w'en I ax 'im w'at I goin' tell to my li'le chile, he say, 'Tell Euphrasie Placide know better 'an anybody livin' w'at goin' make her happy.' An' he start 'way; den he come back an' say, 'Tell dat man'—I don' know who he was talk' 'bout—'tell 'im he a'n't goin' learn nuttin' to a creole.' *Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* I don' know w'at all dat mean."

He was holding the half-fainting Euphrasie in his arms, and stroking her hair.

"I always yaired say he was one no-'count creole. I nevair want to believe dat."

"Don'—don' say that again, papa," she whisperingly entreated, speaking in French. "Placide has saved me!"

"He has save' you f'om w'at, Euphrasie?" asked her father, in dazed astonishment.

"From sin," she replied to him under her breath.

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

"SHE WAS HARDLY AWARE OF HIS PRESENCE BEFORE HE HAD SEATED HIMSELF BESIDE HER."

"I don' know w'at all dat mean," the old man muttered, bewildered, as he arose and walked out on the gallery.

Offdean had taken coffee in his room, and would not wait for breakfast. When he went to bid Euphrasie good-by, she sat beside the table with her head bowed upon her arm.

He took her hand and said good-by to her, but she did not look up.

"Euphrasie," he said eagerly, "I may come back? Say that I may — after a while."

She gave him no answer, and he leaned down and pressed his cheek caressingly and entreatingly against her soft, thick hair.

"May I, Euphrasie?" he begged. "So long as you do not tell me no, I shall come back, dearest one."

She still made him no reply, but she did not tell him no.

So he kissed her hand and her cheek, — what he could touch of it, that peeped out from her folded arm, — and went away.

An hour later, when Offdean passed through Natchitoches, the old town was already ringing the startling news that Placide had been dismissed by his *fiancée*, and the wedding was off, information which the young creole was taking the trouble to scatter broadcast as he went.

Kate Chopin.

Digitized by Google

THE CONVICT WOMEN OF PORT BLAIR.



DRAWN BY F. L. H. PAPE.

NIGHT and storm and death together
Danced on the sea in the wild weather.
Round the poor ship, settling fast,
Hissed the billow and howled the blast;
Through the churning foam beneath
Gleamed the black rocks' naked teeth.

Pity and grief and fear together
Crouched on the shore in the wild weather,
Gazing out through the whirling spray.
Is there a hope of rescue? Say!
No; for never a boat could live.
Life given vainly is much to give.

Who are these who come to the strand,
Lean and gaunt as a specter band?
Their scant locks beat on the wind like whips;
The salt spray stings on their eager lips.
Sin-stricken women, what seek ye?
"We bring our lives, for those lives at sea."

"I was a thief, and stole my bread:
There 'll be no hunger among the dead."
"My hands are red with a dastard's blood;
I 'll wash them clean in the rolling flood."
"Ask not my crime! let death come fast,
That I and my man may meet at last."

Clasp the hand and bend the knee,
To meet the shock of the plunging sea.
Front the billows with brow and breast;
Follow the leader's look and hest.
This is a game that children play:
Saw ye it ever played this way?

Night and storm and death together
Shriek on the sea in the wild weather.
The ship is gone, but six men cling
To the black rock's jaggèd splintering;
Waiting till death shall clutch them off,
To sink away in the gray sea-trough.

Look! through the whirling drift of spray
What comes steadily on this way?
Blind and beaten, set like a rock,
Is it a trick of fiends that mock?
Is it a woman's face that shows
Gray and stern 'mid the driving snows?

Hand locked fast in iron hand,
Steadfast feet on rock and sand,
Grim brows bent to meet the gale,
Cheeks that know nor red nor pale,
Are they spirits, these who stand
A living chain 'twixt sea and land?

Digitized by Google

Cling, O sailor, to that breast,
As 't were thy mother lulled thy rest!
Clasp that gaunt neck, firm as steel,
Ere thy fainting senses reel.
Clasp and cling, for this is she
Shall save thee from the greedy sea.

Back and forward moves the chain;
Back and forth, and back again;
Breathless 'mid the beating surge
Still their steadfast way they urge,
Reck nor pain nor toil nor chafe,
Till the last faint life is safe.

Toss and howl and shriek together,
Night and death, in the wild weather;
Woman's love has barred your way,
Woman's strength has snatched your prey.
Wail and howl round the black rock;
Woman has you still to mock.

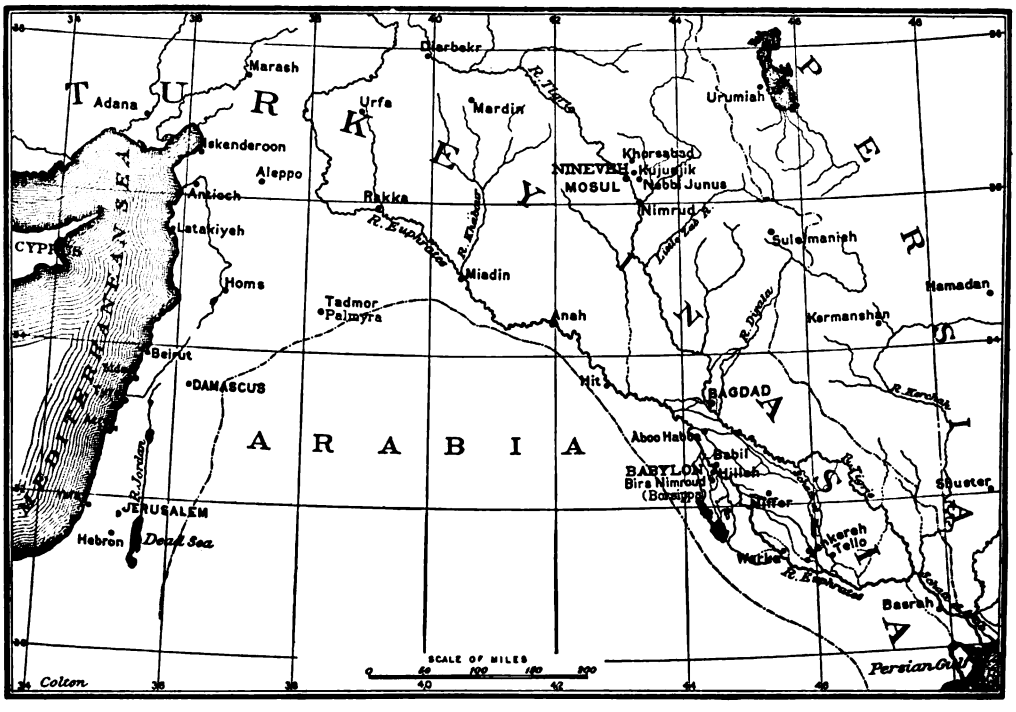
Laura E. Richards.

THE BIBLE AND THE ASSYRIAN MONUMENTS.

THE revolution of the present is going hand in hand with the resurrection of the past. Through the remarkable excavations that have been carried on during the past decades in the seats of ancient culture, and through the laborious researches of modern scholars, entire civilizations, of which, only a short time ago, it was barely known that they flourished and decayed, have been revealed to the astonished gaze of this generation. Records belonging to periods from which we are separated by an abyss of thousands of years have been rescued from oblivion. From monuments we now read the annals of the youth of mankind. The Egypt of the Pharaohs has come to life again, and, stranger still, the Babylon of Semiramis and Nebuchadnezzar, the Assyria of Sargon and Sardanapalus, rise like phantoms from their graves.

THE rediscovery of the ancient sister empires of Mesopotamia is to be classed among the most remarkable achievements of the present century. Three generations ago but little was known of the civilization that once flourished in the region to which a time-honored tradition assigned the distinction of being the cradle of mankind. The awful doom pronounced by Hebrew prophets had been fulfilled almost to the letter. The "glory of the kingdoms" was transformed into a scene of desolation; the "cedar of surpassing beauty" was hewn down. The recollection of Babylon and Assyria began to fade out of the memory of man. Fable and legend, usurping the place of history and fact, came to weave a dense veil of mystery around the past. The fierce winds, sweeping the hot sands of the desert across the plains, completed the work of destruction, and what little the hand of time had spared became lost to view. Where once proud and stately cities arose, only huge and shapeless mounds were to be seen. Travelers looked with curiosity upon these mounds, which, varying in height from 40 to 150 feet, and occasionally 1000 feet long, lined the banks of the Tigris from Mosul to Bagdad, and abounded in the valley of the Euphrates. In time the attention of the scholarly world was drawn toward the mounds, and the thought arose in some minds that they might still harbor remains of antiquity. It was not, however, till the year 1842 that the growing curiosity of scholars was to be satisfied. With the arrival of P. E. Botta at Mosul, as the French consular agent, begins the brilliant series of excavations which, continued almost without in-

Digitized by Google



MAP OF BABYLONIA AND ASSYRIA, SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL SITES OF THE EXCAVATIONS CARRIED ON DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

terruption down to the immediate present, have resulted in bringing to light a lost and forgotten chapter in the history of man. Commissioned by his government to open some of the mounds, Botta succeeded in striking the remains of a stone wall under a mound at Khorsabad, some miles to the north of Mosul, and before he closed his labors he had unearthed the greater portion of an Assyrian palace of vast dimensions, which, as was subsequently ascertained, was erected by King Sargon about seven hundred years before our era. Botta was followed by Sir Austen Henry Layard, whose work at the mounds, extending over a period of five years, far outstripped that of his French colleague. In the mound Kouyunjik, directly opposite Mosul, the royal palaces of Sennacherib and Sardanapalus, containing an endless succession of halls and chambers, were laid bare; at Nimrud, a few miles to the south, no fewer than three palaces, besides parts of a temple, were discovered, while still farther south at Kalah-Shergat, Layard came upon another palace, rivaling its companions in magnitude. After Layard came Saulcy, Oppert, Rawlinson, Loftus, George Smith, Rassam, De Sarzec, Ward, and Peters,[1] who extended the work to the mounds of southern Mesopotamia.

In the buildings thus brought to light there were found statues of gods, demons, and kings, tablets of gold, silver, copper, and antimony — all covered with writing in the strange-looking cuneiform character. The walls of the palace chambers were generally found to be lined with slabs of marble, limestone, and alabaster, on which were sculptured scenes illustrative of life and events in ancient Assyria and Babylonia, and accompanied by explanatory inscriptions. A large number of closely inscribed clay barrels and prism-shaped cylinders were also found, which generally proved to be the annals of the kings, besides thousands upon thousands of small bricks, and a large variety of ornaments and other objects. Six large, well-stocked halls represent the share of the hard-earned spoils which fell to the British Museum. The Louvre follows with an exceed-

[1] An American expedition, under the leadership of Dr. William Hayes Ward of New York, was fitted out in 1881 through the munificence of the late Catharine L. Wolfe, but it confined itself to a study of the topography of the mounds. To the Rev. John P. Peters, Ph. D., now of New York, belongs the distinction of having been the first American to undertake excavations in Mesopotamia. In 1888 he organized an expedition which went out under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania, and for two seasons continued extensive diggings at Niffer, one of the largest mounds of southern Mesopotamia, and standing on the site of the ancient Nipur, which was a most important religious and political center in the early days of Babylonia. The results, which were most gratifying, are now in course of publication.

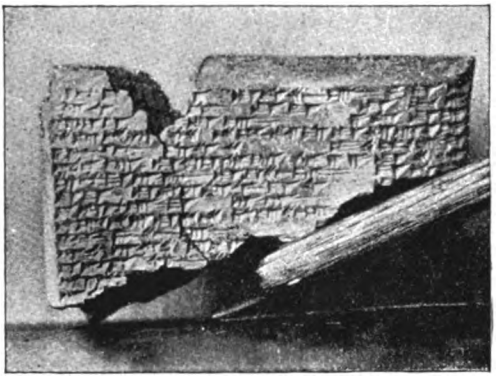
Digitized by Google

ingly rich collection, while smaller though valuable collections are to be found in Berlin and Constantinople, and in this country at the University of Pennsylvania, the Metropolitan Museum, Harvard University, and elsewhere. Out of the material thus brought together, a fair picture could be constructed of the high state of culture that had once been reached in this region, but without a knowledge of the contents of the inscriptions, there was little hope of lifting the veil which still enveloped the inner history of the two monarchies, whose rôle in the drama of time we were left to surmise from insufficient notices in the Old Testament, and in some of the ancient authors.

The task of deciphering totally unknown characters appeared indeed to be a hopeless one, and yet it was successfully accomplished. At the beginning of this century, Georg Freidrich Grotefend of Hanover (Germany) discovered the key that was destined to unlock the mysteries of cuneiform writing. Still the obstacles were great that beset at every step the plucky band of pioneers who struck out in the path opened by Grotefend. From laboriously spelling out each word, like a child learning the alphabet, the decipherment gradually advanced, until to-day scholars read an ordinary cuneiform inscription with almost the same ease as a page of Hebrew in the Old Testament. In some respects the decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions was attended with even greater difficulties than the reading of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, but the two achievements are to be reckoned among the most notable triumphs of the human mind. The literature so miraculously preserved proved to be varied in character. The cylinders or barrels which were deposited in the corners of the palaces, much as we to-day place documents in corner-stones, gave us detailed accounts of the military campaigns waged by the kings against the great and small powers of that time; or they told us of the new buildings reared by the rulers, and of the improvements they made on existing ones. The inscriptions attached to the pictures running along the walls, and to the huge mythological figures that guarded the approaches to the palace chambers, were similarly of a historic character, while the contents of the bricks and tablets ranged over almost all departments of literature. History and mythology, religious and epic poetry, grammar and lexicography, astronomy and astrology, law and medicine — all were richly represented. As a result of the decipherment of the material stored up in European museums, — though far from exhausted, — the general course of events and the internal development of Babylonia and Assyria have become clear. We have quite complete histories of a number of Assyrian kings who up to a short time ago were known only by name. The lists of the occupants of the Babylonian and Assyrian thrones are now virtually complete, onward from the fifteenth century before our era. We now know far more of Sennacherib and Esarhaddon than we do of their contemporaries, Hezekiah and Manasseh of Judea; of earlier times we have at least as copious records as of the early days of Greece and Rome; and if the hopes of the present are fulfilled, in another fifty years our knowledge of Assyria and Babylonia bids fair to rival in completeness what we know of the middle ages.

The indirect results are scarcely less important and interesting. The entire panorama of ancient history has been moved into a different light. Through the inscriptions we learn for the first time of states that at one time must have played no unimportant rôle.

But of all the side issues flowing from the excavations and the decipherment, by far the most noteworthy are those bearing on the Old Testament. The scenes portrayed in the opening chapters of the book of Genesis, it will be remembered, are laid in this region. The Tigris and Euphrates are two of the four streams into



FRAGMENT OF CLAY TABLET CONTAINING THE OPENING LINES OF THE BABYLONIAN ACCOUNT OF THE CREATION.

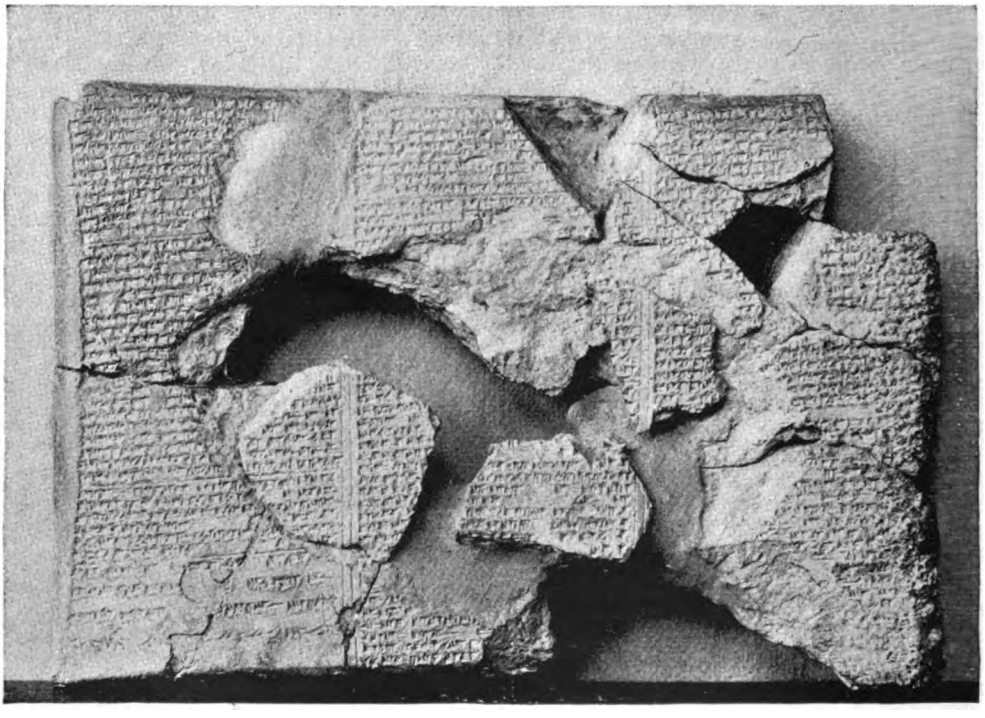
[Photographed from the original in the British Museum, by Mansell & Co., London.]

which the nameless river watering the garden in Eden branches out, and the description of the legendary Paradise is so strongly colored by the climatic and physical conditions existing in southern Mesopotamia, as to leave no doubt where popular tradition supposed the earliest habitation of man to be.

The scene of action in the biblical narrative remains unchanged through the period of the deluge down to the dispersion of mankind. The city which the people were building at the time the confusion of languages took place receives the name of Babel, which is of course

Digitized by Google

no other than Babylon. A few miles to the south of Babylon is Ur-Kasdim, signifying the "city of the Chaldeans," where, according to the book of Genesis, Abram was born. It is not until the emigration of the latter that the Bible transports us to other lands. Even then Mesopotamia is not entirely lost sight of. It is to his old home that Abram, now become Abraham, sends the senior servant of his house intrusted with the delicate mission of selecting a wife for Isaac. Through the temporary sojourn of Abraham's grandson Jacob in Haran, the bond of intimacy between the two branches of the family is renewed, but with the return of Jacob to Palestine the relations seem to break off. Mesopotamia disappears almost entirely from the scene of biblical action. The soothsayer Bileam is invited by the king of Moab to



REVERSE OF CLAY TABLET CONTAINING THE THREE LAST COLUMNS OF THE BABYLONIAN VERSION OF THE DELUGE.
[In the left-hand lower corner is the colophon stating the tablet to be the second in the "Izdubar" series, and that the copy was made for King Ashurbanabal of Assyria, whose property it is.]
Photographed from the original in the British Museum, by Mansell & Co., London.

curse Israel, and in his mystic utterances, beneath which political references are concealed, there is an allusion to Assyria; but further than this, no mention is made of Mesopotamia until we reach the period of the Israelitish and Judean kingdoms, when the contact again becomes close, and continues almost without interruption down to the destruction of the two kingdoms. The campaigns of Pul, Tiglath-pileser, Shalmaneser, Sennacherib, and Nebuchadnezzar are described in the Books of Kings and in Chronicles, while the orations of the great prophets of the time are full of allusions to the Assyrian and Babylonian empires. The "Babylonian exile" was a period of remarkable intellectual activity among the captive Jews. In the biblical literature dating from this period Babylon forms the central figure. "Babylon will fall" is the burden of the prophet's message, and the refrain of the psalmist's song, as it was the hope which sustained the drooping spirits of the exiles. At last the long-looked-for deliverance comes. The approach of the conquering Cyrus changes the weeping into rejoicing. As Babylon falls, the world breaks out into song. The trees of the forest and the cedars of Lebanon rejoice, for the terror of the nations is no more.

In the books of Jonah and Daniel, likewise the cities of Nineveh and Babylon form the background to the pictures there unfolded. This prominence given to Mesopotamia in the Bible contributed toward arousing interest in the mounds of the Tigris and Euphrates, an interest which was intensified when supplements to events and scenes described in the historical portions of the Old Testament were found on the official documents compiled by Assyrian scribes, and traditions closely analogous to biblical ones were shown to have

Digitized by Google

been current among Babylonians and Assyrians. It is to the bearings of the monuments on the Old Testament that we now turn.

II.

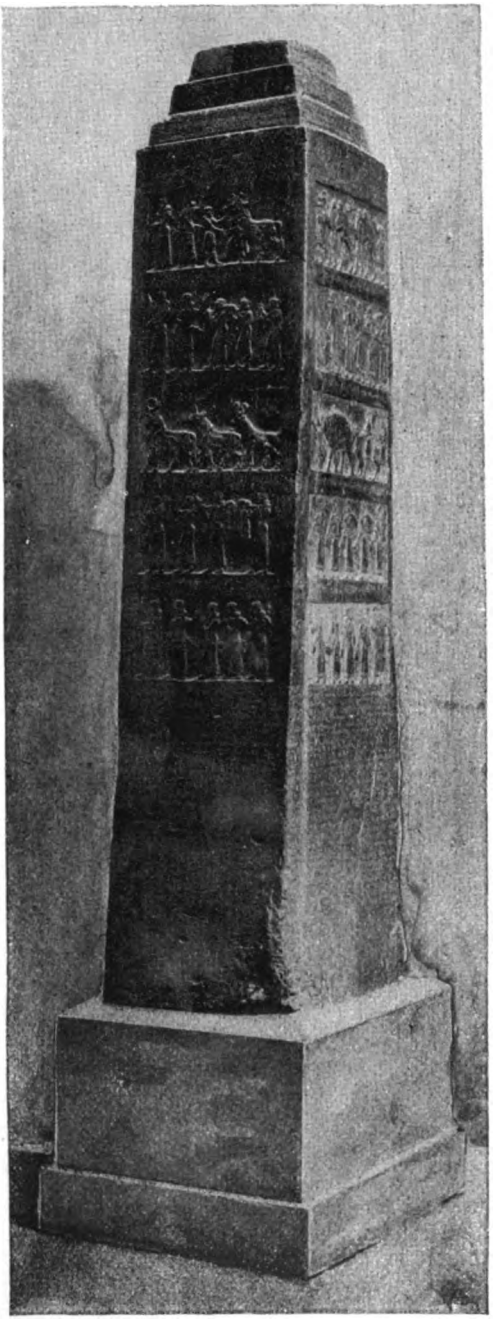
To speak of a library of bricks may sound strange, and yet we are fully justified in calling the miscellaneous collection made by King Ashurbanabal a library. This ruler, whose name Greek writers converted into Sardanapalus, reigned over Assyria from the year 668 till 626 B. C. He was not only a great warrior, but prided himself on being also a liberal patron of science and art. In his days Assyria reached the zenith of her greatness. Ashurbanabal seems to have been bent upon making Nineveh the center of learning and intellectual life. He ordered his scribes to gather and copy all the ancient and modern literary productions to be found in the land. The material used for writing was soft clay, which, after the cuneiform characters had been impressed upon it by means of a sharp-pointed stylus, was baked until it became perfectly hard. These tablets, ranging in size from about six to ten inches square, though not infrequently much larger, were ranged along the walls of the rooms set aside for this purpose. In the case of a number of bricks belonging together,— parts or volumes, as we would say,—each brick had its number, together with the opening words of the series of which it formed a part. Generally a stamp was added with the words, "The property of Ashurbanabal, the king of hosts, the king of Assyria," and sometimes the subscript contained a few additional phrases. The king tells us that he founded the library for the benefit of his subjects. In the palace occupying the southwest corner of the mound Kouyunjik, Layard discovered two rooms filled with such clay tablets, and in another palace of the same mound Rassam, some years later, laid bare a third floor similarly filled. Unfortunately, the majority of the bricks were in a deplorable condition. In falling from their position on the walls at the time of the destruction of the buildings, most of them were broken into fragments. Over thirty thousand of these fragments found their way to the British Museum, and it was while engaged in the arduous task of arranging, piecing together, and deciphering this material, that George Smith, one of the assistants in the department of Oriental antiquities, made discoveries which rendered him famous.



STONE MONUMENT OF SHALMANESER II., COMMEMORATING HIS WARS, AND WHICH CONTAINS A MENTION OF JEHU, KING OF ISRAEL.
[From the cast in the possession of the University of Pennsylvania.]

Next to grammar and lexicography, Ashurbanabal's library was particularly rich in its mythological, legendary, and religious divisions. Some of the hymns addressed to the gods were truly sublime. There were prayers for long life, for prosperity, for forgiveness of sins. Of surpassing interest were some fragments of tablets which contained the Babylonian and the Assyrian cosmogony, and traditions concerning a great flood. It required all the

Digitized by Google



OBELISK OF BLACK BASALT ERECTED BY SHALMANESER II., KING OF ASSYRIA, IN COMMEMORATION OF HIS VICTORIES.
[By permission of Mansell & Co., London.]

untiring zeal and inexhaustible patience of George Smith, once having come across these tablets, to search among the mass of bricks before him for missing portions. By piecing together a large number of fragments he succeeded in giving almost a complete text of the cuneiform narrative concerning a deluge. He was not so successful with the story of the creation, of which, however, fragments of several versions have been found.

According to one of the versions the narrative extended over a series of tablets, certainly as many as seven, and perhaps to the number of twelve. Of these a portion of the first tablet is the most remarkable. It begins as follows:

> At a time when neither the heavens above nor the earth below existed, there was the watery abyss, the first of seed, the mistress of the depths, the mother of the universe. The waters clung together [*i. e.* covered everything]. No product had ever been gathered, nor was any sprout seen; aye, the very gods had not yet come into being.

We are involuntarily reminded of the text:

> When God began to form the heavens and the earth, the earth was without form and void, and darkness was over the face of the deep.[1]

The similarity between the two descriptions extends even to a partial identity of expressions, for the same word *tehôm* occurs in both the cuneiform tablet and in Genesis with the signification "deep." The cuneiform version then proceeds with an account of the creation of the gods. The second tablet of the series is entirely missing; of the third a few small fragments alone have been found, just enough to indicate that the gods are preparing for a grand contest against a monster known as Tiâmat, whose name signifies "the depth." The subject is continued into the fourth tablet where, in great detail, the long fight of the god Bel-Marduk against the monster is recounted. It terminates with the overthrow of Tiâmat. Again, the fifth tablet is of very great interest to us. It treats of the creation of the stars, moon, and sun. The stars, we are told, were assigned their positions in the firmament, and by means of them the year, divided into twelve months, was regulated "from its beginning to the end." The stations of the gods Bel and Ea were fixed. Then follows the creation of the moon and sun, the former "for ruling the night, the whole of the night until the break of day," when the dominion of the sun begins. The tablet is not complete, but there is sufficient to warrant a comparison with these verses in Genesis:

> And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament to distinguish between day and night, and for the regulation of periods, seasons, days, and years, and God made the two great lights, the greater one for ruling the day and the smaller one for ruling the night.

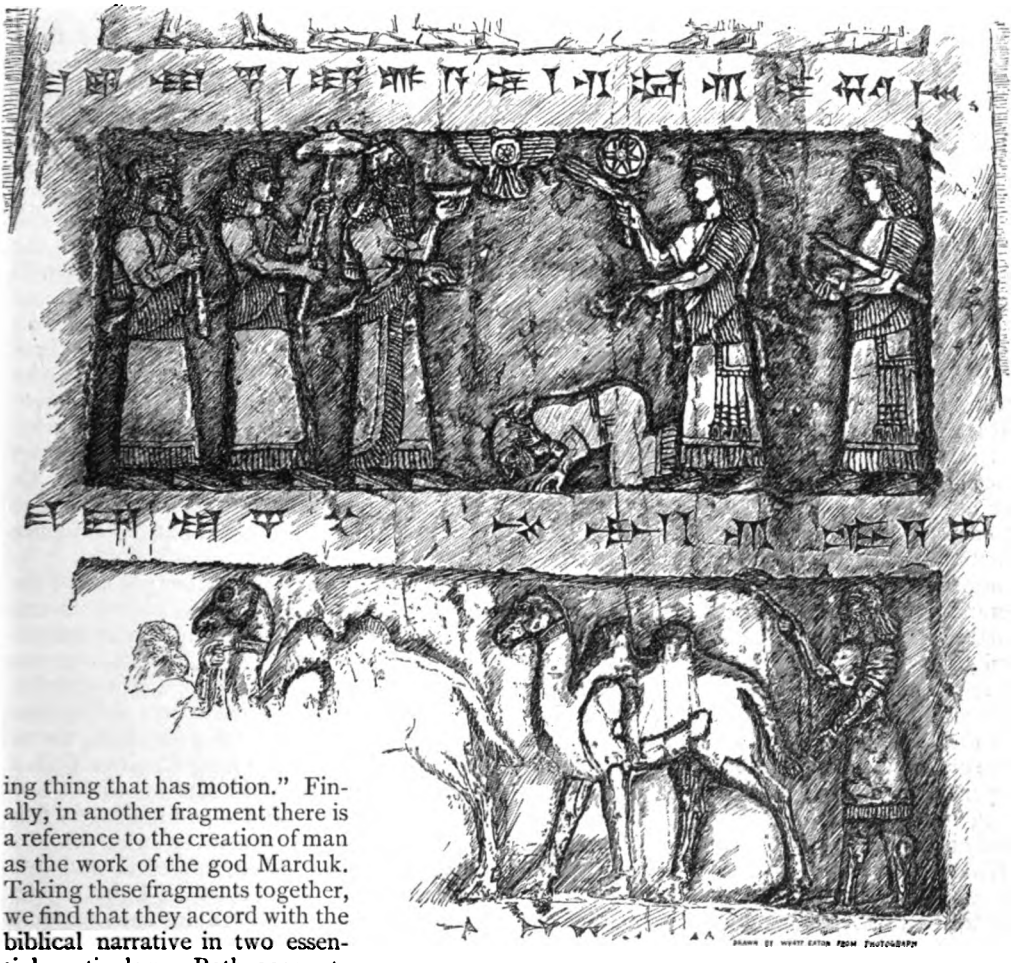
Another fragment, of which, however, only a few lines can be read, begins:

1 The quotations from the Old Testament in this article are translated by the present writer.

Digitized by Google

When the gods in their assembly had excellently created the great monsters, they brought forth all that has life, the cattle of the field, the beasts of the field, the insects of the field.

This corresponds to the work set aside for the fifth day in the biblical account, in which "God created the great serpents, and every living thing that has motion." Finally, in another fragment there is a reference to the creation of man as the work of the god Marduk. Taking these fragments together, we find that they accord with the biblical narrative in two essential particulars. Both accounts assume a chaotic condition prior to the creation, and the conception of this chaos is substantially the same in both. Secondly, the creation proceeds in both according to a certain system, the heavenly bodies, for example, forming a distinct division, the animals another. Whether, in the missing portions of the series, the analogy with the biblical order continues is of course only a matter of conjecture. On the other hand, no mention has been found in cuneiform literature that the creation was completed in seven days, nor is there any indication that such a tradition existed among the Babylonians or Assyrians, unless it be the fact that the seventh day was held by them also to be a *shabbatu*, that is, a sabbath. Setting this aside, it is yet difficult to suppose that the resemblances which have been shown to exist between the biblical and cuneiform traditions should be purely accidental. Naturally, in comparing the two versions, it must be borne in mind that the form in which the Hebrew traditions of prehistoric times lie before us, while retaining traces of their primitive character, is the one they finally assumed after the nomadic Hebrew tribes had passed through the remarkable religious development which led to the establishment among them of a religion based on an advanced monotheistic conception of the universe. Traditions form an integral part of a nation's past; only, as in viewing a landscape, the impression varies according to the light, so the aspect of the past becomes colored by the aspect of the present. Thoughts, beliefs,



SECOND ROW OF SCULPTURES FROM THE OBELISK OF SHALMANESER II., REPRESENTING THE TRIBUTE OF JEHU, THE KING OF ISRAEL, TO THE ASSYRIAN KING. FACE A. (UPPER PANEL WITH INSCRIPTION ABOVE.)

Digitized by Google

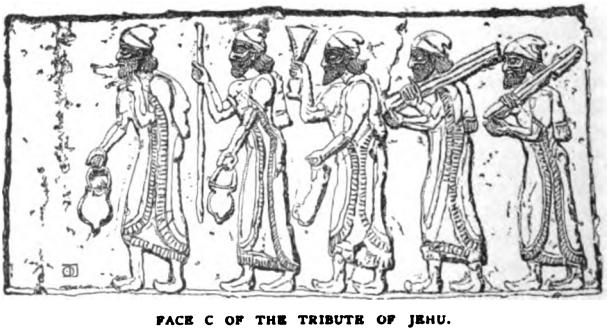


FACE B, SHOWING CONTINUATION OF THE TRIBUTE OF JEHU.

and conceptions which are the product of a later age are unconsciously read into an earlier one, and traditions thus mold themselves quite naturally into shapes corresponding with later conditions. This is precisely what has happened in the case of such biblical traditions as the creation of the world, the early habitation of mankind, the deluge, and the dispersion of mankind. Their antiquity is lost in the gray mists of the past; they have come down to us transformed in details, and entirely remodeled. It is not the piece of marble, but what is made of it, that marks the artist's skill, and therefore it in no way detracts from the real value or beauty of the biblical tradition of creation to assume that it was hewn out of the same material as its Babylonian counterpart. The former impresses us so deeply because of the grandeur of the underlying conception which makes the universe the emanation of one mighty spirit, while the latter, after all, sounds like a nursery tale because it does not rise above the level of crude ideas. Hence, while in the cuneiform version chaos is followed by the creation of the gods, in the Bible the drama opens with the creation of light. The sublime fiat, "Let there be light," could be intelligible only to a people that had striven for the light. What it concerns us to know is whether, on the assumption of a common origin for the two records, the totally different spirit pervading the biblical tradition can be satisfactorily accounted for by the totally different direction which the development of the Hebrew tribes took from that of their fellows in blood and race after their departure from their native soil. To this an affirmative answer can be given, and the supposition, so natural in itself, that the Hebrews should have possessed certain traditions in common with their former neighbors in Mesopotamia finds further support in the close analogy existing between the story of the deluge in Genesis and the curious tale found among the tablets of the British Museum.

In the subscript attached to the bricks of his library, Ashurbanabal frequently reminds us that their contents were copied from older originals, and we know now that most of the traditions and legends current among the Assyrians took their rise in that portion of Mesopotamia which was once the seat of the ancient Chaldean empire. Following the course of civilization, the traditions traveled from the south to the north. It is in the southern part of Mesopotamia, accordingly, that the scene is laid of the adventures of a hero who is the counterpart of the Greek Hercules, and also has much in common with the Biblical Samson. Exactly how the Assyrian scribes wanted the name of this hero to be read we do not know, and the reading Izdubar proposed by George Smith must therefore be regarded as a provisional one. Instead of Izdubar, some scholars prefer Gishtubar as a provisional form; others claim to have found evidence that the name is to be read Namrudu, but it seems that the wish to identify our hero with the biblical Nimrod, "the mighty hunter," has in this case been father to the thought. More recently Mr. T. G. Pinches, of the British Museum, announced the reading to be Gilgamesh, but the evidence is not final.

The life and deeds of Izdubar constitute the great national epic of the Babylonians and Assyrians. His wonderful adventures are recounted in a series of twelve tablets, but, sad to repeat, most of the tablets are in a very imperfect condition, of some barely a fragment being preserved. Still, the general course of his career is clear. He frees Chaldea from a foreign sway; engages in contests with a lion and other wild beasts; the goddess Ishtar falls in love with him, but Izdubar, knowing the false character of the goddess, refuses to wed her. The goddess, in revenge, smites Izdubar with painful disease. He thereupon enters upon a long course of wanderings in search of a remedy. He hears of Sit-napishti ("source of life"), his ancestor, who lives "at the concourse of



FACE C OF THE TRIBUTE OF JEHU.

Digitized by Google

streams," and who was miraculously preserved at a time when the destruction of mankind was decreed by the gods. To him Izdubar goes, and, upon finally meeting him, begins by expressing surprise at the youthful appearance of Sit-napishti. Notwithstanding his great age, his features have not altered; he is in full possession of his powers, and still able to carry on strife. Izdubar asks for an explanation of this miracle, and how he came to attain eternal life in the assemblies of the gods. The eleventh tablet of the Izdubar series contains the reply of Sit-napishti. The narrative, thanks to the labors of George Smith and of others following in his wake, notably Professor Paul Haupt of the Johns Hopkins University, now lies before us in an almost complete form.

I will tell thee [begins Sit-napishti], O Izdubar, the story of my preservation, and the oracle of the gods I will reveal to thee. The gods dwelling in the city of Shurippak, the city which, as thou knowest, lies on the banks of the Euphrates, decided ages ago to bring about a flood. Among these gods were Anu, the senior of the gods; Bel, their warlike councilor; Ninib, their throne-bearer; Ennugi, their prince; and also Ea, the lord of wisdom, sat with them.

Sit-napishti, who dwelt in Shurippak, found favor in the eyes of Ea, and received from the latter a warning of the coming disaster. The god says to him: "O man of Shurippak, son of Ubarututu [*i. e.* client of the god Tutu, or Marduk], construct a house, build a ship to save thy life, for the gods shall destroy all seed. Bring into the ship living things of all kinds."

Ea instructs his favorite how to build the ship. The height and breadth are to be proportionately determined by measurement, and the whole, a structure of six stories with seven divisions, is to be surmounted with a roof; and furthermore we learn that there were to be several layers of pitch within and without. Sit-napishti faithfully obeys the instructions of his divine protector. He says: "All that I had I gathered together. I brought all my silver and gold and live stock into the ship. All my men-servants and maid-servants I brought into the ship." When the time appointed for the flood approaches, a voice tells him: "Enter the ship, bolt the door behind thee, for the moment has arrived . . . The decree has gone forth. In the night terrible destruction will come down in torrents." The *dies iræ* has come, and Sit-



DRAWN BY WYATT EATON.

FACE D OF THE TRIBUTE OF JEHU.

Digitized by Google

napishti tells us that he "feared the dawning of the day fixed for entering the ship." The description of the storm which follows is unquestionably the finest passage in the narrative. Dark clouds cover the heavens, peals of thunder resound, and all the forces of nature, personified according to Assyrian beliefs by gods, are let loose. The description continues: "Light is changed to darkness. . . In the warfare of the gods against men brother sees not brother, and men care not for one another." It is a fine touch of the narrator to represent the gods themselves as terrified at their own work of destruction. They flee to the highest heaven, and "cower together like dogs at the railing of heaven."

After the climax is reached, the reaction begins. Ishtar, who is the mother of the human race, bewails the destruction of her offspring,



SCENE FROM THE WALL OF SENNACHERIB'S PALACE, REPRESENTING

and some of the other gods who were not in the assembly that decreed the deluge join her. They sit down and weep, but it is too late.

During six days and seven nights, wind, flood, and storm raged violently, but with the break of the seventh day the storm abated, the flood, which had waged a war like an invading army, ceased, the waters decreased, and wind and storm ceased. I sailed over the waters [says Sit-napishti], raising my voice in loud lament that the habitations of men had been turned into mud. Then I opened a window, and as the light of day fell upon my countenance I covered it, and sat down and wept. The tears rolled down my cheeks. I sailed about in all directions, until after twelve days a piece of land came into sight. It was the mountain of Nisir [*i.e.* preservation] which the ship had reached. There the ship held fast, and did not release its hold.

After waiting seven days, Sit-napishti goes on to relate:

At the break of the seventh day I took out a dove and let her fly. The dove flew to and fro, but, finding no resting-place, she returned. Then I sent out a swallow, but she also flew to and fro until, finding no resting-place, she returned. Then I released a raven. The raven flew about, and saw that the waters had decreased, and came very near to the ship again, croaked, but did not return. Then I let out everything to the four winds, and offered up a sacrifice, making an atonement on the summit of the mountain.

Sit-napishti erects an altar, and "the gods, gathering around the sacrifice like a swarm of flies, inhale the perfume." Now comes the final scene in the drama — the reconciliation. Bel, who was the chief instigator of the flood, approaches and sees the ship. Enraged at the sight, he cries out:

"What soul has escaped? No one was to survive this destruction!" Thereupon Ninib opened

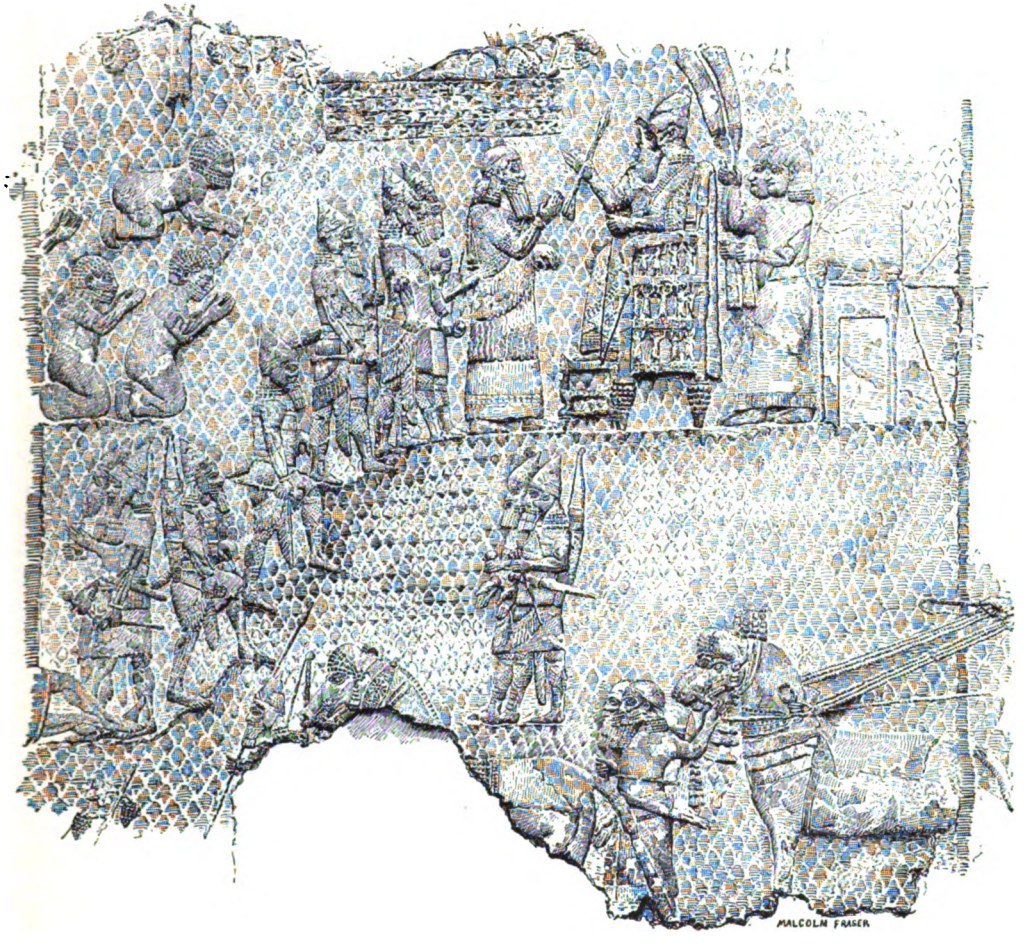
Digitized by Google

his mouth and spake—spake to the belligerent Bel. "Who except Ea could have hit upon the device? Ea knew of the decree, and must have told everything."

Then Ea opened his mouth and spake—spake to the belligerent Bel. "Thou art the warlike leader of the gods! But why hast thou acted so inconsiderately in bringing about a deluge? On the sinner let fall his sin, let the culprit bear the brunt of his crime; but be merciful, and let him not be cut off altogether. Why bring about a deluge? May lions come and diminish humanity: why bring about a deluge? Let hyenas come and diminish humanity: why bring about a deluge? May famine enter the land, or a pestilence."

Ea accompanied his appeal with the acknowledgment that he sent Sit-napishti a dream which the latter correctly interpreted. Bel's anger is appeased. He is reconciled, and magnanimously bestows on Sit-napishti his blessing. The story closes with the following words:

Bel entered the ship, took hold of my hand, and raised me on high, and also raised on high my wife; he laid her hand in mine, and with his face turned toward us he stood between us and blessed us, saying: "Until now Sit-napishti was a man; henceforth Sit-napishti and his wife shall be as gods, and the dwelling of Sit-napishti shall be in the distance at the mouth of the rivers." Then they took me and placed me in the distance at the mouth of the rivers.



THE KING AT LACHISH DURING HIS CAMPAIGN AGAINST HEZEKIAH, KING OF JUDEA.

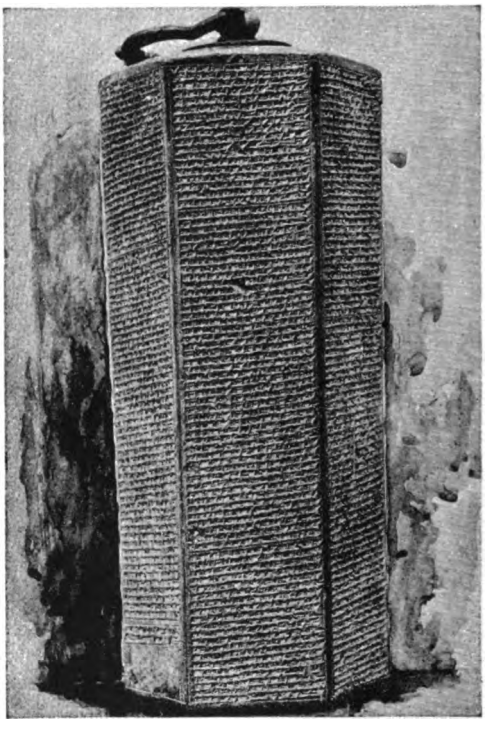
[By special permission of Mansell & Co., London.]

A commentary on this strange tale is superfluous. Nor is it necessary to point out its strong resemblance, equivalent practically to an identity with the biblical version. The variations are slight, and affect only such minor points as the measurements of the ark, the continuance of the flood, the kind of birds sent out, and the order of their sending. Besides this, the biblical narrative is somewhat more elaborate, and gives details concerning the animals that entered the ark, and other matters, which

Digitized by Google

the cuneiform record omits. It is also to be noted that there is no mention in the latter of the olive branch which in the Bible the dove brings to Noah. Nor is there any distinction in the Babylonian version between clean and unclean animals; but this omission is satisfactorily accounted for on the theory, now almost universally accepted by scholars, that the biblical narrative of the deluge in its present shape is itself the result of a combination of two slightly different versions which have been dovetailed into each other. In the one version, the older of the two,—which assumed a definite shape at a period when the sanitary regulations as embodied in the Book of Leviticus regarding clean and unclean animals were not yet enforced,—Noah is told to bring of "every living thing, two of every kind, male and female," into the ark, without distinction of clean and unclean. In the second version, which furnishes us in this way with a good example of the manner in which old traditions were transformed to meet changed conditions, we read "of every clean beast thou shalt take seven pair, male and female, but of the unclean two pair." Leaving this aside, the general course and sequence of events are precisely the same in both, and there is scarcely any room for doubt that they must have sprung from a common source. Here again, as in the story of the creation, the superiority of the biblical version over its Babylonian companion is due purely and solely to the advanced religious and ethical spirit pervading it. In the cuneiform record the dire decree is simply a whim of the gods; in the Bible the deluge is sent as a punishment for wrong-doing. Noah is singled out because he was "just and upright"; but we are not told for what virtues Sit-napishti finds grace in the eyes of Ea. The varying conclusions of the two accounts are no less characteristic. Ea's appeal to Bel has certainly marked beauties, and the blessing bestowed on Sit-napishti and his wife forms a finale of true dramatic power; but how infinitely grander is the establishment of the everlasting covenant between God and Noah with which the eighth chapter in Genesis closes. There is indeed a curious trace of an old heathenish notion in the words, "And God smelled the sweet savor" of the sacrifice, just as in the cuneiform document "the gods inhale the perfume," but at once in the following words there is a leap to the highest plane of religious thought. God says that he will never again destroy the universe on account of men. "So long as the earth continues, seed-time and harvest-time, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not suffer interruption." The cuneiform story ends as it began —with caprice; the reconciliation of Bel is as capricious as his anger. The Bible begins with the promulgation of righteousness, and closes with the confirmation of law.

Concerning the other traditions related in Genesis, as the fall of man, the building of the tower of Babel, and the dispersion of mankind, the bricks are as yet silent, but there is every reason to suppose that these traditions also formed a part of the common stock which the Hebrews took with them upon their departure from Ur-kasdim.



SIX-SIDED CLAY CYLINDER, FROM THE PALACE OF KING SENNACHERIB AT NINEVEH, CONTAINING ON THE SECOND AND THIRD SIDES AN ACCOUNT OF SENNACHERIB'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST HEZEKIAH, KING OF JUDEA.

[From the British Museum photographs, by special permission of Mansell & Co., London.]

Leaving the nebulous realms of tradition, and turning to a period which may more justly be designated as historical, the testimony of the stones is no less remarkable and interesting.

III.

SARGON I., an early Babylonian ruler, whose reign may be fixed at 3800 B. C., claims in his inscriptions to have conquered "the land of Amurri," a designation that embraced the entire Phenician coast and Palestine proper. Two millenniums later, when Thotmes I. opens the series of campaigns that rendered the lands bordering on the Mediterranean, and up to the foot of the Taurus range, for several centuries tribu-

Digitized by Google

tary to Egypt, the rulers of the Nile found traces of early Babylonian supremacy in the language and writing of Babylonia, which, at least for official purposes, had secured a firm foothold in this region. The scribes of Egypt had to acquire the cuneiform characters so as to be able to communicate with the officials—in most cases natives—of Phenicia and Palestine, who were stationed as governors at various places under Egyptian control. Several hundred clay tablets with cuneiform writing, found in upper Egypt a few years ago, proved to be portions of the official archives of Amenophis III. and Amenophis IV., who belong to this period; and it is interesting to note in passing that seven of these tablets are letters written by a certain Abdikheba, who, about 1400 B.C., occupies the position of "governor of Jerusalem," under Amenophis IV. A century or thereabout after Amenophis IV., when a decline in the Egyptian power takes place, Assyria steps in to take up the heritage of Babylonia and Egypt, and by the twelfth century before our era, before the Hebrew tribes had yet been united under a monarchical form of government, the Assyrian kings had firmly established their power over the lands of the Mediterranean. Tiglath-pileser I., who reigned about the year 1130 B. C. till 1100, speaks of himself as ruling "from the great sea of Amurri to the sea of the land of Na'iri." By the latter "sea" is probably meant Lake Van in Armenia, while the former is one of the designations in the inscriptions for the Mediterranean sea.

After Tiglath-pileser's death, the Assyrian power lost much of its prestige, but three centuries later, under Ashurnasirbal, a new period of greatness began. Ashurnasirbal reconquered the territory lying to the west of the Euphrates. His dominion again stretched, as we read in his annals, "from the banks of the Tigris to the mountain of Lebanon, even to the great sea." All the lands from the rising of the sun to the setting of the sun submitted to his yoke. It was not, however, until the days of his successor, Shalmaneser II., who reigned from the year 860 B.C. till 826, that Assyria and Israel met on the battle-field. The conquests made by Ashurnasirbal were not permanent ones, as appears from the fact that his son found himself obliged to undertake no less than four military expeditions against the "Amurri-land." They were directed chiefly against two Syrian princes who are well known to us from the Books of Kings, Benhadad and Hazael, but, as we shall presently see, the kingdom of Israel was also involved in the conflict. We have four separate monuments on which Shalmaneser tells us the story of his eventful reign, and, of these, three belong to the most remarkable specimens of Assyrian art that have as yet been found.

Some distance to the north of Mosul, at Kurkh, an arch-headed monolith was discovered on which there was sculptured in high relief a life-size figure of King Shalmaneser, clad in his royal robes. The front, back, and sides of the stone are covered with cuneiform characters, amounting in all to a little over one hundred lines. The monument is somewhat over seven feet high, and almost three feet in width. The monarch speaks of his valiant deeds, of the cities he conquered, how he pillaged and burned them, what he did with the captives, how much booty he took. The inscription closes with the first expedition against Syria in the sixth year of Shalmaneser's reign. In rapid marches he advances upon Karkar (not far from Aleppo), where he finds a powerful combination drawn up against him. At the head stands Benhadad of Damascus with 1200 chariots, 1200 horsemen, and 20,000 soldiers. With him are the troops of no less than twelve principalities. Enrolled in the "Belle Alliance" were, as we read on the monolith, "2000 chariots and 10,000 horsemen of Ahab of Israel." In the Books of Kings there is no direct reference to this event, but this need not astonish us, for these biblical histories merely claim to be extracts taken from the royal chronicles. On every page we are referred to the annals of the kings of Judah and Israel, where the "rest of the acts" of this or that king may be found. One of the greatest services which the cuneiform inscriptions can render us is to assist in filling out these gaps, at times so keenly felt through the loss of the more complete chronicles. It is evident from Shalmaneser's inscription that Ahab joined with Benhadad in order to resist the attack of a common foe. The compiler of the Books of Kings was more interested in the Syrian chief than in the Assyrian prince, and hence we are well informed concerning the relations existing between Ahab and Benhadad. Three times the latter gathered an immense force for the purpose of crushing Ahab's power. In the first two campaigns the Syrian is defeated; the third ends with the death of Ahab. But between the second and third, we are told "there were three years in which there was no war between Aram (Syria) and Israel." Furthermore, we are told that at the end of the second expedition, which proved to be extremely disastrous to Benhadad, the latter "made a covenant" with Ahab. Exactly what the covenant was the compiler omits to tell us, but what more natural than that the two kings should have agreed, while the peace lasted, to aid each other in the event of a common danger threatening them? It is just within these three years that the ex-

Digitized by Google

pedition of which Shalmaneser speaks occurs. Shalmaneser is victorious. He gains a great victory at Karkar — in the year 854 — over Benhadad, Ahab, and those united with them, which he describes in the following words:

By the high power which Ashur the lord bestowed, with the powerful weapons which Nergal, who goeth before me, presented, I fought with them. From the city of Karkar to the city of Gilzan I accomplished their overthrow. Fourteen thousand of their warriors I slew. Like the god of thunder, I rained down upon them an inundation, and I scattered their corpses in all directions. The face of the plain I filled with the numerous hosts. By means of my weapons I made their blood flow over the extent of the field.

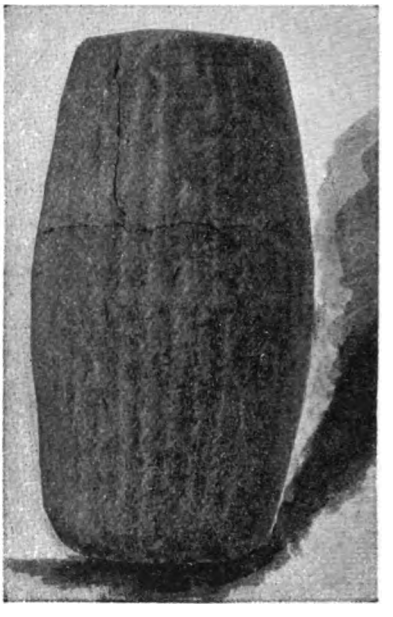
They are completely routed, and obliged to pay a tribute to the Assyrian powers. On a second monument of Shalmaneser we find a notice of this tribute. In the mound Nimrud — a few miles below Nineveh proper — Layard found a black obelisk about seven feet in height and two feet wide, with five rows of sculptured illustrations passing around the four sides of the stone, accompanied by one hundred and ninety lines of cuneiform writing. In this space he tells, very briefly, of course, the history of thirty years of his reign, which is little else than the story of a thirty years' war.

Jehu, who began to reign in 842 B. C., was obliged to purchase the favor of the Assyrian king by sending a tribute. The illustrations on the black obelisk represent the embassies of various nations passing in procession before the king, each offering costly presents. Underneath the second row of figures we read the following:

The tribute of Jehu, son of Omri. Silver, gold, a golden bowl, a golden chalice, golden jars, golden goblets, golden buckets, lead, a royal scepter, spears, I received from him.

The illustrations, which are of an unusually fine character even for Assyrian monuments, show us the Israelitish ambassadors carrying the articles named into the presence of the king. The expression, "son of Omri," must not be taken literally in this instance, for Jehu was not Omri's son; it is equivalent in Eastern parlance to "descendant of Omri." The dynasty founded by the latter must have achieved great renown, for we find the northern Jewish kingdom generally designated as "land of the house of Omri" or more briefly, "land of Omri," in preference to "land of Israel."

After Shalmaneser, Rammân-nirari III. undertakes an expedition to Syria about the year 800, and imposes a tribute on "Tyre, Sidon, the land of Omri, Edom, Philistia, even to the great sea of the setting sun." Of this tribute, as well as of one which Tiglath-pileser III., who usurped the throne of Assyria in 745 B. C. imposes on Azariah, king of Judah, the Bible omits to tell us anything. But this same Tiglath-pileser is spoken of in the Second Book of Kings, both under his royal designation and under his real name Pul, which he bore as governor of Babylonia. On the appeal of King Ahaz of Judah, who was threatened with an attack from Pekah of Israel in alliance with Rezin of Syria, he enters Palestine with his army, and delivers Ahaz from his enemies. Pekah himself is killed in a conspiracy which Hoshea forms against him. The result is the



BARREL CYLINDER OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR, THE CONQUEROR OF JERUSALEM.
[In the possession of the University of Pennsylvania.]

accession of Hoshea to the throne, and the carrying away of Israelitish captives to Assyrian cities. So runs the narrative in the Second Book of Kings. It is rather unfortunate that the inscriptions which have been found of this Tiglath-pileser are in so bad a condition. We learn from some fragments that Tiglath-pileser marched against the "house of Omri." Among the cities which he captures there is an agreement with some of the names given in the Books of Kings. Concerning Pekah, he says, "I killed him, and placed Hoshea on the throne in his stead."

It is quite natural for the Assyrian to claim the honor of having put an end to Pekah's existence as well as to his power, and no doubt, even if Hoshea dealt the blow, it was at the instigation of Tiglath-pileser. Some years later this same Hoshea attempted to throw off

Digitized by Google

the burdensome Assyrian yoke, and by his inconsiderate action brought on the final catastrophe. King Shalmaneser IV., successor to Tiglath-pileser, came up against Hoshea, and laid siege to Samaria. The struggle was a hard one, but, after holding out for three years, the city was taken and destroyed (722 B. C.). In accordance with the practice of the Assyrian monarchs, many of the Israelites were carried away to other lands, and inhabitants of Mesopotamia put in their place. In this way, it was believed, all danger of a rebellion could be averted. For once the Assyrian monuments leave us entirely in the lurch. While in the case of Shalmaneser II. there is in monuments almost an embarrassment of riches, of Shalmaneser IV. no historical records have been found. Of Shalmaneser's successor, however, King Sargon, we have very complete annals, and, curiously enough, this king attributes to himself the destruction of the kingdom of Israel. Speaking of the beginning of his reign, he says:

> The city of Samaria I besieged and captured; 27,280 of its inhabitants I carried off; fifty chariots I took for myself, and the rest of the booty I left to my subjects. My governor I placed over them [the Israelites], and the former tribute I imposed upon them.

This discrepancy between the Assyrian and biblical narratives upon examination turns out to be of little significance. Shalmaneser IV., we know, reigned only five years, which accounts for the absence of records prepared by him, and as the siege of Samaria lasted three years, the probability, therefore, is that he died during the siege, which was left to Sargon to complete. Now, the notice in the Bible of the downfall of the northern kingdom is very brief, covering only three verses; and the compiler, who is far more interested in the fortunes of the southern kingdom of Judea, does not deem it worth while to dwell on such details as the death of Shalmaneser during the campaign[1]. It must also be borne in mind that the author of the Books of Kings is writing, not Assyrian, but Israelitish and Judean history, and that from a religious point of view. Events are related, not so much for their own importance, as for the purpose of illustrating the favorite theory of the compiler, that all the misfortunes and the final downfall of the two kingdoms came as a punishment for disobeying the commands of God.

The partiality of the biblical compiler — who wrote probably during the period of the Babylonian exile — accounts for the greater detail with which the history of the kingdom of Judah is related. Hence we have more complete accounts of the attack of Sennacherib (701 B. C.) on Jerusalem in the days of Hezekiah, and the final destruction of the southern Jewish kingdom at the hands of Nebuchadnezzar (586 B. C.), than we have of the campaigns of Tiglath-pileser and Shalmaneser against the kingdom of Israel.

The kingdom of Judah survived the fall of her sister for over one hundred years, but it was a feeble existence that she led. The northern kingdom, as long as it existed, was the more powerful of the two. For that reason it was also the more aggressive, and the more subject to attacks from without, while the very weakness of the southern kingdom made her comparatively safe from hostile invasions. But after the fall of Samaria, the eyes of the Assyrian rulers, insatiate in their ambition, were directed toward Jerusalem. The long reign of Hezekiah was on the whole the most prosperous period in the existence of the little Judean kingdom, but it also marked the beginning of the decline. In the fourteenth year of this king's reign, Sennacherib, the king of Assyria, invaded the land. He attacked the fortified cities, and took them. Hezekiah, in great terror, in the hope of pacifying him, sends an humble message to Sennacherib, who had meanwhile advanced to Lachish, within thirty miles of Jerusalem.

"I have sinned," says the Jewish king; "pardon me, and whatever thou placest on me I will bear." The narrator continues: "And the king of Assyria appointed unto Hezekiah, king of Judah, three hundred talents of silver and thirty talents of gold." We can consider ourselves fortunate in possessing a large number of monuments dealing with the reign of Sennacherib. Besides the annals of the kings, and the usual inscriptions on the great bulls at the approaches to the palace, a number of sculptured slabs illustrating events in the reign of this king were taken to England. One of these is of peculiar interest to us. It is a bas-relief, in the upper corner of which we see a royal personage seated on a throne, and surrounded by his attendants. Before him there are being led a number of prisoners, while farther to the left appear captives in various positions, some prostrate, and others with uplifted hands. Above the king, a little to one side, are four lines of cuneiform writing, which, translated, read, "Sennacherib, the king of the legions, the king of Assyria, sits on the throne of state and receives the tribute of the city of Lachish."

Here, then, we have the very scene described

[1] Between the ninth and tenth verses (of II. Kings, xviii) the great gap occurs. The compiler leaps at one bound from the beginning to the end of the siege, and the "King of Assyria" of the eleventh verse is accordingly Sargon.

Digitized by Google

in the eighteenth chapter of the Second Book of Kings. The captives who are compelled to do homage before the mighty king are in all probability none other than the subjects of Hezekiah. But we have also Sennacherib's account of his campaign. It was in the fourth year of Sennacherib's reign (701 B. C.) that the encounter with Hezekiah took place. His third campaign begins with the capture of the Phenician cities on the Mediterranean coast. In rapid succession Sidon, Acre, Ecdippa are overthrown. The king continues his victorious march. "All the kings of the extensive Westland," he says, "brought their precious gifts before me, and kissed my feet." Zedekiah, the king of Askelon, together with his whole family, is carried captive to Assyria, and a former king, whom the inhabitants of the city had deposed, is reinstated on the throne. Sennacherib continues:

In the course of my campaign I captured and plundered Beth-Dagon, Yafa, B'nai-Barak, Azur, [Hazor ?] cities belonging to Zedekiah, and which refused to submit at once. Thereupon the officials, elders, and inhabitants of Ekron were seized with great terror, for they had placed Padî their king in fetters in defiance of the command and order of Assyria. They handed him over to Hezekiah of Judea to be shut up in a dungeon. Then they appealed for help to the kings of Egypt, who came with the archers, chariots, and horses of the king of Ethiopia, a countless host. In the sight of the city of Elthekeh they drew themselves up in battle array against me, entrusting their fate to their weapons. I fought with them under the protection of Ashur, my lord, and defeated them. The charioteer-in-chief and the royal princes, together with the chief charioteer of the king of Ethiopia, were captured alive by my own hand during the engagement. I laid siege to Elthekeh and Timnath, took and plundered them. Then I advanced against Ekron. The treacherous officials and elders I killed, and fastened their corpses to stakes round about the city, and as for the inhabitants who had so grievously offended me, I led them into captivity. But to the rest, with whom no evidence of guilt was found, I gave their freedom. I brought Padî their king out of Jerusalem, restored him on the throne, after imposing a tribute upon him. As for Hezekiah, however, the king of Judea, who did not submit to my yoke, I laid siege to, and by dint of vigorous fighting with machines of war captured, forty-six of his strongly walled towns, besides smaller places without number. Two hundred thousand, one hundred and fifty [200,150] of the inhabitants, large and small, male and female, besides horses, mules, asses, camels, cattle, flocks without number, I carried off as the booty of war. Hezekiah himself I shut up in Jerusalem, his royal city, like a caged bird. I raised bulwarks against the city, and prevented any one from passing through the gates of the city. I cut off the captured cities from his dominions, and divided them among Mitinti, the king of Ashdod, Padî, the king of Ekron, and Zillibel, the king of Gaza. In this way I diminished his kingdom. I imposed a still higher tribute than the former one upon him as an homage to my sovereignty. Not only was Hezekiah overthrown by the dread of my illustrious sovereignty, but the Arabs also, and other allies of his, who had gathered for the defense of Jerusalem, became panic-stricken. Thirty talents of gold, eight hundred talents of silver, precious stones (of various kinds), ivory couches, ivory furniture, elephant's skins, ivory and (various kinds of) costly woods, a heavy treasure, besides his daughters and concubines, the musicians and dancers, he sent to my court at Nineveh to offer the tribute, accompanied by an ambassador to do homage unto me.

It appears from this interesting narrative that the attack of Sennacherib upon Hezekiah was only an incident in an extensive campaign undertaken for the purpose of quelling a general uprising that had taken place among the numerous principalities of the Palestinian coast. Hezekiah's share in the movement was particularly offensive in the eyes of Sennacherib, for the Jewish king had imprisoned in Jerusalem the only chieftain — Padî, the king of Ekron — who had remained faithful to Assyria. But it furthermore appears from a chapter in the Second Book of Kings, which although placed after the narrative of Sennacherib's campaign properly belongs before it, that Hezekiah had entered into cordial relations with Marduk- (or Merodach-) baladan, an inveterate enemy both of Sennacherib and of his father Sargon, who gave them constant trouble. However this may be, the combination of the biblical and cuneiform documents enables us to gain a very clear view of the political situation. The agreement between the two narratives is as close as two versions told from different points of view can be expected to be. There is unquestionably a great exaggeration in the number of the captives Sennacherib claims to have made. Two thousand would probably be nearer the sum than two hundred thousand, but a most essential point to be noticed in the comparison is the diverging close of the two narratives. Sennacherib, even in his own account, does not say that he captured Jerusalem. There can be no doubt that it was his intention to put an end to the Judean kingdom. In the second Book of Chronicles we learn of the extensive preparations the Judeans made to withstand the assault of Sennacherib. Had Sennacherib taken the city, he would certainly not have omitted to mention the fact. According to the Bible, it is a severe pestilence breaking out in his camp that compels Sennacherib and his army to retreat in wild confusion. Herodotus says that a plague of mice destroyed the mighty host. Some scholars are of the opinion that the sudden approach of the Egyptians

Digitized by Google

is the "blast and rumor" to which Isaiah refers as driving Sennacherib away from the walls of Jerusalem. Others, again, conjecture that an insurrection at home forced him to abandon the siege, and to return to Assyria with all possible speed. This latter supposition is supported by the fact that the next expedition of Sennacherib is directed against Babylonia. But whatever the cause of abandoning the siege may have been, it is certain that he did not carry out his plan. That Sennacherib does not tell us of the failure need not surprise us, for the Assyrian kings, with genuine official partiality, speak in their annals only of their victories, and never of the discomfitures they incurred.

The Second Book of Kings, in closing the narrative, says:

So Sennacherib returned to Nineveh. And it happened as he was worshiping in the temple of Nisroch, his sons Adrammelek and Sharezer killed him, and they fled to the land of Ararat. Then Esarhaddon his son reigned in his stead.

We now know that the murder of Sennacherib, which is here made to appear as though following directly upon the events narrated, did not occur until twenty years after the attack on Jerusalem. In an Assyrian-Babylonian chronicle which was discovered a few years ago among the tablets of the British Museum, we read the following confirmation of the murder:

In the month of Tebet [January], on the twentieth day, Sennacherib, the king of Assyria, was killed in an insurrection by his son.[1]

1 Polyhistor and Abydenus also speak only of one son.

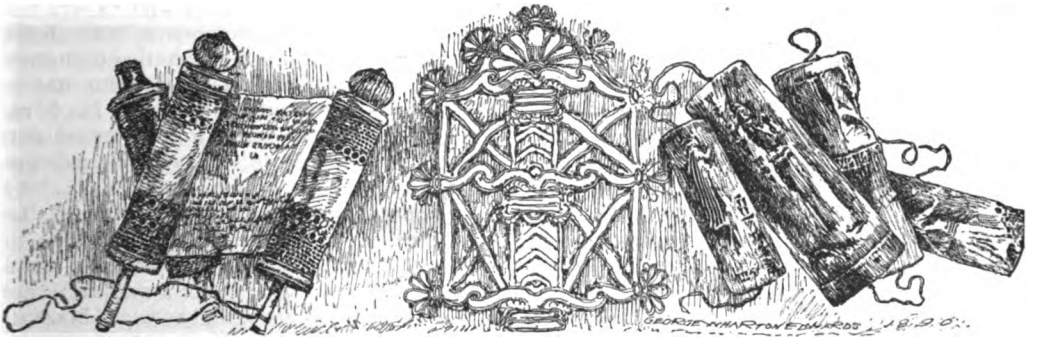
After an interregnum of six months:

In the month of Siman [May-June], on the eighth day, Esarhaddon, his son, ascended the throne of Assyria [680 B. C.].

As a further curious detail it may be noted that, incidentally, Ashurbanabal in one of his inscriptions speaks of the great bull-statue in the temple at Nineveh, where "my grandfather Sennacherib was murdered."

Both Esarhaddon (680-68 B. C.) and his son Ashurbanabal (668-26 B. C.) mention in their annals Manasseh, the successor of Hezekiah, as among the kings who pay tribute to them, but further than this we learn nothing in the cuneiform records from this time on concerning the Judean kingdom. After the death of Ashurbanabal, the Assyrian power begins to decline with great rapidity. Babylonia succeeds once more in obtaining the supremacy. Nineveh is destroyed, and under Nebuchadnezzar II. (604-562 B. C.) Babylon reaches the highest point in her development. Of Nebuchadnezzar a large number of inscriptions have been found, but they tell almost exclusively of the temples he erected, repaired, and enlarged, and of other building operations which he directed at Babylon and elsewhere. His annals giving accounts of his military expeditions still await the spade of the explorer. When these annals shall be found,—and there is every reason for hoping that they will be,—we shall no doubt read of his expedition against Judea, of the attack upon Jerusalem, of the destruction of the city, of the capture of King Jehoiachin, and of the carrying away of Judeans to "the waters of Babylon."

Morris Jastrow, Jr.



JEWISH SCROLLS. SACRED TREE. BABYLONIAN CYLINDERS.

Digitized by Google

SIR JAMES SIMPSON'S INTRODUCTION OF CHLOROFORM.

BY HIS DAUGHTER.

I have drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep.
COLERIDGE.



DOOR OF DR. SIMPSON'S HOUSE, 52 QUEEN STREET, WHERE THE EXPERIMENTS WERE TRIED.

"THE old order changeth, yielding place to new," and science nowadays presses so rapidly onward that chloroform, after deadening pain for nearly half a century, may soon be superseded by some newer discovery. Before that time comes, before those who can remember when there was no blessed anodyne to annul suffering, and before those who assisted at the introduction of chloroform, are gone from us, it may be of interest to look back and recall the circumstances of its first employment, in 1847, by my father, Professor James Y. Simpson. Of the few who were then assisting him in his experiments to discover the drug most potent for anesthetic purposes, there survive only two, and from them I have gleaned the recollections of that event here recorded.

That an anesthetic drug of some kind had long been used, old records bear witness. Indian hemp had narcotic power, and it is supposed that from it was brewed the "wine of the condemned" referred to by Amos, 700 B. C. In an old Chinese manuscript one Hoathoa, A. D. 300, mentions the use of a decoction of hemp which he gave to one patient who was to undergo an operation; at the end of some seconds the patient became as insensible as if he were drunk, or deprived of life, and after a certain number of days he found himself reëstablished without having experienced the slightest pain during the operation. Homer tells how Helen "straightway cast into the wine a drug that frees men from grief and from anger, and causes oblivion of all ills. Such cunning and excellent drugs the daughter of Jove possessed, which Polydamna, the wife of Thon, gave her, an Egyptian." Pliny, speaking of mandragora, says, "It has the power of causing sleep in those who take it. It is taken against serpents, and before cuttings and puncturings, lest they should be felt." One De Lucca, living at the end of the thirteenth century, tells how he compounded a sleeping-draught, and describes how the sponge is to be saturated with it, and adds, "As oft as there shall be need of it, place this sponge in hot water for an hour, and let it be applied to the nostrils of him who is to be operated on until he has fallen asleep, and so let the surgery be performed." The greatest step toward the introduction of an anesthetic, however, was made by Sir Humphrey Davy, who many times in the last year of the last century experimented upon himself with nitrous oxid gas, and further found that headache and other pains disappeared under its influence. Faraday in Great Britain, and Godman in America, showed as the result of their observation and experience that the effects on the nervous system of the inhalation of the vapor of sulphuric ether were quite similar to those produced by the inhalation of the vapor of nitrous oxid gas. Dr. Morton of Boston got the idea into his mind that sulphuric ether might prove successful, and verified the speculation September 30, 1846, by a dental operation on Eben Frost, and fixed that date as an era in science.

When James Young Simpson was only a student in his teens, the agony of a woman under the knife, though in the skilful hands of Mr. Liston, horrified him in such measure that from beholding her torture (which was torture also to his sympathetic nature) he went to seek work in the courts of law rather than to suffer more in the school of medicine. He, however, never became a writer's clerk. The student lad turned

Digitized by Google

his flying footsteps from the Parliament House back to the study of the healing art, and from that hour he resolved, when he became enrolled in the ranks of medicine, to devote himself to mitigate in some manner the dreadful agonies which were endured within the grim walls of the Royal Infirmary. After years of toil, when work, which he said was "the whole secret alchemy of professional success," had brought him not only fame but a title, he was called upon to choose a badge and motto. The healing rod of Æsculapius became the crest of the baronetcy he founded, and his motto was "Victo Dolore" (Pain Conquered). The symbols thus adopted toward the end of a life of hard work had been his for over forty years. The serpent-twined rod of Æsculapius had been in his hands a magician's wand to cure the sick, and his chief thought had been to find a weapon wherewith to fight and to conquer pain.

Early in my father's career his attention had been attracted to mesmerism. The question he asked himself was, Might not the fulfilment of his anesthetic dreams lie in that direction? Knowledge of the powers of hypnotism has gained such ground of late that it now seems as though in the future it might be the means used to wrap the suffering in the mantle of "death's twin-brother — sleep"; but in 1837 the knowledge of it was in its infancy among medical men. As usual, however, the young Edinburgh doctor was on the alert to try any new thing.

"I was a great sceptic four weeks ago," he writes about mesmerism in 1837, "and laughed at it all, but I have seen enough to stagger me. Yesterday, for instance, I magnetized a young woman by waving my hand only in a looking-glass, behind her back, in which her shadow was reflected, and she was so sound you could not wake her by pinching, tugging, etc., as severely as you pleased. It would have taken place, I believe, just as well if the looking-glass had not been there; but I tried the experiment with it to please some one present. I have all the principal medical men here seeing it done at my hospital." He did not pursue mesmerism further in the way of an anesthetic at the time, but he often exerted his powers with it. One day at luncheon he commanded a lady whom he had mesmerized to remain silent till he gave her back the power of speech. Along with his other guests he was laughing at her compulsory dumbness when he was called from the room, found he was urgently wanted at a distance, caught a train, and was absent a few days. Meanwhile he quite forgot his dumb victim, but on his return home, weary with his journey, he was forcibly reminded of her by many written messages to come at once. Conscience-smitten at having neglected her, he hurried off immediately. On returning home, when he was asked if he had given her back the power of speech, he replied: "Yes. I almost wish I had n't, for her tongue, being silent for so long, and her anger bottled up on the tip of it, I got it all."

Being a reader of divers subjects, and having a retentive memory, which stored all information in his weighty brain, he noted whenever he read (and he snatched every spare moment to read) in ancient history or bygone poets of any "show of death." These lines in a poem of Middleton's (1617) interested and puzzled him:

> I 'll imitate the pities of old surgeons
> To this lost limb — who, ere they show their art,
> Cast one asleep, then cut the diseased part.

Working to pay off a "frightful load of debt," which he calls the £500 he owed his well-loved elder brother Sandy for his education, and for his start in life in the little house in Dean Terrace, he had not the time he craved to devote to experiments and discovery. He had given hostages to fortune, too, which kept him all the more zealously busy and anxious first to earn daily bread, then name and fame. "I look upon it as a good augury," he used to say laughingly, in these days, "that Stockbridge, Success, and Simpson all begin with S."

In 1846, when word came from America that sulphuric ether had been found an efficient anesthetic, his heart bounded within him. From his earliest days, when once he had work in hand, he was keen to go on till it was finished, and finished to the best of his ability. Whatever his hand found to do, he did not only with his whole might but with a persistent adroitness which overcame all barriers. He also had an ingenious knack of supplying the necessary tools for any work he had on hand, a readiness of resource which stood him in good stead throughout life. Once when he wanted to stop a rattling window, taking what came readiest to hand out of his pocket, which happened to be a £10 note, he found it an effectual pad. A friend recalled to me lately another example of his quickness of resource. A patient of his was under chloroform, when, owing to a kettle having been upset, the supply ran short. To save life it was necessary to have more immediately. Those around were in despair, till my father quickly cut out the saturated square of carpet, and by its help kept his patient under the anesthetic.

This faculty of ready resource rendered him apt to try anything new. Still brooding over the discovery of a panacea for suffering, my father grasped the greatness of the step when Sir Humphrey Davy's nitrous oxid gas came back to us strengthened by American growth. This

Digitized by Google

sulphuric ether was first used in surgery October 16, 1846, in the Massachusetts General Hospital, under Dr. Morton's supervision. Dr. Simpson was eager for details, eager to try it. "I can think of naught else," he wrote to his brother Sandy, referring to the first use by any one of anesthesia in midwifery. In a letter to his brother dated January, 1847, he tells of being appointed one of her Majesty's physicians for Scotland, saying: "The Duchess of Sutherland sent me an extract from a letter of her Majesty to her Grace, saying, that she (the Queen) would nominate me, 'which' (to quote the Queen's note) 'his high character and abilities make him very fit for.' Flattery from the Queen is perhaps not common flattery, but I am far less interested in it than in having delivered a woman this week without any pain while inhaling sulphuric ether." He wrote to the "Monthly Journal of Medical Science" of this bold and successful venture in first using ether in his practice. Writing to a medical friend in India, he says: "I have sent you a short paper on ether. *All* here use it in surgical operations, and no doubt in a few years its employment will be general over the civilized world. We do not yet know who was the original suggester—Mr. Hickman, Mr. Wells, Dr. Jackson, or Dr. Morton. But it is a 'great thought,' if ever there was one. With many other medical men, I have taken it myself to try its effects. It is the only just way of judging of it."

To bring the American invention into more general notice and practice was a task at which Professor Simpson joyfully worked, and while the year 1847 was still young he was using it successfully in his own obstetrical practice. From his student days he was well accustomed to work into the early hours of the morning. His letters to my mother during their brief engagement are all dated midnight, and 1, 2, and sometimes 3 A.M. Throughout his life, except when confined to his bed by illness, these late or early hours were the ones in which he wrought with his pen. During the summer of 1847, with his mind filled with his impending discovery, he and his assistants "toiled upward in the night."

One who was often with my father at the time told me that all through the summer he kept repeating the lines:

> Not poppy, nor mandragora,
> Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
> Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep.

"Romeo and Juliet" was frequently studied, with much speculation as to what it was with which the priest had lulled Juliet into so close a semblance of death. He thought much, also, on the lines in "Cymbeline":

> But there is
> No danger in what show of death it makes,
> More than the locking up the spirits a time
> To be more fresh, reviving.

Had Shakspere, he wondered, in that stupendous brain of his, any idea of a narcotic which could do this deed?

It was a time of great interest in the little house in Dean Terrace. Round the table in the well-known dining-room, where my father loved to welcome at luncheon all sorts and conditions of men of hostile nations and creeds, and where, by the sympathetic sunshine of his presence, he often melted antagonistic natures into genial friendliness, it was his custom every evening to have an anesthetic séance. In company with Dr. George Keith and Dr. Mathews Duncan, he there tried various compounds of a narcotic nature with a boldness not to be daunted by the thought that the experimenters might cross the boundary of unconsciousness never to return. Professor Miller says:

> Other ethers, essential oils, and various gases, chlorid of hydro-carbon, acetone nitrate, oxyd of ethyl, benzin, the vapor of iodoform, etc., were tried. Each "operator," having been provided with a tumbler, finger-glass, saucer, or some such vessel, about a teaspoonful of the respirable substance was put in the bottom of it, and this again was placed in hot water, if the substance happened not to be very volatile. Holding the mouth and nostrils over the vessel's orifice, inhalation was proceeded with, slowly and deliberately, all inhaling at the same time, and each noting the effects as they advanced.

One of the servants named Clarke was much interested in these experiments. One fluid, prepared with chloric ether in aërated water, looked like champagne. Clarke captured some of this, and offered the glass to the cook, who, drinking it hastily, fell down unconscious before the merriment Clarke was trying to stifle had time to grow into a laugh. He burst into the dining-room affrightedly, saying, "For God's sake, sir, come down! I 've pushioned the cook." The startled experimenters hurried to the kitchen, and quickly restored the cook to consciousness. Thereafter Clarke was chary and contemptuous of any other concoction, and used to repeat stubbornly the sentiment, "Chlory's the thing." These meetings after supper went on till November 4, 1847, when chloroform was tested and found sufficient.

The four contemporary accounts of the first trial of chloroform which I have been able to collect are from the two remaining survivors of those who were present, together with my father's in a letter and Professor Miller's from "hearsay" at the time. They vary in small details, but, as Dr. Keith says, in speaking of

Digitized by Google

Professor Miller's account, "Tales change in the telling." During the autumn Professor Miller would come in every morning about breakfast-time, for, he used jokingly to say, he could not rest till he was sure none of the experimenters was dead. He says:

On returning home after a weary day's labor, Dr. Simpson, with his two friends and assistants, Drs. Keith and Mathews Duncan, sat down to their somewhat hazardous work in Dr. Simpson's dining-room. Having inhaled several substances, but without much effect, it occurred to Dr. Simpson to try a ponderous material which he had formerly set aside on a lumber table, and which, on account of its great weight, he had hitherto regarded as of no use whatever. It happened to be a small bottle of chloroform. It was searched for, and recovered from beneath a heap of waste paper, and, with each tumbler newly charged, the inhalers resumed their vocation. Immediately an unwonted hilarity seized the party; they became bright-eyed, very happy, and very loquacious, expatiating on the delicious aroma of the new fluid. The conversation was of unusual intelligence, and quite charmed the listeners — some ladies of the family and a naval officer, a brother-in-law of Dr. Simpson. But suddenly there was a talk of sounds being heard like those of a cotton-mill, louder and louder; a moment more, then all was quiet, and then a crash. On awaking, Dr. Simpson's first perception was mental. "This is far stronger and better than ether," said he to himself. His second was to note that he was prostrate on the floor, and that among the friends about him there was both confusion and alarm. Hearing a noise, he turned about, and saw Dr. Duncan beneath a chair; his jaw had dropped, his eyes were staring, his head was bent half under him; he was quite unconscious, and was snoring in a most determined and alarming manner. More noise still, and much motion. And then his eyes overtook Dr. Keith's feet and legs making valorous efforts to overturn the supper table, or more probably to annihilate everything that was on it. I say "more probably," for frequent repetitions of inhalation have confirmed, in the case of my esteemed friend, a character for maniacal and unrestrained destructiveness always under chloroform in the transition stage.

On December 3, 1847, my father, in a letter, writes:

On the first occasion on which I detected the anesthetic effects of chloroform, the scene was an odd one. I had had the chloroform beside me for several days, but it seemed so unlikely a liquid to produce results of any kind, that it was laid aside, and on searching for another object among some loose paper, after coming home very late one night, my hand chanced to fall upon it, and I poured some of the fluid into tumblers before my assistants, Dr. Keith and Dr. Duncan, and myself. Before sitting down to supper we all inhaled the fluid, and were all "under the mahogany" in a trice, to my wife's consternation and alarm.

In another letter he says:

I had the chloroform for several days in the house before trying it, as, after seeing it such a heavy unvolatile-like liquid, I despaired of it, and went on dreaming about others. The first night we took it simultaneously, and were all "under the table" in a minute or two.

My aunt, Miss Grindlay, and Dr. George Keith are the only two survivors of the little company on that November night. Miss Grindlay persists in the statement that my father tried the drug first alone. Her memory is now, at upward of four-score years, somewhat dimmer and less trustworthy than of yore, but for the last twenty years she has told the same tale. She says my father came into the room with his short, brisk step, and took out of his waistcoat pocket a little phial, and, holding it up, said, "See this; it will turn the world upside down." Helping himself to a tumbler off the sideboard, he poured in a few drops, inhaled it, and fell unconscious on the floor, to my mother's horror. Another sister of hers, Mrs. Petrie, and her husband, Captain Petrie, were present. This does not coincide with the previous statements, but it may be that my father, having got the impatiently looked-for chloroform (for after having expected it from Liverpool, he had obtained it at Duncan & Flockhart's), and being disappointed in its appearance, and being busy trying other things, had put it aside, till, thinking over it, he unearthed it, sniffed at it, and made the trial my aunt speaks of. Finding it efficacious, he may have pushed it among his papers again, with a glint of fun in his eyes and a cautioning "don't tell," pleased at the idea of the effect it would have on his comrades, Duncan and Keith. It is possible that Miss Grindlay may have confused this scene with another, though to have done so is unlike her usual accuracy and precision of recollection. My cousin, Miss Petrie, mentions in some notes made at the time, "On one occasion he [Professor Simpson] took something that rendered him quite insensible for upward of two hours. My aunt [Mrs. Simpson] got a terrible fright. *He tried everything on himself first.*"

Dr. George Keith, in a letter to me on the subject written in 1891, says:

Dr. Miller, in the appendix to his work on surgery, published soon after, gives a full account of the scene. It is pretty correct, only he says that we all took the chloroform at once. This, with a new substance to try, would have been foolish, and the fact is I began to inhale it a few minutes before the others. On seeing the effects on me, and hearing my approval before I went quite over, they both took a dose, and I believe we were all more or less under the table together, much to the alarm of your mother.

Digitized by Google

Your mother was present at the first trial of chloroform, besides your father, Dr. Mathews Duncan, and myself. Several other gases were tried by one or more of us, your father being anxious to find something better than ether, which had been used for about a year before, and which came from America — that is, the use of it as an anesthetic. It was not then made pure, as it now is, and the smell was a great drawback. The nearest to chloroform which was tried before this was chloric ether, a new remedy for sickness which had lately come from America. It was not strong enough, but one day your father was talking to an old friend from Bathgate, who was head of a pharmaceutical establishment, Wishart, in Liverpool. He mentioned that he made chloric ether, not in the usual way, but by first making pure chloroform (a curious liquid long ago discovered by Dumas, but not turned to any use), which he diluted with alcohol to make chloric ether. He promised when he went home from his holiday to send some of it down, as likely stronger than the ether. It was so long in coming that your father got a little from Mr. Hunter of Duncan & Flockhart, and it was this, not more than half an ounce, I think, which we first tried.

What makes it very probable that my aunt is correct in saying that my father had a private test of chloroform before a select audience before the trio took it is the statement of Dr. Keith that he (Dr. Keith) took it a few minutes *before* the others, because my cousin, in her reminiscence of that time, underlines the statement, "He [my father] tried everything on himself first"; and Dr. Lyon Playfair, in 1883, speaking on vivisection in the House of Commons, corroborates this statement. He says:

Sir James Simpson, who introduced chloroform, that great alleviator of animal suffering, was then alive, and in constant quest of new anesthetics. He came to my laboratory one day to see if I had any new substances likely to suit his purpose. I showed to him a liquid which had just been discovered by one of my assistants, and Sir James Simpson, who was bold to rashness in experimenting on himself, desired immediately to inhale it in my private room. I refused to give him any liquid unless it was first tried upon rabbits. Two rabbits accordingly were made to inhale it, and quickly passed into anesthesia, and soon recovered from it, though by an after action of the poison they both died in a few hours. Now, was this not a justifiable experiment on animals? and was not it worth the sacrifice of two rabbits to save the life of the most distinguished physician of his time, who by the introduction of chloroform has done so much to mitigate animal suffering?

Being "bold to rashness," as Dr. Playfair testifies, my father was not likely to have let any one get ahead of him, even by a few minutes; but if he had first tried the anesthetic privately on himself, he would have been the more ready to observe the "overture to the swooning dream of chloroform" enacted by his friend Dr. Keith. Professor Miller thus depicts the awakening of the trio from their early experiment:

By-and-by, Dr. Simpson having regained his seat, and Dr. Duncan having come to an arrangement with the table and its contents, the sederunt was resumed. Each expressed himself delighted with this new agent; and its inhalation was repeated many times that night, — one of the ladies gallantly taking her place and turn at the table, — until the supply of chloroform was fairly exhausted. In none of the subsequent inhalations, however, was the experiment pushed to unconsciousness. The first event had quite satisfied them of the agent's power. Afterward they held their wits entire, and noted the minor effects on themselves and each other. The festivities did not terminate till a late hour — 3 A. M.

The small stock of chloroform was quickly used. Professor Miller says:

Mr. Hunter of Duncan, Flockhart & Co. was pressed into the service of restoring the supply, and from that day and hour there was for many months no respite for that gentleman. Working with an ordinary retort, he could not make chloroform fast enough for the consumption of Dr. Simpson and his friends in their professional practice; and relief only came with the better mode and larger scale of production.

Miss Grindlay remembers the trio under the table that November night — how my father and Dr. Mathews Duncan lay sleeping heavily, and how Dr. Keith, who had not taken so kindly to the drug, raised his head in a ghastly semiconscious state above the table, and with the uncanniness of his expression and his staring eyes further startled the already frightened audience. Later, when they took it in a smaller quantity, he used to be an obstreperous subject, insisting that the sideboard was a partner to whom he was engaged to dance, and trying to drag this stolid wallflower into the middle of the floor with a successful display of force which astonished the onlookers. Miss Agnes Petrie, my mother's niece, was the first woman who took chloroform, and under its influence was found to imagine herself an angel. My father, wishing to display the power of the new drug, often pressed her into the service, especially to assure patients of the gentler sex that the drug produced not only a harmless, but a beatific state of unconsciousness. My aunt had been so affrighted at the first trial which she witnessed of chloroform that she absolutely refused to inhale it, and to this day has never been under its influence.

This chloroform, which was tried and welcomed as an anesthetic at Queen street in 1847, was discovered at nearly the same time by Guthrie in America (1831), by Soubeiran

Digitized by Google



SIR JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON.
DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE. (BASED ON A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. MOFFAT, EDINBURGH, TAKEN ABOUT 1868.)

in France (1831), and by Liebig in Germany (1832). It has been used internally. Guillot employed it in asthma. Says my father in a pamphlet published in 1847:

> My friend Dr. Formby of Manchester told me about two years ago that he often used it in a diluted form as a diffusible stimulant, and I have frequently prescribed it instead of valerian camphor. But I am not aware that any person used chloroform by inhalation, or discovered its remarkable anesthetic properties, till the date of my own experiments.

After that memorable 4th of November, trials of various other ingredients proceeded nightly at 52 Queen street. The results were not altogether satisfactory to those who partook of them. A compound of carbon which my father tried resulted in an irritation of the throat and windpipe, and Dr. Keith remembers that he had to be kept for hours under chloroform before he got relief. Another time, as my cousin Miss Petrie mentions, he was, to my mother's alarm, insensible for two hours after taking some strange compound. After this, the butler Clarke stuck to his assertion, "Chlory 's the best," more firmly than ever.

One night trial was made of a mixture of chloroform and champagne. After waiting and finding that it had no effect on himself or

Digitized by Google

others, my father went to bed. Dr. Duncan, who had taken a larger quantity than the rest, also went off to his room. My mother and Miss Petrie were sitting up, reading, when they were suddenly startled by a loud cry from above. Rushing to the staircase, they beheld Dr. Duncan, half-dressed, clinging to the railing, talking volubly, and giving utterance to the most unearthly cries. He addressed himself: "I say, Duncan, howl! Now, Duncan, make a noise!" and he obeyed these requests with a vengeance. My mother hurried up to rouse my father, who had slept through the disturbance the sleep of the weary. They had considerable difficulty in getting Dr. Duncan back to his room, and he was ill for some days after.

The first public trial of chloroform in surgical operations was on November 15, in Edinburgh, on three cases treated by Drs. Miller and Duncan, and curiously enough, as my father records, "Professor Dumas, the chemist who first ascertained and established the chemical composition of chloroform, was present, and in no small degree rejoiced to witness the wonderful physiological effects of a substance with whose chemical history his own name was intimately connected."

Before this public test of it, chloroform, on the eve of its début as an anesthetic, had a very narrow escape from being regarded as a fatal failure. On November 13 it was to be tried in the Royal Infirmary, but my father, who was to administer it, was not able to be present. He was much annoyed that press of work had detained him, but the divinity that shapes our ends was at work that day in keeping him from his appointment. The operation went on without an anesthetic, and the subject died suddenly after the first incision of the surgeon's knife. The public test spoken of, which took place two days later, met with success, and from that time, we may say, a reformation began in the operating-hospitals through the use of what Dr. John Brown in "Rab" calls "one of God's greatest biessings to his suffering children."

In these early days of the new boon to the suffering, life went merrily as well as busily in the house of its birth. Assured of its merits, rejoiced at the pain it would ease, its discoverer was full of sanguine hopes for its success. Ere many weeks had passed, however, he found he would have to do battle for his gift to mankind, if it was to live and prosper in this world of opposition and prejudice. Convinced that the beginning had been made in drawing the sting from pain, that those who heretofore had had hours of agony before them could pass through these bitter times in painless oblivion, he employed his pen to spread its uses and merits. Brimming over with enthusiasm, his great mind ever open and on the alert for anything which led onward, his blood boiled with impatience when others, blinded by petty jealousy, did not see ahead as he did with an almost prophetic sight. One who knew him truly says that though he disliked controversy, he was ever ready to fight "till he had secured what he believed to be the triumph of truth. More than once he showed his readiness to do battle for a bitter enemy who, for the time, was upholding the honor of his profession, or the interests or dignity of science." The "straight line of duty" for him lay not in "sequestered nooks, and all the sweet serenity of books"; but his path being among the perplexing throng of the busy world, he was always ready to cut his way through it with his weapons, the lancet and the pen.

Speaking in 1890, and looking back on the history of surgery, Mr. Lawson Tait says:

> We are apt to ignore the fact that all our brilliant advancements of to-day could never have been arrived at but for chloroform. We could never have developed the splendid work of modern surgery but for the genius and indomitable fighting qualities of James Young Simpson, who threshed out the victory of anesthesia, and gave us the anesthetic which for more than half a century has held its own against all comers. This, the greatest of all medical triumphs, at once broke down the barriers which had hindered the development of our art, and a vast change in surgical practice became apparent.

The battle for anesthesia was a hard and a lasting fight. Prejudice set her narrow face against chloroform, as she had done at the end of last century against vaccination, which made Jenner the means of saving more lives than Napoleon's sword destroyed. It is difficult to realize that people had to be persuaded into avoiding pain, but there were many who even objected to its alleviation, and held with M. Magendie, the distinguished physiologist, in the French Academy of Sciences, that "pain has always its usefulness, and it was a trivial matter to suffer, and a discovery to prevent pain was of slight interest only."

The war was directed not so much against its use in surgery as in midwifery. In the latter it was said to be unscriptural, and contrary to divine commands. This quotation from a clergyman's letter is a fair sample of many others, and shows the spirit of the time. It was, he said, "a decoy of Satan, apparently offering itself to bless woman, but in the end it will harden society, and rob God of the deepest cries which arise in time of trouble for help." The religious objection was based on Gen. iii. 16, "Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children," etc. In the postscript of a letter to a friend in Liv-

Digitized by Google

erpool, written November 14, 1847, my father expressed in a condensed form his views and arguments on this point:

By the by, Imlach tells me Dr. P—— is to enlighten your medical society about the "morality" of the practice. I have a great itching to run up and pound him. When is the meeting? The true moral question is, "Is a practitioner justified by *any* principles of humanity in not using it?" I believe every operation without it is just a piece of the most deliberate and cold-blooded cruelty.

He will be at the primary curse, no doubt. But the word translated "sorrow" is truly "labour," "toil," and in the very next verse the very same word means this. Adam was to eat of the ground with "sorrow." That does not mean physical pain, and it was cursed to bear thorns and thistles, which we pull up without dreaming that it is a sin. God promises repeatedly to take off the two curses on women, and on the ground, if the Israelites kept their covenant. See Deut. vii. 13, etc. . . . Besides, Christ in dying "surely hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows," and removed "the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." His mission was to introduce mercy, not sacrifice.

Looking back after fifty years, the world today wonders that every one did not agree with Dr. Chalmers, who, when asked to write a defense of anesthesia from a religious point of view, replied that he did not see any theological part pertaining to it.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

LADY SIMPSON, A SPECTATOR OF THE FIRST TRIAL OF CHLOROFORM. (FROM THE PORTRAIT BY ARCHER, 1846.)

The next point attacked was the fatality of chloroform, and in 1852 its introducer again had to take up his pen to defend its character. At the end of a paper answering this charge, he says,

The number, for example, of lives lost yearly by the poisonous effects of opium, etc., is much

Digitized by Google

greater than that lost by chloroform. At our different drug-manufactories in Edinburgh we have upward of two million doses of chloroform manufactured annually, yet how rarely does a fatal result follow its use! Is there any other common or potent drug which could be given in full doses in two million of instances per annum with greater impunity?

To guard against a fatal case, he always advised and administered the purest and best chloroform, prescribing quiet for the patient, and insisting that the dose should be given without timidity and in sufficient quantity to render the patient quickly insensible. Amid the crowd of work which hemmed him in, with characteristic energy and perseverance he collected statistics of fatal surgery and midwifery cases before and after the use of chloroform; he was sure that the wearing fear which beset a patient previous to undergoing pain, in addition to the enduring of it, undermined the nerves and constitution and increased the death-rate.

Sir James Clarke, her Majesty's physician, wrote to him in 1853, thanking him for a book. "You certainly are the most industrious man in the profession. It is really surprising that with your extensive and harassing practice you can find time to bring forth a volume every year." He goes on to say that the Queen had used chloroform in her late confinement, and adds truly, "I know this information will please you, and I have little doubt it will lead to a more general use of chloroform in midwifery practice in this quarter than has hitherto prevailed."

It was very near the end of Professor Simpson's life, at the age of fifty-nine, when the early spring of the year of 1870 found him confined to his room, that an attempt from America was made to deprive him of his hard-won honors in regard to chloroform. To his sickbed, piled with books, and still the center of his professional activity, came the criticism of Dr. Bigelow, directed against my father's omission to mention the American discovery in a general reference to the subject, in the course of his response to the speech of Lord Provost Chambers on presenting to him the freedom of the city in which he had lived and worked.

Concerning this controversy Professor Simpson wrote:

I know from the utmost depths of my own conscience that I never said or wrote a single word to detract from the mightiness of the discovery of anesthesia by sulphuric ether. But surely the discovery of another anesthetic by me a year afterward, more powerful, practical, and useful than sulphuric ether, was in itself a fact of no small moment, and tended, I well know, immensely to spread the use of anesthesia on this side of the Atlantic.

My father answered Dr. Bigelow in two clear explicit letters (bound up among his posthumous papers), in which he said:

The history of anesthesia has always taken me a full hour in my University lectures; and in these lectures I have year after year paid heartily every due compliment to the most important part borne in the consummation of the practical applications of anesthetics by America, particularly by the cities of Hartford and Boston, and specially by the energy and genius of Dr. Morton.

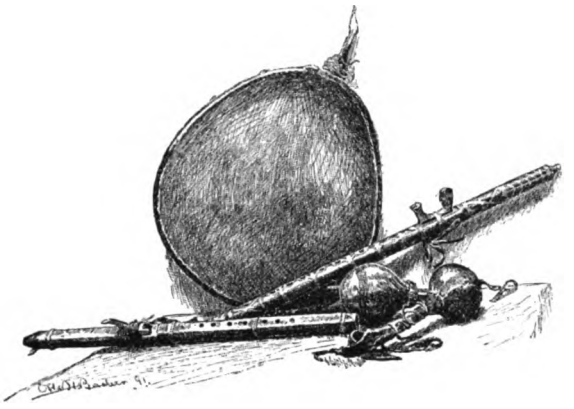
And again:

Inoculation was an idea brought from Asia and Turkey and acted on in England in the beginning of the last century. Ere, however, the century was closed, a new variety of matter was proposed to be inoculated by Dr. Jenner, and proved infinitely a greater success. That vaccination was thus a modification of smallpox inoculation has never been allowed to detract one iota, I believe, from the merit of the great pathological and practical revolution produced by Dr. Jenner. The two discoveries have never clashed and been entangled together; for they were in our country upward of half a century or more separate from each other in the date of their introduction and discovery. Neither, I think, would the relative merits of the two anesthetics, the American sulphuric ether and the English chloroform, have co-mixed in the manner in which they have been confused by you and others, had their discoveries been separated by upward of half a century also.

In Boston has been erected a monument inscribed: "To commemorate the discovery that the inhaling of ether causes insensibility to pain; first proved to the world at the Massachusetts General Hospital at Boston, October, A. D. 1846." At Westminster, on my father's bust, are the words: "To whose genius and benevolence the world owes the blessings derived from the use of chloroform for the relief of suffering." Below the date of his death (May 6, 1870) might fitly be engraved his motto, "Victo Dolore," for before his letter on anesthesia had reached America he had been accorded rest by him "who giveth his beloved sleep," and so had obtained an everlasting victory over pain.

Eve Blantyre Simpson.

Digitized by Google



INDIAN SONGS.

PERSONAL STUDIES OF INDIAN LIFE.

ONE sunny September morning a dozen years ago, as I looked from my tent over the Dakota prairie, I saw the Indian crier emerge from the lodge of the chief. He was an old man, with wrinkled face and hooked nose, a red scarf bound about his scanty locks, and his green blanket drawn together over his bent shoulders as he leaned heavily upon his long oak staff. I watched him as he passed from one vantage-point to another, whence he could overlook the various groups of tents clustered upon the swiftly flowing creek; and I heard his sonorous voice calling the people to assemble at night-fall in the great tent. As the old man's shout broke the silence, women looked from their lodges, a bit of embroidery in their hands, or a screaming child hastily caught up, while the men turned lazily on the grass, or paused in their talk, to look up at the herald and to catch his message. This message was an invitation from the son of the old chief Spotted Tail, whose guest I was at that time, and who was pleased to gratify my desire to see an Indian dance.

The great tent was nearly a mile distant, reached by a trail that wound around and over the sharply broken undulations of the prairie, crossing and re-crossing the noisy creek and its many branches, which, sometimes narrow enough to leap over, again ran swift and wide, bridged often by a smooth, round trunk of a small tree, upon which a moccasined foot could cling, but where a booted one could find little hold. As I set forth with my Indian guide, the sun was well down in the west, its slanting rays giving a deeper yellow to the wide stretch of tall grass unbroken even by the shadow of a solitary tree. My guide strode ahead, and I followed as best I could, my ear alert to catch the rattle of a disturbed snake, and my eyes intent upon the trail, lest I should fall headlong down the steep, muddy sides of the creek, or slide off the log bridge into the rushing stream below. Fortunately, I escaped all disasters, and forgot their possibility as the sound of a distant drum reached my ear. It betrayed the vicinity of the camp, which a grass-covered knoll still concealed from my sight, but at a sudden turn of the trail we were in the midst of a picturesque group of white cone-shaped tents, among which, and over-topping them all, rose the sharp outlines of the great reception-tent, about the entrance of which were gathered gala-dressed people resplendent in red, green, and yellow blankets. The tent cover was thrown back, exposing the tall trim poles, cut in the forests of the Black Hills, and within, at the right of the entrance, I saw men and women seated about the drum, which was supported a few inches above the ground upon four sticks, and, farther along, around the tent, were crouched many men closely muffled in their robes. Following my guide, I picked my way through the crowd, and became separated from my one companion, an Indian matron, my ever faithful friend, a Ponka who had come with me from her own tribe. No words of mine could persuade her to pass with me into the tent, so I was forced to follow the guide alone. As I entered I was startled by a sudden mighty beating of the drum, with such deafening yells and shouts that I feared my ears would burst; but following the dictates of Indian etiquette, I took no notice of this extraordinary welcome, and passed as calmly as I could to the back of the tent, where I sat down in the middle of an

Digitized by Google

unoccupied space, close to the edge of the covering.

As I looked about me, I felt a foreignness that grew into a sense of isolation. On each side were lines of silent, motionless figures, their robes so closely wrapped about them that, in the fading light, I could scarcely realize that they were living beings. There was not a touch of color within the tent, except upon the few women who sat near the drum. Their glossy black braids fell in heavy loops upon their red and green tunics, the russet hue of their faces was heightened by touches of vermilion upon the cheeks, their ear-ornaments of white shell hung nearly to their waists, and their arms were encircled with shining brass bangles. These glints of brightness only added to the weirdness of the place, and my eyes gladly looked beyond, where, framed by the opening of the tent against the pale primrose of the twilight sky, I saw the contrasting picture of gaily dressed and painted men and women, chatting or laughing, and showing their small white teeth.

The whole scene was utterly unlike anything I had ever beheld. I was oppressed with its strangeness, and before I could find any starting-point of sympathy with my surroundings there was a slight stir in the vicinity of the drum, and suddenly half a dozen arms rose and fell upon the drum with such force as to make it rebound upon its fastenings; a solitary voice, pitched high and shrill, uttered a few wavering notes, followed on the next drum-beat by the whole company of singers, each one apparently striving to out-sing all the rest. It was nothing but tumult and din to me; the sharply accented drum set my heart to beating painfully and jarred every nerve. I was distressed and perplexed, my head was ringing, and I was fast becoming mentally distraught, when, as if by magic, a dozen of the silent, mysterious figures sprang high in the air, their robes falling in a heap, as with bended arms and knees they leaped toward the center of the tent, each man in full undress, save for the breech-cloth, paint, and feathers. The sudden appearance, the wild movements of the advancing and retreating forms, the outlines of the violently shaken head-feathers, the out-stretched arms brandishing the war-clubs, and the thud of the bare feet upon the ground, called up before me every picture of savages I had ever seen; while every account of Indian atrocities I had ever heard crowded upon my memory, and gave a horrible interpretation to the scene before me. I would have escaped if I could, but between me and the opening were these terrible creatures, and even if it were possible to elude their grasp, it would be only to fall into the hands of hundreds more outside; those "treacherous," gaily dressed, and laughing people were "Indians," who even now might be transforming into similar fiends. The ground was cold and solid beneath me, and the tent was pegged tight to it, with no crack to crawl through. My suffering grew intense during the few moments before I was able to come to myself, and to remember that I was there present by my own deliberate purpose to study this very performance then going on around me.

I have since had many a laugh with my red friends over this my first and only fright, caused, as I now know, by the unconscious influence of the popular idea of "Injuns"; but it was long after this initiation before my ears were able to hear in Indian music little besides a screaming downward movement that was gashed and torn by the vehemently beaten drum. However, as the weeks wore on, and I observed the pleasure the Indians took in their own singing, I was convinced that there existed something which was eluding my ears. I therefore began to listen below this noise, much as one must listen in the phonograph, ignoring the sound of the machinery in order to catch the registered tones of the voice. I have since watched Indians laboring with a like difficulty when their songs were rendered to them upon the piano; their ears were accustomed to the *portamento* of the voice in the song, which was broken up by the hammers of the instrument on the strings, producing such confusion of sound that it was hard for them to recognize the tune.

After I had relegated the noise of the drum and the straining of the voice to their proper place, I encountered fresh difficulties — difficulties which were born of the prevalent idea concerning the music of "savages"; namely, that while such music might possess a certain degree of simple rhythm, it had little melody, the few tones used being iterative, and expressionless of thought or feeling. The songs I heard lay athwart this opinion, and could not be made to coincide with it, and for a considerable time I was more inclined to distrust my own ears than to question the generally accepted theory. Meanwhile the Indians sang on, and I faithfully noted their songs, studying their character and their relation to Indian life and ceremonial. During these investigations I was stricken with a severe illness, and lay for months, ministered to in part by my Omaha friends. While I was thus shut in from all the world, the Indians coming and going about me in their affectionate solicitude, they would often at my request sing for me. They sang softly because I was weak, and there was no drum, and then it was that the last vestige of the distraction of noise and the confusion of theory was dispelled, and the sweetness, the beauty, and the meaning of these songs were revealed to me. As I grew stronger

Digitized by Google

I was taught them, and sang them with my Indian friends; and when I was able to be carried about, my returning health was celebrated by the exemplification of the Wa-wan ceremony with its music.

The ceremony was to take place in a large earth lodge two or three miles distant. I was laid in the bottom of a wagon, and driven along the bluffs of the Missouri River, overtaking men and women and children on their ponies, all headed toward the lodge, where we arrived just as the sun dropped like a red ball below the horizon. A few old men were sitting on the dome-like roof, while boys and dogs chased one another up and down the grassy, flowery sides of the picturesque dwelling. At the door of the long projection forming the entrance to the lodge stood friends ready to welcome me. I was lifted carefully from the wagon-bed, borne by strong arms within, and placed on a sort of lounge made of skins arranged nearly opposite the entrance. The people gathered by scores, until between two and three hundred were seated around the central fire, which leaped up brightly, making the blackened roof of poles shine like polished ebony. Every one was glad, and greeted me with no uncertain word or glance. Soon I heard the cadences of the ceremonial Song of Approach. I knew the tune; I had been taught it in my sickness, and now I listened understandingly to the familiar strains as they came nearer and nearer, until the bearers of the Pipes of Fellowship were seen coming down the long entrance-way, waving the feather pendants of the calumets they bore. As they turned into the lodge, the whole company took up the song, and I too joined, able at last to hear and comprehend the music that had through all my difficulties fascinated even while it eluded me. The occasion of this exemplification was one I can never forget, not only because of the insight it gave me into the music of the people, and the meaning of the ceremony I witnessed, but because of its deeper revelation of the heart and inner life of the Indians. From that time forth I ceased to trouble about theories of scales, tones, rhythm, and melody, and trusted the facts which daily accumulated in my willing hands.

I have transcribed several hundreds of Omaha songs, and a considerable number of Ponka, Otoe, and Dakota melodies, these tribes being of the same linguistic stock. The Pawnees and the Nez Percés are of different stocks, and widely removed, yet, though they show differences that invite further study, there is nothing in their songs radically divergent from the music of the Omahas.

Indian songs, I have discovered, travel far, and those of one tribe are soon at home in another. There seems to have been an extended acquaintance between tribes, the Rocky Mountains proving no serious barrier. Customs and songs borrowed from the Crow Indians of Montana have been current for a century, at least, among the Nez Percés of Idaho. Dakota songs are also found there with an equally remote introduction. The Omahas have borrowed from the Dakotas and the Otoes, and the Dakotas and the Winnebagos have appropriated Omaha songs. One fact is noticeable — that a song is always credited to the tribe that originated it, never being claimed as a native product in the home of its adoption.

In every tribe there are hundreds of original songs which are its heritage. Many of them have been handed down through generations, and embody not only the feeling of the composer, but record some past event or experience; they are treasured by the people, and care is taken to transmit them accurately. People who possess written music have some mechanical device by which a tone may be uniformly produced, as by the vibrations of a cord of given length and tension, the tone becoming the standard by which all others can be regulated; and a succession of tones can be recorded and accurately repeated at long intervals of time, and by different persons. The Indians have no mechanism for determining a pitch; there is no uniform key for a song; it can be started on any note suitable to the singer's voice. This absence of a standard pitch, and the Indians' management of the voice, which is similar in singing and in speaking, make Indian music seem to be out of tune to our ears, conventionally trained as they are to distinguish between the singing and the speaking tone of voice. Although the Indians have no fixed pitch, yet, given a starting note, graduated intervals are observed. Not that any Indian can sing a scale, but he repeats his songs without any material variation. Men with good voices take pride in accuracy of singing, and often have in their memories several hundred songs, including many from tribes with the members of which they have exchanged visits.

The barytone voice among men, and the mezzo-soprano among women, are more common than the pure tenor, bass, contralto, or soprano. As a rule, the Indian voice is reedy and steady in tone, and sometimes quite melodious in quality; but the habit of singing in the open air to the accompaniment of percussion instruments tends to strain the voice and to injure its sweetness. There is little attempt at expression by *piano* or *forte* passages, or by swelling the tone on a given note; but as the songs generally descend on the scale, there is a natural tendency to less volume at the close than at the beginning or middle part of the tune.

Where several take part in the singing, it is

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY WALTER SHIRLAW. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE DEATH-SONG.

Digitized by Google

always in unison. The different qualities of male and female voices bring out harmonic effects, which are enhanced by the women's custom of singing in a high, reedy falsetto, an octave above the male voices. The choral generally presents two or three octaves, and one becomes conscious of overtones. Evidently the Indians enjoy this latent harmony, as they have devices to intensify it. They employ a kind of throbbing of the voice on a prolonged note, producing an effect similar to that obtained in vibrating a string of the cello by passing over it the bow in an undulating movement. In solos like the love-song, where there are sustained passages, the singer waves his hand slowly to and from his mouth to break the flow of the breath and to produce vibrations which seem to satisfy his ear.

With the Indian the words of a song are to a considerable extent subservient to the music; even the entire absence of words does not seem to render a tune meaningless to him, while words clearly enunciated break the melody and disturb his enjoyment of the song. More than once Indians have commented on our music, saying, "You talk a great deal as you sing." In lieu of words the Indians use syllables composed of vowels both open and nasal, modified by an initial consonant, as *h*, or *y*, for instance, *hae, ha, he, ho, hi, hu*. Songs in which the syllables begin with *h* are gentle in character, and *y* is employed when warlike or derisive feeling is to be expressed. When a series of syllables such as *nae, tho, hae, yoh*, are given slowly upon one note by many voices, the effect is more pleasing and suggestive of harmony than a single clear vowel sound so sustained. Syllables are sometimes introduced between parts of a word where its own vocables would have broken and injured the cadence. At the end of a phrase the singers draw their breath audibly through their closed teeth, making a sound as when the wind sweeps over fallen leaves.

The native ear is precise as to time; a retard occurs only in the mystery-, dream-, and love-songs; in any other, a variation of the value of a thirty-second or sixty-fourth of a beat is sufficient to throw the tune out of gear to the Indian. Syncopation is common, and the ease with which an Indian will sing syncopated passages in three-four time to the two-four beat of the drum is remarkable. One of our own race could hardly do this without careful training and much practice. An Indian's ear is as keen for time as his eye for tracks in the forest. Musical instruments are limited in number. The "flute" is used principally by the young man whose "fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." It is like a clarionet, the breath being propelled through an opening at one end, and the tones regulated by six finger-stops. It is capable of a scale of seven notes, but absence of a standard pitch renders the uniform tuning of instruments impossible, and flutes, therefore, vary much in scales and clearness and in pleasantness of tone.

The whistle is made from the wing-bone of the eagle or the wild turkey, and has three finger-stops, by which five shrill notes can be made. It is used only in religious ceremonies.

The drums which accompany mystery- and dream-songs are small, like tambourines in shape, and are beaten in tremolo by the finger, or a small reed. Formerly others were made from sections of a tree, hollowed out, over the open end of which a skin was stretched; and they were tuned by partly filling with water, the skin being moistened, strained, and dried to the desired tone. Large circular drums were formed by stretching a calfskin over a hoop of withes. In some ceremonies a rawhide served as a drum, the women being the drummers. The rhythm of the drum is usually a strong beat followed by a light one, like a rebound, although sometimes each beat is regular and equal in volume.

Rattles of dried gourds, loaded with fine or coarse gravel, according to the desired tone, are used in the accompaniment to religious songs. They are shaken in tremolo, or sharp accentuations.

All Indian songs are in a setting of color and action; it may be the "sweeping vale and flowing flood" that bear along the melody, or the brilliant pendants of the Fellowship Pipes waved to the rhythm of the song in the dancing firelight of the lodge, or the cadences springing from the circle of tents amid the movements of horsemen. Every song rises replete with the life of the people, speeding from heart to heart in beauty and power; unheralded by opening chords it chants forth its theme of love, woe, valor, or worship, and is gone almost before we can catch its burden.

Indian music pervades every religious, tribal, and social ceremony, as well as every personal experience. There is not a phase of life that does not find its subjective expression in song. Religious rituals are imbedded in it, and the reverent recognition of the creation of corn, of the food-giving animals, of the powers of the air, and the fructifying sun, is passed from one generation to another in melodious measures. Song nerves the warrior to deeds of heroism, and robs death of its terrors; it speeds the spirit to the land of the hereafter, and solaces those who live to mourn. Children compose ditties for their games, and young men add music to give zest to their sports. The lover sings his way to the maiden's heart, and the old man

Digitized by Google

DANCE-SONG. (HAE-THU-SKA.)



Digitized by Google

tunefully invokes those agencies which can avert disaster and death.

It is through the mystery-song that the Indian believes himself able to reach beyond the visible world, and to grasp succor from the unseen and potential forces which encompass him. This song has come to him in a vision after days and nights of fasting and supplication, and, remaining ever after in his memory, it will summon to his aid the supernatural help assured by the vision. Those who in their visions have seen the same type of life become affiliated into societies; for instance, those who have seen the bear will belong to the bear society. The revelation to these men of the power of life in the form of a bear proves them to be of a similar cast of mind — the real basis of affiliation. The song of the vision, although remaining the individual property of the member who received it, becomes also in a sense the property of the society.

The Indians, like our Aryan ancestors, believed that they could, by a musical spell, force nature to their will, even to the darkening of the sun, or to the restoring of the parched earth by kindly showers; and our English-speaking people have hardly yet divested themselves of the notion that certain combinations of sounds, as the ringing of consecrated bells, have a similar supernatural power. The presuming Hindu who ventured unauthorized to sing the sacred numbers of the Rig-Veda was consumed by fire, even though he stood to his neck in the river Jumna; so also, among the American Indians, lightning would destroy him who should profane a sacred song.

The thunder-songs — those that came with visions of thunder — were potent not only in bringing and dispelling storms, but in raising the ire of the thunder gods to punish wrongdoing in the tribe. I have watched the changing countenance and strained attention of my Indian companions when the distant throbbing drum accompaniment of one of these songs caught their ear. Sometimes nine old men, all thunder dreamers, would walk solemnly about the village of tents, and, with drums and bells, sing one of these fearsome songs: "The thunder gods are encompassing the camp, making themselves fearful to men." Then all the people knew that the gods were near, and the self-accused guilty ones would hide their heads in terror lest the lightning stroke should find them out.

Mystery-songs were also sung in the sweat lodge ceremonies, through which purification was sought, or help in trouble implored; the punishment of an unintentional sacrilegious act warded off, or foretold death averted.

In the Omaha myth of the introduction of death into the world, the hero Ha-hae-ga warns his younger brother of some undefined impending danger, and urges him not to venture from his tent. Ha-hae-ga then goes forth to hunt, and, returning, finds his brother gone. In apprehension he follows the youth's footprints to the water's edge and out upon the ice, until at a broken place the tracks all disappear. The tears of Ha-hae-ga, pouring down, form streams as he wanders about seeking his brother, inquiring of all the animals he meets, punishing those which give him no aid, and rewarding the helpful ones. Finally he discovers the abode of the water monsters who have destroyed his brother, and by stratagem gains admission, kills the creatures, and carries off all that remains of his brother — his dried skin. Ha-hae-ga then constructs a sweat lodge, using serpents instead of boughs for the framework, the serpents thrusting their tails into the ground and twisting their necks together to support the air-tight covering. Ha-hae-ga, while he gathers stones, appeals in song to the spirit in them for aid, and as he kindles the fire about them, he beseeches help also of the Power of Fire; then entering the lodge, and taking with him his brother's skin, he pours water upon the heated stones, and again sings his prayers. Four times does Ha-hae-ga do this, begging his brother to return; at last the skin replies: "Ah, my brother, why call me back? Death is far better"; whereupon, in chagrin, Ha-hae-ga turns his brother into a stone, himself becomes a wolf, and death has entered the world.

Wolf-songs were sung by the warrior when he went forth on his mission of death. He speaks of himself as a wolf: "Like the wolf, I do not find myself strange or afraid when I venture far in distant lands." But brave as is the Indian warrior, he is but human, and homesickness will sometimes make his war-path more difficult than hardships and dangers. There is an Omaha wolf-song which opens in stirring measure with warlike syllables, then drops into gentle movement with words picturing the "women at the spring," "gathering wood for the home fire," and "chatting and laughing among the trees," while the footsore singer "walks forlorn"; but "he is a man and must endure," so the song returns to the rhythm and syllables of its beginning.

Another class of war-songs was sung in hours of immediate danger; many of them refer to the women of the tribe, who are always spoken of as "sisters." "Hae, friend! let us go to the rescue; your sisters are in danger. Let us walk bravely; hae, friend!" The sisters are not forgetful of their defenders; there are many songs pleasing in melody composed by women, and sung by them in the belief that help can thus be conveyed to warriors in the field. When the men returned, songs of triumph were sung,

Digitized by Google

LOVE-SONG.



and women sometimes carried the tune alone, the men joining in a sort of chorus. These songs are spirited in movement, and the words descriptive. The rhythm of one in my collection suggests the waving of the tall prairie grass through which a warrior is creeping upon his prey, and interwoven among warlike syllables are the words, "Little Sioux, I seek your good horses!"

Of those Indian societies whose membership was composed entirely of warriors, the Omaha Hae-thu-ska Society was one of the most noted. Its songs and dramatic dances have been adopted by many tribes. It was at an exhibition of the dance of the Hae-thu-ska among the Dakotas, where it was called the Omaha, or Grass Dance, that I received my initiation. The opening ceremonies at each meeting of

Digitized by Google

the Hae-thu-ska were of a religious nature, and the songs were choral; so also was that which closed the evening. With these exceptions, the numerous songs were historical, having been composed to commemorate some valiant deed done by a member of the society. The story of the song was handed down with the music, thus constituting the archives of the society, and preserving a partial history of the tribe.

In the song which often accompanies the dramatic dance of the Hae-thu-ska, the words refer to a traditional hero — Ish-e-buz-zhe. A very old man who died in 1884, and whose statements were confirmed by other aged persons, told me that the grandfather of his grandfather when young had seen this hero, thus easily throwing the date of the song back into the seventeenth century. Ish-e-buz-zhe seems to have been a queer sort of fellow; he was listless and absent-minded, but when roused to action his energy was slow to abate, and he became invincible. Many stories are told illustrative of his peculiarities. It was a custom of the people to lay aside their moccasins when they went out in the morning dew. Ish-e-buz-zhe, unmindful of the dampness of the hour, plunged through the wet grass regardless of the injury done his moccasins, and won in consequence a sharp reproof from his prudent wife, who did not like to have her handiwork needlessly destroyed. Accordingly the next morning Ish-e-buz-zhe dutifully placed his moccasins in his belt, and walked barefooted through the dew; but as the day advanced, he continued to carry the moccasins until his feet were sore with travel, and he received a second reproach from his more thoughtful wife.

This song recites that when his camp was attacked Ish-e-buz-zhe lingered, sitting in his tent, while the foe pressed nearer and nearer, until at length the taunts of an old woman roused him from his inaction, and, rushing forth, he utterly destroyed the enemy. His name was used to scare children into good behavior, and "Ish-e-buz-zhe will come and take you" is still a common threat. There is a legend that once during his lifetime a mother thus frightened her child, thrusting it in jest out of the tent, when it was actually seized from her arms by the warrior himself, who chanced to be passing at the moment. The genuine terror of both mother and child lingers as a bit of nursery lore to the present day.

In the myths that were told around the winter fire, animals were often personified, and sang bits of song, which were borrowed by the children and fashioned into plays. When Wa-hon-e-she-ga, the hero of one of these myths, tries to capture the turkeys, he bids them form in a circle and dance with their eyes closed, while he sings, under the threat that if they open their eyes they will become red. The turkeys obey. "Dance faster! dance faster! Spread your tails! spread your tails!" and he catches them one by one and puts them in a bag, until at length one ventures to peep, and alarms the rest of the blind turkeys, who open their eyes and flee in a panic. The children imitate the turkeys, improvising the spread tail and dancing in a circle, acting out the little drama, singing all the while the song to which in the myth the turkeys danced.

Children make songs for themselves, which are occasionally handed down to other generations. These juvenile efforts sometimes haunt the memory in maturer years. An exemplary old man once sang to me a composition of his childhood wherein he had tunefully exalted the pleasures of disobedience; but he took particular care that his children should not hear this performance. Young men sing in guessing games, as they gamble with their companions, tossing from hand to hand a minute ball of buffalo hair or a small pebble, moving their arms to the rhythm of the music.

The lover's songs are tender in feeling, sometimes rising to passionate fervor of expression. Musical syllables are used with only few exceptions, and in these the words are little more than a picture of the morning hour — the hour when the lover makes his way to some high vantage-point whence he can watch the tent of his sweetheart, and see her if she ventures forth to the spring, where a happy chance may afford him a stolen interview. As the day dawns he pours forth his lay; the hour, the gathering color of the sky, the awakening birds, the stir of the morning breeze, are the accompaniment of the song. In the following poem Miss Edna Dean Proctor has accomplished a difficult task — that of translating with native grace an Indian love-song[1] in its entirety.

Fades the star of morning,
West winds gently blow,
Soft the pine-trees murmur,
Soft the waters flow.
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
To the hill-top nigh;
Night and gloom will vanish
When the pale stars die:
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
Hear thy lover's cry!

From my tent I wander
Seeking only thee,
As the day from darkness,
Comes for stream and tree.

[1] The following is a free translation of the Omaha words to this song:

As the day comes forth from the night,
So come I forth to seek thee.
Lift up thine eyes and behold him
Who comes with the day to thee.

Digitized by Google

FUNERAL-SONG.



Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
To the hill-top nigh;
Lo! the dawn is breaking,
Rosy beams the sky:
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
Hear thy lover's cry!

Lonely is our valley
Though the month is May;
Come and be my moonlight,
I will be thy day.
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
O, behold me nigh;
Now the sun is rising,
Now the shadows fly:
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
Hear thy lover's cry!

The rituals of sacred tribal ceremonies could be sung only by those having them in hereditary charge, but the religious songs of the Wawan were free to all, and were very generally sung.

Every Omaha child is taught by its parents the one tribal prayer, "God, I am poor; have pity upon me!" I have heard this cry in some lonely spot where, hidden from sight, the suppliant poured forth in song his petition for help.

There is also only one funeral-song; it is sung at the obsequies of any man or woman who has been greatly respected in the tribe. Upon the death of such a one, men in the prime of early manhood meet together near the lodge of the deceased, divest themselves of all cloth-

Digitized by Google

ing but the breech-cloth, make two incisions in the left arm, and under the loop of flesh so made thrust a willow branch, having on it sprays of leaves. With the blood dripping upon the green branches hanging from their arms and shoulder-blades, the men move silently in single file to the lodge where the dead lies; there, ranging themselves in a line, shoulder to shoulder, and marking the rhythm of the tune by beating together two small willow rods, they sing in unison the funeral-song. There is a violent contrast between the bleeding singers and their vocal utterances, for the music in its major strains suggests sunshine, birds, and verdure, and has a fleet happy movement. Nevertheless, there must be some latent harmony between the song and the ceremony. Music, the Indian believes, has power to reach the unseen world. The spirit of the dead man can hear the song as it leaves the body, and the glad cadences are to cheer him as he goes from those who have been dear to him on earth. He hears only, he cannot see — so the song is for him; the bleeding wounds of the singers are expressions of the loss felt by the friends of the dead; his kindred can take note of the manifested sympathy — the wounds are for them. It is a custom among the Omahas to cease wailing at a certain point in the funeral ceremonies, for the reason, they say, that the departing one must not be distressed as he leaves his home behind him. It is also customary after a death to lacerate the limbs, as the shedding of blood expresses how vital is the loss. The funeral-song and ceremony, savage as they appear at first sight, are really full of tender unselfishness, and indicate a strong belief in the continuation of life and its affections.

The songs of the Indian are the spontaneous outburst of his emotions, springing up like the wild flowers of his forests and plains. They have been subjected to no conventionalizing influence of artificial methods, yet, like the native blossoms, they are developed not in violation of, but in strict accordance with, those laws which control the structure of all musical expression. The study of Indian music adds to the accumulating proof of the common mental endowment of all mankind.

The songs of the Indian are an interpretation of his character. From them we discern his religious nature, his attitude toward the unseen powers that control him; they are also a revelation of his social and tribal relations. In no song is there mention of the "father" or the "wife"; the "grandfather" is not spoken of as personal kindred, but as one whom age has made wise and fit to be trusted. The "mother" is only indirectly referred to, but the "sister" is the representation of the family, and personates the women of the tribe in many songs. All this finds explanation in the peculiar structure of the tribe, and in the non-development of the family idea as we understand it. The only recognized relationship is the clan, or gens, a political subdivision of the tribe. With few exceptions among Indians the woman "carries the clan," and kinship is traced only through her; the children are counted in her clan, and not in that of the father, and, as a man can never marry in his own clan, he must be as a stranger to his wife and to his own children: they can inherit nothing from him or from his clan; when he dies his brothers and sisters, who constitute his family, are his heirs. So when an Indian sings of his home, his sister, with whom he has a recognized relationship, represents that home, rather than the wife and children who can never belong to him. The Indian's love-song is still in unmeaning syllables; its music, expressive of the feeling so often strong and enduring between husband and wife, cannot crystallize into definite words until the political organization of the people has ceased to interfere with the development of the family.

The "friend" appears often in Indian songs. Friendship was not bound by the man's birth-tie, but was free and lasting. The various social and religious societies were composed of members from any clan, and they slipped the leash of tribal structure in their fellowship.

There were no songs of labor, sung by a company of workers, such as the old English catch or guild song. The Indian sang as he chipped his arrow-head, or dug his medicinal roots, but the music was a form of personal appeal to the unseen powers. Labor had not become secularized, and there was no coördination of work; he planted with religious ceremony, and hunted and trapped by means of the mystery-song. The ground to him was still mother earth; the stones, the animals, the trees, all shared with him the common gift of life.

It is idle to speculate in what direction Indian music might have developed; tribes as tribes are rapidly ceasing to exist, and their ancient culture is passing away with the older people. The young Indian men and women are being educated in English speech, imbued with English thought, and the expression of their emotions will hereafter be molded on the lines of our artistic forms.

Alice C. Fletcher.

[Additional examples of the songs of the Omahas will be given in a subsequent number, accompanied by a consideration of their value from a musician's point of view by Prof. John C. Fillmore, of Milwaukee, to whom we are indebted for the arrangements of the Dance- and Funeral-Songs in this article.— THE EDITOR.

Digitized by Google

THE FUNCTION OF THE POET.

By James Russell Lowell.

This was the concluding lecture in the course which Lowell read before the Lowell Institute in the winter of 1855.[1] Doubtless Lowell never printed it because, as his genius matured, he felt that its assertions were too absolute, and that its style bore too many marks of haste in composition, and was too rhetorical for an essay to be read in print. How rapid was the growth of his intellectual judgment, and the broadening of his imaginative view, may be seen by comparing it with his essays on Swinburne, on Percival, and on Rousseau, published in 1866 and 1867 — essays in which the topics of this lecture were touched upon anew, though not treated at large.

But the spirit of this lecture is so fine, its tone so full of the enthusiasm of youth, its conception of the poet so lofty, and the truths it contains so important, that it may well be prized as the expression of a genius which, if not yet mature, is already powerful, and aquiline alike in vision and in sweep of wing. It is not unworthy to stand with Sidney's and with Shelley's "Defence of Poesy," and it is fitted to warm and inspire the poetic heart of the youth of this generation, no less than of that to which it was first addressed. As a close to the lecture Lowell read his beautiful (then unpublished) poem "To the Muse."

Charles Eliot Norton.

WHETHER, as some philosophers assume, we possess only the fragments of a great cycle of knowledge in whose center stood the primeval man in friendly relation with the powers of the universe, and build our hovels out of the ruins of our ancestral palace; or whether, according to the development theory of others, we are rising gradually, and have come up out of an atom instead of descending from an Adam, so that the proudest pedigree might run up to a barnacle or a zoöphyte at last, are questions that will keep for a good many centuries yet. Confining myself to what little we can learn from history, we find tribes rising slowly out of barbarism to a higher or lower point of culture and civility, and everywhere the poet also is found, under one name or other, changing in certain outward respects, but essentially the same.

And however far we go back, we shall find this also — that the poet and the priest were united originally in the same person; which means that the poet was he who was conscious of the world of spirit as well as that of sense, and was the ambassador of the gods to men. This was his highest function, and hence his name of "seer." He was the discoverer and declarer of the perennial beneath the deciduous. His were the *epea pteroenta*, the true "winged words" that could fly down the unexplored future and carry the names of ancestral heroes, of the brave and wise and good. It was thus that the poet could reward virtue, and, by and by, as society grew more complex, could burn in the brand of shame. This is Homer's character of Demodocus, in the eighth book of the Odyssey, "whom the Muse loved and gave the good and ill" — the gift of conferring good or evil immortality. The first histories were in verse; and sung as they were at feasts and gatherings of the people, they awoke in men the desire of fame, which is the first promoter of courage and self-trust, because it teaches men by degrees to appeal from the present to the future. We may fancy what the influence of the early epics was when they were recited to men who claimed the heroes celebrated in them for their ancestors, by what Bouchardon, the sculptor, said, only two centuries ago: "When I read Homer, I feel as if I were twenty feet high." Nor have poets lost their power over the future in modern times. Dante lifts up by the hair the face of some petty traitor, the Smith or Brown of some provincial Italian town, lets the fire of his Inferno glare upon it for a moment, and it is printed forever on the memory of mankind. The historians may iron out the shoulders of Richard the Third as smooth as they can, they will never get over the wrench that Shakspere gave them.

The peculiarity of almost all early literature is that it seems to have a double meaning, that, underneath its natural, we find ourselves continually seeing or suspecting a supernatural meaning. In the older epics the characters seem to be half typical and only half historical. Thus did the early poets endeavor to make realities out of appearances; for, except a few typical men in whom certain ideas get em-

[1] It is, however, not the last in the series as presented in The Century.—The Editor.

Digitized by Google

bodied, the generations of mankind are mere apparitions who come out of the dark for a purposeless moment, and reënter the dark again after they have performed the nothing they came for.

Gradually, however, the poet as the "seer" became secondary to the "maker." His office became that of entertainer rather than teacher. But always something of the old tradition was kept alive. And if he has now come to be looked upon merely as the best expresser, the gift of seeing is implied as necessarily antecedent to that, and of seeing very deep, too. If any man would seem to have written without any conscious moral, that man is Shakspere. But that must be a dull sense, indeed, which does not see through his tragic — yes, and his comic — masks awful eyes that flame with something intenser and deeper than a mere scenic meaning — a meaning out of the great deep that is behind and beyond all human and merely personal character. Nor was Shakspere himself unconscious of his place as a teacher and profound moralist: witness that sonnet in which he bewails his having neglected sometimes the errand that was laid upon him:

> Alas, 't is true I have gone here and there,
> And made myself a motley to the view,
> Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
> Made old offences of affections new;
> Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
> Askance and strangely;

the application of which is made clear by the next sonnet, in which he distinctly alludes to his profession.

There is this unmistakable stamp on all the great poets — that, however in little things they may fall below themselves, whenever there comes a great and noble thing to say, they say it greatly and nobly, and bear themselves most easily in the royalties of thought and language. There is not a mature play of Shakspere's in which great ideas do not jut up in mountainous permanence, marking forever the boundary of provinces of thought, and known afar to many kindreds of men.

And it is for this kind of sight, which we call *in*sight, and not for any faculty of observation and description, that we value the poet. It is in proportion as he has this that he is an adequate expresser, and not a juggler with words. It is by means of this that for every generation of man he plays the part of "namer." Before him, as before Adam, the creation passes to be named anew: first the material world; then the world of passions and emotions; then the world of ideas. But whenever a great imagination comes, however it may delight itself with imaging the outward beauty of things, however it may seem to flow thoughtlessly away in music like a brook, yet the shadow of heaven lies also in its depth beneath the shadow of earth. Continually the visible universe suggests the invisible. We are forever feeling this in Shakspere. His imagination went down to the very bases of things, and while his characters are the most natural that poet ever created, they are also perfectly ideal, and are more truly the personifications of abstract thoughts and passions than those of any allegorical writer whatever.

Even in what seems so purely a picturesque poem as the Iliad, we feel something of this. Beholding as Homer did, from the tower of contemplation, the eternal mutability and nothing permanent but change, he must look underneath the show for the reality. Great captains and conquerors came forth out of the eternal silence, entered it again with their trampling hosts, and shoutings, and trumpet-blasts, and were as utterly gone as those echoes of their deeds which he sang, and which faded with the last sound of his voice and the last tremble of his lyre. History relating outward events alone was an unmeaning gossip, with the world for a village. This life could only become other than phantasmagoric, could only become real, as it stood related to something that was higher and permanent. Hence the idea of Fate, of a higher power unseen — that shadow, as of an eagle circling to its swoop, which flits stealthily and swiftly across the windy plains of Troy. In the Odyssey we find pure allegory.

Now, under all these names — praiser, seer, soothsayer — we find the same idea lurking. The poet is he who can best see and best say what is ideal — what belongs to the world of soul and of beauty. Whether he celebrate the brave and good man, or the gods, or the beautiful as it appears in man or nature, something of a religious character still clings to him; he is the revealer of Deity. He may be unconscious of his mission; he may be false to it; but in proportion as he is a great poet, he rises to the level of it the more often. He does not always directly rebuke what is bad and base, but indirectly by making us feel what delight there is in the good and fair. If he besiege evil, it is with such beautiful engines of war (as Plutarch tells us of Demetrius) that the besieged themselves are charmed with them. Whoever reads the great poets cannot but be made better by it, for they always introduce him to a higher society, to a greater style of manners and of thinking. Whoever learns to love what is beautiful is made incapable of the low and mean and bad. If Plato excludes the poets from his Republic, it is expressly on the ground that they speak unworthy things of the gods; that is, that they

Digitized by Google

have lost the secret of their art, and use artificial types instead of speaking the true universal language of imagination. He who translates the divine into the vulgar, the spiritual into the sensual, is the reverse of a poet.

The poet, under whatever name, always stands for the same thing — imagination. And imagination in its highest form gives him the power, as it were, of assuming the consciousness of whatever he speaks about, whether man or beast, or rock or tree. It is the ring of Canace, which whoso has on understands the language of all created things. And as regards expression, it seems to enable the poet to condense the whole of himself into a single word. Therefore, when a great poet has said a thing, it is finally and utterly expressed, and has as many meanings as there are men who read his verse. A great poet is something more than an interpreter between man and nature; he is also an interpreter between man and his own nature. It is he who gives us those key-words, the possession of which makes us masters of all the unsuspected treasure-caverns of thought, and feeling, and beauty which open under the dusty path of our daily life.

And it is not merely a dry lexicon that he compiles,— a thing which enables us to translate from one dead dialect into another as dead,— but all his verse is instinct with music, and his words open windows on every side to pictures of scenery and life. The difference between the dry fact and the poem is as great as that between reading the shipping news and seeing the actual coming and going of the crowd of stately ships,—"the city on the inconstant billows dancing,"—as there is between ten minutes of happiness and ten minutes by the clock. Everybody remembers the story of the little Montague who was stolen and sold to the chimney-sweep: how he could dimly remember lying in a beautiful chamber; how he carried with him in all his drudgery the vision of a fair, sad mother's face that sought him everywhere in vain; how he threw himself one day, all sooty as he was from his toil, on a rich bed and fell asleep, and how a kind person woke him, questioned him, pieced together his broken recollections for him, and so at last made the visions of the beautiful chamber and the fair, sad countenance real to him again. It seems to me that the offices that the poet does for us are typified in this nursery-tale. We all of us have our vague reminiscences of the stately home of our childhood,— for we are all of us poets and geniuses in our youth, while earth is all new to us, and the chalice of every buttercup is brimming with the wine of poesy,— and we all remember the beautiful, motherly countenance which nature bent over us there. But somehow we all get stolen away thence; life becomes to us a sooty task-master, and we crawl through dark passages without end — till suddenly the word of some poet redeems us, makes us know who we are, and of helpless orphans makes us the heir to a great estate. It is to our true relations with the two great worlds of outward and inward nature that the poet reintroduces us.

But the imagination has a deeper use than merely to give poets a power of expression. It is the everlasting preserver of the world from blank materialism. It forever puts matter in the wrong, and compels it to show its title to existence. Wordsworth tells us that in his youth he was sometimes obliged to touch the walls to find if they were visionary or no, and such experiences are not uncommon with persons who converse much with their own thoughts. Dr. Johnson said that to kick one's foot against a stone was a sufficient confutation of Berkeley, and poor old Pyrrho has passed into a proverb because, denying the objectivity of matter, he was run over by a cart and killed. But all that he affirmed was that to the soul the cart was no more real than its own imaginative reproduction of it, and perhaps the shade of the philosopher ran up to the first of his deriders who crossed the Styx with a triumphant "I told you so! The cart did not run over *me*, for here I am without a bone broken."

And, in another sense also, do those poets who deal with human character, as all the greater do, continually suggest to us the purely phantasmal nature of life except as it is related to the world of ideas. For are not their personages more real than most of those in history? Is not Lear more authentic and permanent than Lord Raglan? Their realm is a purely spiritual one in which space and time and costume are nothing. What matters it that Shakspere puts a seaport in Bohemia, and knew less geography than Tommy who goes to the district school? He understood eternal boundaries, such as are laid down on no chart, and are not defined by such transitory affairs as mountain chains, rivers, and seas.

No great movement of the human mind takes place without the concurrent beat of those two wings, the imagination and the understanding. It is by the understanding that we are enabled to make the most of this world, and to use the collected material of experience in its condensed form of practical wisdom; and it is the imagination which forever beckons toward that other world which is always future, and makes us discontented with this. The one rests upon experience; the other leans forward and listens after the *in*experienced, and shapes the features of that future with which it is forever in travail. The imagination might be defined as the common sense of the invisible

Digitized by Google

world, as the understanding is of the visible; and as those are the finest individual characters in which the two moderate and rectify each other, so those are the finest eras where the same may be said of society. In the voyage of life, not only do we depend on the needle, true to its earthly instincts, but upon observation of the fixed stars, those beacons lighted upon the eternal promontories of heaven above the stirs and shiftings of our lower system.

But it seems to be thought that we have come upon the earth too late, that there has been a feast of imagination formerly, and all that is left for us is to steal the scraps. We hear that there is no poetry in railroads and steamboats and telegraphs, and especially none in Brother Jonathan. If this be true, so much the worse for him. But because *he* is a materialist, shall there be no more poets? When we have said that we live in a materialistic age we have said something which meant more than we intended. If we say it in the way of blame, we have said a foolish thing, for probably one age is as good as another, and, at any rate, the worst is good enough company for us. The age of Shakspere was richer than our own, only because it was lucky enough to have such a pair of eyes as his to see it, and such a gift of speech as his to report it. And so there is always room and occasion for the poet, who continues to be, just as he was in the early time, nothing more nor less than a "seer." He is always the man who is willing to take the age he lives in on trust, as the very best that ever was. Shakspere did not sit down and cry for the water of Helicon to turn the wheels of his little private mill at the Bankside. He appears to have gone more quietly about his business than any other playwright in London, to have drawn off what water-power he needed from the great prosy current of affairs that flows alike for all and in spite of all, to have ground for the public what grist they wanted, coarse or fine, and it seems a mere piece of luck that the smooth stream of his activity reflected with such ravishing clearness every changing mood of heaven and earth, every stick and stone, every dog and clown and courtier that stood upon its brink. It is a curious illustration of the friendly manner in which Shakspere received everything that came along,—of what a *present* man he was,—that in the very same year that the mulberry-tree was brought into England, he got one and planted it in his garden at Stratford.

It is perfectly true that this is a materialistic age, and for that very reason we want our poets all the more. We find that every generation contrives to catch its singing larks without the sky's falling. When the poet comes, he always turns out to be the man who discovers that the passing moment is the inspired one, and that the secret of poetry is not to have lived in Homer's day, or Dante's, but to be alive now. To be alive now, that is the great art and mystery. They are dead men who live in the past, and men yet unborn that live in the future. We are like Hans in Luck, forever exchanging the burdensome good we have for something else, till at last we come home empty-handed.

That palefaced drudge of Time opposite me there, that weariless sexton whose callous hands bury our rosy hours in the irrevocable past, is even now reaching forward to a moment as rich in life, in character, and thought, as full of opportunity, as any since Adam. This little isthmus that we are now standing on is the point to which martyrs in their triumphant pain, prophets in their fervor, and poets in their ecstasy, looked forward as the golden future, as the land too good for them to behold with mortal eyes; it is the point toward which the faint-hearted and desponding hereafter will look back as the priceless past when there was still some good and virtue and opportunity left in the world.

The people who feel their own age prosaic are those who see only its costume. And that is what makes it prosaic—that we have not faith enough in ourselves to think our own clothes good enough to be presented to posterity in. The artists fancy that the court dress of posterity is that of Van Dyck's time, or Cæsar's. I have seen the model of a statue of Sir Robert Peel,—a statesman whose merit consisted in yielding gracefully to the present,—in which the sculptor had done his best to travesty the real man into a make-believe Roman. At the period when England produced its greatest poets, we find exactly the reverse of this, and we are thankful that the man who made the monument of Lord Bacon had genius to copy every button of his dress, everything down to the rosettes on his shoes, and then to write under his statue, "Thus sat Francis Bacon"—not "Cneius Pompeius"—"Viscount Verulam." Those men had faith even in their own shoe-strings.

After all, how is our poor scapegoat of a nineteenth century to blame? Why, for not being the seventeenth, to be sure! It is always raining opportunity, but it seems it was only the men two hundred years ago who were intelligent enough not to hold their cups bottom-up. We are like beggars who think if a piece of gold drop into their palm it must be counterfeit, and would rather change it for the smooth-worn piece of familiar copper. And so, as we stand in our mendicancy by the wayside, Time tosses carefully the great golden to-day into our hats, and we turn it over grumblingly

Digitized by Google

and suspiciously, and are pleasantly surprised at finding that we can exchange it for beef and potatoes. Till Dante's time the Italian poets thought no language good enough to put their nothings into but Latin,—and indeed a dead tongue was the best for dead thoughts,— but Dante found the common speech of Florence, in which men bargained and scolded and made love, good enough for him, and out of the world around him made a poem such as no Roman ever sang.

In our day, it is said despairingly, the understanding reigns triumphant: it is the age of common sense. If this be so, the wisest way would be to accept it manfully. But, after all, what is the meaning of it? Looking at the matter superficially, one would say that a striking difference between our science and that of the world's gray fathers is that there is every day less and less of the element of wonder in it. What they saw written in light upon the great arch of heaven, and, by a magnificent reach of sympathy, of which we are incapable, associated with the fall of monarchs and the fate of man, is for us only a professor, a piece of chalk, and a blackboard. The solemn and unapproachable skies we have vulgarized; we have peeped and botanized among the flowers of light, pulled off every petal, fumbled in every calyx, and reduced them to the bare stem of order and class. The stars can no longer maintain their divine reserves, but whenever there is a conjunction and congress of planets, every enterprising newspaper sends thither its special reporter with his telescope. Over those arcana of life where once a mysterious presence brooded, we behold scientific explorers skipping like so many incarnate notes of interrogation. We pry into the counsels of the great powers of nature, we keep our ears at the keyhole, and know everything that is going to happen. There is no longer any sacred inaccessibility, no longer any enchanting unexpectedness, and life turns to prose the moment there is nothing unattainable. It needs no more a voice out of the unknown proclaiming "Great Pan is dead!" We have found his tombstone, deciphered the arrow-headed inscription upon it, know his age to a day, and that he died universally regretted.

Formerly science was poetry. A mythology which broods over us in our cradle, which mingles with the lullaby of the nurse, which peoples the day with the possibility of divine encounters, and night with intimation of demonic ambushes, is something quite other, as the material for thought and poetry, from one that we take down from our bookshelves, as sapless as the shelf it stood on, as remote from all present sympathy with man or nature as a town history with its genealogies of Mr. Nobody's great-grandparents.

We have utilized everything. The Egyptians found a hint of the solar system in the concentric circles of the onion, and revered it as a symbol, while we respect it as a condiment in cookery, and can pass through all Weathersfield without a thought of the stars. Our world is a museum of natural history; that of our forefathers was a museum of supernatural history. And the rapidity with which the change has been going on is almost startling, when we consider that so modern and historical a personage as Queen Elizabeth was reigning at the time of the death of Dr. John Faustus, out of whose story the Teutonic imagination built up a mythus that may be set beside that of Prometheus.

Science, looked at scientifically, is bare and bleak enough. On those sublime heights the air is too thin for the lungs, and blinds the eyes. It is much better living down in the valleys, where one cannot see farther than the next farm-house. Faith was never found in the bottom of a crucible, nor peace arrived at by analysis or synthesis. But all this is because science has become too grimly intellectual, has divorced itself from the moral and imaginative part of man. Our results are not arrived at in that spirit which led Kepler (who had his theory-traps set all along the tracks of the stars to catch a discovery) to say, "In my opinion the occasions of new discoveries have been no less wonderful than the discoveries themselves."

But we are led back continually to the fact that science cannot, if it would, disengage itself from human nature and from imagination. No two men have ever argued together without at least agreeing in this, that something more than proof is required to produce conviction, and that a logic which is capable of grinding the stubbornest facts to powder (as every man's *own* logic always is) is powerless against so delicate a structure as the brain. Do what we will, we cannot contrive to bring together the yawning edges of proof and belief, to weld them into one. When Thor strikes Skrymir with his terrible hammer, the giant asks if a leaf has fallen. I need not appeal to the Thors of argument in the pulpit, the senate, and the mass-meeting, if they have not sometimes found the popular giant as provokingly insensible. The $\sqrt{-x}$ is nothing in comparison with the chance-caught smell of a single flower which by the magic of association recreates for us the unquestioning day of childhood. Demonstration may lead to the very gate of heaven, but there she makes us a civil bow, and leaves us to make our way back again to Faith, who has the key. That science which is of the intellect alone steps with indifferent foot upon the dead body of Belief, if only she may reach higher or see farther.

Digitized by Google

But we cannot get rid of our wonder — we who have brought down the wild lightning, from writing fiery doom upon the walls of heaven, to be our errand-boy and penny-postman. Wonder is crude imagination; and it is necessary to us, for man shall not live by bread alone, and exact knowledge is not enough. Do we get nearer the truth or farther from it that we have got a gas or an imponderable fluid instead of a spirit? We go on exorcising one thing after another, but what boots it? The evasive genius flits into something else, and defies us. The powers of the outer and inner world form hand in hand a magnetic circle for whose connection man is necessary. It is the imagination that takes his hand and clasps it with that other stretched to him in the dark, and for which he was vainly groping. It is that which renews the mystery in nature, makes it wonderful and beautiful again, and out of the gases of the man of science remakes the old spirit. But we seem to have created too many wonders to be capable of wondering any longer; as Coleridge said, when asked if he believed in ghosts, that he had seen too many of them. But nature all the more imperatively demands it, and science can at best but scotch it, not kill it. In this day of newspapers and electric telegraphs, in which common sense and ridicule can magnetize a whole continent between dinner and tea, we say that such a phenomenon as Mahomet were impossible, and behold Joe Smith and the State of Deseret! Turning over the yellow leaves of the same copy of "Webster on Witchcraft" which Cotton Mather studied, I thought, "Well, that goblin is laid at last!" and while I mused the tables were turning, and the chairs beating the devil's tattoo all over Christendom. I have a neighbor who dug down through tough strata of clay to a spring pointed out by a witch-hazel rod in the hands of a seventh son's seventh son, and the water is the sweeter to him for the wonder that is mixed with it. After all, it seems that our scientific gas, be it never so brilliant, is not equal to the dingy old Aladdin's lamp.

It is impossible for men to live in the world without poetry of some sort or other. If they cannot get the best they will get some substitute for it, and thus seem to verify Saint Augustine's slur that it is wine of devils. The mind bound down too closely to what is practical either becomes inert, or revenges itself by rushing into the savage wilderness of "isms." The insincerity of our civilization has disgusted some persons so much that they have sought refuge in Indian wigwams and found refreshment in taking a scalp now and then. Nature insists above all things upon balance. She contrives to maintain a harmony between the material and spiritual, nor allows the cerebrum an expansion at the cost of the cerebellum. If the character, for example, run on one side into religious enthusiasm, it is not unlikely to develop on the other a counterpoise of worldly prudence. Thus the Shaker and the Moravian are noted for thrift, and mystics are not always the worst managers. Through all changes of condition and experience man continues to be a citizen of the world of idea as well as the world of fact, and the tax-gatherers of both are punctual.

And these antitheses which we meet with in individual character we cannot help seeing on the larger stage of the world also, a moral accompanying a material development. History, the great satirist, brings together Alexander and the blower of peas to hint to us that the tube of the one and the sword of the other were equally transitory; but meanwhile Aristotle was conquering kingdoms out of the unknown, and establishing a dynasty of thought from whose hand the scepter has not yet passed. So there are Charles V. and Luther; the expansion of trade resulting from the Spanish and Portuguese discoveries, and the Elizabethan literature; the Puritans seeking spiritual El Dorados while so much valor and thought were spent in finding mineral ones. It seems to be the purpose of God that a certain amount of genius shall go to each generation, particular quantities being represented by individuals, and while no *one* is complete in himself, all collectively make up a whole ideal figure of a man. Nature is not like certain varieties of the apple that cannot bear two years in succession. It is only that her expansions are uniform in all directions, that in every age she completes her circle, and like a tree adds a ring to her growth be it thinner or thicker.

Every man is conscious that he leads two lives, the one trivial and ordinary, the other sacred and recluse; the one which he carries to the dinner-table and to his daily work, which grows old with his body and dies with it, the other that which is made up of the few inspiring moments of his higher aspiration and attainment, and in which his youth survives for him, his dreams, his unquenchable longings for something nobler than success. It is this life which the poets nourish for him, and sustain with their immortalizing nectar. Through them he feels once more the white innocence of his youth. His faith in something nobler than gold and iron and cotton comes back to him, not as an upbraiding ghost that wrings its pale hands and is gone, but beautiful and inspiring as a first love that recognizes nothing in him that is not high and noble. The poets are nature's perpetual pleaders, and protest with us against what is worldly. Out of their own undying youth they speak to ours. "Wretched is the

Digitized by Google

man," says Goethe, "who has learned to despise the dreams of his youth!" It is from this misery that the imagination and the poets, who are its spokesmen, rescue us. The world goes to church, kneels to the eternal Purity, and then contrives to sneer at innocence and ignorance of evil by calling it green. Let every man thank God for what little there may be left in him of his vernal sweetness. Let him thank God if he have still the capacity for feeling an unmarketable enthusiasm, for that will make him worthy of the society of the noble dead, of the companionship of the poets. And let him love the poets for keeping youth young, woman womanly, and beauty beautiful.

There is as much poetry as ever in the world if we only knew how to find it out; and as much imagination, perhaps, only that it takes a more prosaic direction. Every man who meets with misfortune, who is stripped of material prosperity, finds that he has a little outlying mountain-farm of imagination, which did not appear in the schedule of his effects, on which his spirit is able to keep itself alive, though he never thought of it while he was fortunate. Job turns out to be a great poet as soon as his flocks and herds are taken away from him.

There is no reason why our continent should not sing as well as the rest. We have had the practical forced upon us by our position. We have had a whole hemisphere to clear up and put to rights. And we are descended from men who were hardened and stiffened by a downright wrestle with necessity. There was no chance for poetry among the Puritans. And yet if any people have a right to imagination, it should be the descendants of these very Puritans. They had enough of it, or they could never have conceived the great epic they did, whose books are States, and which is written on this continent from Maine to California.

But there seems to be another reason why we should not become a poetical people. Formerly the poet embodied the hopes and desires of men in visible types. He gave them the shoes of swiftness, the cap of invisibility, and the purse of Fortunatus. These were once stories for grown men, and not for the nursery as now. We are apt ignorantly to wonder how our forefathers could find satisfaction in fiction the absurdity of which any of our primary-school children could demonstrate. But we forget that the world's gray fathers were children themselves, and that in their little world, with its circle of the black unknown all about it, the imagination was as active as it is with people in the dark. Look at a child's toys, and we shall understand the matter well enough. Imagination is the fairy godmother (every child has one still), at the wave of whose wand sticks becomes heroes, the closet in which she has been shut fifty times for being naughty is turned into a palace, and a bit of lath acquires all the potency of Excalibur.

But nowadays it is the understanding itself that has turned poet. In her railroads she has given us the shoes of swiftness. Fine-ear herself could not hear so far as she, who in her magnetic telegraph can listen in Boston and hear what is going on in New Orleans. And what need of Aladdin's lamp when a man can build a palace with a patent pill? The office of the poet seems to be reversed, and he must give back these miracles of the understanding to poetry again, and find out what there is imaginative in steam and iron and telegraph-wires. After all, there is as much poetry in the iron horses that eat fire as in those of Diomed that fed on men. If you cut an apple across you may trace in it the lines of the blossom that the bee hummed around in May, and so the soul of poetry survives in things prosaic. Borrowing money on a bond does not seem the most promising subject in the world, but Shakspere found the "Merchant of Venice" in it. Themes of song are waiting everywhere for the right man to sing them, like those enchanted swords which no one can pull out of the rock till the hero comes, and he finds no more trouble than in plucking a violet.

John Quincy Adams, making a speech at New Bedford, many years ago, reckoned the number of whaleships (if I remember rightly) that sailed out of that port, and, comparing it with some former period, took it as a type of American success. But, alas! it is with quite other oil that those far-shining lamps of a nation's true glory which burn forever must be filled. It is not by any amount of material splendor or prosperity, but only by moral greatness, by ideas, by works of imagination, that a race can conquer the future. No voice comes to us from the once mighty Assyria but the hoot of the owl that nests amid her crumbling palaces. Of Carthage, whose merchant-fleets once furled their sails in every port of the known world, nothing is left but the deeds of Hannibal. She lies dead on the shore of her once subject sea, and the wind of the desert only flings its handfuls of burial-sand upon her corpse. A fog can blot Holland or Switzerland out of existence. But how large is the space occupied in the maps of the soul by little Athens and powerless Italy! They were great by the soul, and their vital force is as indestructible as the soul.

Till America has learned to love art, not as an amusement, not as the mere ornament of her cities, not as a superstition of what is *comme il faut* for a great nation, but for its humanizing and ennobling energy, for its power of making men better by arousing in them a

Digitized by Google

perception of their own instincts for what is beautiful, and therefore sacred and religious, and an eternal rebuke of the base and worldly, she will not have succeeded in that high sense which alone makes a nation out of a people, and raises it from a dead name to a living power. Were our little mother-island sunk beneath the sea, or, worse, were she conquered by Scythian barbarians, yet Shakspere would be an immortal England, and would conquer countries, when the bones of her last sailor had kept their ghastly watch for ages in unhallowed ooze beside the quenched thunders of her navy.

Old Purchas in his "Pilgrims" tells of a sacred castè in India who, when they go out into the street, cry out, "Poo! poo!" to warn all the world out of their way lest they should be defiled by something unclean. And it is just so that the understanding in its pride of success thinks to pooh-pooh all that it considers unpractical and visionary. But whatever of life there is in man, except what comes of beef and pudding, is in the visionary and unpractical, and if it be not encouraged to find its activity or its solace in the production or enjoyment of art and beauty, if it be bewildered or thwarted by an outward profession of faith covering up a practical unbelief in anything higher and holier than the world of sense, it will find vent in such wretched holes and corners as table-tippings and mediums who sell news from heaven at a quarter of a dollar the item. Imagination cannot be banished out of the world. She may be made a kitchen-drudge, a Cinderella, but there are powers that watch over her. When her two proud sisters, the intellect and understanding, think her crouching over her ashes, she startles and charms by her splendid apparition, and Prince Soul will put up with no other bride.

The practical is a very good thing in its way — if it only be not another name for the worldly. To be absorbed in it is to eat of that insane root which the soldiers of Antonius found in their retreat from Parthia — which whoso tasted kept gathering sticks and stones as if they were some great matter till he died.

One is forced to listen, now and then, to a kind of talk which makes him feel as if this were the after-dinner time of the world, and mankind were doomed hereafter forever to that kind of contented materialism which comes to good stomachs with the nuts and raisins. The dozy old world has nothing to do now but stretch its legs under the mahogany, talk about stocks, and get rid of the hours as well as it can till bedtime. The centuries before us have drained the goblet of wisdom and beauty, and all we have left is to cast horoscopes in the dregs. But divine beauty, and the love of it, will never be without apostles and messengers on earth, till Time flings his hour-glass into the abyss as having no need to turn it longer to number the indistinguishable ages of Annihilation. It was a favorite speculation with the learned men of the sixteenth century that they had come upon the old age and decrepit second childhood of creation, and while they maundered, the soul of Shakspere was just coming out of the eternal freshness of Deity, "trailing" such "clouds of glory" as would beggar a Platonic year of sunsets.

No; morning and the dewy prime are born into the earth again with every child. It is our fault if drought and dust usurp the noon. Every age says to her poets, like the mistress to her lover, "Tell me what I am like"; and, in proportion as it brings forth anything worth seeing, has need of seers and will have them. Our time is not an unpoetical one. We are in our heroic age, still face to face with the shaggy forces of unsubdued Nature, and we have our Theseuses and Perseuses, though they may be named Israel Putnam and Daniel Boone. It is nothing against us that we are a commercial people. Athens was a trading community; Dante and Titian were the growth of great marts, and England was already commercial when she produced Shakspere.

This lesson I learn from the past: that grace and goodness, the fair, the noble, and the true, will never cease out of the world till the God from whom they emanate ceases out of it; that they manifest themselves in an eternal continuity of change to every generation of men, as new duties and occasions arise; that the sacred duty and noble office of the poet is to reveal and justify them to men; that so long as the soul endures, endures also the theme of new and unexampled song; that while there is grace in grace, love in love, and beauty in beauty, God will still send poets to find them and bear witness of them, and to hang their ideal portraitures in the gallery of memory. God with us is forever the mystical name of the hour that is passing. The lives of the great poets teach us that they were the men of their generation who felt most deeply the meaning of the present.

James Russell Lowell.

Digitized by Google

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

SOME years ago, a young lady was sitting at the piano, singing, on board a steamer on the coast of Norway. When she paused, a stranger stepped up to her, introducing himself as a lover of music. They fell into conversation, and had not talked long when the stranger exclaimed: "You love Schumann? Then we are friends!" and reached her his hand.

This is characteristic as illustrating the intimate quality in Schumann's art. To meet in quiet comprehension of the master during a mysterious tête-à-tête at a piano — that is genuinely Schumannesque; to swear by his banner in associations and debating-clubs, or amid the glare of festal splendor — that is decidedly non-Schumannesque. Schumann has never ostentatiously summoned any body of adherents. He has been a comet without a tail, but, for all that, one of the most remarkable comets in the firmament of art. His worshipers have always been "the single ones." There is something in them of the character of the sensitive mimosa; and they are unhappily so apt to hide themselves and their admiration under the leaves of the "Blue Flower" of romanticism, that it would seem a hopeless undertaking ever to gather them (as, for instance, the Wagnerians) into a closed phalanx. Schumann has made his way without any other propaganda than that which lies in his works; and his progress has therefore been slow, but for that reason the more secure. Without attempting by artificial means to anticipate the future, he lived and labored in accordance with his own principle: "Become only an ever greater artist, and all other things will come to you of their own accord."

That this principle was a sound one has been confirmed by the present generation, by whom Schumann's name is known and loved even to the remotest regions of the civilized world, nay, up to the very Ultima Thule. It is not to be denied, however, that the best years of his artistic activity were lost without any comprehension of his significance, and when recognition at last began to come, Schumann's strength was broken. Of this melancholy fact I received a vivid impression when, in the year 1883, I called upon his famous wife, Clara Schumann, in Frankfort on the Main. I fancied she would be pleased to hear of her husband's popularity in so distant a region as my native country, Norway; but in this I was mistaken. Her countenance darkened as she answered dismally, "Yes, *now!*"

The influence which Schumann's art has exercised and is exercising in modern music cannot be overestimated. In conjunction with Chopin and Liszt, he dominates at this time the whole literature of the piano, while the piano compositions of his great contemporary Mendelssohn, which were once exalted at Schumann's expense, would seem to be vanishing from the concert program. In conjunction with his predecessor Franz Schubert, and in a higher degree than any contemporary,— not even Robert Franz excepted,— he pervades the literature of the musical "romance"; while even here Mendelssohn is relegated *ad acta*. What a strange retribution of fate! It is the old story of Nemesis. Mendelssohn received, as it were, more than his due of admiration in advance; Schumann, less than his due. Posterity had to balance their accounts. But it has, according to my opinion, in its demand for justice identified itself so completely with Schumann and his cause that Mendelssohn has been unfairly treated or directly wronged. This is true, however, only as regards the above-mentioned genres, the piano and the musical romance. In orchestral compositions Mendelssohn still maintains his position, while Schumann has taken a place at his side as his equal. I say his equal, for surely no significance can be attached to the circumstance that a certain part of the younger generation (Wagnerians chiefly) have fallen into the habit of treating Schumann, as an orchestral composer, *de haut en bas*. These enthusiasts, being equipped with an excess of self-esteem, and holding it to be their duty to level everything which, according to their opinion, interferes with the free view of the Bayreuth master, venture to shrug their shoulders at Schumann's instrumentation, to deny his symphonic sense, to attack the structure of his periods and his plastic faculty. They do not even hesitate to characterize his entire orchestral composition as a failure; and in order to justify this indictment, they propound the frank declaration that his orchestral works are only instrumentalized piano-music. The fact that Schumann did not occupy himself with Mendelssohn's formally piquant effects, and was not an orchestral virtuoso in the style of Wagner, is turned upside down in the effort

Digitized by Google

totally to deny him both the plastic sense and the faculty of instrumentation. At the same time they refrain from recognizing all the ideal advantages that primarily make Schumann the world-conquering force he has now virtually become.

All this appears too ridiculous, too stupid, to be in need of refutation. Nevertheless, this propaganda of pure conceit has of late become so prevalent that it has gained a certain authority, and has even found a most sensational expression in the press. It would, therefore, seem to be the appropriate time for investigating it a little closely. It is perfectly well known where the commotion had its origin. It will be remembered that in the year 1879 an article appeared in the "Bayreuther Blätter" entitled "Concerning Schumann's Music," signed Joseph Rubinstein, but (this is an open secret) unquestionably inspired, and probably more than inspired, by no less a man than Richard Wagner. The style, the tone, as well as the inconsiderate audacity with which the writer hurled forth his taunts, the public recognized as truly Wagnerian, and promptly designated the Bayreuth master as the one who must bear the responsibility of its authorship, in spite of the fact that he had attempted to disguise himself by simpler constructions than those which we recognize in his public writings. In this incredible production Schumann's art is by all possible and impossible means reduced *ad absurdum*. Not a shred of honor is left to it. The very greatest qualities of the master — his glowing fancy and his lofty lyrical flights — are dragged down into the dirt, and described as the most monstrous conventionality. His orchestral music, his piano compositions, his songs — all are treated with the same contempt. One does not know which ought to be the greater object of astonishment, the man who did put his name to this pamphlet, or the man who did not. The former is said to have been one of Wagner's piano lackeys, who was contemptible enough to allow himself to be used as a screen. There is nothing more to be said of him, except that he will not even attain the fame of a Herostratos. But upon Wagner's relation to Schumann this article throws so interesting a light that it cannot well be overlooked. As a matter of course, Wagner as a man is here left out of consideration. And from out of the depth of my admiration for Wagner the *artist*, I can only affirm that he was as one-sided as he was great. As regards Schumann, the very opposite is true. He was anything but one-sided. He is, in most respects, a remarkable counterpart to Liszt. The rare faculty of both these masters of recognizing anything great and new that was stirring about them forms a contrast, as beneficent as it is evident, to the unintelligent and illiberal view of the greatest contemporary talents which is so prominent a trait of Wagner, and (in his attitude toward Schumann) also of Mendelssohn. Compare only the harsh judgments of Wagner on Schumann, Mendelssohn, Brahms — to name only the most important — with Schumann's warm and sympathetic criticism of the great men of his day, as it is found on nearly every page of his collected writings; and it will be necessary to take exception to the poet's declaration, "*Alles grosse ist einseitig.*" Schumann has, indeed, raised a most beautiful monument to himself in his unprejudiced judgment of all that was considerable among his surroundings. I need only refer to his introduction into the musical world of such names as Berlioz, Chopin, Brahms, Gade, etc. We find him in his youth so busily occupied in clearing the way for others that we are left to wonder how, at the same time, he found it possible to develop his own deep soul as he must have done in the first great creative period of his life, which was chiefly devoted to piano-music. What a new and original spirit! What wealth, what depth, what poetry, in these compositions! The fantasia in C major, with its daring flight, and its hidden undertone for him who listens secretly (*für den der heimlich lauscht*), as the motto declares; his F sharp minor sonata, with its romantic enthusiasm and its burlesque abandon; Kreisleriana, the Carnival, Davidsbündlertänze, Novellettes, — only to name a few of his principal works, — what a world of beauty, what intensity of emotional life, are hidden in these! And what bewitching harmony — out of the very soul of the piano — for him who is able to interpret, for him who can and will hear! But the above-mentioned Bayreuth hireling has not taunts enough for Schumann's piano-music, which he finds to be written in a certain virtuoso style that is, after all, absolutely false and external. "The difficult passages in Schumann," he says, "are effective only when, as is mostly the case, they are brought out obscurely and blurred."

A poor witticism! And then this talk about virtuoso style, falseness, and objectiveness in Schumann's piano-phrasing! Can anything more unjust be imagined? For one ought rather to emphasize his moderation in his use of virtuoso methods, as compared, for instance, with Liszt or Chopin. And to accuse him of unadaptability for the piano, amounts of course to a denial of familiarity with the piano.

It is a fact, however, well known to every genuine piano-player that Schumann could not have written a single one of his many piano compositions without the most intimate familiarity with the subtilest secrets of that instrument. Nor need any one be told that he was

Digitized by Google

a most admirable player. One of the best friends of Schumann's youth, the late Ernst Ferdinand Wenzel, teacher at the Leipsic Conservatory, with whom I often talked about the master, used to recall with a sad pleasure the many evenings, in the olden time, when he would sit at twilight in the corner of the sofa in Schumann's den, and listen to his glorious playing.

The attempt to turn the master's greatest and most obvious merits into defects is such sharp practice that one would be justified in attributing to its author an acquaintance with that "jurisprudence" which he flings into Schumann's face, reproaching him with having devoted too much time to it at the expense of his music. However much energy and infernal ingenuity in the invention of charges one may be disposed to concede to the writer, here — in the question of the technic of the piano — he has allowed his zeal to run away with him to such an extent that he has forgotten to cover himself. In wishing to hit Schumann, he hits himself. He openly betrays how destitute he himself is of any idea of the technic of the piano. Liszt, whose judgment on the subject of everything relating to the piano Wagner on other occasions respected, expressed, as is well known, a very different opinion of Schumann's piano compositions, of which he always spoke with the warmest admiration, and in the appreciation of which he was an enthusiastic and powerful pioneer. Liszt advocated Schumann's claims at a time when no one else ventured to do it. Wagner, on the contrary, tried to make an end of him long after his death, when his reputation was as firmly established as that of Wagner himself. If this matter concerned Wagner only as an individual, I should not undertake to discuss it in an article on Schumann. But it concerns, in my opinion, in an equal degree Wagner the artist. It is possible that Wagner the individual *would* not recognize Schumann's greatness; but it is absolutely certain that Wagner the artist *could* not recognize it. However, his effort to dethrone Schumann was happily a total failure, for the simple reason that it was not feasible. Schumann stands where he stood, impregnable — as does Wagner.

So much for Schumann the piano-composer. When I turn to his chamber-music, I find here, too, some of his most beautiful inspirations. It has been asserted that he is greatest in the smaller forms. But the quintet, the piano quartet, the trio in D minor, both the sonatas for the violin, and the quartets for stringed instruments in A major and A minor, afford sufficient evidence that where a larger mold was required he had also a wealth of beauty at his command. It is not to be denied that in his tone-blending of piano and stringed instruments he never attained the height which Mendelssohn and Schubert reached. It has also been affirmed that he neglects absolute harmony, that his stringed instruments, carrying the melody, do not always enter in the most appropriate places, etc. But such things are trifles which an intelligent conception and careful study will easily remedy. The principal thing — viz., the splendid impulse and illusion — is rarely wanting. Minor impracticabilities, which hundreds of smaller spirits easily avoid, are, strange to say, to be met with in Schumann. In the piano quartet, for instance, he has had the delightful idea of uniting the andante and the finale thematically. But the retuning of the cello from the deep B flat to C, which is here absolutely required, excludes the immediate transition to the last movement, whereby the exquisite effect which has been obviously intended is lost.

The three quartets for stringed instruments (Opus 41) are conceived with as much originality as love. Schumann, to be sure, often ignores the traditional notion that the character of the quartet for stringed instruments is only polyphonic.[1] Hence the complaint of want of style in his quartets, as well as the charge that the instruments do not attain their full musical value. But who, having heard, for instance, the distinguished performance of the quartet in A major by Brodsky and his fellow-artists, will forget the flood of harmony which Schumann can entice from stringed instruments when they are in the hands of great artists? It is related by reliable contemporaries that these quartets did not find favor in Mendelssohn's eyes. It was during the intercourse of both masters in Leipsic that Schumann one day confided to Mendelssohn that he had suddenly been seized with a desire to write quartets for stringed instruments, but that he had just taken steps to carry out a long-cherished plan to visit Italy, and was therefore in a dilemma.

"Remain here and write the quartets," was Mendelssohn's counsel, which Schumann accepted. He remained in Leipsic, and concentrated the whole strength of his soul upon the completion of the task which he had set himself. When Mendelssohn, however, received the quartets, he is reported to have said: "I rather wish now that Schumann had gone to Italy."

We ought not to wonder at this. Mendelssohn never, or at least very rarely, departed in his works for stringed instruments from the

[1] Defined thus by the "Century Dictionary": "Noting a method of composition or a work in which two or more voice-parts are simultaneously combined without losing their independent character, but with harmonious effect."

Digitized by Google

severest principles of polyphony, as practised by Haydn, Mozart, and by Beethoven in his earlier works. Schumann had his roots rather in the later works of Beethoven, where — as is also the case with Schubert — he is not afraid of applying homophony, or even symphonic orchestral style, in quartets for stringed instruments. Upon this fact, in part, rests the opinion that Mendelssohn and Schumann, though they may be named as contemporaries, are yet far apart, the former closing a great artistic period, the classic, and the latter preparing and introducing a no less great one, the romantic. Both masters met, as it were, upon the same threshold. But they certainly did not pass each other coldly by. On the contrary, they paused to exchange many a winged word. It is not to be denied, however, that it would have been better for Schumann if he had listened less to Mendelssohn's maxims and set more store by his own. His admiration for Mendelssohn is beautiful, but there is in this beauty a certain weakness, and this is perhaps closely connected with his later tragic fate.

A survey of Schumann's art will disclose the fact that, having emerged from his youth and early manhood, he was no longer able, as it were, to think his own thoughts with full consistency to the end. He was afraid of himself. It was as if he did not dare acknowledge the results of the enthusiasm of his youth. Thus it happened that he frequently sought shelter in the world of Mendelssohn's ideas. From the moment he did this he passed his zenith; his soul was sick; he was doomed long before the visible symptoms of insanity set in. It is therefore a futile labor to seek the real Schumann in his latest works, as one may do in the case of Beethoven and Wagner. This is most obvious if we examine his latest choral compositions. But before doing this, we have happily the satisfaction of registering as masterpieces of imperishable worth a series of orchestral compositions, and foremost among these his four symphonies. Who has not been carried away by the youthful freshness of the symphony in B flat major; by the grand form and impulse of the C major symphony, and its wonderful adagio with the heaven-scaling altitudes of the violins; by the E flat major symphony, with its mystically medieval E flat minor movement (Schumann is said to have imagined here a procession entering Cologne Cathedral); and finally, who has not marveled at the conception of the D minor symphony, with its tragic exaltation and magnificent unity! Truly, the proud, victorious bugle-blasts which open the first symphony — instinct with a noble self-esteem — are fully justified. About this opening we have, however, an interesting tradition, that it was originally written a third lower, viz.:



TRUMPETS AND HORNS IN B FLAT.

But during the first rehearsal it was demonstrated that the old-fashioned instruments then exclusively used could not produce the stopped notes A and B. The practical Mendelssohn was promptly at hand with the suggestion to place this motif a third higher, as we now have it. In this way it came to consist of natural notes only, which could be rendered with all desirable *éclat*. If Schumann had written his work now, when these instruments have been abandoned, and improved instruments with valves, etc., have taken their places, he would have retained the motif in the tone compass in which it was first conceived, and where, according to the opening of his allegro, it properly belongs. If I were to lead the B flat major symphony at this time, I should not hesitate to change the passage, and carry out Schumann's original intention.

It is this B flat major symphony which the above-mentioned lampooner in the "Bayreuther Blätter" chooses as the target for his most poisonous arrows. Through a long series of musical citations the attempt is made to prove that this work (like all the other orchestral compositions of the master) is made up of an almost uninterrupted succession of what he calls "shoemaker's patches." By this expression he means to indicate "repetitions of musical phrases in related tone intervals, which pupils in composition are especially wont to toil over in their first labors." Now, however, in the year 1893, every musician who is not too much of a Philistine will maintain it as an incontestable truth that the means by which a musical effect is produced are of minor consequence compared to the effect itself; and it is a matter of no moment to us if a pupil by "repetitions in related tone intervals" attains only "the deadliest monotony," when Schumann, by dint of his peculiar application of these "shoemaker's patches," woven together by the force of his genius, contrives to enchain and enrapture us. Schumann's repetitions always sustain the flight of his thought; and where he does not reach his own proper level, it is not the fault of a repetition, but it is because his inspiration is running low. These repetitions, so frequently assailed, occur, however, with all the great masters from Bach to Wagner himself. A repetition, applied with intelligence, has the same object in music as in language, viz., to produce an impressive, stimulating effect. It will not do, then, to stamp every repetition in related tone intervals as a "shoemaker's patch."

Digitized by Google

Before taking leave of the B flat major symphony, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of recalling the performance of this work in the Leipsic Gewandhaus immediately after the appearance of the ominous Bayreuth article. The air of the hall was as if charged with electricity. The work was listened to with strained attention and breathless silence, and as the last chord died away there broke forth a storm of applause more vehement and continued than ever before had greeted an orchestral composition in the Gewandhaus. It was indeed a remarkable ovation. It was musical Leipsic protesting as one man against a biased partizan attack upon the work and its master, whom the nation loves, in spite of all hair-splitting charges of "shoemaker's patches."

A peculiar place among Schumann's productions is occupied by his famous piano concerto. Inspired as it is from beginning to end, it stands without a parallel in musical literature, and arouses our wonder no less by its originality than by its noble avoidance of a "mere objective virtuoso style." It is beloved by all, played by many, well played by few, and ideally comprehended by still fewer — nay, perhaps only by a single one, his wife.

In the series of his choral works, "Paradise and the Peri" stands out in luminous relief, with its enchanting fancies and its Oriental coloring. The whole first part is one uninterrupted inspiration. Whether Schumann constructs greater or smaller forms, everything bears here the stamp of genius. The broadly arranged final chorus is above all praise. Here Schumann is, in truth, architect in a grand style. The second part is likewise dazzling. Only consider the passage where the plague is depicted! It is as if these chords exhaled poisonous fumes. The third part is also rich in beauty; but it appears to me that there is a lack of the breadth of conception which is necessary to conclude so great a work. What a pity that his treatment of the text in this part necessitates a cutting up in small forms which, according to my experience, at last run the risk of being tiresome. Nevertheless, I have never, during the performances in my own country, been able to make up my mind to omit a single bar; for every page is teeming with evidences of genius which we cannot afford to dispense with. Taking everything into consideration, I am of the opinion that "Paradise and the Peri" is the one of Schumann's choral compositions in which he reached his high-water mark.

From old residents of Leipsic I have heard the account of the first performance of this masterpiece at the Gewandhaus in the year 1845, with Schumann as conductor. The part of the *Peri* was sung by Frau Livia Frege, who enjoyed an equal reputation in the Leipsic of that day for her beauty, her affability, and her glorious voice. Immediately after having put down the baton, Schumann, who notoriously was a man of few words, rushed up to Frau Frege, and with an ungentle gesture tore some flowers out of her hair, mumbling dryly, "I should like one of these." That was his way of thanking.

Both Mendelssohn and Schumann were great admirers of Frau Frege. Some years ago I met both her (she was then a stately and handsome old lady) and her husband, and could not forego the opportunity to subject the latter to an inquiry regarding the personal relations of Schumann and Mendelssohn. But if I had suddenly stabbed the old gentleman, it could not have affected him more unpleasantly. He abruptly broke off the conversation, and left me. There was no doubt that I had unwittingly touched upon a theme which was not agreeable to him, but into which, nevertheless, from an artistic point of view, it was of importance to gain an insight. As both Herr and Frau Frege, in whose hospitable house all artistic Leipsic of that day held rendezvous, are now dead, and all the friends of Schumann's youth have also departed, there is little prospect of ever clearing up the dusk of this interesting interior.

Much is being whispered in corners about the attitude of Schumann and Mendelssohn toward each other. One thing is, however, likely to impress the unprejudiced observer as being curious; viz., that Schumann's writings furnish numerous and striking evidences of his boundless admiration for Mendelssohn, while the latter in his many letters does not once mention Schumann or his art. This cannot be due to accident. Whether Mendelssohn was really silent, or whether the editor of his letters, out of regard for his memory, has chosen to omit all references to Schumann, is of slight consequence. This, however, is beyond dispute: his silence speaks, and we of posterity have the right to draw our inferences from this silence. We arrive at the conclusion that here we have the clue to a judgment of the opinions which the two masters entertained of each other. Of petty envy on Mendelssohn's part there can be no suspicion. He was of too pure and noble a character to be animated by such a sentiment; and, moreover, his fame was too great and too well established in comparison with Schumann's. But his horizon was too contracted to enable him to see Schumann as the man he was. How perfectly comprehensible! He had his forte in clear delineation, in classical harmony; and where Schumann fell short of his requirements in this respect, his honesty forbade him to feign a recognition which he could not candidly grant.

Digitized by Google

Another musical and warm-hearted family in whose house Schumann was a constant guest during his residence in Leipsic was that of Herr Voigt, to whose wife, Henrietta Voigt, his intimate friend, Schumann dedicated his beautiful G minor piano sonata. The silent Schumann loved this peaceful home. It is told that he was in the habit of daily entering the drawing-room unannounced, giving a friendly nod to the "lady of the house," walking the length of the room, and departing by the opposite door, without having uttered a single word. All he wanted was to see her.

But to return to the choral works. Besides "Paradise and the Peri," his music to Byron's "Manfred" must be reckoned among his most glorious compositions, in spite of the fact that it belongs to his last period. The overture is a tragic masterpiece cast whole in one mold. His music to Goethe's "Faust" also contains many a stroke of the purest inspiration; but as a whole, it is unequal, and can scarcely, in the same sense as the preceding ones, be characterized as a monumental work.

If we now turn to his later choral compositions,—"Der Königssohn," "Der Sängers Fluch," "Vom Pagen und der Königstochter," "Das Glück von Edenhall," "Neujahrslied," "Requiem,"—we must admit that it is easy for those who wish to make an end of Schumann to find points of attack; for these productions indicate, almost uniformly, soaring will and failing power. His self-criticism is lax, and the greater part of this work is unclear in color as in drawing.

Here we have melancholy evidence that the master's strength was forever broken. It would be far better to pay no attention to these and similar productions of his later years bearing the mark of his decadence. But as regards the derogatory judgment of Schumann which has of late become the fashion in certain influential cliques, I may be permitted to ask: Why should not he, like other creative spirits, have the right to be judged by the best that he has done? Homer, as we all know, will nod. And I should fancy that no one need search long in Schumann's production before finding its core. Although his later activity resulted in such glorious things as "Manfred," the violin sonatas, the symphony in E flat major, etc., it is easy, if one prefers, to leave this entire period out of account, and to judge Schumann by his Opera 1 to 50. I should think that there was to be found among these a sufficient treasury of priceless jewels to entitle Schumann to a seat among the immortals of music. If we are to judge Mozart by his "Concert Arias"; Beethoven by his "Prometheus," "Christ on the Mount of Olives," and the "Triple Concerto for Piano, Violin, and Cello"; Mendelssohn by his "Antigone," "Ruy Blas," "Lobgesang," and the "Reformation Symphony"; Schubert by his dramatic attempts; Wagner by "Rienzi"—in short, if we are to hunt high and low for the weak moments of strong souls — then, considering the imperfection of everything human, we shall find no lack of material for a very unprofitable labor. But such a search would not be in the interest of justice. Happily, in art, as in life, it is the good that is cherished; mistakes are consigned to oblivion, especially when, as is the case with Schumann, the good so largely preponderates.

A beautiful conclusion of Schumann's chamber-music is his two sonatas for violin, particularly the first (A minor, Opus 105); and in this the first movement especially has always appeared to me highly significant. Every time I read or play them, I hear in these tones the master's foreboding lament of the heavy fate which was soon to overtake him. The first marvelously singing motif of the violin is instinct with an overpowering melancholy, and the surprising return of the first motif in the last movement shows what importance Schumann attached to it. It is the worm gnawing at his mind, which lifts its head afresh in the midst of the passionate toil of the fancy to banish it. In enchanting contrast to all this gloomy soul struggle are the suddenly emerging, bright, sweet, appealing — nay, entreating — melodies. Is it not as if one heard the cry, "Let this cup pass from me"? But in the council of Fate the terrible thing has been decreed; and the work closes in manly, noble resignation, without a sign of the unclearness and groping occurring in much of Schumann's production belonging to this period upon which I have commented.

I have also referred to the slowness with which Schumann's popularity spread during his lifetime. This is the more remarkable because of the many advantages which he enjoyed. He lived in the very center of the musical world; occupied important positions, being at one time a teacher at the Leipsic Conservatory; and was married to one of the most soulful and famous pianists of his day. With his wife he even made musical tours, from which he brought home with him many evidences of his unpopularity. Thus, in the year 1843 he accompanied his wife to Russia, where in many of the principal cities she was received with great enthusiasm, and where also she endeavored to introduce the works of her husband. Let it not be forgotten that in 1843 Schumann had already written and published much of his most beautiful chamber-music,—piano works, songs,—and even his symphony in B flat major. Nevertheless, it is said that at a court soirée where Clara was greatly fêted, one of the most exalted personages addressed him in this wise,

Digitized by Google

"Well, Mr. Schumann, are you, too, musical?" The story bears the stamp of truth. What artist is there who could not relate similar incidents? The reigning princes and their hangers-on seem to possess a peculiar aptitude for uttering stupidities when they have the misfortune to stray within the pale of art. But what happened to Schumann is a signal instance of what can be achieved in this direction by those who represent the claim "We alone know."

That after such an experience Schumann could dedicate his C major symphony to a prince—though this time really a musical one, viz., Oscar I. of Norway and Sweden—is an evidence that he had not yet achieved his emancipation from the naïve notion of an earlier time, that the king is the best guardian of art. In spite of the abnormal relation of King Louis of Bavaria to Richard Wagner, our age is happily on the point of outgrowing this great misconception.

The chief impediment to Schumann's popularity was his total lack of that faculty of direct communication which is absolutely indispensable to the making of a good conductor or a beloved teacher. I fancy, however, that he was himself very little troubled about this. In fact, he was too much of a dreamer. Proofs are not wanting that he actually took pride in his unpopularity. Thus, in a letter to his mother he writes, "I should not even wish to be understood by all." He need give himself no anxiety on that score. He is too profound, too subjective, too introspective, to appeal to the multitude.

I cannot take leave of Schumann's larger labors without pausing for a moment at the opera "Genoveva," a work which has rightly been named his "child of sorrows." He expended upon it much of his best power, and it prepared for him the bitterest disappointments. So many pens have been set in motion against this composition, especially by Wagnerians, that it seems almost foolhardy to lift up one's voice in its defense. Nevertheless, I must maintain as my unalterable opinion that Schumann's music cannot be briefly dismissed as undramatic: there are so many passages in the opera which furnish incontestable proof that Schumann was not without dramatic talent—but wanting, indeed, in knowledge of the requirements of the drama. The most excellent dramatically inspired things stand side by side without transitions, demanding frequently only a few bars to bring them into harmonious relations. On the other hand, there seems occasionally to be a little too much transition. The external apparatus is not always practically applied. The rare skill of Wagner on this point furnishes a striking contrast. But, as I have said, the dramatic flight is often enough present; and I am convinced that the day will come when a performance, by skilled and affectionate hands, will yield at least a portion of that which the master, in certain passages, has hinted and indicated, but which he had not sufficient technic to express with clearness and force. If Schumann in his youth had had experience as leader of the orchestra in a theater, we should probably have lived to see him admired even as a dramatist. The great public will not put up with mere dramatic spirit, if this spirit is not incorporated in a dramatic body. It demands, as it were, the spirit plainly presented upon a tray. And this is exactly what Schumann could not do—or perhaps would not do, if this conclusion may be inferred from his own words: "German composers usually suffer shipwreck in wishing to please the public. But only let somebody offer, for once, something individual, deep, and German, and he will see if he does not achieve something more." No one will deny that Schumann's reasoning is here esthetically correct; but being what he was, he would have acted more prudently, at all events, in not running counter to the legitimate demand of the public for clear dramatic characterization. To descend to the level of a foolish public would to him have been an impossibility; while, on the other hand, a stricter regard for the requirements of the drama, a greater accuracy and sobriety in scenic calculations, unquestionably would have enabled him to compass far greater achievements.

Intentionally I have chosen to consider last that portion of Schumann's work which proves him to be what, according to his innermost nature, he really was—a poet. I refer to his songs. Even all the demons of hate which possess the Bayreuth critic do not here suffice to reduce the composer to a nonentity. In order to disparage, however, and minimize even this expression of his genius, he resorts to far-fetched humor. I cannot refrain from quoting literally the following choice effusion:

> Since nowadays one does not find it ridiculous when, in our salons, a lady, holding a fan and a fragrant lace handkerchief between her gloved fingers, sings of her former lover as a "lofty star of glory who must not know her, the lowly maid,"—or when a gentleman in swallow-tail coat assures us that he has seen in his dream a serpent feeding on the gloom-engulfed heart of a certain miserable person who shall not be mentioned,—then certainly one ought not, primarily, to be angry with the composer because in his illustration of such poems, popular in our higher circles of society, he has, in his effort not to be outstripped by the poet, sounded all the depths and heights of musical expression.

What a quantity of genuine Wagnerian gall is concentrated in this long-winded monster of a sentence! But—it goes too far. Schumann's songs emerge from this mud-bath as

Digitized by Google

pure as they were before they were dipped into it. If there is anything at all that Schumann has written which has become, and has deserved to become, world literature, it is surely his songs. All civilized nations have made them their own. And there is probably in our own day scarcely a youth interested in music to whom they are not, in one way or another, interwoven with his most intimate ideals. Schumann is the *poet*, contrasting in this respect with his greatest successor, Brahms, who is primarily *musician*, even in his songs.

With Schumann the poetic conception plays the leading part to such an extent that musical considerations technically important are subordinated, if not entirely neglected. For all that, even those of his songs of which this is true exert the same magic fascination. What I particularly have in mind is his great demand upon the compass of the voice. It is often no easy thing to determine whether the song is intended for a soprano or an alto, for he ranges frequently in the same song from the lowest to the highest register. Several of his most glorious songs begin in the deepest pitch and gradually rise to the highest, so that the same singer can rarely master both. Schumann, to be sure, occasionally tries to obviate this difficulty by adding a melody of lower pitch, which he then indicates by smaller notes placed under the melody of his original conception. But how often he thereby spoils his most beautiful flights, his most inspired climaxes! Two instances among many occur to me,—"Ich grolle nicht," and "Stille Thränen,"—for which one will scarcely ever find an interpreter who can do equal justice to the beginning and the end. But if, on the other hand, a singer has a voice at his command capable of such a feat, he will produce the greater effect. Thus, I remember as a child, in 1858, having heard Frau Schröder-Devrient, then fifty-five years old, sing "Ich grolle nicht," and never shall I forget the shiver that ran down my spine at the last climax. The beautiful timbre of the voice was of course lacking; but the overwhelming power of the expression was so irresistible that every one was carried away.

To be able to sing Schumann is a special faculty which many excellent singers do not have. I have heard the same singer render Schubert to perfection, and Schumann absolutely badly. For with Schubert the most of what is to be done is explicitly expressed; while with Schumann one must understand the art of reading between the lines — of interpreting a half-told tale. A symphony, too, of Schubert plays itself, as it were; but a symphony of Schumann has to be studied with a subtile perception in order to uncover and bring out what is veiled in the master's intentions. Otherwise it will lose much of its effect. In speaking above of the excessive demands upon the compass of the voice in Schumann's songs, I refer chiefly to those more broadly composed. The smaller and more delicate ones do not usually strain a voice of ordinary register.

A quite peculiar stamp of genius is impressed upon Schumann's epic romances and ballads. In this genre he has created unattained masterpieces. I will cite as instances Chamisso's "Die Löwenbraut," and (from Opus 45) Eichendorff's "Der Schatzgräber," and Heine's "Abend am Strande." In the last named Schumann attains a realistic effect of great intensity. How pictorial is here the description of the different peoples, from the dweller on the banks of the Ganges to the "dirty Laplanders" who in a truly impressionistic style "quack and scream"! Strangely enough, there are as yet not many who both feel and are able to render these effects, and they are accordingly scarcely ever heard in a concert-hall. A ballad the popularity of which (according to E. F. Wenzel) vexed Schumann, was Heine's "Two Grenadiers," because he regarded it, and perhaps rightly, as belonging to his weakest productions. A volume which contains things of the very highest order, and which for some incomprehensible reason is almost unknown, is Opus 98ª, "Lieder und Gesänge aus Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister.'" Once in a while one may, to be sure, stumble upon the magnificent, grandly molded ballad, "Was hör' ich draussen vor dem Thor!" but one never hears the most beautiful of all, "Kenn'st du das Land wo die Citronen blüh'n?" with which I have seen a gifted vocalist move an audience to tears.

It is rarely the happiest inspirations of a creative spirit that win the hearts of the many. In that respect the musical intelligence of the so-called cultivated society leaves much to be desired. However, the other arts are scarcely more favorably placed. Everywhere it is cheap art which has a monopoly of appeal to the general intelligence.

It cannot be maintained that Schumann was the first to accord a conspicuous rôle to the accompaniment of his songs. Schubert had anticipated him as no other of his predecessors had done, in making the piano depict the mood. But what Schubert began, Schumann further developed; and woe to the singer who tries to render Schumann without keeping a close watch of what the piano is doing, even to the minutest shades of sound. I have no faith in a renderer of Schumann's songs who lacks appreciation of the fact that the piano has fully as great a claim upon interest and study as the voice of the singer. Nay; I would even venture to assert that, up to a certain point, he who cannot play Schu-

Digitized by Google

mann cannot sing him either. In his treatment of the piano, Schumann was furthermore the first who, in a modern spirit, utilized the relation between song and accompaniment, which Wagner has later developed to a degree that fully proves what importance he attached to it. I refer to the carrying of the melody by the piano, or the orchestra, while the voice is engaged in the recitative. Heaven preserve me, however, from insinuating that Wagner consciously could have received an impulse from Schumann! A dyed-in-the-wool Wagnerian would, of course, regard even a hint of such a possibility as an outrageous want of respect for the master of Bayreuth which would amount almost to an insult. But, for all that, it is a fact that contemporaries influence each other whether they want to or not. That is one of nature's eternal laws, to which we are all subject. You will perhaps ask, Where is, then, the mutual influence of Rossini, Beethoven, and Weber? And my response is, It is of a negative character, and accordingly still present. But in the above-mentioned particular case — that of Schumann and Wagner — it is absolutely positive. It is, however, true that Schumann only hints at the things out of which Wagner constructs a perfect system. But there is this to be said, that Schumann is here the foreseeing spirit who planted the tree which later, in the modern musical drama, was to bear such glorious fruit.

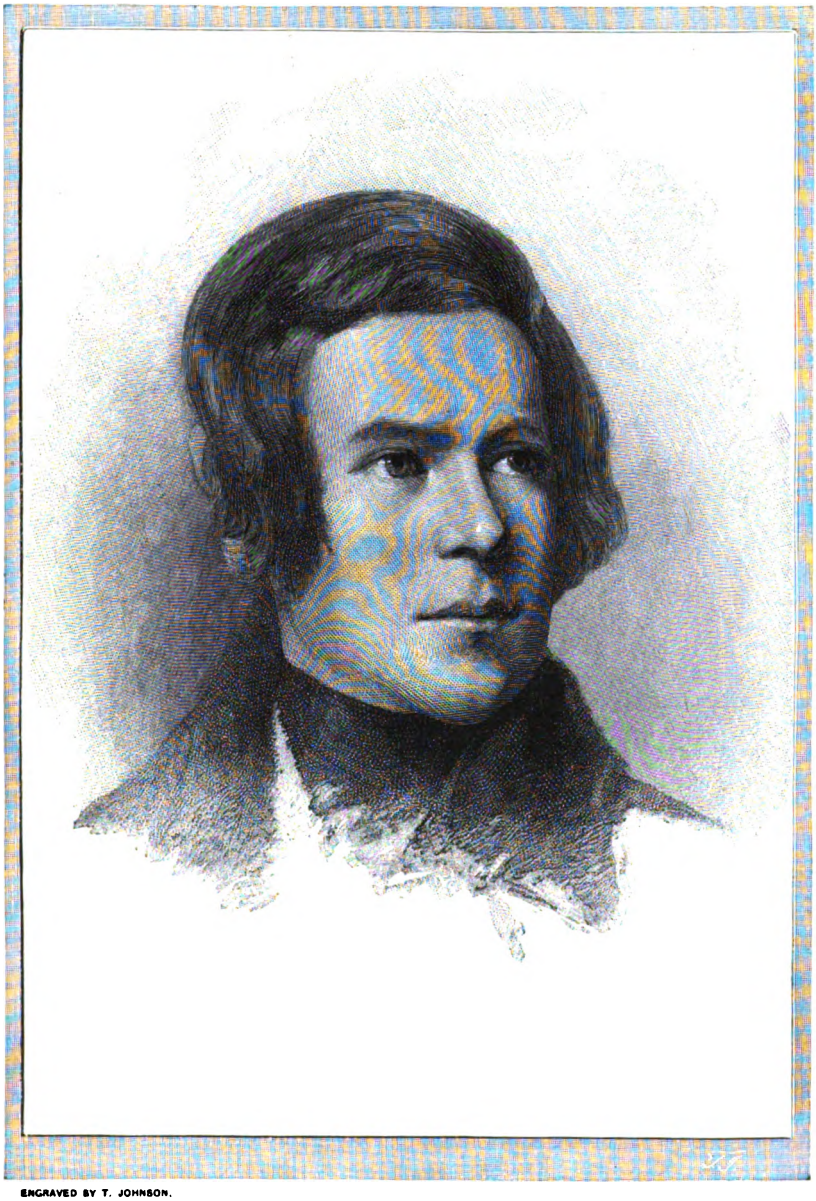
That gradually increasing conservatism which, in the case of an artist, is usually a mark of failing powers, was never noticeable in Schumann. Even though his creative force went out in the darkness of insanity, this in no wise affected his views of art, which remained fresh and youthful to the very last. His enthusiasm for the young Brahms is a striking proof of that receptivity as regards the new which did not desert him even on the downward incline of his scantily allotted career. We gain hereby a beautiful glimpse of the purity of his character, just as it revealed itself in his younger years in his relation to Mendelssohn and others. And just as Schumann was the first interpreter in modern music of the profounder emotions and true intensity of sentiment who could exclaim with Beethoven, when the latter had finished his "Missa Solemnis," "From the heart it has come, to the heart it shall go," so now, the spirit of unreason, pettiness, and envy having passed away, all hearts, old and young, respond jubilantly to Schumann's art, and honor him as a man, pioneer, and artist. Schumann's conceptions of art will again come to their right when that army of inflated arrogance which wrongfully have adopted the title of "Wagnerians" and "Lisztians" will have lost their influence. I discriminate, however, expressly between the true and genuine admirers of these two mighty masters and the howling horde which calls itself "——ians." These patentees of speculative profundity do not know the most priceless jewel of art — naïveté. How, then, are they to love Schumann, who possessed this rare gift in so rich a measure? Many of the so-called Liszt performers render Schumann in a manner which is most significant. In most cases they will, indeed, give you the genuine Liszt, but, on the other hand, Schumann falsified beyond recognition. All attempts at artistic treatment and a well-studied execution of details cannot compensate for the lack of that warm, deep tone which a real interpreter of Schumann will know how to produce. As different as Mendelssohn's art of orchestration is from that of Wagner, so different is the coloring of Schumann from that of Liszt; and to give this a vivid expression on the piano imposes so great a task upon the performer that it calls his whole personality into play. He must be able to orchestrate upon the piano. Only then will he become a "Schumann-player" in the sense in which we speak, for instance, of "Chopin-players" — that is to say, performers who, to be sure, are able to play a good deal besides, but play Chopin to perfection. Wagner somewhere expresses the opinion that a sympathetic nature is required even to comprehend his meaning: this is no less true of Schumann, who, in his demands upon the player's comprehension, ventures to propound this postulate, "Perhaps only genius can completely understand genius."

That these lines, while embodying much of my own personal conception of Schumann, also in a considerable degree are concerned with Mendelssohn and Wagner, was in the nature of the case, and thus scarcely to be avoided. These masters stand in a peculiar relation of reciprocity to each other. Each has, as above shown, either sought to be influenced by the other, or purposely sought to avoid being influenced. Like mighty planets in the firmament, they either attracted or repelled each other. Each owes the other much, both positively and negatively. As regards Schumann, he failed, perhaps, of the full achievement which his rare gifts entitle us to expect, because his need of being influenced is intimately connected with that germ of early decay which prevented him from consistently pressing on to his goal. But whatever his imperfections, he is yet one of the princes of art, a real German spirit to whom Heine's profound words concerning Luther may well apply:

In him all the virtues and all the faults of the Germans are in the grandest way united; so that one may say that he personally represents the wonderful Germany.

Edvard Grieg.

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

FROM A WATER-COLOR MADE IN VIENNA IN HIS YOUTH; IN POSSESSION OF DR. M. ABRAHAM OF LEIPSIC.

Digitized by Google

A JOURNEY TO THE DEVIL'S TOWER IN WYOMING.

(ARTISTS' ADVENTURES.)

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

WE were on our way to the Yellowstone and the Tetons, by way of Gillette and the Big Horn Mountains, intending to enter the park by the East Fork of the Yellowstone. Our party consisted of Jackson, the photographer, of Denver; young Millet, his assistant; and myself. We were to meet our outfit at Sheridan. Our plan also included a trip to the Devil's Tower on the Belle Fourche River. Moorcroft was the nearest point to the tower on the railroad; but as no outfit for the trip was to be had there, we were compelled to go to Gillette, twenty-eight miles farther, a declining town of the character usually found at the end of a railroad section during construction. The night before our departure we engaged a light wagon and team, and were assured that we could make the journey in a day, spend one day at the tower, and return the next. We were told that we should find ranches along the way, where we could either stop at night or get what was needful. We carried nothing but Jackson's photographic apparatus, my sketching-outfit, and our blankets. Our inquiries as to the distance of the tower were variously answered by estimates of sixty, sixty-five, and seventy-five miles.

After twenty miles of travel we noticed that our team seemed to have a tired air and a startling indifference to the whip, and that our plans had been too hastily made. However, we were too far on the road to turn back; even had we done so, there was no other team to be had in Gillette, so we pushed on. A map is a sorry guide to follow in a country devoted to cattle-raising, where roads branch out everywhere and seem to end nowhere. Our way, however, was supposed to be clear to Ranch 101, said to be twenty-eight miles distant from Gillette, and there we would refresh ourselves and feed the horses. All Gillette had said we could not miss our way.

About noon "101," as we supposed, came in sight; but we forded the Belle Fourche only to find what we supposed to be "101" deserted. This rather dampened our ardor: no deserted place had been spoken of by our Gillette guides. At some distance off we saw a herder lying in the shade of a tree, and we asked him about "101." He said it was a little farther on over the hill. The hill proved to be really about 1000 feet up. We mounted it with joy, only to find another equally high beyond it, and another and two others beyond these. It was hot, and we had had nothing to eat since five in the morning, and were feeling in need of a little rest.

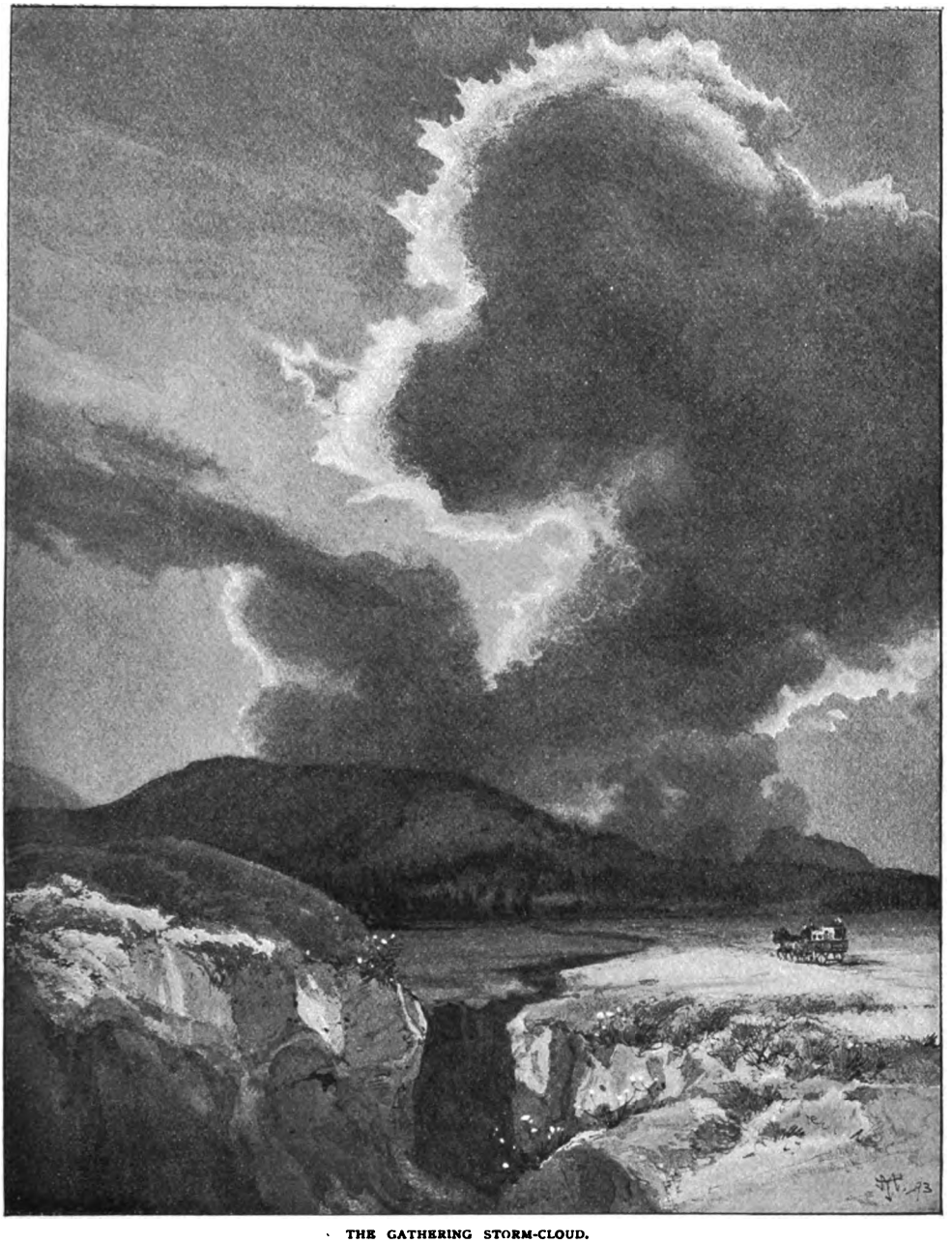
From the top of our last hill we could see the Belle Fourche winding away for miles in its fringe of cottonwoods before it entered its cañon, cut in a sandstone ridge heavily timbered. Far beyond rose the Black Hills of Dakota; and away to the southeast lay the great "Inyan Kara" (mountain within a mountain). It was a magnificent panorama. Beneath us lay Ranch 101, about a mile away, embowered in a lovely grove of cottonwood trees, with an air of comfort about it that reminded me of a well-kept and prosperous farmers' house in the East.

It was now two o'clock in the afternoon, and instead of twenty-eight miles to "101," we had come about thirty-five. However, we had made about half our journey, and if we pushed on hard we could reach some ranch on the Belle Fourche near the tower before night came on. Going down to "101," we found a neatly painted frame dwelling-house surrounded by log houses for the various needs of the ranch. All ranches in this region are known by their cattle-brand—as the Currycomb, the Crown, the Anchor, etc.; and "101" was the brand of this one. It was a corporation ranch with a superintendent.

Finding the superintendent in, we inquired if we could get something for ourselves and horses. We stated that we were strangers to the country, on our way to the tower, and that we needed some directions. His reply was rather chilling. He said that he did not keep a road-house, and he had no horse-feed; but he kindly informed us that there was plenty of grass outside. He did not offer to give us any directions. As we left the house, we were followed out by one of the young men, who seemed to feel that our reception had been uncivil. He asked us where we were going, and although unable to direct us himself, he said we could get directions from the man at the next ranch across the Belle Fourche, at the same time pointing out about where it lay.

After crossing the stream, we had no difficulty in finding the log house, where we were

Digitized by Google



THE GATHERING STORM-CLOUD.

greeted by a young woman. The front room was very poorly furnished even for that part of the country; and on our requesting information as to our route, she said she did not know, but would ask the man of the house. He did not come out of the back room, but we could hear them talking there. When she returned she said we were to follow the wire fence through the swamp until we came to the road about a mile away, and keep right on past the old derrick until we reached the second creek, where we would see the road that led down to the Belle Fourche; she could not say how far it was to the tower.

When we reached the road we found it excellent, passing over gently sloping hills, with occasional *arroyos*. Descending into a broad valley, we passed the derrick, which was situated on the edge of a small stream, and we also passed many ranch houses, all of logs, but

Digitized by Google



THE HAIL-STORM.

in every instance deserted. These were the ranches where we had calculated to refresh ourselves and our horses! They were plentiful enough to have given the name of Cabin Creek (the creek we were to follow down to the Belle Fourche) to the stream that in the wet season flowed through the valley.

The woman had said nothing of diverging roads, and we now became uncertain which we ought to take of the many that branched off from the one on which we were traveling. She had said we were to cross the divide and go down to Cabin Creek, where the road would be clear down the creek to the Belle Fourche. We saw a divide some miles away, at the head of the valley; but the other roads that led from ours also crossed divides. We concluded to take the one at the head of the valley, because that seemed most traveled and trended in the direction of the tower. When we reached the top, we could look far down into the valley below us to a fringe of cottonwoods that indicated the windings of a running stream. This must be Cabin Creek. We started down the slope with rising spirits, believing that there must be a ranch there; and we tried to put some of our own buoyancy into the tired animals, but in vain. When about half-way down we caught a glimpse of the tower through a rift in the mountains about twenty-five miles away, rising pale and immense against a clear sky. Presently we noticed a dark mass of cumulus clouds rising in the west, which increased so rapidly in size and blackness that the sun was soon obscured. When the sun had disappeared behind the great cloud, its edges were fringed with a sharply defined band of light, of a most extraordinary and dazzling brightness that I can compare only to a fringe of stationary lightning. Higher and higher it rose and spread until it covered the sky. Ominous shafts of lightning began to shoot from it, and the distant mutterings of thunder indicated that a storm was at hand. We were about to stop and arrange our affairs with that in view, when the cattle that had been grazing on the hill-sides came tearing into the valley in a perfect stampede, making for the shelter of the pine-groves on the other side of a deep *arroyo* that separated us from the woods.

The wind had now risen to a gale, when we noticed a few small white objects driven along toward us, and bounding as they came. A ghostly grayness began to obscure the previously dark-plum-purple-colored hills to the west. The sun must have gone below the horizon, for a sudden darkness came on. Our horses refused to move a step. We were entirely unprepared for the suddenness and severity with which there broke upon us a storm of hail. The hills disappeared entirely, and we could see only a few feet from us. Everything that might have served as a protection for us had been securely packed and strapped before starting; and with this fierce storm raging it was impossible to do anything for our defense. Light summer clothing and thin felt hats were our only protection against this awful fusillade of ice-balls that struck us with a force as if coming from a sling.

The horses, smarting under the blows, suddenly made an attempt to turn about so as not to face the storm, and in doing so they nearly overturned the outfit. We feared they might stampede; but, fortunately for us, they were too used up to do so, and simply winced under the blows, as we did ourselves. How long would it last? How long could we stand it? Our hands were beginning to show purple lumps where they had been struck, and our heads were aching, and sore, and lumpy, from the pelting ice-balls. Night was coming on. Our wagon was loaded with ice-balls, which were rather flat in form and from two to three inches in diameter, and the landscape was covered with them to the depth of four inches.

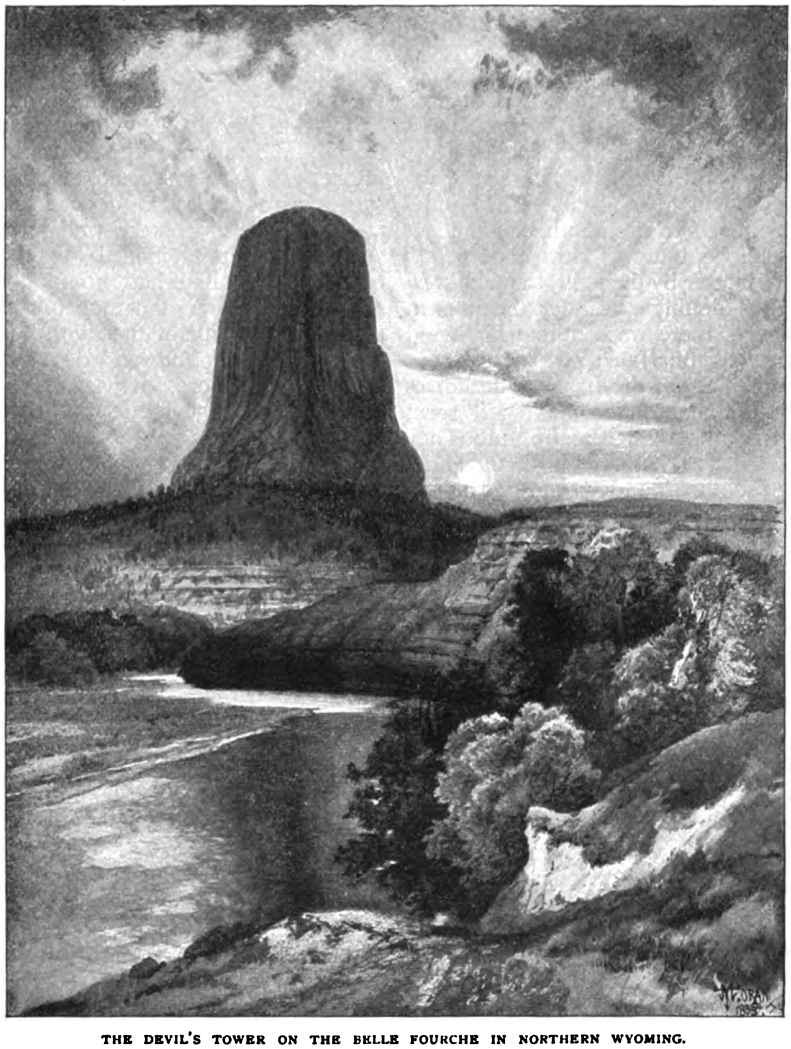
Soon after the hail began to fall, the wind became a cold, chilling blast that greatly in-

Digitized by Google

creased our discomfort. We shivered and shook as though seized with an ague. Now rain intermingled with the hail, and soon it was a drenching downpour of water; but it was comforting to know that the storm of ice was over. Then the hills began to reappear, and the glow through the rain indicated that the storm had about spent its force, and that clear skies lay beyond.

weather had been fine and dry for weeks, and gumbo roads are good when dry. It is of such fine texture that it will receive an impression as clean as wax. During this short storm the gumbo had softened to the depth of an inch or two, and our trials with it were about to begin.

The sky was perfectly clear again. The sun had been down about half an hour, and the



THE DEVIL'S TOWER ON THE BELLE FOURCHE IN NORTHERN WYOMING.

Do you know what gumbo is? Well, it is the clay of northern Wyoming. When wet it is the blackest, stickiest, most India-rubber-like mud that exists on earth. Like the gathering snowball, it accumulates on whatever comes in contact with it, and is so adhesive that it never falls away of its own weight, as any well-regulated mud will do, but must be laboriously removed when you or your wagon-wheels become clogged with it. Up to the breaking of the storm, gumbo had not troubled us, for the darkness of night was beginning to settle about us in the valley, while the twilight glow still illumined the higher mountain-tops, as we made a start to reach the creek. The horses really seemed to have had some new life infused into them by the storm, for they started off cheerfully; but the terrible gumbo soon began to discourage them. We tried walking to relieve them of our weight, but soon found that the friendly gumbo had us in its embrace, making our feet like lead. After repeated stoppages to clear the

Digitized by Google

wheels, we at last reached the creek. Searching for the road was out of the question. It was dark now, with several inches of hail covering the ground, and completely hiding all traces of a road, if there were any. We could not make camp where we were, in water and soft gumbo.

About two miles farther, across the creek, was a great clump of pines on the top of a gently sloping hill; and it seemed that if we could reach that we would be all right for the night, as it would be drier, and we could have a fire, if our matches had not been spoiled by the rain. But to cross the creek was a serious matter. The bank upon which we were was about fifteen feet high; the road made a very precipitous descent to the water, but was easy on the other side. The gumbo had been softened to the depth of about an inch on the slope, but was hard underneath. A dangerous matter by daylight, to make such a descent was doubly so under the present conditions. Yet there was nothing for it but to make the attempt. Jackson took the reins, while we remained on the bank. The horses shied at first, the darkness making it seem deeper and steeper than it really was. They finally made the plunge, but instantly found they had no foothold, and wagon and horses simply slid down into the creek — without accident. We followed them, and, getting into the wagon, reached the other bank without further trouble.

Slowly, wearily, we made our way to the pine clump on the hillside, but it took us two hours to cover those two miles. It was ten o'clock when we reached the pines, wet, hungry, and worn out. We found it had been the camping-place of herders, whose pine-bough beds were there, dry underneath, and ready to be used for lighting our fire. The used-up horses were turned loose to find food for themselves, as we knew they were too tired to wander far away, and grass was plentiful. Our matches proved to be in good condition, and we soon had a fire fit to roast an ox. Our wet blankets were brought out and dried, and we turned our steaming selves before the fire until we were dry enough to take to our blankets. Our pine-bough beds were as welcome as the softest down.

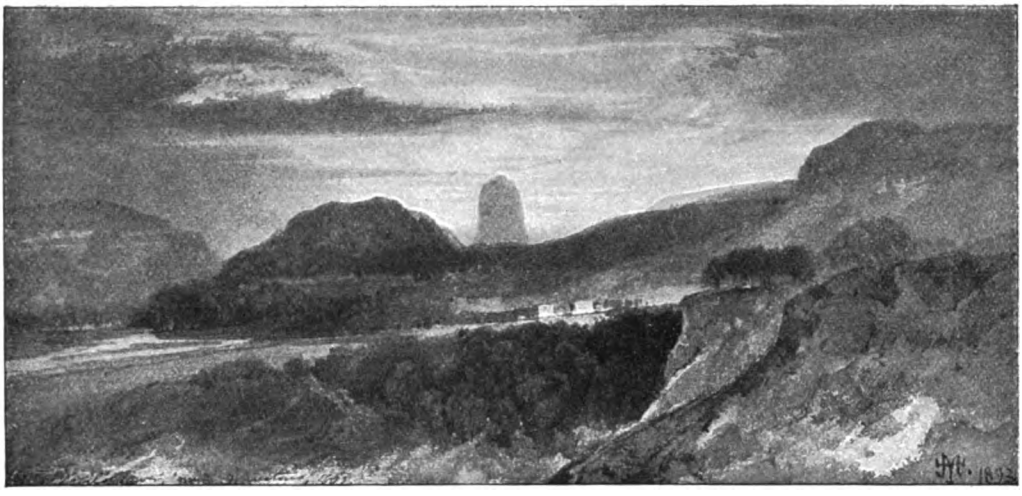
Early next morning we retraced our way to the creek to find the road that was to lead us down to the Belle Fourche. Arriving at the gumbo slide of the previous night, we emptied the wagon of everything to make it as light as possible. Jackson undertook to get it up the slide, and was successful. The great camera, the boxes of plates, and the bedding we managed to get over on a bridge made of the legs of the camera. Having safely reached the other side, we wandered in all directions to find the road, but no trace of a road leading down the creek could be found. After an hour's fruitless search we gave it up. Were we on Cabin Creek, or had we passed it at the derrick? We concluded to retrace our way to the derrick, and to follow the road down to the cañon. This meant twenty or twenty-five miles to reach the river; but we knew there were ranches and farms on the Belle Fourche, and that we could reach the tower by that way.

We reached the cañon early in the afternoon, but did not know which side of the river to take, as there was a road on both sides. We chose the side we were on, but soon found that it led away from the river and up a side ravine. There we saw smoke rising in the air some distance ahead of us, and soon reached a house, where we were well received. We were very grateful indeed to get something to eat, as we had had no food for thirty-eight hours. The ranchman told us we were on the wrong side of the river, but by going over the hill opposite and descending to the river, we could cross it just above where we descended. And such a descent as we made! A narrow trail over a series of sandstone terraces so steep and rocky that I never expected to see our wagon whole at the bottom! But by great care and good luck we managed to get to the river all right. Knowing that we were at last on the right road for the Devil's Tower, and within reach of habitations, we almost forgot the sufferings of the previous day.

The scenery along the river to the tower was fine: a very wide cañon in sandstone worn into castellated forms, inclosing a fertile valley studded with the houses and fields of prosperous farmers and ranchers. It was evident that we could not reach the tower that day; and when we inquired in regard to accommodation for the night, everybody told us to go to Johnson's. We concluded that Johnson's was a place of entertainment for travelers. When we arrived there, early in the evening, we found that it was the home of an English gentleman who was given to horse-raising. He and his wife welcomed us heartily, and did everything to make our sojourn pleasant. His house was a neatly built frame, and luxuriously furnished, even to a grand piano. From there the great tower loomed up grandly some twelve miles away. In the morning our host had the herder bring in about a hundred of his horses to show us, after which we regretfully left his hospitable home and made our way on to the tower, which we reached about noon.

This wonderful mass of columnar basalt rises about 2000 feet above the Belle Fourche. It is somewhat of a geological puzzle, standing alone as it does, and rising directly out of a country entirely made up of sedimentary rock.

Digitized by Google



THE DEVIL'S TOWER, FROM JOHNSON'S.

One theory is that it is the core of a great volcano, crystallized into its present form, and that the mountain of which it was the core has been carried off by erosion. Be that as it may, it is a grand and imposing sight, and one of the remarkable physical features of this country. We sketched and photographed it during the remainder of the day. In the evening we were hospitably received at the ranch of Burke and Mackenzie, two Englishmen also engaged in horse-raising; and the next morning, under their direction, we started on our return to Gillette by way of Cabin Creek. On the way we passed over the old camping-ground and the scene of the hail-storm, to find that we had been on the right road after all, and that our camp that night had been only twenty miles from the Devil's Tower!

Thomas Moran.



IMOGEN.

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS *speaks:*

SORROW, make a verse for me
That shall breathe all human grieving;
Let it be love's exequy,
And the knell of all believing!
Let it such sweet pathos have
As a violet on a grave,
Or a dove's moan when his mate
Leaves the new nest desolate.
Sorrow, Sorrow, by this token,
Braid a wreath for Beauty's head;
Valley-lilies, one or two,
Should be woven with the rue.
Sorrow, Sorrow, all is spoken—
She is dead!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Digitized by Google



PHOTOGRAPHED BY NADAR. ENGRAEDV BY T. JOHNSON.

George Sand

Digitized by Google

NOTABLE WOMEN: GEORGE SAND.

WITH LETTERS AND PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

M. CAMILLE DOUCET, Permanent Secretary of the Institute of France, making the announcement in a report read before that body, that the subject chosen by the Académie Française for the next *concours d'éloquence* was "George Sand," said: "When, six years ago, it was suggested by one of your members that the eulogium of George Sand should be given as a subject for competition, his proposal was met with the words, 'It is too soon': to-day he barely escapes being answered, 'It is too late.'"

It would indeed seem that George Sand has gone out of fashion. For a number of years the same was said of Lamartine, and yet to-day the great lyric poet again stands on as high a pedestal as ever. However this may be in the case of George Sand, the time seems to me opportune, on the day following the publication of her voluminous correspondence, and anticipating the date set apart for her academic praise, to commit to writing some personal, intimate, and friendly recollections of this woman of genius—nay, more than that, of her who was the genius of kindliness itself.

Let me first relate how it became my good fortune to have her as the sponsor of my first literary efforts. Legendary talk notwithstanding, her circle of friends did not consist merely of literary confrères, of revolutionary folk, or of the denizens of Bohemia. True republican though she was, she could forgive a few of her friends, to quote her own words, for having come into the world patricians. Among these few were Comte d'Orsay, who rendered into English the "Mare au diable," and Comte d'Aure, my step-father.

M. d'Aure, through whom I became acquainted with her more than thirty years ago, was in his way an artist. Toward the close of his life he was equerry to the emperor, after having in days gone by been *écuyer cavalcadour* to Louis XVIII. and to Charles X., and then *écuyer commandant* at the Royal School of Cavalry at Saumur. During a long and brilliant career the horse had been to him an object of constant and primary interest. Equitation was to him what it was in centuries gone by to those who taught it in those academies where the nobility of France went to be instructed in an art among all others held highest in honor. Heir to the traditions of the Versailles school, of which he was the last representative, his treatise on equitation is, even at the present day, the official catechism, so to speak, of our cavalry, and, after a period of more than fifty years, Paris has not forgotten the glories of the riding-school of the Rue Duphot, where the representative of one of France's oldest families did not disdain to act as instructor. At a time when the subversive theories contained in "Jacques" and "Indiana" were causing a great stir, George Sand, a dark-haired, pale little woman, with her two pretty children, used to be an assiduous visitor to the school. That person, reserved in her manner, not to say shy, and anxious to escape observation as much as possible, was no other than the bold writer who shocked so awfully part of the reading public. Deprived as she was then of her rides through the wooded country of the Berri, she came to the riding-school by way of relaxation, after hours of assiduous labor. Thus it happened that an intimate friendship sprang up between Mme. Sand and M. d'Aure.

At the time when these two old friends laid their heads together to encourage my literary début, they had for some years ceased to have any frequent personal intercourse, as Mme. Sand dwelt almost constantly on her Nohant estate in the Berri, whereas the duties of M. d'Aure required his presence at court; but their epistolary communion had not suffered any interruption. The equerry to the emperor, the inspector-general of the stud, never brought out any work whatsoever on the subjects to which he devoted his special attention, such as equitation viewed from a military or political standpoint, or from that of industrial economy, without sending a copy to Mme. Sand, who would show in her acknowledgment of the gift that amount of interest which she knew so well how to take in every subject under the sun. From time to time she would intrust him with the re-stocking of her very rustic stables. She seemed always in need, for the purpose of carrying her folks over the country roads, of a pair of sturdy little horses of

Digitized by Google

ordinary breed, which were to cost her but little; for although she had in her lifetime earned over a million francs without ever making any sacrifice to pecuniary considerations, and while she conducted her affairs with much order, Mme. Sand, whose right hand was ever generous, was all her life compelled to be economical. In the bundle of her letters which I possess,— most of which will never see the light of publication,— the animal creation occupies no inconsiderable space. There are also pages of confidences — pages that are charming in their simplicity and in their tenderness — on the subject of her *maisonnée* (household), especially those which have reference to the nuptials of her son Maurice, who in 1862 became the husband of the daughter of her valued old friend Calamatta — "a union of hearts over which the parents rejoiced." That which, however, stands out most prominently in these pages is the close participation in good works of these two pre-eminently generous people. At every step one finds them seeking to obtain a situation for some one, to secure some one's promotion. Not only did George Sand absolve M. d'Aure from the crime of taking service under a government for which she had no love, but she even allowed him to be the instrument of her intercession with the emperor, when some deed of charity seemed to demand it. In the matter of a free scholarship, which she was desirous of obtaining for Jacques Luguet, one of the grandchildren of Mme. Dorval, the famous actress, she spoke to M. d'Aure as follows:

You are under the impression that the request would have a better chance of being taken under consideration by the empress if it came from me. There is nothing that I would not do for a family so distinguished by its qualities of heart and head. But I should not like to make a false move. First ascertain whether the use of my name would not have an effect contrary to the one sought for, and I will then do whatever you judge appropriate. Were it possible to bring under the empress's notice, at a time when her mind is not otherwise engaged, that chapter of the "Histoire de ma Vie" wherein I have described the life and the death of Mme. Dorval, I think that would constitute in itself an effective plea, for I have painted her such as she was, and I have reproduced some of her letters, as well as some of her admirable and heartrending sayings.

The name of George Sand did not produce an undesired effect, and it is to be wondered at that she should have dreaded this contingency, since Napoleon III. had more than once granted her petitions on behalf of political friends, victims of the Coup d'État. Perhaps it was that the novel of "Malgré tout" had already made its appearance, and it was rumored that its author had ventured to paint the empress under the somewhat unsympathetic traits of Mlle. d'Ortosa. She always protested against this accusation; still, aware as she was of the rumor, she had, under the circumstances, sufficient cause to fear that the imperial court would be prejudiced against her. However that may have been, Jacques Luguet obtained the coveted free scholarship.

It will readily be understood how M. d'Aure, upon seeing his adopted daughter develop a taste for writing, hastened to place the early efforts of the young beginner under the patronage of the friend in whom he reposed so great a confidence. He proceeded in this, however, with the greatest discretion, asking George Sand, without revealing my identity, and without showing her any of my prose, to give some advice suitable to a young woman who was about to take up literature as a career. Her answer was at first singularly discouraging:

It is absolutely necessary, for one seeking to overcome the almost insurmountable obstacles which separate the author from the public, first to write either something excellent, or very scandalous, very amusing, very original. Then an effort must be made to get the work published in a journal or in a magazine, and afterward, if its success has been a marked one, a publisher will come on the scene, who will purchase — at the lowest possible figure, as a matter of course. But then, every journal or every magazine is buried under a load of manuscripts, and the looking into the merits of the newcomer has to be postponed indefinitely. The most warmly worded recommendation will prove of no value. In no single quarter is an opening to be met with on any given day. Engagements have already been entered into, certain interests have to be carefully considered; then there are reasons purely of the "shop." Taking the case of disinterested persons, there arise questions of system, taste, of settled convictions, of I know not what.

I had myself to wait two long years before I saw myself in print, and that at a time when publishers were still in existence, when the book trade was making money. Nowadays that trade is at its lowest, and Mme. Sand, no less than others, seriously feels this condition of things.

Such is the situation. If by chance your young friend is the possessor of a masterpiece, it may reap for her a few hundred francs, and that after much trouble and patience. Her second work will fare better, and her third still better. But three masterpieces at the very least (from this point of view of a success) constitute the minimum before one can live by one's pen. You doubtless will ask of me how it is that so many mediocre and even worthless productions see the light. My answer to this is, that some, although worthless, have met with approval by mere chance; the rest have been published at the author's expense.

Nevertheless, all this did not prevent her from placing herself unreservedly and with zeal at the disposal of the person whom M. d'Aure

Digitized by Google

finally decided to reveal to her in more clear and precise terms. She at once volunteered to introduce me to M. Buloz, the editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," a power who was approached only with trembling, yet to whom I was in the future to owe a large debt of gratitude.

In these days I was a mere novice, and confined my efforts to writing short stories of fiction, or criticisms for magazines and sporting journals. In the midst of this — July 6, 1861 — Mme. Sand wrote from Nohant to M. d'Aure as follows:

DEAR FRIEND: You were constantly in my thoughts yesterday as I read a book which I consider to be admirable. This book is above all one of art, but interwoven with an expert knowledge of technical things that will meet with your approval, while the literary form will at the same time give you delight. I do not know the author. Perhaps he has sent you a copy of his work. Should he not have done so, then buy it . . . Its title is "A Propos d'un Cheval," by Victor Cherbuliez. It takes but two hours to read, and you may take my word that you will not regret the time given to it.

The subject of the book was a horseman of the Partenopian's frieze, and George Sand had not been mistaken in her enthusiastic appreciation. It has been contended that she generally lacked the faculty of criticism. This much is certain, that her great kindliness was wont to make her shut her eyes to certain flaws in works submitted to her, and to enhance their good qualities; but although she did not subject talent to an over-minute scrutiny, nor to a chemical analysis, she could recognize it, divine it, foresee it. Not to speak of any others, Fromentin and Cherbuliez were a living proof, of this. I wrote a paper on the former, and it pleased her, as will be seen from her following note to M. d'Aure:

DEAR FRIEND: I have found your daughter's article well thought out, well wrought, and very good. So far, I have not had time to write to you, and I was of opinion, moreover, that the thanks of the author would prove more agreeable to her; and again, if I have not done all this sooner it is because an absence of a few days has delayed my receiving the newspaper.

You know that I am entirely at your disposal; but believe me, do not subject the talent and the future of your young writer to any expression of opinion, not even to one spoken by me. Let her venture forth, and spontaneously develop herself. I know from experience that the best meant counsels may delay a move forward, and be the cause of turning individuality from its right path. It is easy to find excellent that which one greatly wishes to look upon as such, and I might perhaps be less severe toward her than she will be to herself. Others than myself may exercise another kind of fatal influence over her, and discourage her by seeking to substitute their way of looking at things for her own. She can write, she weighs things well, and she is fully able to do good critical work. It is plain to see that she is well equipped and that she has sound judgment. With regard to imagination, if she lacks it, there is no advice that will endow her with it; while if she possesses it, advice might go so far as to stifle it. Tell her that so long as I consulted others I lacked inspiration, which came to me on the day that I trusted to my own wings.

I am glad to hear that the emperor understands you. If he wishes to do me a pleasure, he will leave the Pope under the sole and individual protection of M. Lamoricière.

Yours, with heartfelt feelings, my dear d'Aure. Maurice sends his kindest regards, and the engraver his affectionate compliments.

G. SAND.

"The engraver" was Alexandre Manceau, a talented artist, who for years dwelt at Nohant, whose self-styled librarian he was, and where he was, so to speak, one of the family. That hospitable mansion welcomed under its roof many faithful friends. Eugène Lambert, painter-in-ordinary to the feline kingdom, spent ten years there, when he had come originally for a season only.

IN the month of May, 1862, I was at last to enjoy the honor of meeting George Sand in person. She had let us know that she would come to spend a day in Paris, and that she would expect us. It was on a Thursday afternoon, at about two o'clock, that I set my foot in the house at No. 3 Rue Racine, which she occupied on the occasions of her somewhat infrequent trips to Paris. The date has ever remained a memorable one for me. I can see once more the plain little staircase, the small apartment, the intelligent, sickly-looking, and bald head of Manceau, the engraver, who welcomed us at the very threshold, and then in a somewhat vast and oddly shaped drawing-room, composed as it was of two rooms made into one by the removal of a partition, that little stoutish woman with a smooth, olive-like complexion, with wavy hair sparsely streaked with silver threads, and whose exceedingly simple black toilet modestly disobeyed the latest edicts of fashion. She sprang up from the sofa whereon she was sitting, for the purpose of extending a welcome to my step-father and me.

Without taking into consideration the portrait of George Sand "fit for a Book of Beauty," wherein Charpentier has represented her as a "belle Italienne," with pomegranate flowers in her curls, there exist three faithful and truly characteristic counterfeit presentments of the woman so well described by Balzac in "Bea-

Digitized by Google

trix." One of these, by Calamatta, shows her as a slender person, with an almost hieratic head-gear, which emphasizes her Sphinx-like physiognomy. It was made in the days when one of her admirers said that she looked like a tiny creole, supple as a reed; while, on the other hand, one of her detractors contended that she was as thin as a lath, and as black as a mole. The second portrait — of all the most interesting — leaves one in doubt as to her sex, and exhibits a physiognomy than which one more pathetic, or more stamped with suffering, cannot be imagined. It would seem that Delacroix, having come unawares upon "Lélia" during one of her moments of despair, on the occasion of some great crisis of passion, sought to preserve her image in his master-sketch of that pale face which emerges from a masculine redingote and an unloosened cravat, as the very expression — the most striking expression, the never-to-be-forgotten expression — of the feverish times of the romantic period. Couture was to follow, and to immortalize the epoch of calmness corresponding with the ripe age of Mme. Sand. He has shown her to us full of dignity: her powerful forehead is shadowed with deep thought; her look reveals deep and serene melancholy; her hair, of which she always possessed a mass, reaches in heavy bands down to her cheeks, and acts as a frame for her long oval face. The relaxation consequent upon age is shown at the corners of her mouth, which droops somewhat; all the other features have kept their noble regularity.

When I saw her the first time, Mme. Sand looked like Couture's picture of her. But I did not there and then notice this. I merely experienced the feeling of the affectionate gentleness which detached itself from her as she put out her two hands to me and kissed me, with a word of welcome spoken in an intonation deeper and more sonorous than that which is generally characteristic of the French voice.

The conversation took a cordial and cheerful turn, and was free from any attempt at wit. Mme. Sand was not witty. The scope of our talk was confined to the newly married couple, Maurice Sand and his wife, who were spending their honeymoon at Nohant, driving about with a little team selected by M. d'Aure.

In the course of our call, Mme. Viardot dropped in with one of her daughters, the godchild of Mme. Sand, and so I was privileged to see otherwise than on the stage that sister of Malibran, the sublime interpreter of Gluck, whom I already knew to be one of the most intellectual and remarkable of women, quite apart from her talent as a singer. I still remember a thought that came to my mind upon seeing George Sand and the incomparable *Orphée* together, a thought which has recurred to me since, when seeing the portraits of George Eliot. It would seem that faculties of the highest order are, in the case of women, oftentimes to be found in what is styled a horse's head — one somewhat out of proportion with the body, the face very long, and the features rather masculine than feminine. Such a physiognomy usually lacks flexibility, however full of expression it may become when swept by strong emotions.

LATER, many affectionate messages of invitation from Mme. Sand sought me out, and one day in the autumn of 1862 I found myself on the way to Nohant.

Arriving at night at Châteauroux, I discovered a little diligence, and sank comfortably into the warm straw. In spite of all the deep ruts of the road, it seemed to be that I was being wheeled away into very fairy-land. There arose to my mind the childhood of George Sand, as told by herself, the dreamy childhood which so revealed her future — the childhood of the poet and of the little peasant which she spent in the family residence I was about to visit.

My mind was filled with visions borrowed from what I had read of the country of "Jeanne," of the "Champi," of "Simon," and of the "Meunier d'Angibault." The night was so dark that I could not see the surrounding country, but I experienced the feeling that I was passing through the picturesque sites of the Vallée Noire, so often, so admirably, described by the author of "Valentine." I could imagine the shady *traînes*, the hedges covered in summer with honeysuckle, the heather with its delicate purplish tint, the woods in which one loses oneself, around the Mare au diable. And so dreaming, we covered eight leagues.

The gleam of a lantern on the edge of the road told me that we were close to Nohant. I was soon down in front of a little garden gate, and, walking under big trees by the light of a lantern, I was conducted to the great dining-room, where, at the corner of the table, was laid my supper. At that table sat Mme. Sand and her daughter-in-law, the latter a young woman, very short-sighted, and thoroughly Italian in type. Although born in Paris, she could claim Italy as her country, for several reasons: the nationality of her father, the celebrated engraver Calamatta, her residence in a country which she was very fond of calling her own, and her professed adoration of Garibaldi. She could, moreover, boast of a glorious French ancestry, for she was the grandchild of Houdon, the sculptor. Her mother-in-law could not have loved her more had she been her actual mother, and in the oft-repeated words, "Lina mia," there was an indescribable tenderness. Supper over, I quickly withdrew to the room pre-

Digitized by Google

pared for me on the first floor, which was reached by a broad staircase with heavy banisters.

The first person who entered my room on the following morning was a young woman, who seemed to me to have sprung from the pages of Mme. Sand's novels. I had already heard a good deal concerning Marie Caillaud. Very tall, very fragile, with a gentle and grave physiognomy, Marie wore that clear muslin *cornette* which is one of the prettiest examples of headgear left by the middle ages to our country people. Under her peasant's dress of a finer material than that generally met with in a village, she was the type of girlish modesty. Mme. Sand had gradually raised her from menial rank to a position which was half way between that of a lady's maid and of a lady's companion. Marie waited upon her at meals, after which she would sit down at table to eat by herself, quite apart from the other servants. Although without education, she knew the works of her mistress, and in the evenings, when some one of us began to read aloud, she would frequently come into the drawing-room and sit at the end of the table, where she silently stitched together the prescribed number of sheets which constituted those little copy-books which George Sand was wont to fill nightly with her bold hand, erasing nothing that she had written. While Marie was lighting the fire and raising the blinds, I took a look at her, remembering meanwhile the pretty answer she had made to Prince Napoleon, who had some time before spent a few days at Nohant. Having at the moment of leave-taking slipped some gold pieces into the hand of "la grande Marie," he had drawn down upon himself this proud rejoinder: "Monseigneur, thank you for grasping my hand, but please take back what you left in it?"

Marie informed me that the breakfast hour was eleven o'clock, and that Mme. Sand never came down until toward the end of the meal, because she seldom enjoyed any sleep until after four o'clock, at which hour she had finished her daily task, which she began when those under her roof were retiring to bed.

So it was that I found at the family table only Maurice and his wife, Manceau, and Edouard Cadol, a friend of the family, who was preparing himself to write for the stage under the auspices of George Sand, previous to reaping the prolonged and popular favor which he enjoyed from his comedy, "Les Inutiles." There was also present a young doctor of the neighborhood, who, in the course of his morning visits to his patients, was a sort of impromptu habitué at the Nohant breakfast-table.

I was struck by Maurice Sand's likeness to his mother, a resemblance as to features only, for he was tall and slender. We spoke of his trip to America, which he had made during the foregoing summer with Prince Napoleon, and from which he had brought back, besides a series of papers published in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," under the head of "Six mille lieues à toute vapeur," numerous entomological specimens. Plants and insects failing him in the lateness of the season, he would fall back on geology, which, however, did not prevent him from drawing, writing, and from giving much of his time to a marionette theater, of which I shall speak hereafter.

Mme. Sand and her son devoted themselves fervently to the study of nature; one made this study the basis of scientific works, the other put the same ideas into shape in her novels. "Le Pavé," which was performed at the Gymnase, had its origin in an oölitic block found on a highway of the Berri, while *Antonia* is only a member of the lily family which came to bloom in one of the hothouses of Nohant. It is to this technical acquaintance with nature that Mme. Sand owed one of the great merits of her novels, her accuracy of description. If in certain occurrences she allowed herself to be carried away on the wings of fantasy, she was ever scrupulously exact when describing any particular locality. Her landscapes were not painted with a scene-painter's brush. She was cognizant of what underlay them. "The poet whose song is of the bee will lose nothing by knowing all the details of her organism and her existence," she would most appropriately say, "provided of course that he does not wander into an arid technology. . . . Still, a microscopic examination is the key to the whole." This increasing study, carried on by reading, by exploration, by classifying, etc., took up all her afternoons, with the exception of the time she would scrupulously devote to her mass of correspondence. She answered all letters at once, not only with extreme courtesy, but, in those cases where she was asked to render service or give advice, at length. With difficulty she found time for walking and gardening. It was thus that only the night was left for imaginative work.

This breakfast-table was, at all times, well and abundantly laden, so that guests could drop in unexpectedly. Mme. Sand's whole luxury consisted in boundless hospitality. She herself was rather fond of good eating, and made no secret of it. Seated in the midst of us, clothed in a loose house-dress, which, from the cut of its sleeves, resembled a peplum, she ate heartily, speaking but little. Her silence, her absorbed appearance, the torpor of her look, which did not seem to concentrate itself on anything visible, would at times be a source of anxiety to those who did not know her. In the novel of "Beatrix,"

Digitized by Google

wherein Beatrix is the portrait of the Comtesse d'Agoult, who wrote under the name of Daniel Stern, and Camille Maupin, that of George Sand, Balzac says of the latter character: "She frightens one by her silence, and by her deep introspective look, with its profound fixity." It is well known that Théophile Gautier, whom a friend had introduced to the hostess of Nohant, was so much oppressed by her continuous silence, from the moment of his arrival, that he decided to return to Paris. It seemed to him that he was an unwelcome guest. "Great heavens!" exclaimed George Sand, in distress, when speaking to the common friend who informed her of her guest's resolution, "you must have forgotten to tell him that I am stupid."

Personally, I was not struck with her reserve to so great an extent as others; on several occasions she waxed truly eloquent in my presence. I can recall a certain outburst of hers against the middle ages, in connection with "La Sorcière" of Michelet, which she was reading at that time. It is true that these flashes, as if of lightning, were of rare occurrence. Most of the time she spoke but little, remaining a kindly listener, and occasionally putting in a few words full of good sense, but without any attempt at brilliancy. She detested discussions. "I fly from an argument," she would say; "for I always get the worst of it, though I be a thousand times in the right." Joking (*blague* as she styled it in student phraseology) was odious to her serious nature. She did not permit anything *risqué* in the conversation, but she would laugh heartily at those jovial little stories, which in France we classify as *plaisanteries de curé*. One wonders what her attitude could have been when present at those wonderful dinners given by the artist world at Magny's. In the salon of Mme. Emile de Girardin ("Delphine Gay"), whither she went occasionally in her younger days, she did not breathe a word, apparently stunned by the profusion of wit around her. The unreal and superficial relations, the conventionalities of which society is so exacting, did not appeal to her, and, at times, she would awkwardly assume rude and unpleasant ways, which were at variance with her remarkable *bonhomie*. To Mme. Charles Reybaud, an amiable writer, who was lavishly praising her novels, she replied with brutal frankness, "I am sorry I cannot return the compliment, madame, for I have never read any of your books."

But how we have traveled from my first breakfast at Nohant, and from the promenade through the grounds that followed it!

Before starting out the hostess donned a pair of heavy overshoes. Usually she was most daintily shod, as a remembrance, doubtless, of what had been said in times gone by, that of all women in Paris she had the greatest mind and the smallest foot. Her extremely plain gowns were made at home, but her boots were sent to her by a well known bootmaker of the Rue de la Paix. A cloak and a felt hat made up the rest of her costume, and we then went for a stroll under the cedars, whose heavy branches of somber green spread out close to the château, in perfect harmony with the gray tone of its old stones. The façade, with its high roof and gables, detaching its massive form against the leaden sky, did not present a seigniorial appearance, in spite of the name of château given in the heart of France to all residences of a certain importance. The park was really only a garden filled with beautiful trees. Adjoining it was a kitchen-garden, while in the rear of the house was a yard surrounded by out-buildings, and farther off were the woods and fields which then formed part of the estate.

After feeding the birds, which would come to eat out of her very hand, Mme. Sand did the honors of her little hothouse filled with orchids. She was as fond of flowers as of animals. She did not disdain planting and weeding, willingly putting her hands to the soil, her faithful source of inspiration.

After our outdoor inspection, we made an indoor tour. I went over the big house from the attic to the kitchen, where Mme. Sand, who was an expert in the putting up of preserves and in concocting dainty dishes, would sometimes put her skill to the test. I can still see that immense kitchen, which suggested a pretty scene of home life. The servants had just finished their meal, and the several women who, to the exclusion of men, constituted the household at Nohant resembled, with their white *cornettes* and their body-aprons, into which was tucked a fichu, a body of some religious order. On the ground-floor, there was, besides the vestibule, the dining-room, and the capacious private apartments of the young married couple, an immense salon, on entering which one immediately noticed the length of the table which has given its name to the collection of critical essays "Autour de la Table," the outcome of the reading in common which took place around it. Almost every evening during my visit the reading went on, some of us busying ourselves with drawing, others with needlework, each one taking the book in turn. At each end of the room was a piano, one an upright, the other a grand. Mme. Sand, her day over, used to sit down at twilight to one of these instruments, and play the popular melodies of the Berri, fragments of Mozart's or Chopin's compositions, etc. She had talent for all the arts, having, as is well known, sought to earn her livelihood by drawing before she took

Digitized by Google

to writing as a profession. With her needle she was deft as a fairy. With regard to tapestry and embroidery, a favorite opinion of hers was that there is genius in taste, and that taste represents perhaps the sum total of woman's genius. How many times have I watched the beautiful hands of George Sand actively engaged in stitching together marvelous costumes for her marionettes! All in all, it was a fine country-house drawing-room, light and roomy, its high windows admitting a glimpse of the park. The walls bore some interesting pictures, chiefly a portrait of Aurore von Koenigsmark, George Sand's own great-grandmother; another of her father, Maurice Dupin, in military uniform, and her children by Delacroix.

Everything about Nohant bore a well-to-do appearance, which was not spoilt by any attempt at luxury. The château, with its old furniture, had remained such as it had doubtless been in the days of Mme. Dupin; in many ways George Sand kept alive the traditions of that revered ancestress.[1]

Mme. Sand remained in the drawing-room to play "patience" and to smoke cigarettes, while Mme. Maurice took me through her husband's beautiful studio, showing me the closets set apart for his collections of geological specimens, coleoptera, butterflies, and then into attic-rooms, wherein was put away in an orderly fashion all the scenery of the theater which constituted the principal source of amusement at Nohant; then into the marionettes' chamber, where these dolls carved out of wood, painted and dressed by artists' hands, and consequently superior to any known marionettes, were hanging up side by side, to the number of about one hundred, perhaps exchanging those reflections which George Sand has gathered from their lips, and preserved in that pretty fantasy of hers, "Le Diable aux champs." Among these personages, Balandard, the star of the company, attracted attention, even in his suspended position, by the most amusing physiognomy; but one had to see him perform to get an idea of his importance. The marionettes, as well as the actors in the flesh, had store-rooms for their costumes and their properties. All this occupied much of the space at Nohant, as it does in her novels, "Le Château des désertes," "L'Homme de neige," "Pierre qui roule," etc., wherein is reflected that passionate fondness for the stage so characteristic of the manners and habits of the Nohant people.

Manceau plied his graving-tool on the first story, where five or six guests' rooms opened out into a long corridor, as is usually the case in old châteaux. The suite of Mme. Sand was composed of several rooms; the big blue room, in which she slept, was filled with mementos of her travels, and with portraits, landscapes, and tokens of friendship. I can recall, looking as a living thing in the midst of all these inanimate objects, a mass of hair under a glass cover, the thick tresses of her who had in part inspired "Lucrezia Floriani," Mme. Dorval. The study, which was always highly impregnated with the fragrance of Oriental tobacco, was encumbered with papers and books, all, however, kept in the best of order. The principal article of furniture was a very large oaken writing-table, to which George Sand sat down every night to accomplish an amount of writing determined upon beforehand to the very last page, force of habit having, in her case, rendered inspiration subservient to will. Besides, one could easily comprehend her method of working, when one noticed how she lived absorbed in a thought which did not cease revolving in her mind — a thought which would flow at a given moment. It was sufficient, in order to conceive this, to be a spectator of the perpetual reverie of that thoughtful forehead and of those eyes, whose whole fire seemed introspective, while her ever-active fingers rolled a cigarette, or transposed the cards in a game of "patience." She would surrender herself freely to her family, to her friends, to the incidents of every-day life, but she never ceased to produce. She was constantly ruminating over the material which she gathered in all directions with marvelous intuition and adaptation.

Winter, which barred outdoor excursions, was, more than any other season, consecrated at Nohant to the pleasures of reading and of the stage. We spent the evenings together reading by lamplight the works of Pushkin, and the first stories, already attracting much attention, of a naval officer, poor Henri Rivière, who later was to be killed out in Tonquin under the most tragic circumstances. A discussion arose one day about the latest work of a singularly vapid and dull writer, who had, I know not how, gained the privilege of being introduced to the attentive audience gathered together "autour de la table."

"There is no doubt," remarked Mme. Sand, "that all of it is not good to the same degree, but it contains at least a description of Venice

[1] Mme. Dupin was the natural daughter of Marshal de Saxe, and married first Count de Horn, and next the fermier-général, Dupin de Francueil, whose father and mother were remarkable for their talents, their wit, and their literary friendships; he had himself been the pupil of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Mme. Sand had learned from her grandmother many interesting facts concerning that man of genius. She asserted that in his "Confessions" Rousseau had falsely accused himself of a theft, a puerile one at the worst, committed in the home of the Dupins.

Digitized by Google

which pleases me greatly." Several of us agreed with her, albeit we were under the impression that we had already met with this descriptive piece somewhere.

"Egad, I know where!" suddenly exclaimed her son, and off he rushed to the bookshelves to get "La dernière Aldini," where, with a feeling of indignation at the plagiarist, we found the very description, which had been copied almost word for word.

"What, is this by me?" Mme. Sand repeated, astounded and startled. "I had no idea of it. After all, it is really not so bad."

She never read her earlier works a second time, unless compelled to, and she had almost forgotten them all, for as fast as she finished one of her books, she gave herself up entirely to the production of the next. Every ten or fifteen years she would renew her acquaintance with them, and, as a rule, they did not afford her any great satisfaction. Never was any modesty more sincere than hers; no human being was ever less self-conscious. She was naïvely sensitive to encomium, because she felt the need of sympathy, but the only value she set upon the gift of the creative faculty, of the inexhaustible fecundity which was hers in a special manner, was that it constituted a precious way by which she could as she said "sortir d' elle-même" (wander out of herself). From time to time she would roughly outline the features of a play, the scenes of which were just indicated in order to leave a fair and open field to the caprices of the actors.

I was very soon invited to applaud Balandard in one of his great parts. A parody of a romantic drama, "Gaspardo le pêcheur," was improvised by the marionettes of Nohant, with musical accompaniment, songs, and even dancing. A certain ballet at the court of Ferrara performed by these legless individuals, who were set a-going by the insertion of a finger in the head and one in each of the arms, made Mme. Sand go into convulsions of laughter. She most enjoyed this sort of childish fun. Maurice and Cadol acted as stage-managers of the little company, and, on the evening in question, they discovered some bright sayings and never-before-heard-of incidents for benefit of the little actors. Balandard was several times recalled to bow his thanks to the audience, and he wound up his performance with his standing joke, "I am the tailor who has brought you his little bill." This part of a tailor had, in a certain play, marked the acme of his success, and so he took care to remind you of it on every opportunity. But one was not content, during my stay, with the mere repertory of the marionettes. The great theater at Nohant, whose stage had been honored by Mme. Arnould-Plessy, Bocage, Thiron, and many other famous actors, gave for my special amusement a rustic comedy, which later on was produced at the Vaudeville under the name of "Les Don Juans de village," and which was then known as "Jean le Rebâteux." Friends from La Châtre, and the countryfolk from the neighborhood, received invitations. I played leading lady, and I must in all humility confess that I alone did badly, while all the other actors were excellent. These actors, most of them experienced ones, were: Maurice Sand, Alexandre Manceau, Edouard Cadol, and a young comic actor named Clerh, who had just come to Nohant on a visit, and who was to achieve distinction later on the boards of the Odéon. Mme. Maurice played with captivating grace the part of a country lass. Marie Caillaud seemed to live hers, for she had only to be herself. A young carpenter from the village gave me my cues in a scene, which seemed to me a very difficult one, and in which he played a hundred times better than I did.

THE house at Nohant, during the time of my sojourn there, was an industrious beehive. Mme. Sand was engaged in writing "Mlle. La Quintinie," a philosophical retort to the catholic "Histoire de Sibylle," which Octave Feuillet had just given to the world. Her son was putting the finishing touches to a narrative of adventure wherein fact and fiction were blended, "Raoul de La Châtre." Edouard Cadol was revising his comedy of "Germaine," in which he made his theatrical début with Mlle. Pierson, then in all the splendor of her beauty, as interpreter of the title-rôle. As for me, I wrote four or five hours a day, and it seemed to me that the novel of which I had brought with me the opening pages was progressing admirably in the midst of such favorable surroundings. Later on, Mme. Sand perused it, and her criticisms of it are still fresh in my memory. She said to me concerning this novel, which appeared many years later under the title of "Le veuvage d'Aline," in so remodeled a form as to be unrecognizable:

I find a great many good qualities in it, and it shows especially that you have a future before you, if you devote your mind to a broad way of your own in looking at things, if you stock your mind with many ideas and different subjects of knowledge, without losing your individuality. I do not say to you, and I never will say to you: Think and see with me. I say to you: See things from your own point of view, but be sure to know well how you see them, and then fall in with that way of seeing as long as you remain of opinion that it is the best. Individuality is what is lacking in most productions of the mind, whether of a literary or of a critical nature. Your age has its individuality just as mine has, with this difference,

Digitized by Google

that at your age one does not know one's self sufficiently well to express in words the process of one's thoughts. I can feel this inevitable wavering throughout your narrative. Your characters revolve before you impregnated with the magic attraction which they have in your imagination, and you have not sufficiently resolved to disapprove such and such a one, nor to become the apologist of others. For lack of a determined line of action, and of an opinion grounded in your innermost conclusion, you are in consequence running counter to your goal, and you are not logical enough in the treatment of your subject. I beg you will pay heed that I am not outlining any theory for you to follow, and that if I find things *so*, I fully recognize your right to see them in a different light. But it is absolutely necessary that the *in spite of* and the *wherefore* be clearly deduced from any and every subject. One may be fond of such or such a character, *in spite of* or *because*, but it needs must be the one or the other, from the beginning to the very end. What an amount of pedantic talk with regard to a thing of the imagination! Nevertheless, I venture to say to you, that the more there is of caprice in art, the more does logic become necessary. I have doubtless often neglected following this precept; but do as I preach, and not as I do, for the precept may prove to be an absolute truth, while the example is only relatively true.

I feel sure that I am not altering a word of this advice, for I find it again and again in the correspondence which was to pass between us later on. She writes to me:

Do not allow yourself to be persuaded by the opinion of certain flighty critics that one is not in need of a belief and of an opinion of one's own in order to write, and that it is sufficient to reflect facts and forms in mirror-like fashion. No, this is contrary to truth; the reader becomes attached only to the writer who has an *individuality*; whether this individuality is agreeable or antagonistic to him, he feels that he has to reckon with a person and not with an instrument. . . . In the author himself must be the justice and the moral sentiment which permeate his narrative.

Theories like the above are far removed from that impersonality wherein the writers of naturalistic novels glory; but those even who find them out of date will be considerably struck, I believe, with the perfect good faith of Mme. Sand.

In a letter which she wrote to me on March 6, 1863, she recurs to the matter.

Read me understandingly, and, as says a character in Cadol's play, *do not tell me that I say what I do not say*. I have strongly dwelt on the point that it is not sufficient to play the mirror's part, but that it is necessary one should be the steady hand which holds it; and I have shown to you the disadvantage of separating from the narrative one's own judgment, one's own notions.

Elsewhere I find her saying to me:

You ask me to make a list for you of such books as you ought to read. Were I concerned, I would boldly begin the study of history from its very beginning, for the proper study of man is the history of mankind.

Richly endowed as was George Sand, she had read a great deal, and from her readings she had acquired an extensive knowledge which in no way detracted from her originality; for, as she expressed herself, things did not remain with her in the distinct form in which she had received them, but had taken fresh shape while revolving in her mind. Nothing would so excite her indignation as the *laisser aller* of those would-be geniuses who trust to their own inspiration alone— she would have shrugged her shoulders with contempt at the *intuitivisme* of the present day. She would say over and over again that art is not a gift which dispenses with culture; that the lack of solid worth which is characteristic of so many productions of the pen is due to defective studies; that a mind will never be rightly molded if it has not triumphed over the difficulties of all kinds of labor which exact a tension of the will; in other words, that one should be thoroughly familiar with the art of fencing before taking hold of a sword. Hence her advice was to delve into history, natural sciences, and philosophy, and much more before one trusted one's self to the resources of imagination.

It will, perhaps, surprise those who recall the kind of priest-hatred to which she has given vent in her earlier writings to learn that she entertained a deep feeling of respect for the religious convictions of others. On the occasion of her counseling me to read the "Histoire de France," by Henri Martin, she wrote to me:

This work has been written from an elevated and advanced standpoint, but from a wise one, and one which will not upset your beliefs whatever they may be; it will merely cause you to look into them and to sound them, with the result of either preserving them untouched or modifying them. For, after all, if I have at times expressed before you somewhat outspoken views, I have perhaps been in the wrong. And you will see in the novel of "Mlle. La Quintinie," that I have tried to show a calmer attitude in my writing than in my speech. It is not well to pass too quickly from one belief to another. It has taken me thirty years to find again in philosophy the firm beliefs which I had formerly in dogmatic teachings, and I find myself much more religiously inclined than ever I was; but I have gone through the torture of fearful doubts, and I would not like to see you succumb to them; it is terrible suffering, and a terrible danger.

I do not see how it would be possible to spare in a more touching manner a young

Digitized by Google

soul liable to be easily impressed. Let us follow George Sand in this rôle of mentor, which for my benefit she played with so much delicacy and with such scrupulous care.

While staying with us, you read "Jane Gray," by M. Dargaud. Toward the end of the work there is an admirable chapter on philosophy in general. It is somewhat superfluous, but the author felt the want of making his declaration of faith.[1] Well, then, this declaration of faith will serve for my own and for that of many other people who have wrestled with these questions all their lives. The chapter is a beautiful one, and sums it all up in some twenty pages, which I urge upon you to peruse; then ask of yourself whether it seems to you truth or otherwise. You will already have taken thus a footstep toward reflection. If it be true, then it furnishes a ruling principle for the mind, one with which everything will be in accord, thoughts, studies. the study of the soul, and consequently that of the human heart, and consequently also the work of fiction, which is nothing but philosophy placed within everybody's reach, and demonstrated by facts. If from your point of view it be not true, you must go elsewhere in quest of your faith, but you must not suffer your soul to remain void of a faith, for talent is not developed in an empty soul. Talent may for a while agitate itself feverishly in such a soul, but it will perforce take its flight from it or die out. . . .

Still counseling the necessity of creating for one's self an inner physiognomy, Mme. Sand went on to say:

You have only to will it. I will with all my heart help you in your search after your own self, but without any desire to inflict my way of seeing things, if you of yourself do not view them in the same light. I thoroughly believe that on certain points we are thus far greatly in accord: God, a God who knows us, whom we can love, to whom we can pray, and who, while being all things, is also himself, and wishes to see us be ourselves. An active, honest, courageous and unselfish life; the duty of enlightening and of elevating our soul, which of course is immortal, and which will survive us with the consciousness of itself. No hell! Infinite mercy in the necessary law of progression. Expiatory punishments for the souls which have failed to recognize their own divinity; a more rapid progression toward God for those who have greatly striven after good. I do not think that I have so far given offense to anything essentially Christian.

[1] The declaration is one of ardent spiritualism.

My long correspondence with George Sand was a source from which I drew courage for a number of years. The death of my step-father inspired her with an exquisite page of farewell, to be found in that portion of the "Nouvelles lettres d'un voyageur" devoted to "the friends that have passed away." At this time, conveying to me the offer of introductions to Girardin, Buloz, Hetzel, and Sainte-Beuve, she says:

It is a difficult and even a terrible thing, my poor child, these beginnings in the literary field, for a woman; . . . yet I have faith in your future. At the age of twenty I could certainly not have produced what you are doing. My ideas were in so chaotic a state that I could never have gotten them into shape. Hence do I tell you to have courage, even if you have to wait several years for your day of victory.

Every production of my pen would call forth from her a letter which, at times, showed a too marked partiality in the judgment she passed on the work, although she made pretense of speaking to me unreservedly, and without heeding my feelings; while again, an observation pregnant with suggestion, a mere interrogation, would constitute the most judicious criticism, by which I hope to have profited. She caused me to look forward to success with a confidence that was sincere and contagious; again and again did she overwhelm me with friendly introductions to publishers and to newspapers — introductions "which are of no value" (so she would say herself), "but which keep your hopes from dying out, and which are a help to a timid beginner." And so it is that she will forever be numbered by me among the good genii who watched over the birth of my literary career — the career of a writer of idealistic fiction, a pupil, so to speak, of her teaching.

Th. Bentzon.



Digitized by Google

GUITTONE D'AREZZO.

"THE COLUMBUS OF THE SONNET."

HIS was a little bark for happy seas,
A graceful shallop fit for Love's fair freight,
Not burdened by a sorrow's lightest weight,
And sailed with pennons flying in the breeze.
He dreamed not of the brave ones who should please
To take his craft, and sail beyond the gate
Of his bright bay, out on the main to fate,
'Neath wild and wintry Northern skies; for these
Guittone knew not. He was wise in lore
Learned by the Arno, by the ebb and flow
Of little waves upon a tideless shore.
Gay was his song as summer winds that blow,
And free his music as the sweep of oar
Only the laughing Tuscan boatmen know.

Minna Smith.

THE PAST.

O YE that pine for the vanished years, as pined
Odysseus for one glimpse of Hellas more;
That toward them lean, as toward their fading shore
Poor exiles unto earth's far ends consigned —
Lean to reclaim some echo which, confined,
Bird-like shall sing in memory's mournful door,--
Know this: life's earlier land lies on before —
Not over widening seasons far behind!
And we shall find it in the great To Be.
It lapses not away, as to our eyes
Doth seem, but swiftly and forever nears!
As brave Magellan who sailed the uncharted sea,
Full circling earth, saw his home shores arise,
So shall we come again on our lost, happy years!

Henry Jerome Stockard.

AT GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

HERE was the ancient strand, the utmost reach,
Of the great Northern ice-wave; hitherto
With its last pulse it mounted, then withdrew,
Leaving its fringe of wreckage on the beach:
Boulder and pebble and sand-matrix — each
From crag or valley ravished; scanty clue
To its old site affording in its new,
Yet real, as the men of science teach.
Life hath not less its terminal moraine:
Look how on that discharged from melting snows
Another rears itself, the spoil of plain
And mountain also, marked by stones in rows,
With legend meet for such promiscuous pain:
Here rests — Hier ruhet — or *Ici repose.*

Wendell P. Garrison.

Digitized by Google

MILITARY INSTRUCTION IN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

AN OPEN LETTER BY EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON.

RESOLUTIONS were adopted on August 4, 1893, by Lafayette Post (New York) of the Grand Army of the Republic, in which ground was taken in favor of military instruction in public and private schools. A committee consisting of Messrs. E. L. Zalinski, Floyd Clarkson, and Joseph J. Little suggested that resolutions be submitted to the Twenty-seventh Annual Encampment of the Grand Army in behalf of the Post. This was done, and these resolutions were adopted by the Grand Army as follows:

WHEREAS, The policy of the United States in maintaining a small standing army leaves the defense of the country in time of war to rest upon hasty levies of volunteers; and

WHEREAS, The rapidity with which wars progress in modern times has reduced the time available for the instruction of such levies to a very brief period; and

WHEREAS, The Grand Army of the Republic recognizes the importance of making adequate provision for the formation of an effective force which will, after its members have passed away, fill the places which they once occupied in the ranks of the defenders of our country; and

WHEREAS, This force, under the peculiar institutions of this country, can best be obtained by giving to the youths at school a preliminary military training which they will carry through life, and which will be of substantial benefit to them, physically and mentally, in the pursuits of peace; and it is therefore desirable that all American youths should receive military instruction at the earliest practicable age; and

WHEREAS, The Grand Army of the Republic has been foremost in the patriotic work of inculcating a spirit of loyalty and devotion to our flag and country; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That the members of the Grand Army of the Republic cordially indorse the language of Comrade Benjamin Harrison, addressed to the National Association of Teachers, that "the strength and defense of our institutions, not only in peace but in war, is to be found in the young of the land who have received from the lips of patriotic teachers the story of the sacrifice which our fathers made to establish our civil institutions, and which their sons have repeated on hundreds of battle-fields. The organized army of the United States, even if we include the militia of the States, is of insignificant proportions when put in contrast with the armies of the other great powers of the world. Our strength is not in these: it is in the great reserve to be found in the instructed young of our land, who come to its defense in time of peril."

RESOLVED, That this Twenty-seventh Annual National Encampment is of the opinion that the Grand Army of the Republic takes a deep interest in all efforts to provide for the future defense of the country, and that it recommends an organized effort to impress upon the various Municipal, State, and National authorities the advisability of the adoption of a system by which scholars attending the public and private schools, as well as the high schools and colleges, shall receive instruction in military matters, and to impress upon the rising generation of the country the fact that, as American citizens, it is their duty to bring to the defense of their country, in its need, the education which they may have received in this particular in their youthful days.

RESOLVED, That it is the recommendation of this National Encampment that the Department Commanders give especial attention to the accomplishment of this object through a staff officer, and that the Posts in the various cities, towns, and villages, by committees, public meetings, and other means, give their earnest coöperation and support in securing necessary legislative, municipal, and school-board action, as well as to obtain, where required, national aid by provision of arms, equipments, and instructors.

On account of the above reference to ex-President Harrison, the Editor of THE CENTURY communicated with Mr. Harrison, and asked him whether he had anything to say further, publicly, as to the expediency of the proposed plan; and in reply the following communication has been received for publication:

Digitized by Google

YOU ask my opinion of the suggestion of Lafayette Post, G. A. R., of New York city, that military instruction and drill be used in all schools for boys. It is good in every aspect of it — good for the boys, good for the schools, and good for the country. A free, erect, graceful carriage of the body is an acquisition and a delight. It has a value in commerce, as well as in war. Arms and legs are distressing appendages to a boy under observation, until he has been taught the use of them in repose. The chin is too neighborly with the chest, and the eyes find the floor too soon; they need to have the fifteen paces marked off. The sluggish need to be quickened, and the quick taught to stand, the wilful to have no will, and all to observe fast. The disputatious need to learn that there are conditions where debate is inadmissible; the power and beauty there is in a company — moved by one man and as one man. Athletic sports have their due, perhaps undue, attention in most of the colleges and high schools; but in the graded schools, within my observation, exercise is casual and undirected. None of these exercises or sports is, however, a substitute for military drill; and some of them create a new need for it. A good oarsman need not be erect or graceful; a good arm and plenty of wind meet his needs. The champion "cyclist" is not apt to have square shoulders. The foot-ball captain is so padded that a safe judgment can hardly be formed as to his natural "lines"; but a good leg and momentum seem to me — a non-expert — to be his distinctive marks. In base-ball the pitcher seems, to an occasional observer, to have parted with all his natural grace to endow the curved ball.

A military drill develops the whole man, head, chest, arms, and legs, proportionately; and so promotes symmetry, and corrects the excesses of other forms of exercise. It teaches quickness of eye and ear, hand and foot; qualifies men to step and act in unison; teaches subordination; and, best of all, qualifies a man to serve his country. The flag now generally floats above the school-house; and what more appropriate than that the boys should be instructed in the defense of it? It will not lower their grade-marks in their book recitations, I am sure. If rightly used, it will wake them up, make them more healthy, develop their pride, and promote school order. In the Centennial parades in New York, in April, 1889, the best marching I saw was that of some of your school children. The alignment of the company front was better than that of the regulars or of the Seventh Regiment.

If all the school-boys of the North had, from 1830 on, been instructed in the schools of the soldier and of the company, and in the manual of arms, how much precious time would have been saved in organizing the Union army in 1861. We were in a very low state, as a people, in military knowledge and training when the great civil war broke out. Volunteers in plenty, but few soldiers. I very well remember how hard it was for me to learn which was the right of the company, and to understand why it continued to be the right when the right about had made it the left; and how we had, in 1862, to send to a distant city to find a drill-master competent to instruct the company officers, not one of whom could go through the manual of arms; and how the regiment, after a few half-learned lessons in the company drill, was sent to the seat of war with guns which they had never loaded or fired. Fortunately, the men had the American adaptability and quickness, and our adversary only a little better preparation. It will not be safe to allow war to come upon us again in that state, for war's pace has greatly quickened, and the arms of precision now in use call for a trained soldier. Under our system we will never have a large standing army, and our strength and safety are in a general dissemination of military knowledge and training among the people. What the man and citizen ought to know in order to the full discharge of his duty to his country should be imparted to the boy. Nothing will so much aid to enlarge our State militia, and to give it efficiency and character, as the plan proposed. The military taste and training acquired in the school will carry our best young men into the militia organizations, and make those organizations reliable conservators of public order, and ready and competent defenders of the national honor.

November 3, 1893.

Benjamin Harrison.

Digitized by Google

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The New "Abolition."

IF the spoils system is not good enough for any part of the army, or the navy, or the life-saving service, it is not good enough for any part of the consular service, or the postal service, or the treasury service, or the civil service in general. The spoils system makes the "boodler" and the "boss"; it creates the "ring" and the corrupt and blackmailing "machine," elegantly termed by itself the "organization." It is illogical, undemocratic, feudal, cruel. It makes corrupt officials, tempts good men to their ruin, degrades our politics, interferes with the proper performance of the public business, in the form of "patronage" disturbs and defeats parties, and is a constant menace to free institutions.

The spoils system is actively and clamorously sustained by only a fraction of the population — with some exceptions the least disinterested and useful members of society. It is despised by the most patriotic citizens, and is unequivocally condemned by the conscience of the country. It is being gradually limited by executive action and by legislation. All who are sensitive to the currents of opinion are aware of the fact that the legal limitation proceeds much too slowly to keep pace with the best sentiment of the community. The country is riper for the complete reform than some of our public men believe. The Abolition is bound to come; those who bring it will be honored; those who delay it will be condemned. Parties and statesmen can make no more fatal mistake than to underestimate the force of an aroused public conscience.

Some national administration, in the near future, may be willing to distinguish itself, and render a signal and everlasting service to the cause of good government, by carrying the reform to the utmost possible limit. The deed once done, it would be accepted as no less inevitable, humane, and just — as scarcely less an incident of human progress — than the emancipation of the slaves by Abraham Lincoln. It would, indeed, be a new and almost universally welcomed emancipation.

But whether or not the power of the executive shall thus be exerted in this direction, the abolition of the spoils system will soon be imperatively demanded by the people of the United States. For the evils fostered by it have become too heavy to be borne, and there are not wanting signs that the honest citizens of the country are becoming impatient and determined in their demand for this new and most necessary Abolition.

A movement has just been initiated by the National Civil Service Reform League which is intended to make effective the general sentiment of the country against the spoils system, by means of a gigantic popular association, extending over the entire Union. The new movement is designed to hold up the hands of all those in office who truly believe in and support the reform, and to extend the benefits of the merit system throughout our Federal, State, and municipal offices. Every disinterested citizen and lover of good government will wish this new crusade God-speed.

The Other Side of the Silver Question.

IN accordance with its controlling desire to be fair to all, and to give a hearing to both sides of a controversy, THE CENTURY devotes a good amount of space in its "Open Letters" for this month to a spokesman of the Colorado side of the silver question. We shall enter upon no systematic reply to this spokesman, Mr. C. S. Thomas, not because his arguments are unworthy of such consideration, but because most of them will be undergoing the test of experience by the time this magazine reaches the public.

We are truly surprised at the contention that we must have dropped to the silver standard because for more than three years past the Government has not had sufficient gold with which to redeem its silver certificates, has not had since it resumed specie payments sufficient gold to give in exchange for its silver dollars. Does the writer mean to assert that a redemption fund, or a reserve fund, must be equal in amount, dollar for dollar, to the outstanding circulation in order to be of use in preserving the standard of value? That can hardly be possible. The use of a reserve is to enable the Government to pay gold for silver, silver certificates, and other forms of currency on demand. It is never presumed that all the outstanding circulation will be presented for redemption at once. As a matter of fact, so long as the credit of the Government remains unshaken, nobody demands gold for silver and notes except for use in foreign trade, and for other inconsiderable purposes. The great mass of the people are content with paper money, like it better, indeed, than coin, and have no wish to exchange it for gold.

No government or banking institution could be conducted on the basis of being able at all times to redeem in gold all its circulating medium. It carries a redemption fund only for use in emergencies, and bases the greater part of its circulating medium upon its credit. The reason why the United States government was able to keep $813,000,000 in circulation on a gold basis with only $100,000,000 for a redemption fund was because the people believed, not that it had a gold dollar in the Treasury for every silver dollar or silver note outside, or needed to have it, but that the Government had the ability and the resources with which to redeem every dollar with gold in case it were put to the necessity of doing so. If we had reached the point, which we were approaching, where the gold reserve got so low that the demands for gold in foreign trade could not be met, then we should have passed to the silver basis at once, and gold would have gone to a premium.

When the reserve fund of $100,000,000 was authorized, about fifteen years ago, it was accumulated as a guarantee for the redemption of about $350,000,000 in greenbacks. This was a proportion of only about 30 per cent. of reserve to circulation, and it was not claimed by anybody that the gold basis was endangered by that fact. At the present writing the proportion has been reduced to only ten per cent., but it has been sufficient to keep the country on the gold basis because of the people's faith in the credit of the Government.

We are not disposed to continue with Mr. Thomas the debate as to the interpretation of the law about the redemption of silver coin or certificates in gold. The decisions of President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle on that point not only became the policy of the Government, but saved the country from the threatened descent to the silver standard. Upon that point there is no difference of opinion in the financial and commer-

Digitized by Google

cial world. Neither are we disposed to continue the discussion, fully treated by us on former occasions, as to the alleged appreciation in value of gold, and as to the supply of gold in the world being sufficient for the transaction of business. The repeal of the silver purchase law has taken these questions out of the field of speculative inquiry, and put them into the field of actual experience. The whole world will know before long whether or not gold has so appreciated in value as to be undesirable as a standard and as a medium of exchange, and it will soon find out also whether the supply is adequate or not. It is sufficient to say now, at the outset of the experiment of conducting the business of the world on the gold standard, that the leading nations of the world have entered upon it, one after another, by a great law of evolution, each reaching the conclusion by itself that no other standard so well meets the demands of trade and commerce. If in coming to this conclusion the leading nations of the world have been individually and collectively wrong in the deductions which they have drawn from their own experience, while the few opponents of those deductions in this and other countries alone are right, then a wonderful thing has happened in the history of the human race. If there has been arranged and carried out a "conspiracy" of the whole world to "degrade silver," and to adopt a monetary system which is foredoomed to failure because adopted either through ignorance or malice, the event is more wonderful still. Never before did the whole world unite in a conspiracy against its own welfare.

The Army and the Forest Reserves.

So much has been written of recent years to warn the country of the rapid inroads made upon the public forests by the natural demands of commerce, aggravated by greed and ignorance, that it would seem needless iteration to call attention to the fact that, in the opinion of our own best authorities, and of foreign experts who have recently revisited us, there is more than a danger — there is almost a certainty — of a national timber famine, unless it be avoided by prompt and vigorous measures. In February last a first step toward a wise policy was taken by President Harrison and Secretary Noble, in reserving from private entry large tracts of non-agricultural forest lands of high altitude in the West — in all some ten millions of acres — with the triple object of preserving great scenery, of defending important forests against private encroachment and destruction, and of conserving the sources of water supply. The hearty and general approval which this policy has met from Californians is sufficient proof of its wisdom and timeliness, and indicates that whatever objections may be urged by those who profit by present opportunities for private gain at public expense, the people may be relied upon to support the most vigorous measures that may be adopted to meet the requirements of the situation.

Meantime the immediate duty devolves upon Congress to devise some permanent system of timber-preservation and of timber-culture. The bill of Mr. McRae of Arkansas, chairman of the Public Lands Committee of the House of Representatives, is a step in this direction. Its object is to establish a more efficient control of the forest reservations, and to provide funds for their defense from the sale, to the highest bidder, of timber-cutting permits, now to be obtained without cost by the favor of the Secretary of the Interior. One clause of the bill authorizes the Secretary of War to make such detail of troops for the purpose of protecting these reservations as the Secretary of the Interior may require. The whole measure is understood to have the support of the Interior Department.

But this measure, however useful it may be in itself, and in awakening the torpid sentiment of Congress and the public, is very far from a complete solution of the problem. What is needed at the earliest possible moment is a settled, intelligent, far-reaching, scientific system looking to the management of all the public forests in the public interest. First of all, instead of waiting for the proposal of separate forest reserves, the Administration should lose no time in considering what lands are left that may properly and profitably be so included. The great scenery should all be reserved for the people, and not left to fall into the hands of individuals. Any one who has observed how the Ohio and Mississippi valleys have suffered from forest denudation will not think this proposition premature. The next consideration should be how to guard and cultivate what shall thus be reserved. In a recent conversation of half a dozen persons who have given much attention to the subject, it was unanimously taken for granted that, in some way or other, effective control would be likely to be reached only through military supervision. This conviction is confirmed by the admirable management of the Yellowstone and Yosemite National Parks, which are in charge of officers of the army and patrolled by United States soldiers — in contrast to the conduct of the smaller Yosemite reservation by Boards of State Commissioners, which has not only been for years and is now a local scandal, but has awakened the official protest of no fewer than three special agents of the Land Office, as shown by Secretary Noble's report of December 29, 1892, to the Senate.

Professor Charles S. Sargent, the well-known authority on American forests, has made an interesting suggestion, in "Garden and Forest," of a permanent system which may well employ the attention of legislators. It comprises substantially the following features:

1. Forestry instruction at West Point: The establishment of a chair of forestry at the United States Military Academy, to be supplemented by practical study in the woods and by personal inspection of foreign systems of forestry.

2. An experimental forest reservation: the purchase on the Highlands near West Point (or elsewhere) of a small territory for the use of the proposed new branch of instruction.

3. Control by educated officers: the assignment of the best-educated of these officers to the supervision of the forest reservations.

4. The enlistment of a forest guard: a body of local foresters, to be specially enlisted for the purpose of carrying out the principles of forestry thus taught.

In our opinion there is much to commend in this plan. The permanence, fidelity, and independence of the army; the need of more avenues of activity for graduates of West Point; the honorable and useful character of the work; the demonstrated failure of local control of national reservations, and the pressing need of scientific instruction as a *sine qud non* of success — these

Digitized by Google

considerations all argue strongly for this plan. It rests upon those who would reject the suggestion to show wherein it would be bettered, either by the transference of the territory to the Agricultural Department, as has been proposed, or by its retention in the present dual control of the Interior and War departments—a plan which, though temporarily advantageous, is likely to break down before the first considerable demand for military forces for other service.

Bible Exploration, Past and to Come.

THE significant feature of modern Bible study and biblical research is the independence of the several divisions of which it consists. Professor Moulton has recently shown how distinct the literary study of the Bible is from biblical exegesis in the common acceptation of the term. Equally distinct are the historical and archæological phases; though it is to be noted that the study of the political and social conditions prevailing at the various periods of ancient Palestinian history follows closely in the wake of the advance that has been achieved through the researches of modern scholars in our knowledge of the manner in which the books comprising the Old and New Testaments assumed their present shape.

Travels in the East, and explorations conducted during the past decades, have imparted a fresh stimulus to what may comprehensively be termed biblical archæology. Through the activity of the Palestine exploration societies of England and of Germany many a site prominent in biblical times has been definitely identified, and a much clearer grasp has been obtained of the physical geography—that indispensable factor in the solution of the many problems that confound the historian. The position of Palestine, wedged in the great area of ancient culture, accounts for the abundance of light that has also been shed upon the customs, traditions, and events of her past by the recovery of ancient records and monuments exhumed from the soil of Mesopotamia, Egypt, and Syria. Palestine paid the penalty for her position by being constantly menaced in her political independence. Hebrew supremacy in Palestine is comprised within a period of five hundred years, at either end of which lies a rivalry for control between Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, and the principalities of Syria. On the other hand, the close contact into which the inhabitants of Palestine were brought with surrounding states proved fertile, and it is especially in the case of the Hebrew people that the traces of foreign influence extending into the domain of religious ideas and rites have been clearly brought out through the extension of our knowledge of the ancient world.

There are several reasons why the bearings of the Assyrian and Babylonian monuments on the Old Testament occupy the first place in respect to prominence and importance. The article published in this number of THE CENTURY sets forth the more significant phases of these bearings. Egypt, too, has contributed many an interesting chapter to biblical archæology. True, of the sojourn of Hebrew clans in Egypt only the faintest traces have as yet been met with—so faint as to remain for the present outside of the pale of popular exposition; but for an earlier period a recent find made in Egypt has furnished material of a most remarkable character. By the merest accident, some peasants, while rummaging the ruins at El-Amarna, about 100 miles to the south of Cairo, struck upon several hundred clay tablets inscribed in the cuneiform characters of Babylonia. El-Amarna stands on the site of a city founded by Amenophis IV. in the fifteenth century before this era, and the tablets comprise, among other things, the reports and communications of this monarch's officials stationed along the coast of Phenicia and in the interior, or Palestine proper. The whole district was at that time tributary to Egypt, having been wrested after a long struggle out of the hands of Babylonian rulers, who had exercised a certain measure of control over it for several centuries previous. Through these archives a remarkable picture is obtained of the political and social conditions prevailing in Palestine before the Exodus. Many of the places that afterward were closely bound up with the fortunes of the Hebrew people are already in existence. Sidon is there, and also Tyre and Gaza, Lachish in the interior, and, strangest of all, Jerusalem appears, 500 years before King David, as a center of political activity with its garrison and its governor.

Following El-Amarna comes the account of excavations at a mound in northern Syria, which, besides affording a view of one of the numerous principalities that divided the region in the eighth century B. C., contribute largely to our knowledge of biblical days, though chiefly in illustration of the language and script of the Hebrews. In Palestine itself, beginnings have been made toward securing the treasures of the past that the soil unquestionably holds. Besides some sporadic efforts, systematic excavations have been conducted during the past two years at Tel-el-Hesy, the site of the ancient Lachish, and the finding of a tablet there dating, like those of El-Amarna, from the fifteenth century B. C., may be regarded as an index of what may be expected when once the lowest stratum of the towns of Palestine shall be thoroughly explored. Lachish is only a few miles distant from Jerusalem. Will it ever be possible for the explorer to attack the most interesting of all ancient sites? The amicable relations existing between this country and Turkey place us in a favorable position for the successful issue of negotiations conducted with this end in view. In such a case the discoveries of the past bid fair to be eclipsed by those of the future.

Now for Free Art!

THIS is the moment when every art institution and association in the country, every enlightened journal, and every person who appreciates and loves art, should urge Congress, through the nearest congressman, to strike from our tariff laws the barbarity of a tax upon the introduction of art into America. That the newest of the great nations, the one least equipped artistically, the one most needing the example and culture of art in its homes, schools, and manufactures, should be the one to stand at the ports of entry with a club in its hand to beat back the very thing we most require, is a reproach to American intelligence and a disgrace to our legislators. The lesson of the World's Fair will have been in great part lost unless it teaches our lawmakers the necessity of removing a tax which is an ignorant and brutal clog upon national progress.

Digitized by Google

OPEN LETTERS.

The Silver Side of the Question.[1]

AT a crisis in the affairs of ancient Athens, one of her greatest citizens consented to be struck provided he might also be heard. The sincerity of his motive was demonstrated by such a proposition, and without imposing the condition, his aggressive adversary became at once an earnest auditor. To listen was to be persuaded, and the wisdom of Themistocles prevailed.

Within the year THE CENTURY has on more than one occasion very ably attacked what is commonly called "the silver question." Its editorials have commanded applause and attention. Their influence is justly extensive, and we, whose faith in the virtues of bimetallism imposes upon us the duty of defending it, may be pardoned if we ask to be heard, even though we may not be able to convince. A great problem can be properly solved only after exhaustive investigation; and if those who are opposed to the financial views of THE CENTURY are in error, nothing will reveal the fact more clearly than discussion.

With permission, then, I shall call attention as briefly as I can to some of the assertions contained in the May and September editorials, entitled respectively "Two Values of the Silver Dollar," and "A Word Further as to Gold and Silver."

The first assumes to be an answer to this proposition: "Why, if a 66-cent dollar will buy only 66 cents, worth of goods, can we go into any store in the land, and, laying down five silver dollars, as readily get five dollars' worth of goods as if we had offered a five-dollar gold piece?" Stated concisely, the answer which THE CENTURY gives to this query is that the country is on the gold standard, that the credit of the Government is behind every silver dollar, that it will exchange gold dollars for them upon demand, and that it is the knowledge of its ability to do this which keeps silver coin of equal value with gold. But this, says THE CENTURY, the Government is able to do only so long as the silver coinage is limited, or the supply of gold is sufficient to meet all demands upon it. When it can no longer exchange silver for gold dollars, "the drop to the silver standard must come with astounding suddenness," and that, of course, would mean the circulation of our coined silver at its commodity value.

If this answer, and the reasons for it, are correctly given, it must follow that we have already "dropped to the silver standard"; for the Government has not, and since the resumption of specie payments never has had, sufficient gold to give in exchange for its silver dollars, silver certificates, and other legal tenders. For more than three years past it has not had sufficient gold with which to redeem its silver certificates alone.

On June 30, 1890, the Government's stock of gold coin and bullion, less gold certificates outstanding, was $190,232,404; on June 30, 1891, $117,667,723; on June 30, 1892, $114,342,367; on January 1, 1893, $121,266,663. Against these sums stood, 1890, silver coin and bullion, $49,504,543, plus certificates, $297,210,043; 1891, silver coin and bullion, $91,997,826, plus certificates, $307,364,148, plus Treasury notes, $40,462,165; 1892, silver coin and bullion, $121,202,313, plus certificates, $326,880,803, plus Treasury notes, $98,051,657; 1893, silver coin and bullion, $140,334,507, plus certificates, $322,035,011, plus Treasury notes, $122,039,656.

The figures for gold as given above of course include the $100,000,000 reserve, said to be kept on hand exclusively for the redemption of $346,000,000 of greenbacks (the retirement of which is prohibited by law), and the depletion of which reserve is regarded with such horror by all "sound" financiers. The small margin between that sum and the totals given is all that has been available for use since June 30, 1890 (without going back further), in exchange for hundreds of millions of silver dollars and certificates. Indeed, it affirmatively appears in the May editorial that the Government has outstanding "legal tenders and promises amounting to $813,000,000, for which there is a redemption fund of only $100,000,000" in gold. In the face of these facts it seems difficult to understand how the Government can be able, or how the public can imagine it to be able, to exchange our silver coin and silver certificates, or either of them, for gold. It could not do so if it would; and yet we have not "dropped to a silver standard with astounding suddenness" (or otherwise), "at the very first whisper that the Government could no longer exchange silver dollars for gold dollars." It follows that the reason assigned for the existence of the conditions suggested by the query is unsound.

The country is not on the gold standard, nor has it been since February 21, 1878. The Bland-Allison Act expressly declares that the silver dollars as coined thereunder "shall be a legal tender at their nominal value for all debts and dues public and private except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract." The Sherman Act makes similar provision for the Treasury notes issued thereunder for the purchase of silver bullion. It is this legal-tender function with which silver coin and Treasury notes are endowed that keeps every silver dollar, silver certificate, and Treasury note at par with gold; and until that function is destroyed, the parity between the different kinds of money will continue. The privilege given by the statutes to stipulate by contract for payment in gold alone has been freely exercised by creditors, whose discrimination against silver in any form has been one of the active causes of what seems to me to be the totally unfounded fear that we are threatened with "a silver standard." No money of this Government was ever discredited save when the Government itself set the example or gave others the right to do so.

The error into which THE CENTURY has fallen is, I regret to say, a common one. Some months ago an influential weekly periodical of New York city gave currency to the same statement, overlooking or disregarding the fact that there is no law permitting the redemption of silver coin or certificates in gold. It attracted the attention of Senator Teller, who inclosed the statement in a letter of inquiry to the Hon. E. H. Nebeker, then

[1] See "Topics of the Time."

Digitized by Google

Treasurer of the United States. A prompt reply was sent him to the effect that it never had been done, nor had any of the sub-Treasury officers ever been authorized to do so. The senator afterward addressed a similar inquiry to Secretary Foster, who, on December 7, 1892, made this reply: "I beg to inform you that silver dollars are not in law or in practice exchanged for gold or for paper that calls for gold." These replies were communicated to the paper which made the assertion; but, if I am correctly informed, it never gave them any public notice.

It is true that on April 23 the President, and again, on June 13 last, the Secretary of the Treasury, announced that the policy of the present administration would be "to preserve the parity between gold and silver, and between all financial obligations of the Government," and that all the powers conferred by law would be exercised "in order to keep the Government in a condition to redeem its obligations in such coin as may be demanded, and to prevent the depreciation of either as compared with the other." This, however, was merely to declare that the financial policy of President Harrison should be continued; and since the law confers no power on the Secretary to redeem silver coin and certificates in gold, we cannot assume that he would dare to exercise it.

On the fourth day of the present month Mr. Teller said in debate that he had inquired of the Treasurer now in office whether he had redeemed any silver certificates in gold, and was told that nothing of the kind had been done under the present administration. At the same time he asked Senator Sherman whether silver certificates could be so redeemed, and received a negative answer. Senator Sherman further said that "they can be changed into ordinary currency. As they are maintained as legal tender at par with each other, there is no difficulty at any time for any person having a silver certificate to get it exchanged for other forms of money" [but not by the Government], "unless there should be an effort made to make a run on the Government, or something of that kind."

This "effort" at explanation can be logically construed to mean that because a man can exchange a gold dollar for a silver certificate, which the Government will redeem with a silver dollar, it follows that the Government is redeeming gold with silver — a conclusion fully as sound as its opposite.

The commodity value of uncoined silver is practically the same everywhere. The value of silver coins in Europe is maintained at the ratio of 15½ to 1 of gold. If the reason you assign for the "gold value" of our silver dollar be the true one, it must be just as effective there. The Herschell Committee Report informs us that Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, Austria, etc., experience no difficulty in maintaining the parity of their silver coin and notes with gold, and for the very excellent reason that they are an unlimited legal tender. No pretense is there made that they are or will be redeemed in gold. In these countries the Government not only reserves but exercises the right to pay the public creditor in gold or silver at its option, yet we hear no complaint there either of repudiation or of the forced circulation of "a dishonest dollar." In the United States, however, where every public obligation save gold certificates is expressly and in terms payable in coin of the standard value of July 14, 1870,[1] the option has been transferred by the Government to the creditor, who not only demands payment in gold, but loudly clamors for the total demonetization of silver. To say that for redemption purposes our millions of silver coin and bullion are of no use whatever, is to say that the laws of the United States are meaningless, and that redemption in money of the contract is repudiation. During last winter and spring Secretaries Foster and Carlisle had full power to pay out silver in redemption of legal-tender notes under the act of 1890, and to coin such additional bullion as might become necessary for that purpose. If they had done so, no holder of such notes would have been wronged or could have complained; the white metal would have risen in value, and the efflux of gold from the Treasury for export or other purposes would have been checked. Silver was of value for redemption purposes in July last, when the people were clamoring for it from every section of the country, when the Secretary exchanged $780,000 in silver for Government obligations, and then announced his inability to pay more because every remaining silver dollar was covered by an outstanding certificate. He coolly disregarded the law which commands him in such an exigency to coin more of them, doubtless because the continuing demand for them would roughly jostle the assumption that those already in existence were menacing the business interests of the nation.

If the depletion of the sacred gold reserve of $100,000,000 tends to fill the country with apprehension, and is regarded as a premonition of financial disaster, it can easily be kept intact by resorting to silver for the payment of the public creditor. Germany, France, and Holland guard their gold from export by that means, a practice which neither injures their credit nor creates any fear of their "descending to a silver standard." Strange that the mere possibility of such a policy by the United States should throw "the financial world" into a cold perspiration. I am aware that gold is paid out in exchange for Treasury notes, upon the theory that such a policy is necessary to preserve parity between the two dollars; but the Sherman Act makes no provision for establishing parity between the dollars. That is assumed to exist, and, as a matter of fact, has always existed. There never was a time in our history, except from 1873 to 1878, when the gold dollar and the silver dollar were not of equal purchasing and debt-paying power. The declared purpose of the Sherman law is to establish the parity of the two metals upon a given ratio, and I venture to suggest that the persistent use of one metal for the redemption of notes payable in either at the option

[1] The remark that our bonds are payable in gold is true. It is equally true to say that they are payable in silver. Either silver dollars or gold dollars can be presented in payment of bonds. So, literally, it is true either way. Probably if the Secretary had known that his language was going to be commented upon by a very narrow construction he would have said "silver or gold," because in fact both gold and silver are used exactly at a parity with each other in all the transactions of the Government of the United States. There is no case that I can conceive of now under the laws of the United States, except as to gold certificates, where the silver dollar cannot be paid just as well as the gold dollar.

. . . . . .

No portion of the public debt, except probably the infinitesimal fraction of two per cent., is payable in gold. — SENATOR SHERMAN, July 9, 1890.

Digitized by Google

of the debtor, instead of establishing or so maintaining, would destroy, such parity, although each had access on equal terms to the public mints: for so long as gold or silver remains a money metal, its value must be quoted in its own coin. The manner in which the Sherman law has been administered has done more to force the country toward a gold standard, and to degrade the white metal by denying to it the power to redeem the notes issued for its purchase, than all other governmental and private influences combined. Both it and the Bland Act are opposed to the most elementary principles of monetary science, and the enemies of silver have reason to rejoice that its friends were ever deluded into accepting either as a substitute for free coinage. These laws have fortunately prevented a contraction of the currency by their monthly contributions to its volume, and by relieving the pressure on gold have enabled us to acquire nearly six times as much of that metal as we possessed in 1878; but at the same time they have served to create a widespread and deep-seated conviction that free and unlimited coinage is synonymous with the compulsory purchase by the Government of all the uncoined silver of the world. That conviction, in my judgment, is the basis of the popular prejudice against silver, and prejudice is the most implacable adversary with which reason ever contends. Should such a calamity as gold monometallism become our future portion, the people will have cause to rejoice that before its adoption was possible they had amassed a considerable store of legal-tender silver coin, the existence of which will mitigate, though it cannot avert, "the evils of a scanty circulation." When the United States and British India shall have entered the lists and joined in the scramble for gold, when every nation is struggling to retain that which it has, and to secure as much more as it can, then will values shrink and shrivel into nothingness, and gold become "the object of commerce instead of its beneficent instrument." I must take issue both with THE CENTURY and "the highest authorities who have no doubt that there is an ample supply for the business of the world." Such is not the testimony of Giffen or of Gibbs, of Goschen or of Leech. The latter says:

> Passing by the great question of the fall in the gold price of commodities, so far as such fall is due to monetary causes, I find that one of the most serious dangers which confronts us is the insufficiency of the supply of gold as a basis of the present and prospective business of the commercial world, and the consequent disturbances attending its accumulation and movement. The struggle for gold, with its consequent disturbances, is well under way. If gold is to be the sole money of the world, not only will the extension of business and of foreign investments be seriously crippled, but the immense fabric of credit, already top-heavy, is liable to totter. Where is the gold to come from when the states of Europe now having a paper standard resume specie payments?

The British Royal Commission of 1887–88 unanimously reported that the appreciation of gold was evident, and resulted both from an increased demand and a decreased supply. The "accursed fall of prices" since 1873, which, in the language of Mr. Balfour, is "the most deadening and benumbing influence that can touch the enterprise of a nation," is the unerring index to the appreciation of gold consequent upon the general tendency of civilized nations to a gold basis, and upon the inadequacy of its supply for their monetary needs. The recent effort of Mr. David A. Wells to attribute this fall to other causes is exceedingly ingenious, but it cannot overcome the evidence given by economists like Sauerbeck, Soetbeer, and Palgrave, the investigations of monetary commissions, and of men like Professors Foxwell and Nicholson, or the reluctant admissions of Mr. Giffen. Dana Horton declares that "the appreciation of gold since 1873 is an historical fact." Sir Guilford Molesworth, speaking of the efforts of certain British publicists to explain away this inexorable fact, says:

> It has been necessary to invent a theory that progress in manufactures, in improved transport, inventions, and banking, has caused a species of economic revolution which has created a new state in the conditions of trade and commerce, differing from that which previously existed. But they overlook the fact that the alleged causes have been in active operation during the greater part of the century. It is obvious, therefore, that such a revolution, if it existed, should have arisen at an earlier period, and that it should have developed gradually instead of setting in suddenly at the exact moment when the link was broken between gold and silver. Moreover, this theory involves another irreconcilable position. It is absurd to suppose that a revolution of this character could have affected gold prices so seriously, and yet should have left silver prices unaffected.

As I write, the report of Consul-General Jamieson to Lord Rosebery is made public, in which the effect of the recent fall of silver on gold prices in China is thus described:

> The purchasing power of gold has steadily advanced with every successive fall in the sale of exchange in London, till now 4 shillings will purchase what formerly required 6 shillings 6 pence, or 60 pounds will now do what used to require 100 pounds.

Not a dollar leaves our shores for Europe, or comes westward from the Old World, without arousing solicitude or causing a chill of apprehension. Not a day passes but the Government is urged to issue bonds for the purchase of gold with which to strengthen our reserve, and not a man but knows that such a policy will serve further to enhance its value. The gold coinage for the years 1889, 1890, and 1891 exceeded by $67,194,098 the aggregate of the world's product for the same period, while the demand for its use in the arts has certainly undergone no diminution.

According to Director of the Mint Preston, the world's stock of gold is $3,582,600,000, of which France has $800,000,000, the United States $604,000,000, Germany $600,000,000, Great Britain $550,000,000, and Russia $250,000,000. We cannot hope permanently to increase our holding by depleting their stocks, and there are only $778,605,000 to be divided between the remaining nations. What we have is not more than half sufficient for the payment of one year's interest upon our aggregate debt of $19,700,000,000, and yet we are urged to repudiate one half our metallic money and invite general bankruptcy by giving to the creditor the option of determining the sort of money he will receive in satisfaction of his claim. It is the number of units of money in circulation which must determine the value of the mass, and as their number diminishes, their value must increase.

It is true that the amount of specie actually used in commercial transactions is becoming less and less; but since it is, and must be, the measure of values, all

Digitized by Google

credits must rest upon it, and their soundness will be proportioned to the breadth or narrowness of the metallic base. The notes and obligations of an individual are valuable only when confined to the area of his ability to meet them, and are worthless when that limit is known to have been passed. So with the credit of a community or of a nation. That which measures values, and which alone is legal tender, is money; and in its final analysis credit is gaged by the sum of the units which constitute that measure.

Not only is gold "not exempt from value fluctuations," but it fluctuates more violently perhaps than any other article of human desire. The only true method of testing its value is by measuring it with commodities or with labor; and when so measured it will be seen that it never at any two times or at any two places possesses the same value. Chevalier and Cobden thirty-five years ago sought to dissuade the civilized world from its further monetary use because of its instability. Smith, Ricardo, Locke, Walker, McLeod, and Jevons, not to mention others, testify to its unstable character. Smith declared labor to be the only unvarying measure of value, and Jevons says gold is less satisfactory in that respect than corn. To deny to it the fault of fluctuation would be to exempt it from the universal law of supply and demand. Measured indeed in commodities, it is far less stable or reliable than the despised white metal. This is apparent from any respectable table of index numbers. The London "Statist," a gold-standard periodical, speaking, on November 5 last, of the possible introduction of that standard in India, said that the value of silver during the past twenty years has been far more stable than that of gold, and such is the admission of nearly every economist of standing who has given the subject serious consideration.

The truth is that no medium of exchange can approach stability whose coinage is confined to one metal. So said Baron Rothschild to Edwards Pierrepont on March 4, 1877; so said Mr. Leech in June, 1892. It appears from the researches of the English Commission of 1888, it may be read in the history of the last twenty years, and it finds full demonstration in the experience of France from 1803 to 1873. Fluctuation, instability, panic, and disaster will be our portion till bimetallism is restored. Silver is not "the victim of the laws of nature"; it is the victim of man's conspiracy. Not until it was denied access to the mint on equal terms with gold did its mint and market value appreciably vary. Its condition since 1873 has vividly illustrated the soundness of the economic proposition that the precious metals owe almost the whole of their value to the fact that they can be converted into and used as money, and justifies the assertion that had gold, in 1858, been selected as the victim, it would have been similarly degraded, and to-day the unvarying character and natural monetary qualities of silver would have been the theme of monometallists. No nation save our own, the greatest producer in the world of both the precious metals, would have deliberately demonetized one of them, and thus destroyed by one half the values of all products which come in competition with those of silver-using countries. At their present gold prices it requires as much wheat, or corn, or cotton, to pay what remains of our national debt as would have paid the whole of it in 1873. When our congressional Samson pulled down one of the pillars of our financial fabric, must he not have known that the edifice which it supported would be shaken to its foundation, if not destroyed?

The correct answer to the query propounded in the May editorial is that there is no 66-cent dollar in circulation. The divergence between its coin and commodity value arises from the limitation imposed by law upon the use of silver as money. The coined silver dollar is worth 100 cents in greenbacks or in gold, because, like them, it is made by statute an unlimited legal tender; and the purchasing power of all our dollars has been enormously increased, because, first, there is an inadequate supply of them for the ever-increasing needs of business, and, second, the menace of their further contraction by the total demonetization of silver threatens soon to become a reality.

C. S. Thomas.

DENVER, COLORADO, October 25, 1893.

A Suggestion as to Popular Amusements.

ANY one who makes a study of the lower-class theaters and resorts in our large cities must be convinced of the need of more wholesome popular amusement. He must recognize that it is perfectly natural for the wage-worker after ten hours of drudgery to wish for an hour of exciting diversion, and after six days of toil to long for one day of complete freedom and relaxation, and he must see that it is inevitable that the workman should seek to satisfy this craving in the cheapest and quickest way at such resorts as are most accessible and attractive. In these the chief elements of popular pleasure are eating, drinking, smoking, society of the other sex, with dancing, music of a noisy and lively character, spectacular shows, and athletic exhibitions. In fact, we may define the "masses" as those whose sole delight is in these things. Any one who shows a permanent taste for higher pleasures ceases, *ipso facto*, to belong to the "masses." In every city there is a large body of people whose enjoyment lies wholly in these lower channels, and for whom it is comparatively useless to open libraries, art-galleries, and museums.

Now, I take it that the problem is not how to elevate the tastes of this class,—a wholly useless endeavor,—but how to keep their sensuous pleasures from becoming sensual. Is it wise or philanthropic to leave the purveying of the lower forms of entertainment so entirely to virtually irresponsible saloon-keepers and managers of variety theaters, whose chief concern is to make money at all hazards? Is it not worth while to try thoroughly, and on a large scale, an amusement palace which shall directly compete with the lowest kind of resorts? The average workman will always go where he can get the most pleasure for the least money, and if he is to be kept from degrading resorts it must be by some institution which shall give substantially the same pleasures in a more attractive way and at less cost. Such an institution should consist of a large restaurant, with a number of private rooms; also a bar on each side of the entrance for hot and cold non-intoxicating drinks; a theater which should furnish spectacles, dancing, and music without lewdness, and athletic exhibitions without brutality. There should be a hall for dances, and rooms for cards, billiards, and other games; and also I think it would be worth while to try a few

Digitized by Google

private parlors, which could be rented to workmen and workwomen desirous of passing a social evening. Such parlors should be furnished attractively, and should contain musical instruments, cards, and games, and all kinds of proper diversions, and refreshments should be served if desired. As subsidiary features a gymnasium, baths, bowling-alley, shooting-gallery, reading-room, library, picture-gallery, and panorama might be added. I would suggest also a room where popular works of art, photographs, photogravures, lithographs, statuettes, bric-à-brac, etc., and also musical instruments and music sheets, might be rented with the privilege of purchase. I do not see why the circulation of works of art on the same plan that public libraries circulate books should not be successful. The masses do not appreciate books, but certain kinds of pictures appeal to them strongly. By some such arrangements a poor working-girl might at a nominal cost beautify her room anew every month, and make the humblest lodging attractive and interesting.

The furnishings and decorations throughout the whole establishment should be florid enough to outdo the gin-palace. Refreshments should be served in all parts at request. The tariff of charges should be under ordinary rates, but the proprietor should look to the number of customers to make up for low prices. Self-respecting wage-workers would form the first support. To be attractive, such an institution should come to them not in the guise of charity, or as a method of doing them good, but as an establishment soliciting their patronage. In fact, it should be kept a profound secret from the public that anything else than money-making is aimed at. To be made a paying venture it must from the first be managed by a keen business man who thoroughly understands his constituency, and its financial success must be recognized as a gage of its moral success, for men will expend their hard-earned money only for what they thoroughly appreciate.

LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS. *Hiram M. Stanley.*

The Diana of the Tower.

IT would be very interesting, were it possible, to know the nature and degree of the impression made by Mr. St. Gaudens's "Diana," surmounting the tower of the Madison Square Garden, upon the minds of the thousands who see it daily. With the exception of the Bartholdi statue of "Liberty,"—which is only in part an exception,—it is the first work of art, of purely ideal beauty, that has been presented to the daily gaze of any great number of the people of New York.

In contrast with the "Liberty," it has this distinction, that happily it symbolizes nothing. It is the emblem of no patriotic or social sentiment. It commemorates nothing. It is not *éclairant le monde*, and it has nothing in particular to say of any event in history, or of any "cause," past, present, or to come. Poised airily on the heaven-kissing tower, her radiant brow and straight-aimed arrow always meeting the shifting wind, the chaste and noble divinity is *à laisser ou à prendre*. The ant-like crowd of human beings that far below crawl to and fro about their "business and desire, such as it is," what do they think of her? Do they seriously think of her at all? Amid the little or great interests,—stocks, politics, shopping, letters, pleasure, grief, sin, society, or the simple slaying of time,—how often, and how much and what, do those who look up at her think or feel about her? I suppose no one can form much of an idea.

I have invested, to my satisfaction if not to my profit, sundry quarter-hours in loitering in the vicinity of the tower, and I have watched the behavior of my fellow-creatures, and have even been guilty of listening to their comments with reference to this novel spectacle. I do not pretend that the result is at all complete, and I certainly hope that it is not, for what seems chiefly to impress the "average" mind are the facts, which it has somewhere absorbed, of Diana's size and weight. This, apart from the current of "pretty's" and "splendid's" from the unbearded lips, is about the sum of the report I am able to make. I recall the fact that in Seville, on the Giralda tower, a like figure glistens in the dry and burning Spanish sun. That, according to tradition, was intended to represent Faith, and it is, perhaps, not inappropriate to the latter half of the sixteenth century, when it was erected, that the figure should have been devoted to the changeful function of a weather-vane. But from even that period, and still more from the far earlier when Punic colonists worshipped the golden image of Venus Salammbô in the streets of Seville, to the present, when the superb form of the divine huntress turns with the wind above an American amusement hall, the change is great and suggestive.

Whether it be gain or loss, no sanctity attaches to this lovely form. It is its own excuse for being, if any it has or needs. Its real significance, I should say, lies in the fact I have already noted, that it is the first generous tribute to pure beauty erected within the careless sight of busy New York. I would not underrate the value of such works as Mr. St. Gaudens's Farragut in the square below, commemorating the priceless service of a noble man. I never look at that deep broad chest and calmly intent face that I do not think of Lowell's line:

> With heart that beat a charge.

But from those of us for whom the brightness of the Diana is of

> The light that never was, on sea or land,

I think there is a peculiar debt of gratitude due to Mr. St. Gaudens, and to those who have made possible a fitting place for his creation.

Edward Cary.

An Anecdote of Webster.

THE interesting sketch of Daniel Webster in the September CENTURY took me vividly back to a scene in Philadelphia in 1831 or 1832 in which that remarkable man and orator played a prominent part. The occasion was a gathering of many merchants and other business men to protest against the "removal of the deposits" from the Bank of the United States to a custody more pleasing to the administration. The meeting had been preceded by a vigorous collection of signatures to a petition to Congress deploring such a transfer; and when the lists of names, fastened end to end, were gathered and hung in festoons upon the walls of the place of meeting, they presented a unique and striking decoration. Mr. Webster, then on his way to Washington, had been requested to make a speech, and to take charge of the protest formally, and to advocate it

Digitized by Google

in the Senate. The meeting took place in the afternoon in Musical Fund Hall, in Locust street near Eighth, and never before had there been a larger audience in that well-known building. I was then about fourteen years old, and, having been directed by my employer, a prominent merchant, to solicit signatures, in which I was very successful, I was rewarded for my efforts by permission to go to the "Hall," which I gladly did, and, boy-like, chose a position near to, and in front of, the stand from which the address was to be made. Quite early in that wonderful speech, with a grace and dignity natural to him, after denouncing the financial change and its chief author, the President, Mr. Webster, pointing to the documents fluttering about him, exclaimed in that matchless voice of his, "And he shall see the hand-writing on the wall," to which *instantly* some one in the crowd in clear and distinct words replied, "Yes; and a Daniel will interpret it to him." During the applause which followed, and which continued long and loud, the great senator stood as erect and imperturbable as a statue of New England granite.

A Seventy-niner.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

CAPTAIN JERRY.

(THE LAST OF THE WAR PAPERS.)

By the Author of "Two Runaways."

I.

IT was just before the battle of Chickamauga that Jerry Thomas tendered his services as a soldier and commander to the Southern Confederacy. His black face shone with military ardor as he stated his proposition to the colonel commanding the Twenty-fourth South Carolina.

"You see, Marse Alec, hyah es thirty-two niggers waitin' on folks in dis hyah camp, holdin' hosses, cleanin' brasses, and cookin'; an' hit don't look right fer dese lazy rascals ter be er-settin' roun' while fightin''s goin' on, an' dey bosses out yonner somewhar reskin' dey lives ter keep 'em f'om bein' stole an' runned off by dem Yankees. I be'n er-drillin' an' er-speechin' ter de crowd tell dey all says ef Jerry 'll lead de way dey 'll go anywhar ter he'p dey white folks. An', Marse Alec, ef you 'll des gimme de guns an' tell Jerry whar you want de nex' fightin' done, you goin' ter hyah good news f'om dat crowd. Dey means business, sho!"

"Do you think you could hold them together, Jerry?" asked the colonel, lazily, as he refilled his pipe. "My observation has been that the boys are not fond of the smell of powder."

"Hol' 'em tergedder! Who, me? Huh! Dey don't need no holdin'! White folks don't put much faith in er nigger when hit come ter fightin', but dere 's where dey es wrong. Course er nigger don't want too much crowdin', an' all you got ter do es ter gi' him elbow-room an' he 'll stay 'long wid de bes' white man in de yarmy. An' dem niggers back yonner ain' no common stock; dey es all quality, an' seen heap er 'speriunce, an' ain' nair one of 'em goin' ter run off an' leave Jerry. I 'd kill de fus rascal dat turn es back. Des you gimme guns ter go roun', an' about five loads ter de man; dat 's all you got ter do."

The colonel said he would see about it, and went off laughing. But that evening the matter was mentioned at headquarters, and received favorable notice. Much to the delight of Jerry, he received his guns and thirty rounds of ammunition.

"What all dat powdah an' shot fer?" he asked dubiously, as the ammunition was being distributed.

"For your men, of course," said the colonel. "You don't expect to go into battle without ammunition, do you?"

"No, sah; but hit 'll tek er long time ter shoot all dat up, Marse Alec; an' ef you got any use fer hit down de line, I reck'n erbout five loads all roun' will do fer my crowd. Er nigger loads mighty slow when he gits de 'citement on 'im." But the protest was unavailing.

For a week Jerry was in his glory. A second-hand uniform from a general's tent, a battered cap with a feather in it, a pair of cavalry boots much worn and a saber, completed his outfit, with the exception of a huge horse-pistol, which he wore in his belt. The uniforms of his command consisted of whatever could be begged about the camp. For side-arms a few carried pistols, and more than one had hatchets. Just how many razors there were, it is easy to guess, as most of the command were accustomed to shave their masters.

Jerry's drilling of this motley crowd was unique, and for several days afforded the soldiers no end of fun. Day by day he grew in importance, and by the morning of the battle he was a bigger man than General Bragg in the estimation of himself and his dusky followers.

When that eventful day dawned, Jerry got his men together, and awaited near the wagon-train for the orders which were to place him in the path of glory. He endeavored to explain military tactics to his command by drawing lines of battle in the sand, and indicating with the end of his scabbard the probable position of the two armies, and how movements would be effected, but with little or no success, for reasons not difficult to conceive. It was while thus engaged that a mounted officer rode up and ordered him to advance with his company, and to take position on the right of the Twenty-fourth South Carolina.

"Hurry forward," said the officer; "the fight has begun."

"I knowed dat 'fo' you come," said Jerry; "dem nail-kegs [1] been flyin' 'roun' hyah thick es bees 'bout er hive. Which way you say we mus' go, boss?"

The officer pointed to the line again, urging the new commander to hurry. Smoke was rolling upward in the direction indicated, and the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry at that moment grew thunderous and deafening.

"Yes, sah," said Jerry, reflectively; "you wants me ter tek dis hyah comp'ny, an' go up yonner by the Twenty-fourf? Did Gen'l Bragg send fer me hisse'f?" The officer, struggling to quiet his excited horse, divided

[1] Large shells.

Digitized by Google

his maledictions between the animal and the anxious negro.

"Dat 's all right, boss; dat 's all right! Hit won't do ter git in dar, an' nobody 'sponsible. I ain't er-holdin' back 'cept ter hit de right place at de right time. Is dere anybody up dere to 'splain de battle ter we alls?"

"You won't need any explanations, man! Load and fire upon the enemy, just as everybody else is doing. You must n't waste time here. Get your men under way!"

"Yes, sah; dat 's what I 'm goin' ter do. Boss, when we gets dere an' goes ter fightin', es hit 'g'inst de rules ter tek res' an' shoot? Some er dese niggers can't hit er mountin' ercross er hog-pen 'less 'n dey teks res'. Ef dey can't tek res', spec' er heap er Gen'l Bragg's powdah an' shot be wasted right dere dis mornin'."

"Confound your rest!" shouted the exasperated officer. "Get your men in line, and obey orders, or General Bragg will have the last one of you shot!"

"Yes, sah; dat 's what I 'm goin' ter do right dis minute. Fer Gord sake, niggers, why n't yer git inter line, an' don't keep dis hyah white gemman talkin' ese'f ter deaf? Boss, es we got ter cross dat new groun'[1] ovah dere? Spec' ef you lemme tek 'em roun' frough dem woods, I could sorter hol' 'em tergedder." But the officer had left in despair.

"Take them straight across to that big pine," he yelled back.

Jerry looked sadly after the vanishing form, and felt exceedingly lonesome. Suddenly, however, he drew his great saber, and the fires of war blazed in his eyes.

"'Tention, soldiers! You Pomp, git back in line, an' let dat hammer down! You goin' ter keep projeckin' roun' hyah tell you shoot somebody yet! Now des look at dat yaller nigger down yonner—done lef' es ramrod en es gun! Nigger, ain' you got sense 'nough to know you can't get dat ramrod back atter hit 's be'n shot? You think you goin' ter have time ter run out 'mongst dem dead Yankees an' hunt dat ramrod? Talk ter me now; I 'm er-askin' you er plain question erbout de man'l of arms. An' dere 's Buck done got es hat on hind part befo', wid de fedder p'intin' back like he already done started out er de fight! Now y' all listen ter me while I talk sense. We got ter go inter dis hyah fight sho, an' dere ain' no back down en me. Berry Bowles es de bigges' an' de fus man en de line, an' he mus' lead de way, an' y' all des foller right er-long en es tracks. Berry, you mek fer dat pine ovah yonner on de ridge, an' I 'm comin' long berhine de las' man; an' de fus nigger what brek ranks es got me ter run over 'fo' he leave. I done gi' y' all fair warnin'; an' ef anybody git dis sword stuck frough 'im, ain' my funer'l march!"

Jerry's command had not reached a point a hundred yards away when, back by the wagon-train, a caisson blew up. There is no telling what would have been the result so far as the reserves were concerned; but as they wavered, Jerry picked up his sword, which had dropped to the ground, and shouted, "Halt!" The line steadied, to find the captain on his knees.

"Come down! come down!" he cried. And there upon the margin of that bloody battle-field he lifted up his voice in thankfulness for their escape from a horrible death, and in appeals for a continuance of divine watchfulness. Gradually as he prayed the bodies of the negroes began to sway, and their voices to blend in a wild chant. Soon the meeting developed into a mighty revival, and the plantation hymns rolled forth to the strangest accompaniment ever known to African worship — the shrill fife-notes of the minie ball and the deep diapason of the flaming cannon. The end came when the same officer dashed into the midst of them, pistol in hand, and, in a tone of voice that showed parleying would be fatal, ordered the company to advance. It advanced.

[1] Newly cleared ground.

II.

THE broken regiments of the Confederacy were in camp a few evenings after this eventful hour in the life of Jerry Thomas, and a number of officers were discussing the situation, when Jerry, coming around a tent with an armful of wood, found himself in their presence. The colonel watched him busying himself about the fire and preparations for the evening meal, and with a motion to his companions, as the darky was moving away, asked carelessly:

"Where is your uniform, captain?"

Jerry pretended not to hear, but presently, when the question was repeated, looked up.

"Me?" he asked.

"Yes, you. That is Captain Jerry, I believe, is it?"

"Hit sholy es me," said Jerry, simply.

"Well, captain, I did n't see much of you in the fight. How did the boys behave?"

"Po'ly, Marse Alec, po'ly. Dey behave po'ly."

"Did you get up on the right of the Twenty-fourth? I sent you orders twice."

"Well, not eszackly, Marse Alec; not eszackly."

"Go on!"

Jerry looked around the circle of laughing faces, and straightened up slowly.

"You see, Marse Alec, hit all come of dat new groun'. Ef dey had lemme go roun' frough dem woods, hit 'd er be'n diff'unt." He looked about for some way to illustrate his position, and his eye fell upon the head of a little negro girl who stood by with her empty biscuit-basket on her arm, her hair divided into little sections and plaited. "Come hyah, sissy, whar de white gemmens c'n see yo' putty head. Right up dere," he said, passing his finger along one of the shining division lines on her head, "es whar de paf run 'cross de new groun', an' hyah es de woods out hyah on dis side." Straightening up one of the little kinks, he continued: "Dis es de pine-tree whar we was aimin' ter git; an' ef we had er come roun' frough dem woods, nobody could n't seen us. Out hyah was de Twenty-fourf whar dey ought er be'n, an' des berhine dis patch er hair was de Yankees. Well, sah, de break come right hyah en the new groun'. Berry Bowles was er-leadin' de way, an' I was er-headin' off stragglers berhine, when bang! an' one er dem nail-kegs hit erbout seven foot f'om Jerry, an' plowed er furrer right down 'side er de whole line, des like hit was er-beddin' up fer cotton, an' hit flung dirt on ev'ybody. Dere war n't no holdin' dem niggers den. Dey runned ober me, an' 'fo' I knowed what my name was, de groun' was full er guns an' tracks. I got on top er stump an' hollered loud as I could holler, an', 'fo' Gord, de onliest nigger en sight was Berry, what done fell over er log, an' was des layin' dere prayin' fer somebody ter tell es Marse George ter sen' de doctor quick. I knowed dere war n't no use er my stan'in' up dere fer fo' thousand

Digitized by Google

Yankees ter be shootin' at, an' I got down an' went 'long back, sorter singin' ter merse'f ter let folks know I war n't anxious ter leave. I called ter Berry when I lef', speakin' cheerful like ter calm him. Says I, 'Come on, Berry; hit 'pears like we ain' no manner ercount out hyah, an' we es back yonner. Better step back wid me an' cook supper.' But Berry was des dat pleuralized wid fear he can't hear nothin'. So I tell him I send de doctor ef I see 'im, an' I step back by merse'f ter find my niggers. Yes, sah; I found 'em. Dey was all down by de waggins whar dey come f'om, an' ev'y man tellin' er speshul lie. Well, sah, I ordered an' I begged an' I prayed ter de crowd, but war n't no use. An' den hit come ter me dat ev'y nigger dere was worf er thousand dollahs, an' some er dey marsters was po' white men, an' could n't 'ford ter lose er nigger. So I said I reck'n Gen'l Bragg an' Marse Alec done look atter dat little bunch er Yankees out en front, an' I better stay back dere an' keep dem' niggers an' waggins f'om bein' runned off. An' dat 's what I did. De white folks dey loss er pow'ful sight er stuff dat day, but dey did n't loss nair nigger, an' dey did n't loss nair waggin. Yes, sah; if y' all des set right whar yer settin', de coffee be 'bout right, time I come back wid de cups. An', sissy, you run 'long home an' tell yo' mammy dere 's be'n er battle took place on top yo' head."

And the man who saved thirty-two thousand dollars' worth of negroes and a wagon-train at Chickamauga disappeared under a tent, and pretended that he did not hear the laughter on the outside.

Harry Stillwell Edwards.

Outlines.

A MAN sat reading a book. What he thought that he read was this: Two quantities which constantly tend toward equality while the hypothesis approaches its ultimate form, and of which the difference, in the course of approach, becomes less than any finite magnitude, are ultimately equal.

But what he really read was this: Seraphina — Seraphina — Seraphina — Seraphina.

A MOUSE saw his shadow on the wall. Said he, "I am larger than an elephant; I will go forth and conquer the world." At that moment he espied a cat. In the next he had slipped through a hole in the wall.

EVERY day, from the time he was a boy, a man walked alone in a quiet place, and thought. And he doubted not it was the same man who had walked there for so many years. But at length he came to know that the same man had not walked there twice.

DEATH came to a door, and knocked. Seeing it was Death, they barred the door. But Death broke down the bars, and entered, taking away whom he would.

Death came to another door, and knocked. Seeing it was Death, they opened wide the door, and welcomed him. At this Death turned his back and went, saying, "Who desires me, I desire not."

Two plowed in a field. One plowed straight, keeping his eyes upon the ground. No weeds grew, and he gathered great stores of corn. When he died, his son inherited much land. He lived in comfort, and plowed in his father's fields.

The other's furrows were not straight. At times he stopped to listen to the lark, or to admire a flower that grew upon a weed. He knew the names of the plants, and their times of flowering. He knew the names of the stars, also. He died, owning no goods or lands. His son inherited his father's poverty.

The son inherited also his father's love of nature. And he became a great artist, whose name and fame spread over two continents.

Berry Benson.

At Fontainebleau.

1870–1890.

AT Fontainebleau,—a day in spring,—
Forgotten frost, forgotten care;
Each bough its nesting birdlings held,
Each leafy nook its loving pair.
A little feast before us spread,
We two, from envious eyes secure,
From tiny crystals shyly sipped
"Parfait Amour."

The roses on your dainty hat
Looked pale beside the tender glow
Of your sweet face, where shadows fell
And lingered, as if loth to go.
Our only gold was in your hair,
We both were young, we both were poor,
And yet we dared to love and dream,
Parfait amour!

In doubtful time your little foot
Followed the music's throb divine,
And 'neath the table's snowy spread
Your fingers trembled into mine.
Of fame and gold we dared to dream;
Hope spread for us a dazzling lure!
Yet, failing these, we still had left
Parfait amour.

A score of years have fled, and fame,
Still in enchanted distance fair,
With cruel spite ignores my name —
Still all our gold is in your hair!
A score of years! Ah, well! What then,
Since life, and hope, and friends, endure;
Since in our hearts still glows undimmed
Parfait amour?

Julia Schayer.

Molly, Let the Boys Alone.

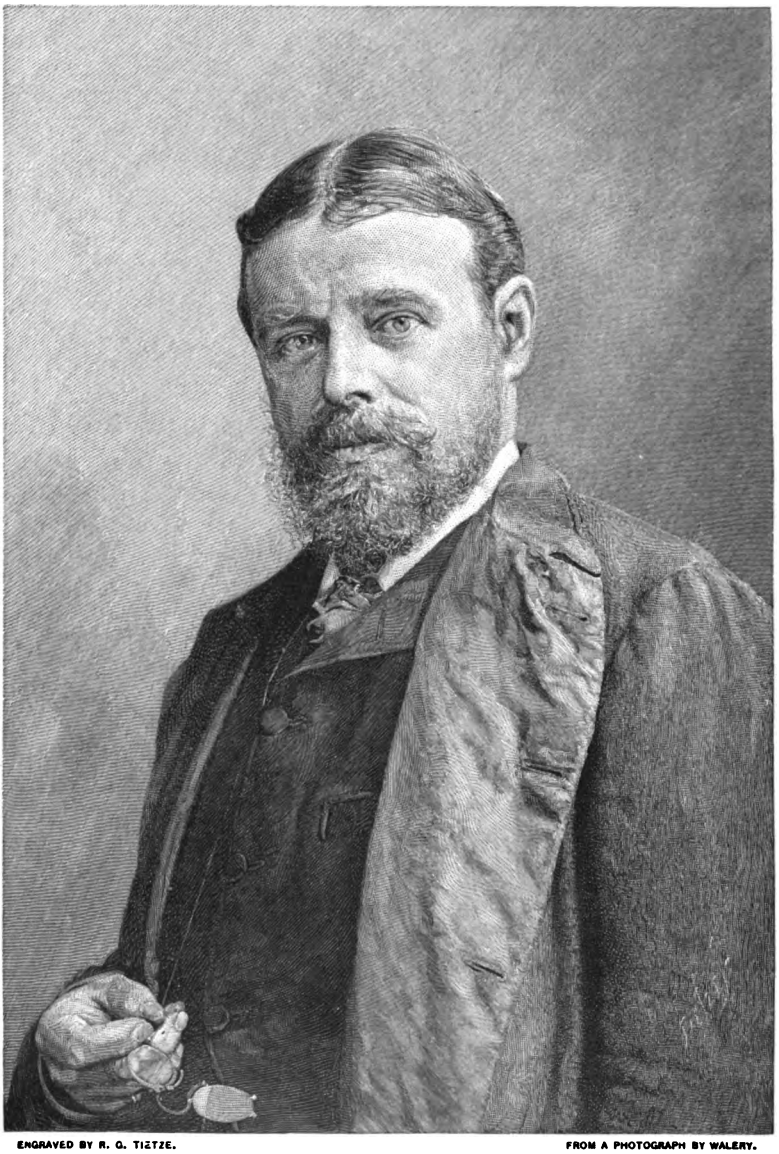
THE lads o' old Limerick
Are the plague o' me life.
They 're always a-t'asin'
T' make me their wife;
They 're always a-t'asin',
An' sure I will go
Far over the say,
If they kape t'asin' so.
I prayed t' me mither,
T' send them away,
And she sang an ol' song —
'T was all she would say:
"Molly, let the boys alone,
Molly, let the boys alone,
Molly, let the boys alone,
An' they will let ye be."

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY R. O. TIETZE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALERY.

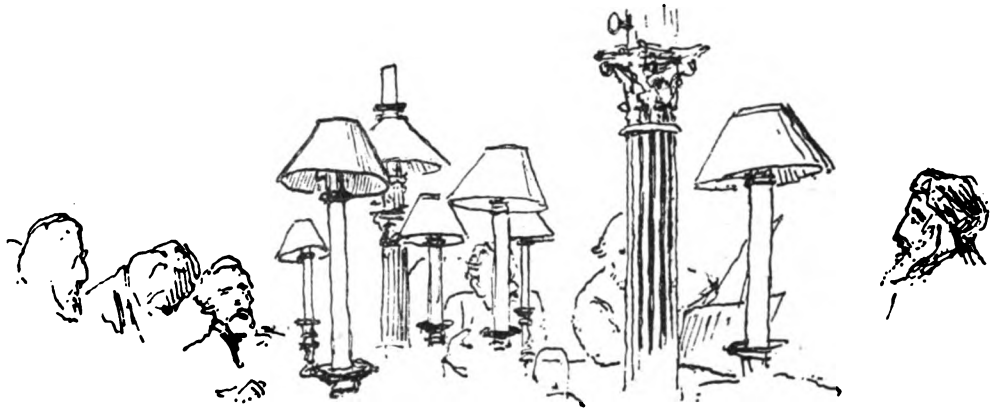
L. ALMA-TADEMA.

Digitized by Google

MIDWINTER NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVII. FEBRUARY, 1894. No. 4.



SKETCH BY L. ALMA-TADEMA.

R.A. Council meeting 7/4 87

LAURENS ALMA-TADEMA.

THE peculiar charm of the reproductions of antique life painted by Mr. Alma-Tadema, and the tradition which has grown up of his supposed attempt to live that life himself in the midst of modern London, have rendered this artist the object of a curiosity unusual even in this curious age. Hence has followed an endless multiplication of "lives" and "studies" and "interviews," published for the delectation of the inquisitive, and mainly occupied with saying the same things in slightly different ways. But although much has been said and resaid about his person, as well as about his successive paintings and surroundings, very little has yet been told about his methods of work. Every artist has his own particular way of endeavoring to present in a concrete form the idea that he at first sees with his mind's eye only; and this, if we reflect, is really the interesting thing about him. The manner in which each painter works out his subject varies very much, according to his temperament and his training. I purpose, in this article, to dwell somewhat on the processes through which Mr. Alma-Tadema's paintings pass, from the first rough sketch done in charcoal to the highly finished canvas.

Before, however, describing these methods in detail, it may be desirable to make a rapid survey of the principal events in Mr. Alma-Tadema's career, and to enumerate, also, some of his more notable paintings, endeavoring to arrange the latter into groups, according to the periods in which they were painted, since from time to time this artist has succumbed to

Copyright, 1894, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

Digitized by Google

the fascination of the history and artistic bearing of different countries and times. At first it was German life in the early middle ages that attracted him; then the barbaric strength and beauty of the Merovingian age took his attention; while, later on, the more formal designs and the flat coloring of the Pompeian period roused his curiosity, to be followed by an enthusiastic devotion to the ancient days of Egypt, and to the early Greek, and later Roman, times.

I.

LAURENS ALMA-TADEMA is a Friesian, and therefore a Dutchman. He was born January 8, 1836, the fifth son of Pieter Tadema, of Dronryp, near Leeu Warden, in the ancient province of Friesland. His father died when he was four years old, and he was left to the care of his mother, a woman of great refinement of taste and of decided artistic feeling. It was intended that the son should follow his father's profession, the law, but he himself showed very early in life a strong predilection for art. This bias, however, was not encouraged by those members of his family who were most interested in his education, and the boy could get time for his drawing only by rising early — a habit that has often stood him in good stead at those seasons of the year when he has been hard driven for want of time, or lack of London daylight, to finish his paintings for the exhibitions. On such occasions he thinks nothing of rising at four or five o'clock in the morning, in order to work out, or paint in, some elaborate detail of his pictures.



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

BRASS STAIRCASE LEADING FROM ALMA-TADEMA'S FRONT DOOR TO HIS STUDIO.

As the young Tadema grew up, his health showed signs of giving way, whether or not from the over-strain of long hours of uncongenial study, it is impossible to say. His guardians, convinced that he had not long to live, judged it useless to urge any more their determination that he should be trained for the law, and the lad entered upon his art studies, with so great success as to produce, at the age of fourteen, one finished portrait of his sister, and, at the age of sixteen, one of himself, which were good likenesses as well as of sound workmanship, and proved his vocation beyond further question. He entered the Royal Art school at Antwerp, then under the guidance of Baron Wappers. Afterward he profited much by the advice of another painter, Baron Leys. In Tadema's earlier paintings it is not difficult to trace the influence which that distinguished master exercised over the promising artist. The work done on Leys's pictures by Tadema has been of infinite use to him: he there acquired the knowledge of making pictures that has been of such great service to him throughout his career, together with a certain habit of seeing objects solidly, and seeing them as a whole.

In 1859 the young painter's mother and sister joined him in Antwerp, and it was during the four brief years spent there together that Mrs. Tadema saw her son's talent show itself unmistakably in the great success he obtained with one of his earliest pictures, "The Education of the Children of Clovis," which was painted in 1861.

In the year 1863 Mr. Alma-Tadema married a French lady, and visited Italy; in 1865 he settled in Brussels. Here were born to him two daughters, Laurence and Anna, the latter of whom has distinguished herself during the last few years by many highly finished water-color studies of buildings and house-interiors, and also by several delicately drawn portrait-heads, executed in pencil and chalk. During Mr.

Digitized by Google



PAINTED BY L. ALMA-TADEMA. ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

"HADRIAN IN ENGLAND."

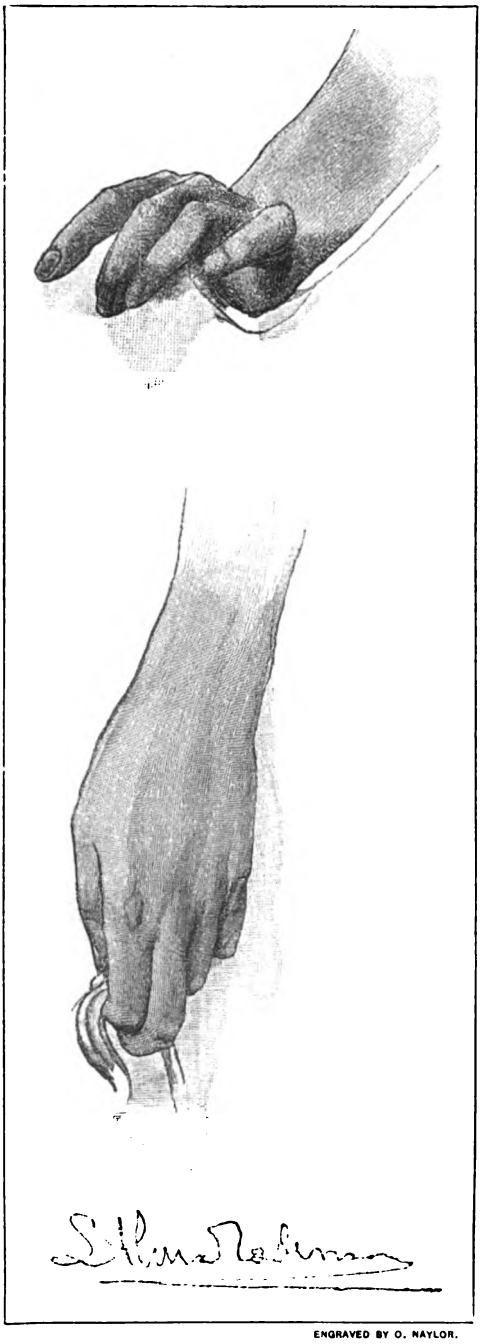
(THE EMPEROR INSPECTING ROMANO-BRITISH POTTERIES.)

Digitized by Google

Alma-Tadema's residence in Brussels he produced many striking pictures, among them the fine composition of "Tarquinius Superbus." In this painting is seen the regal governor of men receiving certain meek emissaries from the city of Gabia; in the foreground stands the mass of tall poppies, the tallest heads of which he is presently to mow off with his scepter.

Mr. Alma-Tadema soon lost his first wife, and in 1870, shortly after her death, he left Brussels, and proceeded to England. Here he presently settled, became a British subject, and made for himself a fascinating home on the northern side of Regent's Park.

The fine "Pyrrhic Dance," painted in 1868, was his first picture exhibited at the Royal Academy, in the new building of Burlington House, in the year 1869. It marked a critical point in the painter's career. This extraordinary composition at once roused the attention of the British public to a knowledge of the great gifts of the young foreigner who had taken up his abode among them. "The Pyrrhic Dance" was followed the next year by "The Juggler," and by some of the earlier Roman interiors. In 1870 Mr. Alma-Tadema painted, in his London studio, "A Roman Emperor," this being his second version of that most tragic subject, the death of Caligula and the acclamation of the new emperor, Claudius. Mr. Alma-Tadema, in this version, ventured upon an entirely new scheme of coloring, to the despair, it is said, of certain of his clients, who saw in this departure an alarming tendency toward Preraphaelitism. They felt that the public, which had lately learned to accept Mr. Alma-Tadema as the expounder of the beauty of cool white marbles and pale-tinted robes, was not being fairly treated; for here he was boldly introducing a copper-headed girl into the crowd of his Roman rabble, and clothing the very bodies of the dead in gay-colored blues and vivid purples, while even the purity of the marble floor was not only stained with the redness of blood, but was everywhere cut up and intersected by distracting, many-colored mosaics. This was, indeed, to open out a revolutionary prospect into the future!



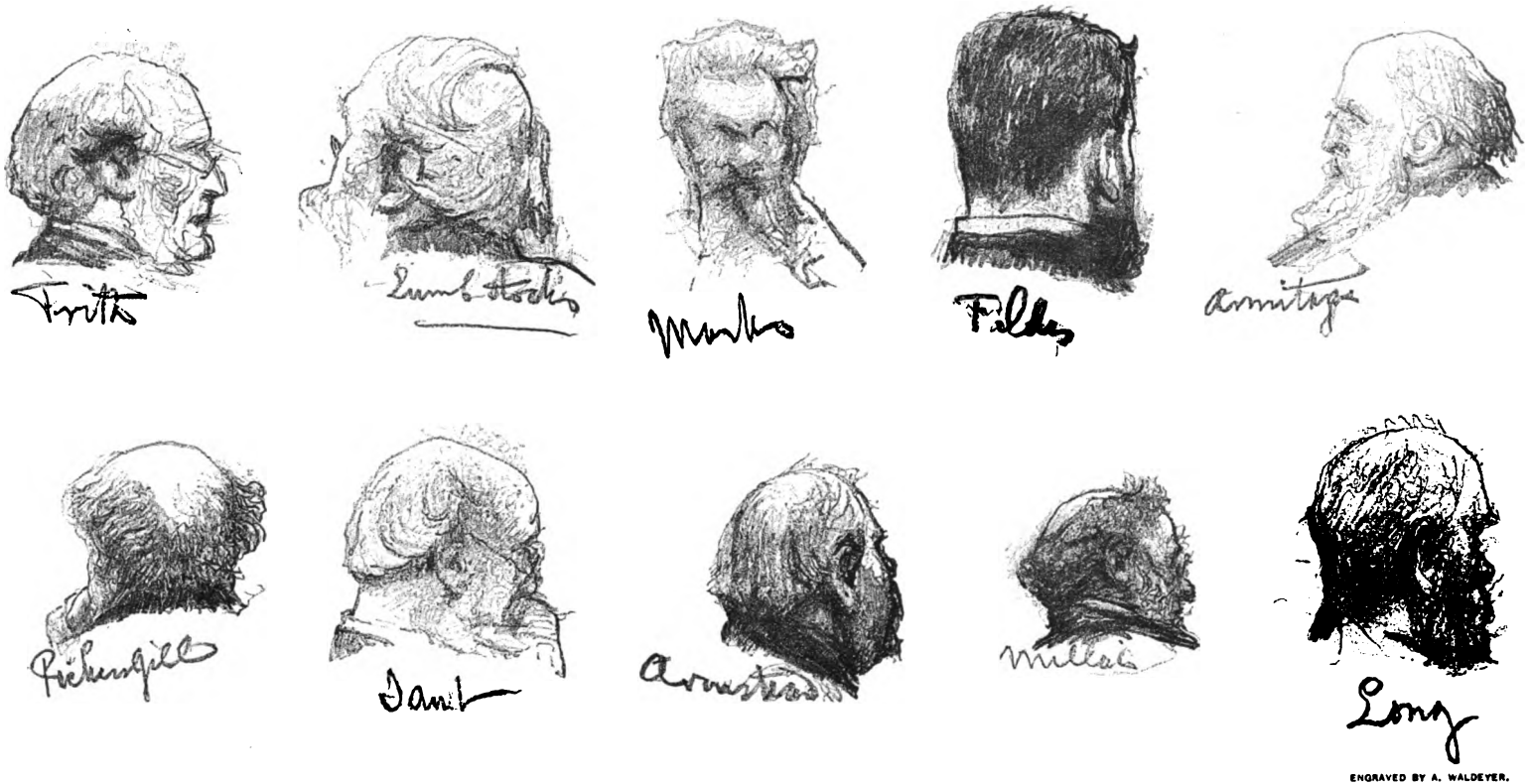
ENGRAVED BY O. NAYLOR.

STUDIES OF HANDS, FROM ALMA-TADEMA'S NOTE-BOOK.

But this departure was one which led ultimately to many beautiful pictures, dealing often with joyous subjects, in which the artist has painted dancing-girls and youths, either in solemn procession, or in a frenzy of religious fervor, or else simply gay with the rapid throbbing of the blood in their young veins. From this period, and onward to the present year, belong many charming panels of blossom-crowned orchards and anemone-strewn fields. The lily-covered tanks, on the other hand, and the innumerable and wonderful garlands, belong to the architectural section of Mr. Alma-Tadema's work, rather than to the series of open-air subjects.

In the year 1871 the artist married an English lady, who has

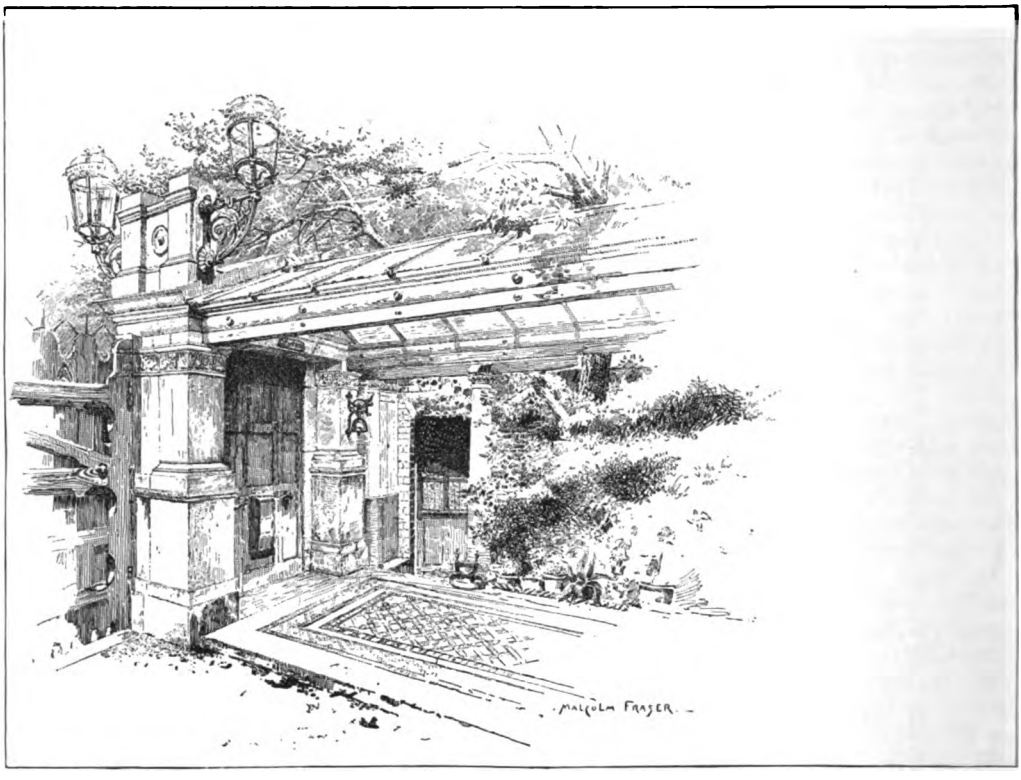
Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY A. WALDEYER.

SKETCHES OF NOTED ARTISTS BY L. ALMA-TADEMA, AT A COUNCIL MEETING OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Digitized by Google



FRONT ENTRANCE TO VESTIBULE.

since distinguished herself by her pictures of charming children, quaintly clad, and busy in their old-fashioned tiled, or paneled, surroundings.

By the year 1874 the decorations of Mr. Alma-Tadema's house, at the North Gate, Regent's Park, were completed, and the whole effect was of a palace of exotic beauty. In a moment all this beauty was well nigh destroyed by the explosion of a barge laden with gunpowder and benzolin, which was passing along the canal in front of his house. The walls were cracked, the windows broken, the front door, even, was torn off its hinges, so that the open portal showed on its threshold the almost too hospitable greeting of "Salve" to the outside world. M. Tissot, the French artist, who was at that time living in London, said that the terrace of houses nearest to the scene of the accident had all the appearance of the streets of Paris after the bombardment during the Commune. There is a pretty story of the behavior on this occasion of the two young daughters of the house. They had always been told that if they felt frightened at night they were to ring their bedroom bell; so, when they awoke suddenly, in the utter darkness, to find the window-frame lying on their bed, the ceiling falling in fragments, and hundreds of hazelnuts — part of the boat's cargo — showering down upon them, the elder child remarked to her sister, in the high calm voice of authority, "Anna, ring the bell!"

The news of the explosion was a terrible blow to Mr. and Mrs. Alma-Tadema, who were traveling in Scotland at the time. But Mr. Alma-Tadema's splendid energy was equal to the occasion, and he at once saw means for improving his house. The outer walls were, first of all, firmly clamped together with huge iron girders; next, the inner house was considered. New doorways were cut through the side-walls, arches were constructed, and here and there a slim, supporting column was added. The whole aspect of the place became, if possible, more charming and fairy-like than before. The artist decorated the ceiling of his studio in the Pompeian style, with figures of his own hand in a design of light floral festoons, dividing the space into panels of different sizes and shapes. For these Mr. Alma-Tadema made some charming sketches of dancing nymphs and tootling satyrs.

II.

His picture of "The Education of the Children of Clovis" was the first subject of this period treated by Mr. Alma-Tadema, and the

Digitized by Google

first he painted under Leys's corrections. It was followed by a whole series of paintings illustrating the thrilling and tragic story of Fredegonda and Galswinde. In these productions the determined character of the painter is seen; he is unflinching in the way in which he wrestles with his subject until he has conquered the difficulties of it. Also there is apparent in these works the ceaseless trouble that he always takes to inform himself accurately and thoroughly in matters of detail; these details once grasped, whether they be pleasing to the eye or not, are firmly written down by that truthful pencil of his.



PORTICO AT ENTRANCE TO THE DINING-ROOM.

Mr. Alma-Tadema always acknowledges the great debt that he owes to his early acquaintance with Leonardo da Vinci's book, "How to Become a Painter." Such a book would naturally be of immense service to a worker of his temperament, for whom half-measures and half-knowledge do not exist; for he is a man who must fully realize for himself exactly how any given subject, with all its accessories, actually looks before he will attempt to represent it in a concrete form.

In 1863 Mr. Alma-Tadema painted his first Egyptian picture, which he called "How the Egyptians Amused themselves Three Thousand Years ago." Another Egyptian painting of his shows two very lean men seated on their heels, and playing a game of chess at a low table. I have heard Mr. Alma-Tadema say that very few European persons are able to sit with ease, and for any length of time, in this position. This picture of the chess-players was sold in Berlin in 1865 to a banker of Moscow, and was the means of Mr. Alma-Tadema's acquaintance with M. Gambert, the picture-dealer, who, recognizing at once the unusual gifts of the young painter, at the advice of Baron Leys and Rosa Bonheur, gave him an order for twenty-four pictures.

In 1865 began the series of Greek and Roman subjects by which Mr. Alma-Tadema is perhaps most widely known. The earlier examples of these are, however, very different from the paintings that Mr. Alma-Tadema produces to-day: they are darker in tone, deeper in color, and more crowded with detail. But now and again this painter still returns to his earlier love, and gives us one of his powerful Egyptian subjects.

If the titles of all Mr. Alma-Tadema's pictures were enumerated here, they would fill

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

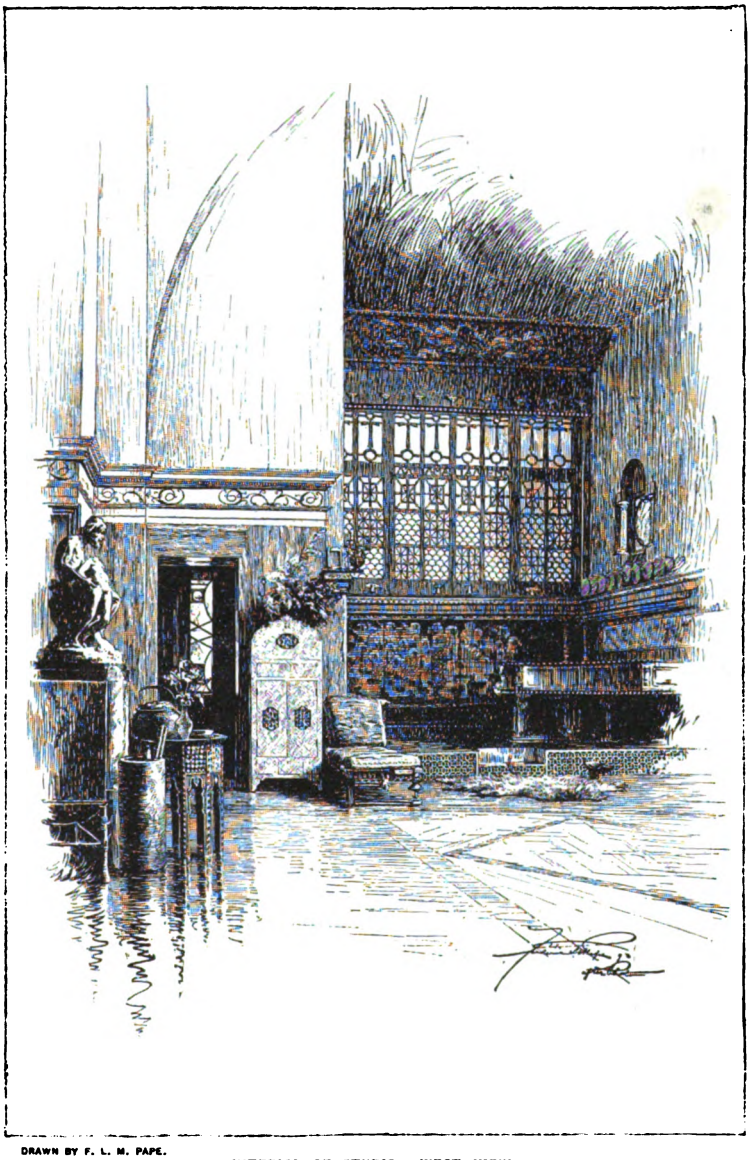
THE RECEPTION-ROOM.

several columns of this magazine. "The Pyrrhic Dance" was the first of a long series of representations of ancient dances, whether of the solemn and religious sort, or of the more homely kinds, of the Roman people. In 1870 the large composition of "The Vintage Festival" was painted, and was exhibited by itself in one of the London galleries. This picture impressed the British public greatly with its serious and novel kind of beauty, as well as by its vivid presentment of ancient times. To the year 1874 belongs perhaps the grandest and most solemn of all Mr. Alma-Tadema's conceptions, "The Death of the First-Born" (The Last Plague). In 1875 the painter returned to a Merovingian subject, and produced a new version of the story of Fredegonda in "The Tragedy of an Honest Wife." To the years 1873 and 1874 belong the large canvases of "The Sculpture Gallery" and "The Picture Gallery," as well as numerous smaller panel-pieces of gardens, courtyards, flowers, and young girls. In 1884 came "Hadrian in England," showing that emperor inspecting a factory of Romano-British potteries. In 1888 was painted that most strange and gorgeously colored picture of a practical joke on a large scale, called "The Roses of Heliogabalus," wherein were seen perfect clouds of roses and rose petals let loose through the unfastening of the cords of the velarium, and showering down upon the lounging and unsuspecting guests, half-smothering them.

From time to time has appeared an Egyptian piece in which the heads of the chief figures have had all the *vraisemblance* of portraits painted from the life: of these are "The Grand Chamberlain of Sesostris" (1869); "The

Digitized by Google

Egyptian at his House Door" (1864); and Joseph as "Pharaoh's Overseer," in which last picture Joseph is seen examining specimens of the cereals brought by his fellow-Israelites to the king. In all of these paintings of Eastern life the spectator is strongly impressed by the minutely realistic aspect of the people and their surroundings.



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

INTERIOR OF STUDIO — WEST VIEW.

III.

MR. ALMA-TADEMA is a great advocate of work. "Nothing can be done well without taking trouble," he says; "you must work hard if you mean to succeed." By these and similar encouragements, I have many times heard him urge on faint-hearted followers. He will never allow himself to be beaten by the difficulties of any subject. No shirking of intricate detail, no vagueness of line, will this advocate of thoroughness allow to any timid or indolent pupil. He never evades a tedious accessory, nor does he spare his brain more than his hand when, by the making of endless studies, he can gain exacter knowledge, or add to the accuracy of the spirit and detail in his designs. But this diligence is not allied to any love of his own handiwork. Mr. Alma-Tadema is ruthless in destroying results that do not seem to him to be

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

INTERIOR OF STUDIO — EAST VIEW.

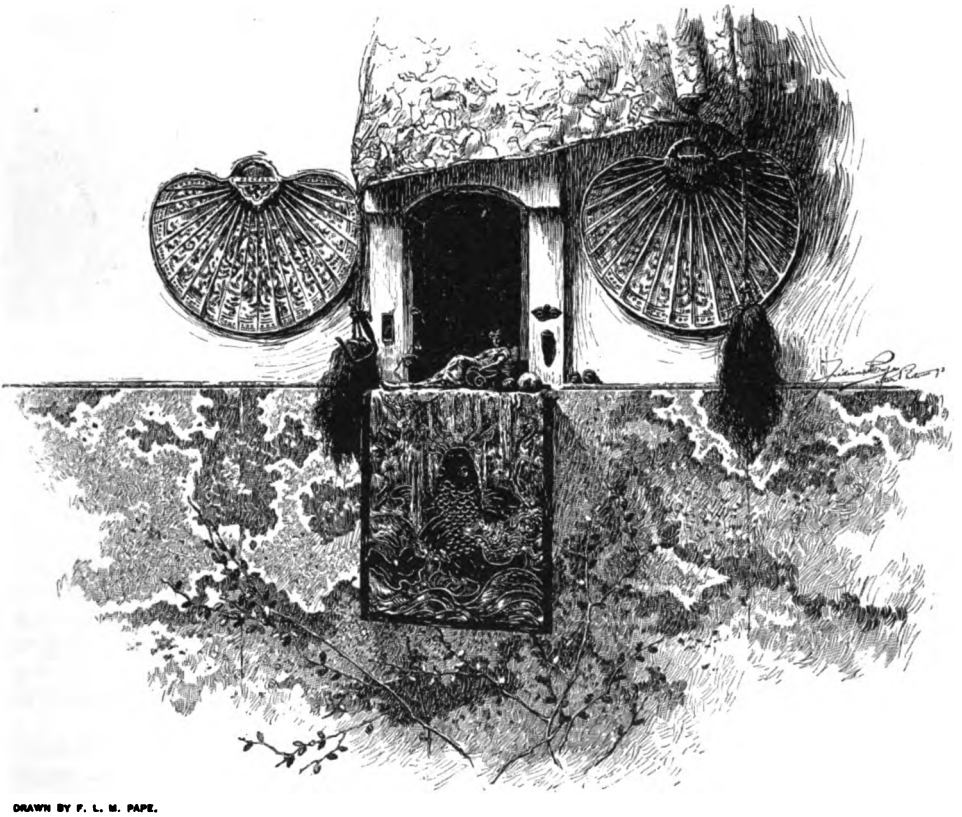
satisfactory; I have often seen him wipe from his canvas a beautiful figure or a lovely object, when he thought that by doing so the line of his composition would be improved, or that greater simplicity would be gained by the sacrifice. I have heard Mr. Alma-Tadema tell a story of the fate of two unsuccessful pictures of his student days. One of them was returned unsold by the committee of the Brussels exhibition in 1859 — the subject, I believe, was of a house on fire, with people rescuing the victims. His fellow-students were asked into the studio of the rejected painter, and were invited to jump through the canvas, the owner of it leading the way by leaping, head first, through the oily flames. The other story was of a large-sized, square picture which came back hopelessly, again and again, to the easel of its creator, until at last it was cut out of its frame, and was given to an old woman to use as a table-cover, and who remarked that it "was much better than those common oil-cloth things that always let the water through, for this one of Mr. Tadema's making was a good thick one, with plenty of paint on it."

Mr. Alma-Tadema has no patience with would-be dilettanti, who, I fear, pester all busy professional people with fatuous inquiries about their ways of work, such as, "Now, what color would you use if you were going to paint a bluebell?" or, "How many hairs should an outline paint-brush have?" He thinks they should be answered as by the sculptor, who, on being asked by an ardent young admirer to show him the tool with which he had modeled his beautiful Venus, showed the muscle of his own broad thumb. Mr. Alma-Tadema uses very few paints, and those are of the simpler and more old-fashioned kinds, such as siennas and ochers. He is firm in his conviction that the colors on a palette should be composed either entirely of mineral, or entirely of vegetable substances; he considers that to mix the two kinds is highly perilous to the future safety of the painting.

The methodical ways of this painter are apparent in the arrangements of his house, and especially in those of his studio. He is eminently Dutch, even when he tries to be most classical. From a voluminous drapery down to a small pocket pen-knife, each has its appointed place in his studio: a glance at the

Digitized by Google

work-table, or along the lines of folios of studies on the many-divisioned shelves, will show this; each folio is numbered, and beneath it is written, in the painter's neat hand-writing, the subject matter of the drawings within, under such sectional headings as "Greek Head-dresses," "Bronzes," "Armor," "Furniture," "Wigs," "Ears and Hands," "Ornaments," etc. This extreme neatness, however, leads sometimes to painful anxiety; as, for instance, when some careless visitor leans against and disturbs the folds of a curtain, or crushes the surface of an embroidery; the very displacement of a chair may cause agony to the highly strung nerves, and be held to give an air of untidiness to the apartment. But with all this elaboration of the house surroundings, the every-day home-life of this painter is one of extreme simplicity and independence.



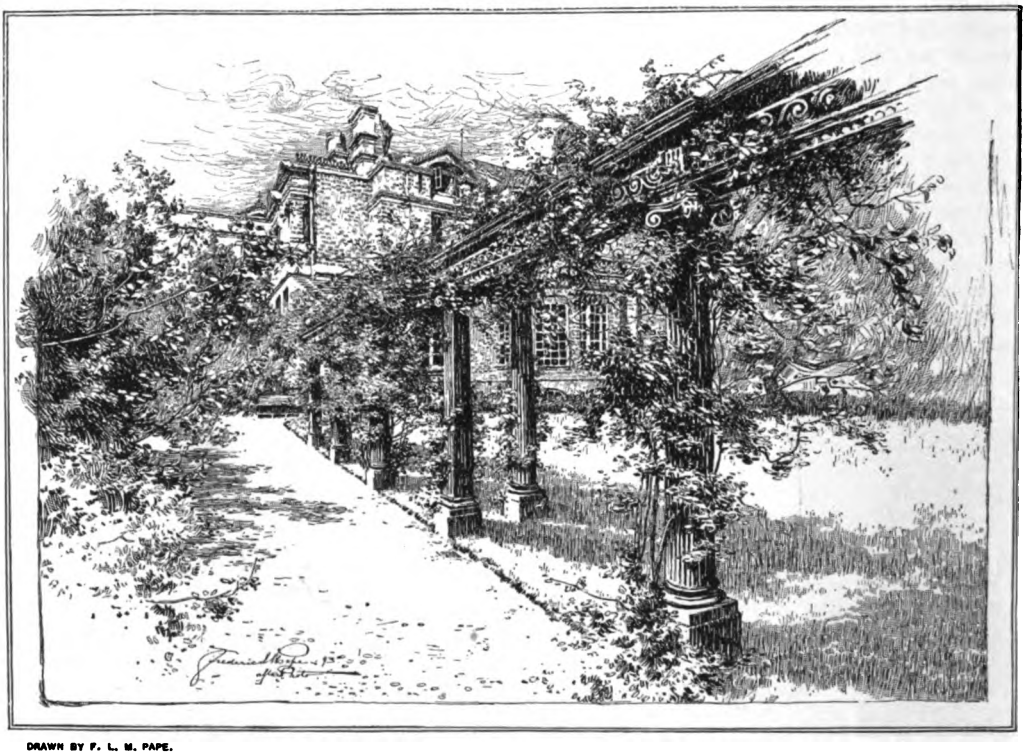
DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

ALTAR IN ATRIUM, IN COLORED MARBLES.

IV.

MUCH has been written about Mr. Alma-Tadema's work, but I am not aware that any one has described the exact manner in which he proceeds. His first sketch for a picture is usually done slightly, and directly on the canvas or panel. The groups of figures are arranged and rearranged until the artist's eye is satisfied that the whole composition hangs well together, and that the attention of the spectator is carried naturally along to the chief incident of the scene. All the sketching in of the figures is done with the help of nature. A thin oil-color outline of some neutral color is used for this; sometimes the figures are painted at once. The whole canvas is now filled in, rather as a piece of cloisonné might be with color, so that the disturbing whiteness of the material is hidden. From this time forth, hard work follows. If the picture contained elaborate architecture, he sometimes had a paper of the same size as the canvas stretched across a board, and the whole building — parts of which were to appear in the picture — drawn out carefully to scale by an assistant, with roof, sculptured columns, and elaborate tessellated pavement complete, untiring attention being paid to the perspective of the different parts. Unfortunately, he had always to do it afresh, as it was never good enough, and therefore he has abandoned this plan, and tries now himself to work out his backgrounds on the picture itself so completely and so thoroughly that an actual building could be constructed by following the

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

COLONNADE IN THE FRONT GARDEN.

plans for it. I recollect once remarking to Mr. Alma-Tadema that I thought a pillar in the foreground of one of his pictures was rather too conspicuous: whereupon he at once showed me that it was obliged to be so, as it was the continuation of the line of architecture carried forward from the rear of the building, and he went on to point out how this façade fitted on to that hall, and that flight of steps made some other wall finish at a given angle, and so on, until I found myself quite convinced of the actuality of the whole thing, and believed, as he did, in the absolute necessity of that column remaining where it was, even if it did still seem unduly prominent.

Mr. Alma-Tadema paints his figures direct from life in every instance, elaborately draped and coiffured as they appear in his completed pictures: but he will often pause in painting to make a delicate pencil-drawing of the details of a garment, as it appears and then loses itself among the close folds of the drapery, or to note the turn of a wrist or the curve of a neck.

The flowers that illuminate so many of Mr. Alma-Tadema's more recent pictures are also invariably painted from life; his house often presenting a most festive appearance, great bowls of roses, or vases of jonquils and acacia, standing in the atrium, waiting their turn to be carried into the great studio to be painted. These flowers come from many foreign shores, some of them from Italy, some even from Algiers, others from English country gardens, while many of them are procured in Covent Garden market, that London pleasance where flowers are found blooming all through the year. In spite of the severeness of his mental eye, and his extraordinary knowledge of form, Mr. Alma-Tadema will never trust to his memory. If this is, as indeed it must be, a great merit, it may also be a slight limitation in his art.

When an important picture approaches completion, the whole household is aware of the painter's excitement, and eagerly shares it. Professional models are insufficient to supply the demand, and a friend is called upon at night, or some member of the family in the very early morning, to dedicate a face or a hand to the great sacrifice. During these critical times Mr. Alma-Tadema's intensity is something formidable, and he is in the mood, like Benvenuto Cellini, to pour all his most precious things into the fire of his devouring art. It is very exciting to share these periods of storm and stress. They do not last very long, or who could survive to tell the tale?

When his present home was under construction, he was continually drawing designs in delicate outline for such details as the turning

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

UNDER THE COLONNADE IN THE FRONT GARDEN.

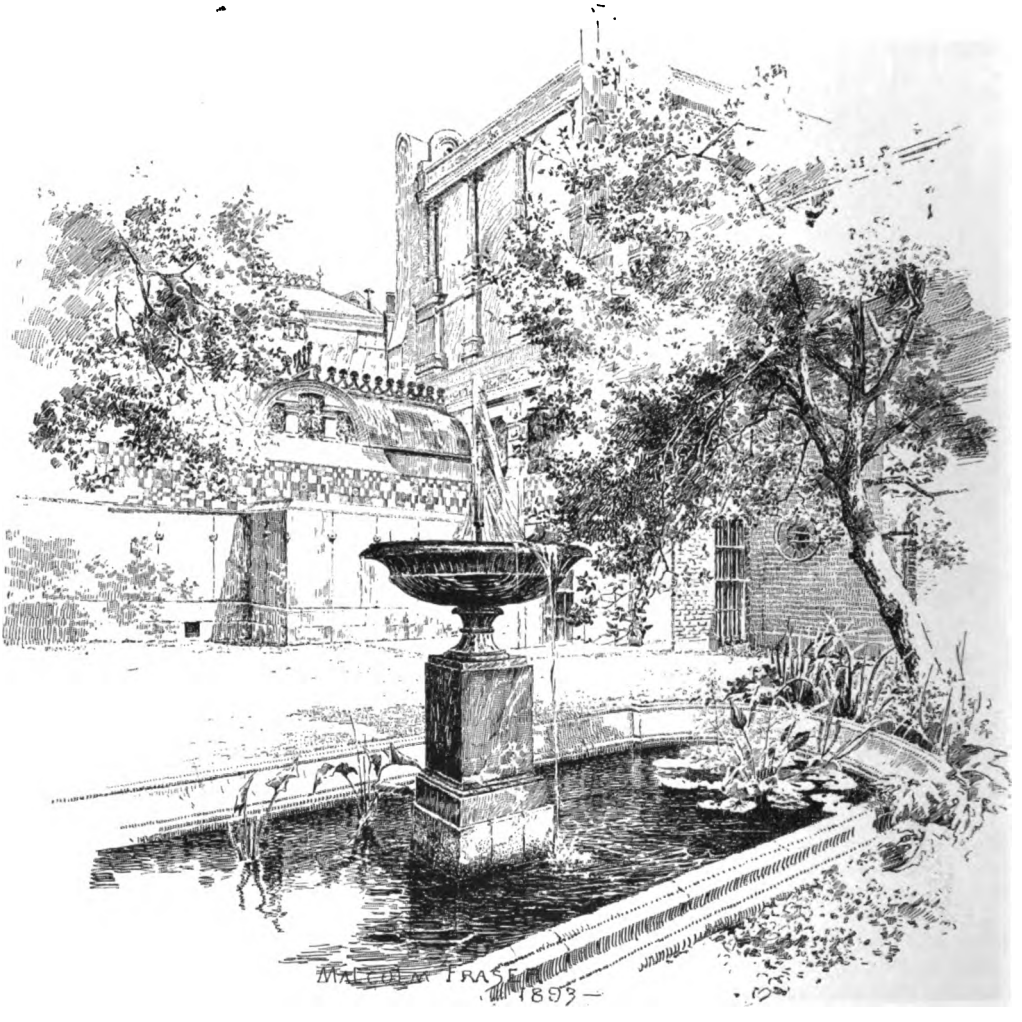
of an ivory handle, or the decoration of some inlaid panel; or, again, plans were made for couches with strange and elaborate legs, or for other articles of furniture, which his workmen would carry out from his designs. Mr. Alma-Tadema never seemed to get at the end of his ideas for his house. The very windows open strangely, and the doors, apparently, have no fastenings at all, and, to the uninitiated, are not a little puzzling to open and shut.

When the picture called "The Improvisatore" was being painted, much excitement prevailed. This painting shows a youth singing to some persons who are seated on the green sward, and accompanying his song on the lyre. The whole scene is bathed in moonlight, and the question which interested Mr. Alma-Tadema's household was as to the actual amount of color that could be positively perceived in objects seen by the light of the moon alone. In order to test this point, draperies of different colors were placed in the garden, and evening visitors were asked candidly to say what colors they thought them to be. No two persons could agree as to the positive color of any given object in the moonlight. The painter, therefore, was obliged, on this occasion, to follow the instinct of his own eyesight.

Sometimes a longing comes over us for a little repose from all this crowded perfection of detail; a wish creeps into the mind for a little dimness, a slight mist over it all, or for at least a little uncertainty in some of the details. But Mr. Alma-Tadema's character comes out in his

Digitized by Google

refusal of this indulgence, and in his conviction that there is only one right way; "no half measures," and "no hesitation or uncertainty." He draws everything to measure; every inch, or fraction of an inch, is proved; "It must, it shall, be right and exact; if you are sure of your facts, why hesitate to state them definitely?" is what this severe master of detail may say to any one who recommends a concession to what is graceful or apparent.



BACK GARDEN, SHOWING THE STUDIO AND COVERED APPROACH TO THE HOUSE.

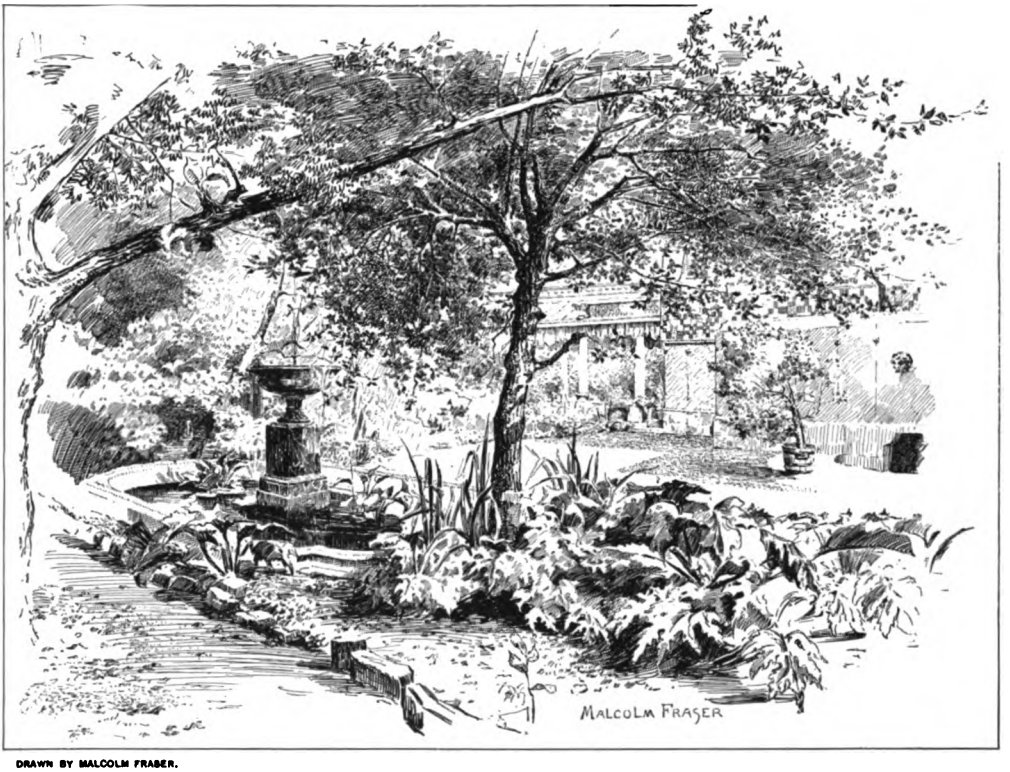
There can be no doubt that Mr. Alma-Tadema is so fascinated by the beauty of detail and of surface-painting, and so accomplished in rendering it, that he sometimes loses sight of the original intention of his picture — the motive of his composition. The light in his unfinished paintings is apt to die down as the picture advances, luckily to reappear again at the end. Also, with this great knowledge of detail, he is inclined to be too lavish of decoration. As an instance of this, attention may be called to the fact that his elaborately veined and finished marbles are often the plainest parts of his pictures — wherein perhaps lies in some measure the secret of his great charm.

V.

NOTHING is commoner than to see Mr. Alma-Tadema, in the circle of his intimate friends, pull out his sketch-book and enter a hurried note of the graceful pose of some figure among the guests, or of the combined lines of a group; or he will make a sketch of the

Digitized by Google

outline of a child's cheek, with the tip of its little nose showing beyond, all else of its face being hidden by its frilled hood or its falling curls. At such a party Mr. Alma-Tadema keeps the whole company laughing merrily over his clever little drawings, made with a few strokes of the pencil, but yet portraying to the life the aspect of the "sad or gay pig," or of the "portly bishop and his lady, seen from a third-floor window," or else of that ingenious face whose features, looked at without prejudice, are simply the figures 15⅔; but regarded non-critically, and with a little imagination, represent the portrait of a rather prim and elderly woman in a spoonbill bonnet, or her lover.



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

GARDEN VIEW AT THE SIDE OF THE STUDIO.

Mr. Alma-Tadema's sense of humor is very broad and genial; he is a perfect fund of amusing anecdotes and conundrums, and it is often a question among his friends where he can possibly find the great number of stories and bonmots that he tells on all occasions. As a host his manner is very hearty and hospitable, and he takes untiring pleasure in showing the beauty and surprises of his house to the numerous visitors who gather weekly at his studio.

In appearance he is fair, and is of a strong, broad build; he has almost a chubby face, which, when he is in a gay mood, beams with kindly expression, his eyes twinkling, and his whole face becoming suffused with smiles. His manner is very genial, but on formal occasions, or at public ceremonies, he has a courtly and rather foreign carriage. When roused, and in argument about politics or art, his voice becomes raised, and his eyes kindle with fire; at these times the spectator is struck with the great decision of character which is accentuated by the lines of the square forehead and the firmly drawn jaw, the fullness of the lips, and the set of the head.

A few words must be said about Mr. Alma-Tadema's great love of music. To see him playing over in duet form, with a member of his family, the score of some favorite opera, the volume of sound increasing as his excitement rises, and the whole being capped by his shouting aloud the arias of the hero, is a scene that it is delightful to witness. Many of the first musicians of the day may be counted among Mr. Alma-Tadema's friends; and those gatherings at his house, when music is poured forth under the silver dome of the mysteriously lighted studio, are among the most striking and beautiful scenes to be met with in London.

Ellen Gosse.

Digitized by Google



WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAIL.

"WHEN ye git the split in George's Island over ag'in' Gran' Mahac, then ye can call it jest half-way to 'P'tit Matinic'.'" Thus said the venerable bucaneer on the wharf at Port Cleeve, standing in the mist and haze of a July downpour, in tarpaulins and sou'wester of the palest yellow. "Mind ye that the buoy on the outer ledge 's shifted a half p'int to the east'ard, so that ye 'll hev to make the cock hills over the day-mark." This last was addressed to the melancholy person whom I had induced to set me on P'tit Matinic'.

"But I carn't see what 'n the ol' Harry ye want out to sech a place, eighteen miles from nowhere, when ye might stop where ye be, comfortable and com*port*able, right here to the Gut, an' a new hotel an' fixin's, with a pianny and a cupeler, an' all manner,"— a pause to see if these superior attractions might not weaken my resolve,—"but if ye will go, why, ye will, I cal'late; an' there 's the mail for the island, an' ye can jest tell 'em that it 's laid here so long that it 's got kinder fly-spotted,— but I cal'late that they won't mind that,— an' ye might say that salt 's riz, an' mackerel 's bringin' eighteen 'n' harf for ones."

As we dropped down the harbor in the drizzle, his grumbling voice died away, and before he became a blur against the gray wall of the fish-house I saw him raise his hands to his face,



"'AIN'T NO MINISTER.'"

Digitized by Google

and form a speaking-trumpet with them, and faintly came to us, "The — red buoy — shifted — day-mark." I might perhaps have been flattered at his manifest concern for my comfort did I not have a lively consciousness that it was born of certain experiences in which a half-gallon jug, which I had procured from Boston especially for such purposes, figured heavily; and this jug now occupied a conspicuous position under the thwart of the boat before me, and was fast vanishing from his sight.

Good old Captain Fussle! "Albion Truro Fussle, master pilot, captain of a square-rigger, sir, thirty years; none of your blanked



P'TIT MATINIC'.

[shocking expletive] schooners!" was his form of introduction, at the end of which he was quite purple — no, violet — in the face, to such an extent was his pride aroused. Good old Captain Fussle, I say, but for your opposition to P'tit Matinic' I should perhaps never have known its delights. As to P'tit Matinic', I doubt if you can find it on the map, lying as it does a mere speck at sea, ten miles from the nearest point of land, and eighteen miles from any town.

We were now beyond the harbor. Here was the dull blue sea under the dull gray sky. The wind blew fresh, the rain fell, a soft, thin moisture rose from the sea, and met a soft, thin, gray cloud descending from above. The long, even rollers of the Atlantic stole slowly, deliberately, even sullenly, from the level plain beyond, growing to the eye perceptibly as they came. The water was thickly streaked with tawny froth; the base of the high, impassable rocky coast was marked by a broad line of yellow foam.

No bird was visible in the air, no ship on the sea. There were no living creatures but ourselves. Behind us the towering, oppressive, liver-colored rocks, and before us the foam-mantled, blanched blue sea, and in my ears a murmur as though the leaves of a hundred thousand trees were rustling and tossing in the wind. Night fell, and over the bow was seen a pale yellow glow from some lighthouse low down on the purple horizon. On our right a line of surf rose and fell regularly, and my companion, pointing to it, briefly remarked: "George's Island 's opened up. We 're harft way, an' I 'm dum glad." I thought over all that I had heard of P'tit Matinic', of the quiet lawlessness of its people, of the many wrecks upon its bold shores, of the mysterious lights upon its headlands.

I fished for new matter about P'tit Matinic' in the brain of the youth who was steering the boat for me, who, I found, was studying for the

Digitized by Google

ministry in a perfunctory sort of way, in the intervals of "lawbstering," road-mending, and barbering for the Gut, as Port Cleeve was uniformly and affectionately called by the inhabitants. I had evidently fallen in his estimation since consenting to his terms and undertaking the trip. Listen to him:

"Some folks carn't sense when they 's well off. This wa'n't no kind of a charnce to come over to P'tit Matinic'. 'S'pose you know they ain't no boardin'-house nor nawthin' there? Ain't no store, neither. Ain't no doctor; ain't no minister. Folks is all cousins, an' they ain't a pooty woman on the island. Hey? Oh, yes; that 's the Duck Rock. When we git off 'n it we mostly blows a horn to tell 'em that we got the mail aboard. I hain't never been ashore once, but them that has says that they hain't nawthin' there ter see — 'thout it 's salt fish."

"How often does the mail go out from Port Cleeve?" I asked.

"Hey? Oh, yes; from the Gut. Oh, when they 's a vessel parsin' this way, they generally takes it aout: they ain't no one wants to go to P'tit Matinic' special 'tic'ler bad, less they carn't help goin'. Did I tell you th' wa'n't no minister? Well, they ain't. An' they buries the dead folks in the rocks top the hill. Hey? Oh, yes; they got plenty of good medder-land, but jest out of peskiness, I cal'late, they sot the buryin'-ground top the hill, where they ain't nawthin' but stun.

"Hey? Oh, yes; they 's a good lighthouse. There 't is over the bow. Second-class Fresnel lens into it — come from Frarnce, I heard tell; an' a whistling-buoy, an' a fog-horn. But land! when it fogs up, an' they see a good charnce, I 've heard say that they don't blow her; but if any complaint 's made ag'in' it, why, the hull passel of folks — hundred and thirteen census gives — 'll swear 't was goin' reg'lar.

"Hey? Oh, yes; they 's all wrackers, men, wimming, and chuldering. I heard say they 'll strip a wrack so slick you carn't find the calkin'. But say, ye must n't believe all ye hear, must ye?

"Hey? Oh, yes; they 's a church. But I call it scand'lous, sech a church as I hear tell they got. They 's a chandyloor in her come out of the wrack of the *Kennebec;* carpet too; and the sills that supports it come out of the wrack of the *Guv'ner Beebus*, what broke up over on Gran' Mahac; and the suller, I heard say, is chock-full of — mind your head, now, when the boom comes round! I 'm goin' to fetch in on this tack."

P'tit Matinic' now lay just ahead. There appeared to be two islands, as well as I could see, by the line of foam, one smaller than the other, and midway between was a small rocky ledge over which the waves broke.

In my ears sounded the various movements of the orchestra of the sea — the shrill silver hiss of the long waves toppling in curving cascades, and running swiftly up the dark face of the rock in pale green tongues of light. There was the roar and rattle of loose boulders torn from the hold of the kelp by the powerful outwash of the water. Afar off sounded the deep note of the whistling-buoy. There was no light visible save the beam of the revolving light on the hill above.

"Hey?" said my Protean pilot, in answer to a question yelled at him above the noise of the swiftly running water. "Oh, yes; be there in 'bout ten minutes now. Jest hand me that conch-shell from under the seat, an' I 'll give 'em a blast. There — guess that 'll fetch somebody. Oh, yes; the houses is all about us now, but folks is all turned in, I reckon." And as he spoke a light shone out of the blackness beyond and above, and the smoothness of the water proved that we were inside the ledge.

"Hello-o-o-o the I-s-l-a-n-d!" was answered after an interval somewhere from above by, "Hello-o-o-o the b-o-a-t!"

"Come down and catch a line, will you? Got the m-a-i-l an' a passenger for ye."

Twinkling lights shone out now from various points, and soon I discovered a sort of staging to which we made fast. In a few moments I had mounted to the platform, and was surrounded by uncouth-looking men in oilskins. The faces, which were lighted here and there by the smoky lanterns, seemed lowering and forbidding.

"Got the mail, be ye?" said one, stepping forward, and holding the lantern to my face. "Come into the fish-house out 'n the wet."

I produced the small dusty parcel of mail, and, calling out the names by the aid of one of the lanterns, distributed it from the head of a salt-cask. One letter was for a woman; and as I with difficulty deciphered the cramped writing, — "Mrs. Abbie Trefethen," — a great hand reached over my shoulder and snatched it away from me as a pale, thin-faced woman pushed her way through the men, saying, "Give it to me!"

"No, no, Abbie," said the man who had snatched it from me, holding it away behind his back; "let me read it. 'T ain't from Jorn, I tell ye. I know his writin'; wa'n't we shipmates together?"

"Let me have it," she said wildly. "I will have it; 't is mine!"

"I know 't is, Abbie."

"I tell you I will have it!"

The woman's eyes fairly blazed from beneath the shawl which covered her head and shoulders.

Digitized by Google



"'GIVE IT TO ME.'"

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

The fishermen surrounded her. I could not see what happened. But after an interval there came a curious sound, as of one catching one's breath. The group parted, and I saw two of the men carrying a limp form through the door out into the night. One of the men took off his tarpaulin hat, wiped his forehead, and with an apologetic note in his voice, and a wave of his hand in the direction of the door, said: "Ye see, Abbie's man he was lost down ter the Gran' Banks six month' ago. We've all knowed it for a spell, but did n't dast tell Ab; an' the letter ye fetched was from the captain, tellin' her of the edzact happenin' and ingclosin' a drarft for his pay. An' Ab she 's kind of egcitable by nature, and that 's how — but"— with a rapidly brightening manner — "be ye cal'latin' to stop on here the night? Ye be? Then come right up to the house."

This was my introduction to P'tit Matinic'.

George Wharton Edwards.

Digitized by Google

CŒUR D'ALENE.

By the author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

A GIRL WHOSE NAME IS FAITH.



"UP AT WALLACE."

ON the trail which crosses Sunset Peak from the gold-camps of Eagle and Murray to the mines in Big Horn Gulch is a prospect tunnel located under the name of the Black Dwarf.

In the summer of 1892, two men were working it, and sharing the cabin of mud-chinked logs that made a trifling excrescence on the profile of the hill into which the tunnel of the Black Dwarf retreated. The senior partner and more experienced miner of the firm was a big, valiant, hilarious Irishman, Mike McGowan, a man of his hands, yet not disdaining weapons; the other was a young gentleman of prepossessing appearance and uncertain antecedents, who had come into the partnership rather on the strength of a small capital than of his muscle. Mike called him "little Darcie"; but this must be understood as a term of endearment, for Darcie's inches were as many as Mike's, though his pounds avoirdupois were fewer.

Mike had learned that his partner was of Scottish family and English education, and that he had traveled in various parts of the world. He was easy-tempered, and clever in ways in which Mike had the skill of a bear; but he was slack about camp-work and cleaning up after meals. Mike's acquaintances said he was too "tony" for a miner. People called him Darcie because he seemed to expect it; but doubts were entertained in cautious circles as to its being his name, or all of it — caution, not to say suspicion, being the common attitude, in the summer of 1892, of persons who were not sure of one another's sympathies and business in the Cœur d'Alene.

The situation of the Black Dwarf is exceedingly shy. The crypt-dark entrance to the tunnel gives upon a narrow ledge formed by an excavation of the hill; the trail crosses this ledge, after diving down toward it with extreme and slippery suddenness, between the tunnel-mouth and the dump. From above or from below, the humble plant is equally invisible; but all travelers by the old trail know of the Black Dwarf, and on the last night of June, closing in thunderous and wild with rain, two riders, overtaken on their way from Cañon Creek, came knocking at the door of the cabin.

Imagine the consternation, delight, embarrassment, and concern of the two hosts of the Black Dwarf when it was seen that one of their guests was the lovely young lady of the Big Horn, and that her first imperative need, after shelter from the storm, was a total change of clothing.

She stood beside her father, the manager of the famous Big Horn,—a commonplace man who borrowed his importance from the mine,—in front of the fire which McGowan was heaping with fuel, while Darcie, the only member of the firm possessed of a trunk, searched wildly among its contents for any garment remotely suggestive of the needs and proportions of a nymph-like girl. Her glowing cheeks told of a rough encounter with the wind and rain, her eyes beamed intelligence and mirth, her lips smiled pleasure and sympathy and appreciation: she was an adorable girl.

In despair, Darcie placed at her disposal his entire wardrobe, including his boots, and she made clever selection of a Turkish bath-robe, a red-and-white Navajo blanket for drapery, and a set of deplorable flannels which Mistress Malony of Gem had soaped and punched and kneaded till no vestige remained of their original size, sex, or condition.

"It 's better than going to bed, like a naughty child," laughed the girl. She rescued the situation from much of its awkwardness by her lightness of touch and her ready, practical, womanly frankness, which rather abashed the more conventional young Briton, while her beauty and girlish rapture in the night's adventure quite went to his head.

Mike, in a trice, rigged a rope across the low, far end of the cabin, and strung upon it a line of camp blankets, to make a dressing-room for the lady, who retired to her bower, as damp as Undine, and as gay, but to a modern Hildebrand more entrancing because so entirely human.

Meantime, in the men's part of the cabin a most distressing complication was waxing to a crisis. Mike was cooking supper, sitting on

Digitized by Google

his heels in front of the mud hearth, with his old hat on his head, taking it off occasionally to use it as a holder, in shifting his saucepans over the coals. Darcie was laying the table in a high ecstasy, brought to earth only by the discovery that there was no more butter, and by a renewed sense of the state of the Black Dwarf's table service, the dinginess of its tin-plate, and the grittiness of its cutlery. Manager Bingham, that great personage, dressed partly in his own clothes, partly in the lendings of his hosts, was lapsing deeper and deeper, in his chair by the fire, into a state of semi-obliviousness from fatigue—and other causes.

Mike looked at him critically, and listened to his remarks, which were infrequent and far from lucid; but he was not personally acquainted with the gentleman or his habits, and so withheld judgment.

"Mike," asked Darcie, who was full of his own share in the entertainment, "where is the cup and saucer?"

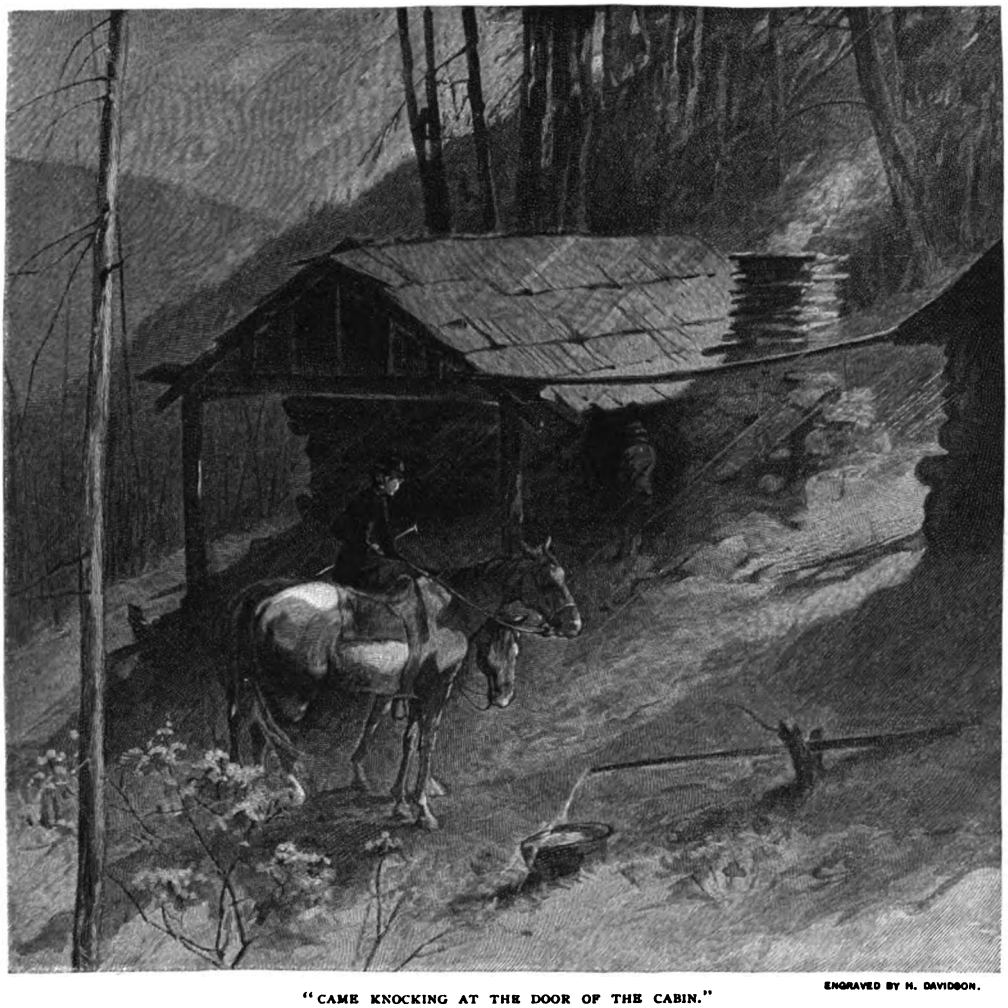
"The which?" said Mike.

"The china cup and saucer that I bought at the hospital fair. You need n't ask 'which' when there never was but one. Where have you hid the pieces?"

"Wisha, don't bother me wid your cups an' saucers. I 've me bacon to fry, and the rain is peltin' down the chimbly in me pan', an' it 's shpittin' fat like blazes upon the lady's habit-skirt. Take hould, an' set back the chair a bit."

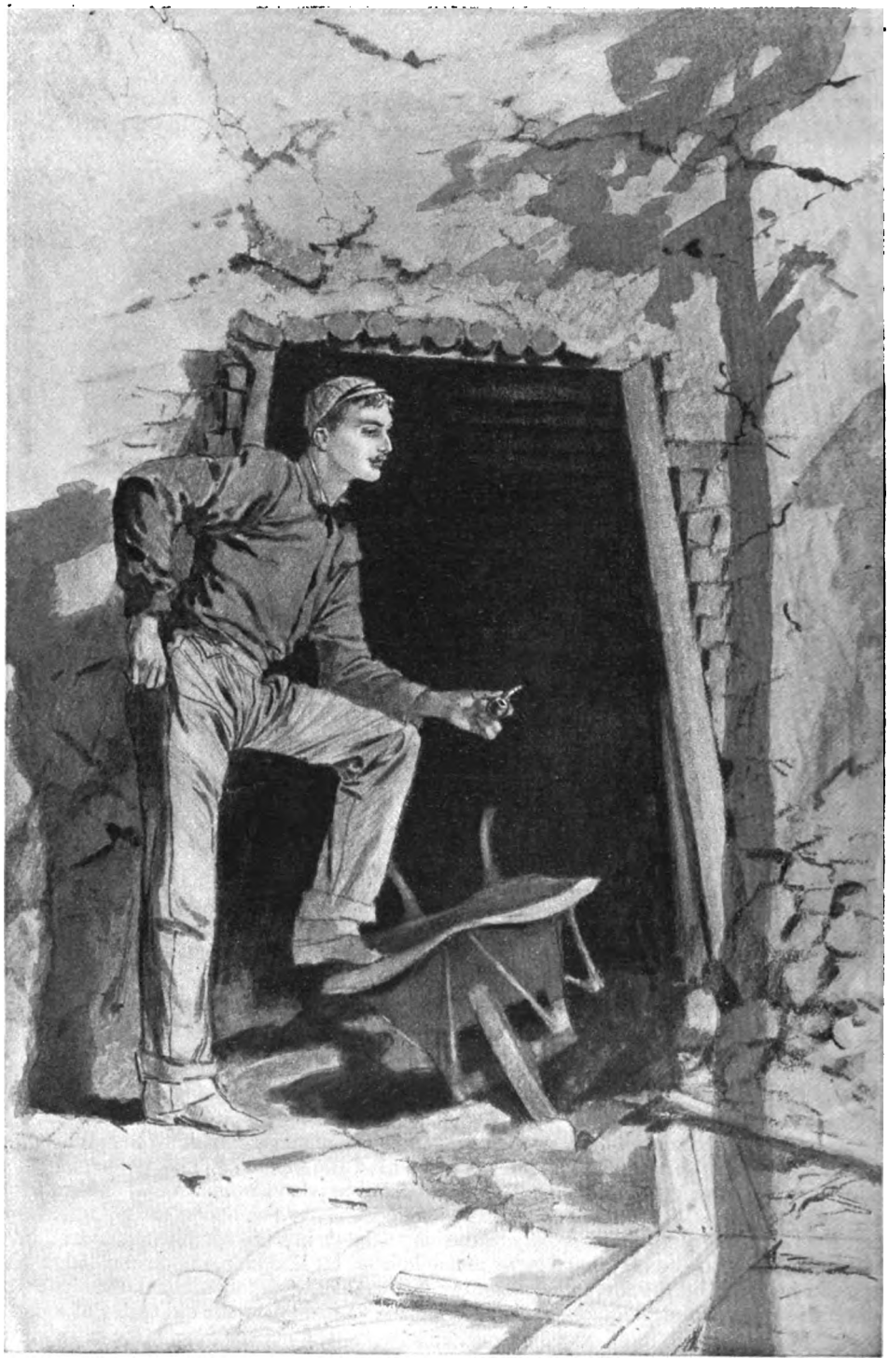
"You are the worst old duffer of a cook!" groaned Darcie, scolding Mike softly, on account of the neighboring guest. "You have sliced the bacon as if it were ham. Go hang yourself up somewhere out of the way! Find me that cup and saucer!"

"If it 's for herself,"—Mike glanced toward



"CAME KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF THE CABIN." ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

Digitized by Google



DARCIE.

Digitized by Google

the screen of blankets,—"she 'll have to dhrink her coffee out av tin, or I'ave it alone, God bless her! The saucer 's broke,—it 's the trut' I 'm tellin' ye,—and the cup, barrin' the han'le, ye 'll find in the chink at the left av the chimbly: it 's got me boot-grease in it."

"It would be money in my pocket if you 'd never been born," Darcie informed his senior partner, for the hundredth time that summer; and Mike duly responded: "Faith, an' it would in me own! And fwhat 's the matther wid tin that she cannot put her lips to it?" he remonstrated. "Tin is wan av the precious metals these days: there 's a howlin' djuty on it. A poor man 's dead bruk if he buys a four-bit dinner-pail to pack his cowld vittles in. Mabby this cup, now, is made av that Amerry-kin tin they do be blowin' about." He took a murky tin cup from the table, and polished it on the leg of his trousers. "The world knows it 's cost its weight in gold to prodjuce it, an' who would n't be proud to dhrink out av it!"

"Oh, stow your tin-horn racket!" Darcie requested. "Save it for election; keep it for the man in a tin hat. Don't waste it on a British free-trader who has n't got a vote."

But now the drowsiness of Mr. Bingham was invading his whole system and becoming alarming. Darcie studied him anxiously, and thought that he recognized the symptoms; Mike said that he "shmelt it on him when first he come into the room."

"He 's exceeded himself, and I hear it 's a habit he has. He 's tuk wan too many, or maybe more than wan, to countherac' the wettin' he got; it 's risin' on him like yeast-powdher wid the hate av the room."

"How 's he going to get home?" was the next question, and a very serious one, in view of the daughter.

"He 'll not get home the night, unless he 's fetched," said Mike.

"Well, you need n't give it all away to her, in that stage-ghost whisper of yours," admonished Darcie.

"Be aisy; she can't hear a word we 're sayin', wid the torrent sluishin' down the gulch an' the t'under rowlin'. I niver h'ard the like o' that in the Cor de 'Lanes! It aquils the boss storrums yè 'll get in the Saw Tooth. Hark now! The mountains is crackin' their ould nobs together. Sure it can't hould long like this."

"This is a horrible business, Mike. Help me here; we must move his chair back into the shadow: he 's not pretty to look at."

"He 'll not look pretty to her when she do be comin' out to her supper: a hoary-headed shpectacle he 'll be. We 'd best get him into the bed at wanst."

"It will be the last of him, Mike, if we do."

"First an' last, there 's no more power in him. He 's shuccumbed to the dhrink; and a pity for 'm, a man av his age, not to know betther how much he can carry. And a cruel shame it is for her, alone wid the baste an' the two strange men av us for comp'ny. I dunno fwhat will she do wid herself, an' the night comin' on, and five mile' o' nasty grade bechune her an' the mine."

Darcie went to the window and looked out into the storm. "I think it 's lifting a bit: it 's lighter, surely, in the east. What time does the moon get up?"

"Wan hour later than she rose last evenin', if ye remimber what time that was," said Mike. He was dishing the bacon, artistically, on a granite-iron plate, and now he tossed some sliced cold potatoes into the remaining fat, for frying. "Shall I touch her up wid a weenty taste av onion or no?"

But at this moment the lady put back her curtains an inch or two, and called brightly, "Father!"

The two young men looked at each other in guilty silence.

"Father dear!" the fresh voice repeated a trifle impatiently.

"'Father dear,' says she. To her, lad! Shpake up to her 'Father dear,'" whispered Mike.

Darcie felt the perspiration start as he stepped into the breach.

"Your father 's asleep, Miss a — Bingham; quite sound, you know. He 's awfully comfortable. Do you wish me to speak to him?"

"Oh, no. Pray, don't disturb him," said the voice, sweetly. "It 's only my things: are they at all dry yet? I 'm such a fright, I can't bear to come out as I am."

Darcie examined the lady's garments, respectful deprecation in the tips of his fingers, and reported that the habit was dry, but that the boots were not yet fit to put on. If there were only something — anything — they could dare to offer her, that she could possibly keep on her feet!

"Show her me 'herring-boxes,' Darcie dear," exclaimed Mike, in an ecstatic aside. "An' your own little shlippers wid the hob-nails. 'T is a pity we could n't fit her out, wid the tons av shoe leather that 's in it!"

Darcie bethought him of a tiny pair of squaw's moccasins which he had purchased, as a specimen of native aboriginal work, to send home. These he produced in triumph, and the curtain dropped upon the lady's toilet.

With the rain still cutting off the sound of their voices, Darcie commanded sternly: "Lend a hand here, Mike; we must get him out of sight at once. Mind, now, we are doing the simple-minded act. You don't know when a man has had too many pegs, neither do I. The old

Digitized by Google

beggar 's asleep, d' you see? Collapsed, played out, stupefied with fatigue."

"Ashleep, or dead if ye prefar 't. But don't think that ye 'll kape it from her. If she has been two months in it and has niver seen him the way he is now, thin merakles is happenin' in the Cor de 'Lane, and I 'm a livin' witness.

"Bear a hand, now! Have wid ye. Steady, me boy!"—to Mr. Bingham, who roused as they lifted him, and attempted to enter into conversation with his bearers—"Kape a shtill tongue—lettin' your own cat out o' the bag!"

"Dash it, Mike," said Darcie; "I feel as if we were all drunk! I feel personally implicated. I 'd give a thousand pounds if she was safe home at the mine, or if I thought she 'd let me take her home. A jag picnic in the rain is n't just the thing to ask your daughter to, is it, Mike?"

"Mabby 't would be betther we purtended he 's sick, an' wan av us go for the little docther at the mine, and he could beau her home," suggested Mike.

"To the devil with your doctor! Would you like to hear him diagnose the case before her in plain English?"

"Musha, the man has some sinse! And ye c'u'd aisy give him the wink beforehand. The mischief av it is to find a way to get her home."

"The doctor is not in it, do you understand? I 'll take her home myself, if the weather holds up."

"And if she 'll consint to go wid ye, which I misdoubt she 'll do nothing av the kind. She 'd feel safer shtayin' wid the two av us than goin' wid wan."

"We shall see," said Darcie. "If she 's the lady she looks, she will know by instinct that she is safe with either or both of us, or with forty like us."

"Ye niver can tell what notions they 'll take," rumbled Mike, in the whisper of a bass-drum. "The inshtinc' av a woman is, does she like him, or does she not."

"Well, is there anything the matter with that?"

"There 's nothing the matther wid it—for him she happens to lay her fancy on. 'T is a good thing kissin' goes be favor—for thim that gets the kisses. Belike I 'm as honest a man as yourself, but when it comes to seein' her home, I 'm like the docther, I 'm not in it. It 's him wid the shou'thers and the tony walk to him, and the nate pair av hands, she 'll take; an' there may be inshtinc' in it, but there 's small sinse, to be sure."

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Miss Bingham, gaily, putting back the curtains of her tent, and stepping forth into the light. Her high spirits, and her happy ignorance of everything but the bright side of the even-ing's adventure, struck the young men silent with shame and pity.

"I could smell the most delicious supper cooking," she exclaimed. "I hope I have n't kept you waiting. Why, where—is he?" She stared in astonishment about the room. "Is not my father here?"

"In bed and ashleep, miss, wid his boots on, and happy as a man can be," Mike unhesitatingly informed her, as if it had been the most natural thing in the world for her father to go to bed in his clothes before supper. "Ye 'll best not dishturb him, but sit and ate whilst the vittles is hot. He 's doin' betther where he is."

"In bed! In what bed?" Miss Bingham demanded, her color rising.

"In me ould bunk over anenst the wall. And sorry I 'd be to have ye go a shtep nigher to 't. 'T is an ould miner's byste, an' not fit for a lady to put her eye on. The ould man 's that weary, sure he 's not partic'ler; he 'd fall ashleep in the middle av the road. Will ye please to sit and ate whilst the supper is hot? It 'll not improve be standin'."

Miss Bingham turned doubtfully toward the table, anxious, yet unwilling to confess her uneasiness.

"Am I to eat all this nice supper alone? Are you not going to sit down with me?" she asked, looking from one to the other of the two young men, her hosts, passing Darcie by with a blush, and resting her smile upon Mike, who answered, beaming:

"Me supper 's ate these two hours, miss; but the long lad there is fasting yet. Sit down an' make less o' yourself!" He whispered to Darcie, energetically, "Sure, I can't break bread beside her!" and Mike displayed his brawny, battered paws, grimy with pine-smoke, and more or less done up, as to the fingers, in soiled cotton rags, as a reason sufficient.

Darcie took the seat opposite Miss Bingham, and devoted himself, somewhat nervously, to serving her and keeping her attention from her father.

"Everybody is so kind in these extraordinary places," she began, and her voice betrayed her unconfessed anxiety through the forced society key she had struck into nervously. "It's impossible to believe all that we hear about the trouble with the miners: they seem such respectable men when you meet them." She stopped in confusion, and looked at Darcie helplessly. "Are you—excuse me—are *you* a miner?"

"Very much so," Darcie answered, dropping his eyes.

Her own glance fell, and lighted upon a brown, sinewy hand resting upon the table—a hand that looked as if it might have been fa-

Digitized by Google

miliar with golf-stick and tennis-racket, or with paddle and gun, but scarcely showed a long acquaintance with pick and barrow and drill. Darcie straightened himself back in his chair, and slipped the telltale member into his pocket. His companion was too observing by far.

"And is he a miner?" she asked, indicating Mike with her eyes.

"He is."

"The same as yourself?"

"We don't inhabit the same person, quite."

"But you do the same work?"

"Yes; only Mike does rather more of it than I do."

Darcie's face wore such an odd, embarrassed, defensive expression that Miss Bingham laughed out loud, a sudden girlish peal that sent light shivers through the young man's nerves; then, as suddenly, her eyes brimmed up with tears. She leaned a little toward him, and asked confidingly:

"Where *is* my father?"

"He is in bed, I assure you; he 's quite used up, you know."

She sighed. "I believe I can't eat any supper: thanks so much."

"Oh, do — won't you try? I know the stuff 's abominable."

"No, it is n't at all; it 's very nice. But — if you *had* anything to tell me, you *would* tell me, would n't you?"

"Undoubtedly," Darcie assured her.

She did not believe him; but there was nothing to be done but wait for the facts to develop.

Darcie was not conscious how intense was his observation of the girl, while his thoughts were busy with her situation, and his own rather mad plan for taking her father's place. How should he put it before her? In the mean time, how lovely she was! The wind had burned her lips and cheeks, and roughened her fair hair, which made a soft nimbus, in the firelight, around her glowing face: the fire was in league with the wind and rain, weaving spells of light and shadow to enhance the charms of color and feminine expression, in line and attitude. Darcie must have looked what he could not say.

"You — you are not an American, are you, Mr. —?" Faith hesitated questioningly.

"Darcie," the presumptive owner of that name subjoined.

"Mr. Darcie?" the girl repeated.

"No" — he dwelt upon the word as if trying to recall her question — "no; I 'm a British tenderfoot — not so tender as I was last April."

His accent pleased her very much, though she would not have chosen to acknowledge it: her lips parted in a smile as she mused upon his "last April," repeating, under her breath, the broad "a" as broadly as possible.

"I 'm rather glad, on the whole, that you 're not an American," she said. "*We* are all Americans, and it gets a bit tiresome," she added, with another gleam. "And besides, it helps to account for things."

"Does it?" said Darcie. "I 'm very glad if it does. Could you impart some of your light to me?"

"Well," she hesitated, "if you had been an American, — with something about you which seems to place you, — it would seem odd that one should never have heard of you. *I* know very few people, of course, because I 'm a tenderfoot myself; but my father knows everybody. All the men who come from the East — with letters, you know — sooner or later always visit the mine. This is very absurd of me. There 's really no reason why I should insist upon accounting for you. But if you are from the other side, you may know some of our Big Horn people? Some of them are very swell, I believe."

"I know a good many people on the other side who are not swell," Darcie replied evasively.

"But do you know any one of our syndicate?" the girl persisted. "Of course we think everybody has heard of the Big Horn who has ever heard of the Cœur d'Alene."

"Excuse me," said Darcie, clumsily; "I think your shoes are too close to the fire. It 's a great bore I can't be accounted for in the usual way," he continued, on resuming his seat; "still, the chances are I 'm better as a riddle without the answer. The answer is sure to be stupid. Let us assume that you have placed me, even if you have misplaced me a trifle; it can do no harm for one night. And it may give you that confidence which — which gives me confidence to — a — offer you my escort to the mine?"

"Am I in need of an escort?" Miss Bingham asked in astonishment. She saw no reason for so much confidence in her confidence on the part of an interesting, certainly, but rather inexplicable young stranger.

"Quite so. I mean temporarily. Your father — he 's quite well; but as I 've told you, he 's unconscionably tired. It would be positive cruelty to ask him to turn out again to-night. I 'm taking for granted, out of modesty, I assure you, in view of our accommodations, that you 'd rather go home."

"We must both go home," said Miss Bingham, rising quickly. "I can't imagine why you think my father is not able!"

But her imagination was assisting her vividly at that moment, and painful prescience born of unyouthful experience was shedding its light

Digitized by Google

upon Darcie's remarkable proposition and the awkwardness of his reasons.

"I did not say he was n't able," he desperately interposed; "he 's forty fathoms deep in sleep. Why drag him out when I 'm so entirely at your service? That 's a brute of a horse of his for mountain work."

"What, Colonel? Why, he 's a perfect rocking-chair!"

"I mean — getting chilled, you know. He 's a heavy man in the saddle. He 's — he 's not very used to riding, is he?"

"Why, he never walks!"

"Pray have a little consideration."

"I must see if he is well."

"But —"

"But this is the very excess of consideration! Please let me speak to my father!"

Darcie retreated to the fire, with a gesture of despair to Mike, who made a sudden clatter with his saucepans while Faith, under cover of the shadow at the far side of the cabin, satisfied herself as to her father's condition.

Mike was right in assuming that she had seen him "that way" before.

"Oh, this is too much!" confessed to herself the heartsick girl. "I think he might have spared me this. And those poor things trying to keep it from me with their silly excuses! Of course they must know what ails him. What *shall* I do? I 'm certain they don't wish me to stay: he all but asked me to go, and no wonder — they have enough with *him* on their hands. Yes; I must go back and stop the inquiries at the mine; I must tell a few more lies. No; I will not cry. They shall not know that I know. I will be as innocent as they think me."

She had remained some time by the side of the bed, long enough to gain control of herself, as she thought. When she came forward into the light, the hot color burned in her cheeks, her head was high, her eyes wide and bright.

"She takes it beautifully," thought Darcie, scarcely permitting himself to look at her; "but who knows how she takes it when she is alone with it!"

"Yes; I think I had better go back to the mine," said Faith, coldly, "if — if either of you gentlemen will take me. My father *is* too tired; it would be too selfish of me not to let him sleep." She fixed her eyes upon Darcie as if daring him to doubt that she believed what she was saying. "But I will go. Our people might be anxious. Can we start, do you think, pretty soon?"

"We might wait an hour," said Darcie, gently, "and still reach the mine before ten."

"An hour! But the rain has stopped, I think. That roaring is the gulch."

Mike stepped to the window to take a look at the weather. "It 's a wildish night," he reported, "but there 's nothing the matter wid startin' now, if the lady wishes. I can see the crown o' the full moon risin' the summit; she 'll be high and clear before ye 'll come to the funny part av the grade. The thrail is shinin' with wet; it 's as plain as the lines on me pa'm. Will ye have up the harses or no?"

"Oh yes; the horses, please."

McGowan went out. The wind sucked the door to after him with a loud slam, and a lump of dried mud fell from a chink in the wall. There was a moment's silence; then Faith threw away all concealment in one tragic look.

"Did you ever hear of such a thing as this!"

"I may say I 've never heard of anything else," said Darcie, recklessly; "the thing is so common."

"Oh, but not like this!"

"Why, if it 's possible at all, there 's no reason it should n't happen anywhere or anyhow. It 's not a matter of intention, and it 's the commonest accident in the world."

"That makes it so much better!" flashed the girl, with a glance of her proud, hurt eyes.

"I mentioned the fact merely."

"I would be ashamed to mention it; if I did I would call it — what it is!"

Darcie smiled.

"You call it an accident just to comfort me, as we all lie to one another about a disgrace that cannot be hid. It does not comfort me much to be told that all men are so — liable — and all women —" her lips quivered. "Why, this is my father!" She broke down, and hid her face.

Presently Darcie said gently:

"You take it so much too hard."

"I take it hard that you should expect me to take it any other way," she cried with passionate explicitness. "Are Englishwomen so philosophical?"

"Ah, we cannot discuss it."

"I should think not, when my heart is breaking with it!" She drew in her breath quickly, stifling a sob. "Mr. Darcie," she whispered.

"Dear Miss Bingham?" There was a pause. Faith's eyes searched his face, and Darcie trembled, looking down. He was very handsome, standing before her on his manhood, under her pure testing eyes; but she saw now only what she was seeking for — the truth in him, though she might have been helped by the outward shape of him to perceive the truth. She was not less a child than other girls of her age, notwithstanding the unhappy progress she had lately made in worldly knowledge.

"Well," she said at last, "you know me better in this one hour than my dearest friends at home will ever know me. It is a strange, terrible thing that you should have to come

Digitized by Google

into my life in this way. It is a dreadful liberty we have taken — forcing our troubles upon you in your own house."

Darcie's chest rose, but he did not speak.

"I want to ask you — yet it 's such a silly thing — do men talk of this sort of — 'accident' — among themselves, generally — the thing being so common?"

"I don't know what some men do: do you think I shall make common talk of a trouble of yours?"

"And you — and Mike? Will you tell him, please, how 'hard' I take it?"

"I can answer for Mike," said Darcie; "but I will speak to him if you wish."

"It 's not that I doubt either of you," — Darcie winced a little at this free classification, — "but seeing it so differently, you know, you might make light of it. I should wish it never to be mentioned — even to excuse it."

"You mistake me: I don't excuse it. As an accident, touching your father, a man would say it is nothing. But, as a sorrow affecting you, it is anything you please. It is monstrous; and it shall be guarded as I would guard a trouble of my own."

"Ah," said Faith, musing bitterly, "men are more charitable than women, I suppose; they see so much more of the world. But what would they think of us if we laid traps for our own weaknesses, and then claimed to be pitied for falling into them!"

Darcie looked at her with profoundest tenderness, and resorted to pulling his mustache in lieu of speech.

"There comes that poor, good Mike — splashing through the mud!" she exclaimed, laughing helplessly through the tears she had vowed she would not shed. "How very excellent of him to do all the work, while we sit here talking!"

"Mike chooses his own part," said Darcie, with dignity; "but we can change parts if you prefer. Would you rather have him to go home with you?"

"That 's not for me to say." Faith eluded the little trap that had been set for her. "It would not become me to choose between two such friends in need. I am simply a parcel left on your hands, to be delivered at the mine. The least one of you, if there is a least, is only too good for me."

"I 'm the least one of us in several senses of the word," said Darcie, contentedly. "So on grounds of humility you will have to take me. I will deliver the parcel safely, and," he added in a low voice, "so much of your trouble as I have unwillingly seen to-night I think you may trust me with."

"I would trust you with all my troubles, and I have more than one," Faith answered impulsively. She raised the sweetest eyes, all bright and large with tears, to his — eyes of gratitude and absurd belief. And Darcie forgot that he had anything in his consciousness to settle with before he could meet such a look from her eyes or receive such a trust. Mike remarked him uneasily, and confided to the fire his opinion that "wan fool makes many," and that "the ould man is not the only wan that 's off his base this night!" He held open the door of the cabin, and let its light shine out, while Darcie put the young lady into her saddle. The restive horses sprang about over the stones, and, one behind the other, clattered down the ledge where the trail was narrow and steep. The girl looked back, and Mike for long afterward could not forget the sweet, half-apprehensive glance she gave Darcie as he drove his horse forward to her side. The wet trees closed and shut them in.

"That 's the way he settles the question av insthinc'," said Mike, as he shut the cabin door. "I 'll be bound he niver gev her the ch'ice, but just sided in for himself. He 's a very limber lad, and I have not the measure av him in me mind, entirely. But I 'm wid him; I 'm solid for ye, me little Darcie."

II.

AN EQUIVOCAL POSITION.

THE manager's residence at the Big Horn is the first house above the bridge, where the wagon-road joins the trail. It has a high gallery across the second-story front, overlooking the gulch, which is reached by long windows from the rooms opening upon it, and by an outside staircase from the ground. The gallery forms the roof of a cement-floored porch in front of the lower entrance, a favorite evening lounging-place for the men employed at the mine when they are fortunate enough to be on good terms with Miss Steers, the manager's housekeeper.

On the night of Mr. Bingham's detention at the Black Dwarf, two friends of Miss Steers and several friends of theirs were sitting on chairs tipped back against the house wall, under the shadow of the gallery, talking in low voices and not smoking, an unusual precaution, denoting secrecy. They ceased speaking as soon as horses' feet were heard approaching, but concluding that, as they came by way of the trail, it must be the manager returning home with his daughter, they did not trouble to look out.

The moon was shining on the wet roofs, sheening them with silver; the tamarack timber up the gulch supplied the contrast of pitch-blackness broadened by impenetrable masses of shadow. Gleams from the house-lights re-

Digitized by Google

vealed the figures of two young people who had dismounted and were parting at the foot of the gallery stairs.

"I will say good night here, and so many thanks!" The girl's voice trembled on the stillness.

"That 's not her father," one of the listeners whispered. The men became mute, scarcely breathing from excess of attention.

"I would ask you to come in, but I have my little part, you know — and I should hate to have you hear me say it," Faith apologized. She spoke with greater freedom, in a full, low voice charged with womanly feeling. The ride through the dark woods had proved to be one of those perilous short-cuts to sudden intimacy, for better or worse, by which the way of acquaintanceship is abridged for the young and fearless. The life of the frontier is remarkably productive of such opportunities, and it seems to be a question of family and past history with the high contracting parties, whether these facile roads lead to the divorce courts and the newspapers, or to those faithful and inconspicuous comradeships which we all know of, and seldom read of, in the published stories of the West; Western marriages being like Western mortgages — 't is the ones that don't pay interest of which we chiefly hear.

"What shall you say if anybody asks you questions?" Faith inquired.

"Is it necessary to say anything?"

"*I* have to say things: the moment the door opens I shall have to be ready with my lie."

"We had better say the same thing, had n't we?" Darcie suggested. "What do you generally call it when he is — a —?"

"What?"

"You have some name for it, have n't you? Headache, indigestion, cramps?"

"Oh, mercy!" the girl implored. "Say again what you said at the cabin. I thought it perfectly imbecile at the time, but I suppose it will do as well as anything."

"He 'd been pounding down the mountain on a —"

"*Not* on a 'brute of a horse!' Everybody knows what Colonel is."

"Got himself wet to the skin," Darcie recited. "Ate a monstrous supper too soon after —"

"He ate no supper at all! Don't say things you need n't say, just for the pleasure of inventing."

"Leave out the supper, then. But the supper 's the best reason of all."

"And *this* you call a *little* thing!" cried Faith, tragically.

"Did I say little? I meant it was a common thing."

"Well, men surely are not proud! This, then, is the common weakness!"

"Almost any weakness is common with our half of humanity," Darcie allowed; "but God knows, a man may be easy on a fault that 's not his own!"

"The young men have no faults, I suppose," Faith exclaimed bitterly. "Charity and forgiveness are for the poor, slipshod fathers, too old to be cured of their weakness!" It was her "wound's imperious anguish" that spoke in this unnatural tone.

Darcie answered humbly, constrained by the pricking of his conscience, and not unwilling perhaps to draw her attention upon himself:

"I know one young man who is in need of forgiveness — of yours, if you could spare him a little of it. *I* wish to confess, before I leave you, to a fault in my position toward yourself — a most damaging, fatal inconsistency."

"A fault — toward me? You must be dreaming! When have you ever seen me before to-night?"

"Never; and yet I did you an unconscious injury before I knew of your existence. I am in a cruelly equivocal position."

"I am not in a very nice position myself," Faith grieved.

"But it is not your own doing. I am speaking of acts — my own, on my own responsibility."

"Cannot you get out of this position?"

"I shall be out of it by to-morrow's Eastern mail. But I want your forgiveness to-night. The thing sticks in my record: I don't know what moment it might turn up and injure me with you."

"I don't think it can be very serious," said Faith, "if you can get out of it so easily. I wish I could send all my worries away by to-morrow's Eastern mail, if I were sure they would not travel to anybody I care for —"

"But my forgiveness?" the penitent persisted, in love with confessing to such a confessor.

"Why, I forgive you anything, everything. What is there I am not bound to forgive, after to-night!"

"But I do not want it that way. You shall not be bound. Let us be more explicit: suppose I should tell you plainly that I am not what you think I am?"

"I think you are a gentleman and a true friend. Are you not that?" asked Faith.

"I hope so, and much more — as much more than your friend, as you will allow."

"But that is enough," said Faith, hurriedly. "Yes; enough to thank heaven for, after such a night as this! Think of the places where I might have been left! Now, good night, and more thanks than I can say!"

Digitized by Google

But Darcie would not take his dismissal. "Must I go?" he frankly despaired. "And I have not the dimmest idea how I shall ever see you again."

"But I am always here, if you really wish to see me." Faith smiled sedately in the darkness. "It would be strange if we forgot all about you, after what you have done for us."

"That is the last thing I should wish you to remember me for!" Darcie spurned her gratitude.

"Well, I can't help but thank you, whether you like it or not. If my father should ask you to dinner, would you despise that sort of remembrance, too?"

There was an unexpected silence. Then Darcie said:

"It is not likely I shall be asked to dine at the Big Horn. The Black Dwarf is a small affair, and I am — a miner — partner of Mike McGowan."

"A miner may be anybody," said Faith. She spoke coldly, and Darcie, though he could not see her face, knew that she was hurt. He was furious with his absurd entanglements, from which he longed to tear himself free, all at once, before it should be too late: he could not even tell her what they were.

"You think I am mysterious!"

"I have no reason to think so: no mystery is needed to account for your not caring to dine with my father — after to-night."

"Heaven and earth!" groaned Darcie, "I told you it would stick. Yet you would understand it if I could only tell you."

"I will understand," said Faith, quickly — "*without* understanding. Good night!"

He kept hold of her hand while she hurriedly warned him: "I heard them go to the other door, but they are coming here now. *Good* night — you *must* go!"

"Please — one moment!" he entreated. "There was something I wanted to say to you — just for the last word, to remember. Do you know a flower they call the mountain-lily? You never could forget it if you saw it. I never knew before to-night why it was here — the exquisite thing — a perfect wonder! But every coming has its heralds; there are foretokens of joy as well as sorrow. I found you when I found the mountain-lily. Oh, do you understand me — my joy — my sorrow? which is it going to be? No; I don't ask you! Don't tell me!"

"You are crazy!" gasped Faith.

"I know it. But at least there 's excuse for it. I have found you, my mountain-lily!"

He dropped his face an instant on her hand. Then he rushed for his horse and rode away.

"Where are you going?" Faith called after him, for he had taken, or rather Colonel had taken, the lower road, to the stables. Faith's horse, tied to the hitching-post, whinnied after his comrade. Darcie did not hear the girl's call, but he had discovered his mistake, and was making it unpleasant for Colonel. There was a scuffling of hoofs in the road, a grunt from Colonel as he was forced around into the way he did not want to go, and back they came, and charged up the trail into the deep timber. Faith had laughed weakly until she cried. She was shocked at herself for laughing; but that was not why she cried.

"O father, father!" she whispered tragically. But *that* was not why she cried. There was a stir underneath the dark porch after the girl's step had gone slowly, giddily, up the stairs, and the house door had shut.

"That horse *was* Colonel. Where 's the old man, then?" a voice inquired.

"I guess they 've put him in his little bed somewheres between here and Cañon Creek; at the Black Dwarf, likely," another voice rejoined.

"At the Black Dwarf, you bet. That was McGowan's pardner, the Englishman," said a heavy, suppressed voice, in a tone of authority.

"Lads, did ye hear him chewin' the scenery, givin' himself away like a play-actor? 'I 'm not what *ye think I am*,' says he. 'I 'm in a cruel equizzical position.' You 're solid there, me chappie — equizzical you 'll find it. There 's comin' a shnow-slide in these mountains, and some that 's on top now will be lyin' underneath, and they won't be lookin' for their hat!"

There were dissenting voices to this implied train of reasoning.

"What 's *he* got to do with snow-slides?" asked one.

"You can't make evidence out of such rot as he was talkin'," said another — "a young fellah turnin' his chin loose about his mash!"

"Evidence, is it? Here 's me evidence if ye want it," said the first voice. "He calls himself Jack Darcie: it may be his name or it may be only wan av them. He chins wid us an' listens to our talk, but he 's too fancy for a miner. Malony's widdy does his washin', and he chucks her a dollar as aisy as two bits. He 's a bird, he 's a swell, and makes out he 's a workin'man like the rest av us. His han'kychers is marked wid a monnygram, and there 's more letters in it than J. D. He writes big thick letters, and posts them himself; he walks to Wallace to post 'em wid his own hand. He 's workin' some game on the quiet. He 's a spy, I bet yez; he 's one of Pinkerton's men; he 's a bloody monop'list sneakin' in the scabs on us; else he 's a — — repourter doin' us up with lies in the papers. Whatever he 's here for, he 'll have to quit it. We 'll give him the word to pack his blankets."

Digitized by Google

"I bet you 've got the wrong pig by the ear," said one of the conservatives.

"Dan, ye 'd betther not be toyin' wid him. There 's no knowin' which end he 'd go off," said another.

"He won't take no invite off 'n you, Dan."

"He *will* take it, then," said the voice addressed as Dan. "He 'll take it polite, at a day's outsthandin' notice, or he 'll take it as he 'll get it, at the end av a gun."

III.

THE UNION FROM A NON-UNION POINT OF VIEW.

NOT the least among the hardships of the peaceable, frugal, and laborious poor, it is to endure the tyranny of mobs, who with lawless force dictate to them, under penalty of peril to limb and life, where, when, and upon what terms they may earn a livelihood for themselves and their families. Any government that is worthy of the name will strenuously endeavor to secure to all within its jurisdiction freedom to follow their lawful vocations in safety for their property and their persons while obeying the law. And the law is common sense.

"MIKE," said Darcie, looking up from the table, where he had cleared a space for his writing-materials, "I am telling my people at home something about the labor troubles here, but upon my life I don't know how to put the thing fairly. *I* can't see the need of union intervention in the Cœur d'Alene. Do you know what the miners' grievances are?"

"I 'll be domned if I do," Mike replied without hesitation. "We was doin' *well*. Every man was gettin' his three dollars, or his three and a half, or his four dollars, a day, accordin' to what he could 'arn, and we knew no betther than be fri'n's with the men that ped us our wages. That 's how it was whin first I come. 'T was the age av innocence with us; the lion an' the lamb was lyin' down together, and there was n't a man av us suspicioned what a set of robbers and iron-heeled oppressors thim mine-owners was till the brotherhood in Butte cast their eye on us in the par'lous shtate we was in.

"'Luk at thim sons av toil over there,' says they, 'in darkest Idyho, sellin' thimselves for what wages the monop'lists chooses to fling them, and not a dollar comin' into the union! We 'll attind to that,' they says. And they put up a convarsion fund for to carry the goshpel into Idyho; yes, and a good thing they med av it, too. They set up the union in our midst, and they med thimselves the priests, and gev out the law, and gethered the off'rin's. They cursed us this wan, and they cursed us that wan, and most partic'ler they cursed him that would n't put up his money an' com einto the tint av meetin'."

Darcie began to laugh. "It 's the trut' I 'm tellin' ye," Mike insisted hotly, "though ye 'll get a different tale off o' them. But ye 're askin' me, and I 'm givin' it straight, the way I can see it. 'T is the game they 've worked in every new camp betuxt the Black Hills an' the coast.

"There was n't a miner come into the Cor de 'Lane but they nabbed him for a convart; and if he belonged to no union, an' would n't be pershuaded, they put their shpite on him, and med his bread bitter to him by ivery mane parsecution they could lay their hand to. There was moighty few stud out against them. I dunno fwhere I 'd be now an I had n't been me own mine-owner, workin' a contrac' wid meself. But they ped me more than wan visit, an' they toiled and shweated wid me for to jine them.

"'Fwhat do I want wid a union?' I says. 'I 'm me own union, head and hands as God made me. And I niver yet seen the time whin me head could n't set me hands to work, and me hands could n't keep me head whilst I was doin' it. And if I can't find work in the Cor de 'Lane,' says I, 'I 'll lay me two feet to the road till I 'll come where it is.'

"And they tould me I was bought by the labor-devourers, and they had their eye on me for wan that was sowin' treason an' settin' a bad example.

"'Kape your eye on me all ye want,' I says; 'ye 'll find me neither makin' nor meddlin'. And any man that follies my example, he 'll be doin' his work and mindin' his business, and kapin' his carcass out av Peg-leg's saloon.'

"Begor! I 've seen fellys that five dollars w'u'd buy all they was worth in the world walk into Peg-leg's wid a month's wages in their clothes, and put down a twenty-dollar piece, and call for 'Dhrinks for the crowd, an' domn the change!' Av the unions could put some sinse into them, and tache them they can't ate their cake an' have it too, or thramp it into the mire, and thin bawl for the next man's that 's saved his, why, they 'd be doin' some good."

Darcie pushed back his papers and took up his cigar, swinging about in his chair that he might follow Mike's movements, as the latter talked, and cut "whangs" out of an old bootleg with that multifarious tool, his pocket-knife.

It was the evening of the day after the visit of the manager and his daughter to the Black Dwarf. Darcie had been noticeably idle in the tunnel all day, and, to Mike's thinking, more than usually silent; and as soon as the table was cleared after supper in the cabin, he began walking and pondering, and finally seated himself with his writing-case before him, as if to free his mind on paper.

"But what was the final hitch? When did the worm conclude to turn?" he inquired.

"Manin' by the worrum — ?"

Digitized by Google

"The mine-owners, I should say."

"Well, ye 're right. The worrum was makin' money along first, ye 'll understand; and a man will suffer a dale in his proide an' his principles so long as his pocket 's doin' well. But there come a change in that afther a while. The smelters began to squeeze them; an' betune the returns an' the union's interfarence 't was a rocky road for the mine-owners.

"The ould scale av wages, as I was tellin' ye, was three for shovelers an' trammers, three an' a half for skilled men underground, and timber-men and shaf'-men was gettin' four. But whin the union begun to lay the law on us, it was three an' a half, they said, every man underground was to get, no matter what he c'u'd 'arn.

"The managers gev in at the first, though not without a big kick on account av the injustice to their best men. They said there 'd be throuble, an' there was. Whin the timber-men found themselves redjuced to the same as shovelers they wint out, an' the managers called the union bosses to luk at what they done.

"'We 'll attind to our own men,' says they. And the wans that would n't give in an' take what the union said they sh'u'd get, they was forced to quit an' l'ave the counthry.

"It was n't this nor it was n't that, nor it was n't a matther av fifty cints a day, more nor less, for the miner; it was the question which sh'u'd run the mines, the men that owned them, or the union that owned the miners. 'T was the power of the brotherhood that was at shtake, and whatever man resisted — t'row him out!

"Are ye listenin'?" Mike inquired, seeing that Darcie was eying his papers in a meditative way. "Beca'se av ye are not, I 'll not waste me breath."

"Go on," said Darcie. "I was only comparing what I have said myself with what you are saying. It 's odd we should look at it in the same way. You 're a hot-headed Irishman, like all the rest of them, Mike. Why are n't you swearing vows against the oppressors?"

"Beca'se I 'm wan av thim meself. It 's not a hobo I am, packin' me blankets from camp to camp. I 've a shtake av me own in the counthry; an' if this foolishness goes on, I 'm clane ruined. There 's no man can run a mine in the Cor de 'Lane — no, nor sell it — av he was to give it away, the gait things is goin' now.

"Ah, it 's not a question av the miner at all! They wants to run things here the same as they does in Montany. Ye would n't believe the power av the union in Butte. Things was gettin' mighty quare last spring before the mine-owners tuk the definsive. Faith, there was little law in the Cor de 'Lanes that could howld above the law av the union!

"Whin Hogan, the shif' boss, was murdhered in the Caltrop mine, — shtabbed in the breast wid the prong av a miner's can'leshtick, an' him comin' out o' the tunnel to the dhryin'-house in broad day, — there was plenty that saw it; but him that done it was a union man, an' divil a witness c'u'd be found to say he seen it. They would n't dast, for the union can purtect its own, be they lambs or wolves. The hand av it was that heavy on the owners, a man could n't be seen shpakin' fri'ndly on the street with wan av them but the union tuk note av him for a thraitor. There was not a thing the mines c'u'd do but combine, or quit business, or be dictated to by the union bosses, like childher! Last autumn, whin the mines shut down by common consint, it was partly to get betther rates for transportation; but that would n't go down with the union boys. They had it the owners had turned the tables on them, and gone on a shtrike themselves; and that would n't do, ye know; for the first principle av the unions is that nobody shall combine but themselves.

"Well, the shuttin' down did n't work in all ways as they hoped. Fightin' it out is bad; whichever side makes the kick, the wrong ones is sure to get hurted. The best men wint off seekin' work where they could find it; the wans that shtayed an' growled they was the worst av the lot, and all winter they was cussin' and blowin' an' gettin' up shteam for a big fight. Take a town full av idle men, an' free whisky flowin' by the gallon, and a set av bull-headed chumps that never did an honest day's work in their lives talkin' about the wrongs av the lab'rin'-man — ye know what 'll be the end of that.

"The mines gev out in the spring they was ready to reshume, an' published their scale av wages: three for unshkilled an' three an' a half for shkilled miners, the same as it was at first. And then the union put forth its last word: ivery man workin' undherground sh'u'd get three-fifty, and no man sh'u'd take less and work wid his life in the Cor de 'Lane. 'T was then the owners shied their hat into the ring, an' both sides shtripped for fight.

"'T was aisy bringin' in men that was willin' to work for three dollars, and glad to get it, but it was n't aisy kapin' them here. They could n't bide the life they led, with the union puttin' its shpite on them. Some was sedjuced into j'inin', but more was scared out av the counthry entirely. They leaked away faster than they was fetched in; and thim that stayed was that harassed an' worried they could n't do their work like min.

"At last there was two boys workin' in the 'Tale o' Woe' that had the sand to say they would nayther jine nor quit. They stud out an' tuk their punishment. Wan av them was an Amerikin, an' he was cliver wid his talk about

Digitized by Google

his rights to work where he pl'ased, and for who he pl'ased, under the laws av the counthry, widout l'ave av the brotherhoods. But they quinched him an' his prattle about his rights. Him an' the other lad that was workin' wid him, they haled them up the mountain by a lone thrail.

"'Where are ye takin' us?' says they. 'We'll go out p'aceful, the way we come in, by the railroad.'

"'Ye might get hurted that way,' says big Dan Rafferty, pokin' his ugly fun at thim. 'Wallace and Gem is full av excited min; it might not be safe for ye. We 'll take ye by a quiet road where ye 'll meet wid no wan.'

"And they prodded the boys up the mountain, abusin' thim all the way; two hundhred men dhrivin' two — b'atin' on ile-cans wid shticks, and cussin' them wid every foul name they could turn their tongue to. They shoved them out over the Montany divide, and the clothes half tore off them with the handlin' they got. 'T was the month av April, an' the snows was cruel deep. They put them out on a forsaken road to wally through the drifts forty-five miles to Thompson's Falls, and they strangers to the way. There 's nare a house but wan, an' that wan closed ag'inst them for fear av the union.

"And that 's how wan lab'rin'-man taches another who are his bosses in this free counthry. By the Lord above! if I come to have bosses over me, I 'll not choose them wid the heart av an awl an' the head av a han'-shpike! Do they think they 're doin' the lab'rin'-man any good by such blaggard work as this? Faith, I think we 're like to have a labor inquisition here, if things goes on. 'T is too much power to put in the hands av men as ignorant as they is sassy."

"Did the scabs get through?" asked Darcie.

"Wan av thim got through, an' teshtified in coort to what I 'm tellin' ye; and wid him an' other witnesses an' affidavits by scores the owners got an injunction laid on the miners' unions, all and siveral, for to quit intimidatin' an' conshpirin' in the Cor de 'Lane. But 't was no use at all, except to make thim mad; ye moight as well shake an ould broom at a grizzly bear. Ye know the rest yourself. But that 's how guarded train-loads av shcabs come into the Cor de 'Lanes; an' that 's how it is the mines is armed an' barricaded — all but the Big Horn, sole an' lone, which niver come into the owners' association at all, and gives the union all it asks."

"What reason did Bingham offer, do you know, for not coming into the association?" asked Darcie.

"He gev the reason that the Big Horn is a wet mine, which it is; but nayther the water nor the work in the mine iver kep' the Big Horn boys underground whin the union wanted thim on top. They trots back and fort' the same as they owned the mine. Some says the ould man 's that tied up wid his own foolishness he can't help the way things is goin'. Pether Banning, the foreman, that 's in it since Misther Bingham come, has the pull on him entirely. He 's a mighty man in the union, is Pete; and he 's well acquainted wid the saycrets av the managemint. 'T is he knows all about the commissions the ould man has pocketed along av ivery order for supplies that he gets in; and a costly mine it is to run — for the comp'ny,— ye may lay your life on that. Times when I was workin' in it, I 'd hear outside that the mine was doin' poorly — not a hatful av ore in sight; whin I 'd know meself there was bodies av ore bein' covered up by order av the manager, for reasons that he kep' to himself. Pether Banning is in all that, ye see; so the ould man has got to be fri'nds wid Pether's friends."

"Come, Mike, don't be scandalous," said Darcie, rising to his feet. "He 's a soaker, if you like; a coward, I suspect; an incapable, if ever there was one; but not a common thief and swindler!"

"Ah, ye know it well enough! 'T is as public as the winds. The comp'ny 's far away from the rumor av it, or 't would have been known before now. The ould man's name is rife wid shcandals; an' how he come by such a darlin' for his daughter is a thing I can't cipher out meself, niver havin' seen the lady he buried — Mrs. Bingham that was."

"We are not discussing the ladies of the management," Darcie demurred.

"Dod, I 'm not like a fasset, thin, to be turned on an' off wid a twisht av the screw," Mike rejoined. "Ye can take me as I come, or l'ave me alone."

"I 'll leave you alone," smiled Darcie, and then was silent for a long while. But he was too restless, apparently, to return to his writing.

Mike had a suspicion that his partner did not sleep much that night — not that he lay awake himself to see; but somebody had been up, burning firewood in unreasonable quantities. Darcie, who never complained of his food, left his breakfast untasted, and Mike ruefully scraped into the fire the whole of a fine boiled potato soaked in ham gravy.

"It 's the héart av him shakin' his insides so that he cannot ate. I have been that way meself. Ah, me little Darcie, ye 'd betther have wint for the docther, or shtayed wid the ould man and put me to the proof, that has a girl av me own. I think I see ye this minute, Kitty darlin', God's blessin' on ye, wheriver ye are!"

Mary Hallock Foote.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

CRITICISM AND CULTURE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE same laws apply to all literature looked at simply as literature, and in honestly studying that of any country you will find yourself gradually becoming competent to understand that of all others. You would say, for example, that there was no point of analogy between the "Prometheus Bound" and "Piers the Plowman," and yet I think we may find one that is neither fanciful nor far-fetched, namely, that the primary object of both is not literature but dogma, and that both in this way illustrate what we may fairly call a certain natural order of succession. Looked at esthetically, Æschylus stands related to Sophocles very much as Langland does to Chaucer. I do not mean that the analogy is perfect,— no analogies are,— but enough so for the purpose of criticism, and to make our view at once broader and clearer. Again, the three great tragic dramatists of Greece illustrate this order in another way, Æschylus being more purely imaginative, Sophocles dealing with character and reflection, and Euripides with passion and sentiment. All criticism is comparative. The tumor of Lucan helps us to appreciate the elegance of Virgil, while that very elegance which we have just learned to value seems a little thin if compared with the grave splendor of Lucretius. The different arts, also, throw light upon each other. There is something of Lucan in Michelangelo. In both there is a struggle after originality, a tendency to confound the big with the great. And yet the real grandeur, in certain respects, of both is not to be overlooked. Again, I can never think of Dryden without recalling Rubens, and the association, involuntary as it was at first, led me to discover the singular merit of Dryden as a rapid colorist in words. It is curious, also, but as natural as it is curious, that Pope, who was the disciple of Dryden, should have a certain analogy with Vandyke, the pupil of Rubens. Both reacted, to a certain degree, from the faults of their masters. As in them force had sometimes degenerated into exaggeration, so these carried their love of elegance to the verge of becoming conventional. The verse in which Pope characterized that most gentlemanlike of artists,

The clear precision of the soft Vandyke,

is also the happiest definition of what is best in his own style. In the same way, I make Mendelssohn help me to criticize Tennyson, and I see that the same causes which produced Euripides in Greece produced Verdi in Italy. The object of all criticism is not to criticize, but to understand. More than this. As you will find it more wholesome in life, and more salutary to your own characters, to study the virtues than the defects of your friends, so in literature it seems to me wiser to look for an author's strong points than his weak ones, and to consider that every man, as the French say, is liable to have the defects of his qualities. Above all, criticism is useful in inducing a judicial habit of mind, and teaching us to keep our intellectual tempers. When Mr. Matthew Arnold charges Shakspere with exaggeration, it shall not set me in a passion, but put me upon honest inquiry rather to find out whether the fault is in the greatest of poets or in one of the subtlest of critics. My duty is to discover exactly what he means, and this again helps me to a knowledge of his own limitations as a critic. I think I see that his love of French neatness has carried him too far, and that he applies a test too exclusively intellectual. I mean by this that we must, as Shakspere himself says,

Play with our fancies and believe we *see;*

that when we read "Lear," for example, we must not remain coldly in our studies; nay, we must not even only stretch our sympathetic perception so far as to conceive of a stage and actors and costumes, but beyond this to an age of greater passions and more intense phrase — nay, to the raging elements that echo and typify the storm and confusion within. Then it seems to me as if the accusation were like that which the chorus brings against *Prometheus*, and I find *Lear's* pathetic appeal to the elements because they are old like him, and the screams with which he tries to outshriek the tempest as classic as the famous invocation of Prometheus, which in sentiment it so much resembles.

O divine ether and swift-winged blasts,
Ye springs of rivers, and unnumbered smile
Of ocean's ridges, thee, all-mother Earth,
And all-beholding circle of sun, I call!
Ye see what I, a god, from gods endure.

I would not advocate a critical habit at the expense of an unquestioning and hearty enjoyment of literature in and for itself. Nay; as I think the great advantage to be gained by it

Digitized by Google

is that it compels us to see two sides to every question, it should, when rightly understood and fairly applied, tend to liberality of mind and hospitality of thought. A true scholar should be able to value Wordsworth for his depth of sympathy with nature, without therefore losing all power to enjoy the sparkling shallowness of Pope; he should be able to feel the beauty of Herbert's puritanism, the naked picturesqueness of his style, and yet not refuse to be delighted with the sensuous paganism of Herrick. The gracious naturalness and intense flavor of the elder dramatists should not put him out of conceit with the splendid artificiality and the sonorous ecstasy of Gray. "In my father's house are many mansions" conveys a lesson of criticism no less than of charity. But while insisting on the excellence of open-mindedness, let us not confound liberality with indifference, nor be willing to be easily *satisfied* because we are content to be easily entertained. Let us have a high standard, whether in life or literature, and, however charitable we may be and should be to those who fall below it (unless it be our own case), let us not stupidly deny that they have fallen below it. Let us never condescend to that vulgarity too common in this country, where half-culture is apt to be defiant rather than modest, which affirms that one thing is as good as another if only a man *think* it as good. This is something like General Butler's theory of finance — that an affirmation of value is better than value itself. No, fellow-students; in whatever pertains to culture, gold is not too good for any of us. The office of the scholar is a noble one. He is set apart to a kind of priesthood. He is the appointed guardian of the ideal in art and life, of the noble traditions of refinement and magnanimity, of great fames and great actions, that the one be not obscured by the incense burned before false gods, nor the memory of the other cease from among men to strengthen and to inspire.

A great part of our education is necessarily special. It has reference to our calling in active life, and, after we leave the university, it becomes narrowed more and more to that, till at last it degenerates into the sordid knack by which, renouncing the higher life, we are content to get a living. The card which was to admit us to the society of Plato and Dante, and the pick of all the centuries, turns out to be a grocery-ticket that entitles us to our ladleful of charity-soup. In this country, or perhaps I should rather say in this generation, the temptations to worldliness, which means superficiality, are so importunate, and so many short-cuts to fortune, which means Vanity Fair, stand always invitingly open, that here and now more than ever it seems fitting to insist upon the claims of that nobler culture which profits not the outer man. I am no sentimentalist, nor would I be understood as joining in the shallow cant that decries wealth as it were an unmixed evil. I think Diogenes might have found a greater exercise for philosophy in a palace than in a tub. There is no position in life which a fine soul will not make wholesome, no career which need end in the sty of Epicurus. Money will buy civilization; it will command that inestimable thing (to the man who knows how to use it) — leisure; it will supply opportunities for beneficence; it will pay our ransom from degrading cares. Its best virtue is that it will buy money's-worth, and, as it is the test of a man's culture to know what money's-worth is, so it is the highest use of culture to teach that refined secret. There is great truth in the well-known saying of Ovid:

> . . . Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
> Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.[1]

They do not allow us to be barbarians, and to believe that we have paid our debt to civilization when we have built a bigger house, bought bigger pictures, and darkened our rooms with heavier curtains than our neighbors. This is to put the Book of Life into a costly binding, and to know nothing of the nobler uses that are shut within it. *Ingenuæ artes* are those that make a man free, that lift him away from the pinched provincialism of a special science and give him the air of the world's good society. Those arts alone give one that freemason's grip which wins him a welcome wherever there are civilized men. Special culture is the gymnastic of the mind, but liberal culture is its healthy exercise in the open air. Train your mental muscles faithfully for the particular service to which you intend to devote them in the great workshop of active life, but don't forget to take your "constitutional" among the classics — no matter in what language. That is the kind of atmosphere to oxygenate the blood and keep the brain wholesome.

James Russell Lowell.

[1] "Faithfully to have learned the liberal arts softens the manners, and keeps them from rudeness."—EDITOR.

Digitized by Google

THE TRAMP AT HOME.

I HAD lived with the tramps and written about them, I had summered and wintered with them, but a few years had elapsed which had possibly blurred some memories. Meanwhile, partly with a sociological and philanthropic purpose, I had endeavored to write an accurate account of my observations and studies of these people and their ways, and to describe a true knight of the road. In an article which appeared in the "Contemporary Review" for August, 1891, I made some statements about the tramps which were challenged in very respectable American quarters. It was stated that I had mistaken the character of "the American tramp" in three particulars: first, his nationality; secondly, his numbers; thirdly, his unwillingness to work.

To learn whether I had incorrectly described him or not, I determined upon another view of the situation. Being in New York, and having ten days at my disposal before leaving for Europe, I decided to retrace some of my old routes, and to renew my acquaintance with the roadsters. What I saw, and how I fared along the way, are embodied in the following pages. I have confined myself to the rehearsal of bare facts without further comment, believing that the reader will moralize and philosophize whenever necessary.

It was about five o'clock on the afternoon of September 9, 1891, that I left my friend's home clad as a tramp, and started for the night boat for Albany. I wore an old suit of clothes, a flannel shirt, a good pair of shoes, and a respectable hat. I had paid special attention to the shoes and hat, for it is a piece of tramp-philosophy that the two extremities of a beggar are first looked at by the person of whom he is begging. While riding from Harlem down to the landing-place of the steamer, I laughed to myself while thinking how the tramps would envy me my nice head- and foot-gear. I wondered, too, whether I should be allowed to return with these coverings.

At the ticket-office I paid one of my three dollars for a ticket on the boat to Albany. I made this heavy draft upon my slight exchequer because I was afraid to beat my way on the railway between the two cities. I knew of old how roadsters are hated by the residents of both banks of the Hudson River, and not being at all sure that I should be successful in making the journey from New York to Albany in one night as a "dead-beat" on a freight-train, I felt safer in buying a second-class ticket on the steamboat, and beginning my journey in the morning at Albany. I fear that the reader would have laughed at my calamity had he seen me after landing at Albany on the morning of the 10th. Then I was a tramp indeed, for the other two dollars had disappeared from my pockets while I was sleeping with a motley crowd of Italians on some boxes thrown promiscuously about the hold of the steamboat. There was now no possibility of dilettantism. I had to go head over heels into the beggar's life. I am glad now that it was so, but for the moment I was downhearted, for I had leaned on those two dollars as possible friends if my begging courage should fail me at the crucial moment. But this was passed, my bridges were burned, so I began my journey in earnest.

I sauntered rather lazily over to West Albany, for it was still early, and arrived as the people were lighting their breakfast fires. I waited until it seemed that the fires should have done their duty, and then began. I visited several houses. Sometimes the man of the house said that his wife was sick, or that he was out of work himself; and sometimes they told me to "get out"—that they had already fed one tramp.

My fifth call was at the home of a German woman who claimed that she had fed beggars in the fatherland. She invited me in, placed a nice warm breakfast before me, and then we began a conversation in German about life, labor, and beggars. She was sorry for me, and said that I looked too young to be a beggar. I told her a tale. It was one of those stories in which the ghost of a truth still lingers—such as tramps know so well how to tell. I shall never know exactly how much of it she believed, or what she thought of me, as I told her that I was the outcast of a *hochwohlgeboren* family in Germany. I know, however, that she was sympathetic, and that she took me in, whether she did the same for my romance or not. Like too many of her countrymen, she was too kind-hearted. The Germans in America are the best friends that the tramps have, and I have never known one to refuse a hungry appeal.

After breakfast I started for Troy. I knew that I should meet with plenty of loafers during the walk, and I preferred chatting with them on or near the highway. For Albany has a penitentiary. There is not a well-informed

Digitized by Google

tramp in the United States that does not know about that prison, for it has punished many a vagrant, and the Albany policemen are no friends to beggars. Syracuse Tom will bear me out in this statement, for he winters in Albany with his "kid" every year. But he does this simply because he is so well posted. Of course other tramps visit Albany as well, for it is a well-known town for "refreshments"; but only a few can thrive long there by begging only for money.

On my way to Troy I found a camp of thirty-three tramps. They were living off the charity of Albany. They had all been in for breakfast, and were now returned to the "hang-out" to chat and scheme. Some were discussing Albany prisons, its policemen, saloons, and general hospitality. Others had built a fire, and were boiling their shirts in a borrowed kettle to kill the vermin. Many of the rest were planning Southern tours. Some had decided to winter in St. Augustine, some in Jacksonville, and others were talking of the best routes to New Orleans. It seemed to be the general opinion that the Illinois Central Railway was the easiest road to beat.

One of the fellows recognized me. He must needs know where I had been so long, and why my hands were so white. "Cigarette," he said, "have you been a-doing time? Where did you get yer white colors?" I told Yorkey that I had been sick, and had been back "on the road" only a few days. He would n't believe me, and I am afraid he thinks me a "crooked man," for he said: "Cig, you 've not been in the sick lugger all this while, and I hain't seen yer register for many a day. No, my young bloke; you can't jigger the old boy. You 've been up a tree, and you can't mooch out of it."

I could n't convince him of my innocence, so we let it pass, and I told him that I was bound for Buffalo, where I had friends who would help me to brace up and get "off the road." I assured him that I knew now what a foolish business "bumming" was, and that I was going to make a grand effort to get work. Even this he would not believe, and he insisted that I was going West to some town where I knew that the tramps were going to have a drunk. He tried to persuade me to go South with him, and claimed that Yonkers Slim was going to meet him in Washington with some money, and that the "bums" intended to have a great "sloppin'-up" (drinking-bout). I made him understand that I was determined to go West. Then he gave me some advice which was typical.

"Young feller, you 're goin' to a pretty poor country. Why, when I left Buffalo two weeks ago, the bulls [police] were more than pinchin' the tramps right in the streets, and givin' them ninety days. The only decent thing about a journey up that way is the New York Central Railway. You can ride that to death. That 's the only godsend the country has. Jes let me tell you, though, what towns it cuts through, and then you 'll squeal. Now, there 's Schenectady. You can chew all right there, but divil a cent can you beg. Then comes Fonda, and you must know what a poor town that is. Then you 've got Utica, where you can feed all right, for any fool can do that, but you can't hit a bloke for a dime in the streets without a bull seein' ye and chuckin' ye up for fifty-nine days in Utica jail. And you must know well enough what that jail is this time o' year—it 's jes filled with a blasted lot of gay-cats [men who will work] who 've been on a booze. After Utica there 's Rochester, a place that oncet was good, but is n't worth pawnin' now since that gay-cat shot a woman there some time ago. After Rochester, what ye got? You 've got Buffalo, the most God-forsaken town a bum ever heard of."

Here I interrupted my lecturer to say that I had heard of Buffalo as a good "chewing town." He turned upon me fiercely. "What d' yer want? D' yer only want to chew? Don't ye want boodle, booze, togs, and a good livin'? Of course ye do, jes like ev'ry genooine hobo. It 's only a blasted gay-cat that 'll fool around this country now. Cig, you 'd better come South with us. Why, las' year the blokes more than sloughed in money around the Ponce de Leon hotel in St. Aug'stine. We ken git there in a week if we ride passenger-trains. You 'll hustle for an overcoat if you stay yere much longer, an' I 'll bet my Thanksgivin' dinner that every cad you meet up the road is bound South. You 'd better foller their coat-tails." I thanked Yorkey, but satisfied him that I was determined to get to Buffalo. "Well, so long, blokie," he said, when I left the camp for Troy.

Between Troy and Cohoes I found another camp of tramps. Here were forty-two men and boys who were enjoying what tramps term a "sloppin'-up." Some of them had just returned from the hop country, and had gathered together the fellows in their vicinity, and were now drinking keg after keg of beer. Thirteen kegs had already been emptied. These men seemed well satisfied with their treatment around Troy, and the majority of them had been there for nearly a week. One half-drunken loafer from Milwaukee was so anxious to praise the town's hospitality that he was haranguing some of his comrades most zealously. "I 've boozed around this town," he said, "off and on for the last seven years, and I 've not been sloughed up yet. There 's only one or two bulls in the town that 's after tramps, and if a

Digitized by Google

bloke is anyway foxy he can slip them all right. Two years ago I fooled around here for two months, and had my three square meals every day, and booze too, and I was never touched. You can't hustle pennies, of course, as well as you can down in the city [New York], but you can batter for clothes, chuck, and booze all right enough. I know as many as ten saloon-keepers in the town that'll give me a drink and ask no questions. Yes; Troy 's all right, and it 's only a rotten gay-cat that 'u'd say it wa'n't. The only mean thing about the town is that it 's slow. Us hobos must be on the march, and it 's not in us to fool round a jerk town like this un too long. It 's tiresome, Jack."

A hunt for supper in Cohoes afforded me a great deal of amusement, for I was entertained by an alderman's wife. At any rate, she told me while I was eating my supper in the large restaurant dining-room that her husband, eating his supper in a private room on the floor below, was a village father and a hater of tramps. "But don't worry," she said; "he shall not bother you while I 'm around. I always feed a hungry man, and *I always shall.* I can't understand how some people can turn away from the door any one who claims to be hungry. If I should do this, I would expect to be hungry myself ere long." A freight-train passed by the house while I was at the table, and my hostess immediately noticed my anxiety to be aboard of it. "Never mind," she said; "there 'll be plenty of freights along a little later, and this is a good place to catch them, for there is a grade here, and you can keep away from the station, where you might be arrested." I remembered this woman throughout my journey, and every tramp that I met bound in this direction was advised of her house. I think it would hardly be so "good" another year.

From Cohoes to Schenectady is only a short ride, and it seemed as if I had been asleep in the box-car only a few minutes when Ohio Red, who was with me, cried out, "Jack, we 're in the yards; let 's get out." We slept in a box-car over night. This is an odd way of resting. The coat, vest, and shoes are taken off, then the shoes are made into a pillow, the vest is laid over them, and the coat is thrown over the shoulders. So sleep most of the tramps. After our night's rest and an early breakfast, we went over to the "hang-out" on the eastern side of the town. Thirteen rovers were already there, cooking a conventional meal. They had begged meat, potatoes, bread, and coffee, and had stolen some other vegetables, besides a kettle, and were now anxiously watching the fire. Two more vagrants, who had been looking for cigar-stubs in the town, came in later. Their pockets were well filled, and they divided equally their findings. This "snipe" chewing and smoking is the most popular use of tobacco in trampdom, and is even preferred to "store brands" of the weed, which are easily begged. About dinner-time a man came out to the camp, and offered every one of us the job of shoveling sand for a dollar and a half a day, the work to continue into November. He might better have stayed away. The tramps told him that they had just left as good a job as that in Buffalo, and were now looking for three dollars a day!

At nightfall sixteen tramps, including myself, boarded a freight-train bound west. I was now on the main line of the New York Central, and had no further need to fear any large amount of walking. During the night-ride I had a very pleasant talk with the brakeman at my end of the train. I was in a "gondola" (open car), and he espied me from the top of a box-car, and came down. "Hello, Shorty," he said, "where are you goin'?" "Just up the road a bit, boss," I answered. "Well, let 's go to the other end of the car, where we won't catch the cinders; I 've got one in my eye now filin' it to pieces. Can you take it out, d' ye think?" he asked. I held his lantern on my arm, and looked for the cinder, which was soon out. Just then the train whistled for Fonda, and the brakeman said: "You want to lay low here, for there 's a watchman in the yards. I 'll bring you a bit to eat out of my pail after we pull out." He returned, when we were again started, with a parcel of food, and began to speak of the towns up the road. "Utica," he said, "if you intend gettin' your breakfast there in the mornin', is sort of a snide place, this time of the year. You see, the hop-pickers are around there, and the police always arrest a lot of 'em, and you fellows are likely to be jugged too. This town that we 've just left, however, is the meanest one on the road. I was comin' through there about a week ago, and did n't know there was a bum on the train. The watchman scouted around, and found three of 'em in a box-car, and yanked 'em all up. If I 'd known they were round, I 'd posted 'em about this town, but I had n't an idea they were there. I hate to see a lad get pulled for ridin' a train, because I 've been broke myself, and I know what it is to be on the road. I 'll always carry a man on my train if I can. But of course you know, Jack, that sometimes the 'con' is a mean devil, and we can't do anything that 'll give him a grudge ag'in' us; if he should see a bum on the train, he might report us. So you see what risks we run. But I 've given many a lad a ride, and I 'm always willing to be square to a square plug" (fellow). This is a typical kind-hearted Eastern brakeman, and the tramps like him.

In Utica I made the acquaintance of a

Digitized by Google

roadster called Utica Biddy. I met him at the tramp-camp just outside of the town, near the R. W. & O. R. R. tracks, where twenty-six other loafers were waiting for three of their fellow-travelers to return from the hop-country, in order to help spend their money. Biddy is one of the best-known tramps on the New York Central, and he gave me more information about the districts around Syracuse and Utica than I could possibly have accumulated single-handed. While riding in a box-car from Utica to Syracuse we had a long conversation, and the following is the substance of what he told me:

"I 've been a bum on the division of this railway from Albany to Syracuse for the last four years. I 've had my three squares every day, and in winter I 've had a bed every night. I know you 'll hardly believe this, for some of you beggars come up to this country and curse it because you don't get on the spot what you want. Now, I 'll give you a few pointers about these towns. Now, we 've just left a town [Utica] where I can go to over a score of houses and get a square meal whenever I want it. Of course I was born there, and that may make a bit o' difference, but I can do the same in Rome, Albany, and Syracuse. I 've been on this beat so long, and have watched my chances so carefully that I know now just where to go when hungry. I hear a great many tramps kick about Utica, its policemen, and snide houses. But if a lad will just knuckle down for a month or so and hunt out the good houses, make himself acquainted with the tough policemen and keep out of their way, find good barns for a doss at night, and make a business of bumming carefully, there 's not a town on the Central road but that is good. The trouble with you strange blokes is this: you come up here, booze, draw your razors when drunk, do a little too much crooked work, and of course the people get hostile. Why, see how many lads are working my racket over in Pennsylvania. You know yourself that on the Pennsylvania line there are tramps who not only bum within a division, but inside of sub-divisions, and can chew whenever they like. But they do this 'cause they 're foxy, and have had their boozing knocked out of them. Now, those lads that we left back in Utica will more than get sloughed into jail when they get to boozing. You can't expect the people to stand such stuff as that. And these are the kind of fellows, too, who jigger our riding on this railroad. They get drunk, and if they want to ride and can't find an empty car, they buck a seal, and then there 's the devil to pay about the tramps trying to rob the cars. If the bums would only keep sober once in a while, there would n't be a tramp pinched or in jail once a month. The bulls around here don't care to yank a tramp unless they have to. But what can they do when they find some bloke parading the streets with a jag on? They pull him in, of course, or else the people would kick. I 'll gamble that he would n't be touched, though, if he were simply hunting a meal."

In Syracuse, Biddy, in order to prove his acquaintance with the town, told me of a house where I was certain of getting something to eat. I followed his instructions, and got exactly what I went for — a good dinner. The great excitements in Syracuse, I found, were a big drunk and the State fair. I have never seen such a number of tramps together at one time. Between DeWitt and Syracuse there was a camp of fifty, and there were twenty empty beer-kegs lying around in the grass. Some of the fellows were sick, others had sick clothes, and many of the rest were in fine shape for a free fight. There were two well-dressed tramps whom I immediately recognized as "fawny men" — fellows who sell bogus jewelry for more than it is worth. One of these men was a notorious roadster of American birth, who, for purposes best known to himself, went by the name of Liverpool George. He is the most successful fawny man that I have ever met. He earned twenty-two dollars in one day at the fair by selling for two dollars apiece rings which can be bought in Buffalo for two dollars a dozen. The tramps call this worldly success.

Before I left Syracuse there came to the camp another batch of tramps numbering sixteen. They had just returned from the hop-country, and their money was well poised for another "shot at the growler." During my stay of three days at the camp and vicinity, the men were intoxicated almost all the time. They would even go into town half-drunk to look for something to eat. Yet I heard of no arrest while I was there. About a mile from the hang-out, and east of Syracuse, there were two barns in which the tramps slept. It was most amusing to see the loafers returning to their nests in the hay-loft night after night. Sometimes I listened to comical and ragged tales until the early hours of the morning. I was also the spectator of a number of fights. One particular barn where I spent two nights, near Syracuse, was a regular arena for fisticuffing and squabbling. The men were so cross and ill-tempered after their recent galas that they would quarrel on the slightest pretext. One fellow gave his companion a black eye because he told him that he "ought to hustle better togs" (clothes). Another poor excuse for a knock-down was that a fellow had said that "tramps were bug-house" (crazy).

The journey from Syracuse to Buffalo was very prosaic. I rode from Syracuse to Roches-

Digitized by Google

THE TRAMP HANG-OUT.

DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY A. Z. BAKER. ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

A FAWNY MAN.

ter with a kid and two colored tramps. The boy was in search of his principal, or protector, whom he had lost in Albany. From various registries at watering-tanks, he expected to find him in Canal street, Buffalo. At Port Byron a female tramp, with her companion, Milwaukee Jim, entered the box-car in which we were riding. I learned from him that I must be very careful in my conduct at Rochester. I decided to leave the town as quickly as possible after arrival. On the eastern outskirts of the place I met a gang of twenty-three tramps walking to Fairport, ten miles distant, in order to escape any possible arrest in the Rochester railway yards while catching a freight-train bound east. Between Rochester and Churchville I found still another frightened crowd numbering twenty-seven. They were waiting for nightfall before entering the city to board a train for Albany.

The kid continued with me on the journey to Buffalo, and I enjoyed a talk with him in the car about his life on the road and what inducements it offered. He was only sixteen years of age, but as bright and well versed in tramp-lore as many an aged roadster. But he has a most menial position in the tramp social scale, as have all others of his age. He must not only beg the food for his older companion with whom he travels, but he must also find the tobacco, the casual newspapers, sometimes the "pennies," besides the pails for carrying beer, needles and thread, buttons, and all sorts of articles which may be suggested to him. In exchange for this labor, he has the privilege, as he considers it, of traveling with a professional beggar. That is all. I tried to sound the boy's reasons for continuing on the road, and to learn what first started him to tramping. It seems he became interested in tramp-life in the Illinois Reformatory. Some of his companions at the school, who had been with tramps, told him of their experiences, and he never rested until he had satisfied himself with

Digitized by Google

his own. Now, I learned, he was willing to continue an idler. "It ain't such a bad lot," he said; "I chew every day, get a big swag of booze once in a while, and when I 'm travelin' with Slim [his protector] I have a purty excitin' time." The boy found his man in Canal street, just as he had expected.

Buffalo did not interest me. There was nothing new in the tramp line. I counted sixty-seven roadsters, found that there was plenty to eat and drink and a little money also, if looked for very diligently in the main streets



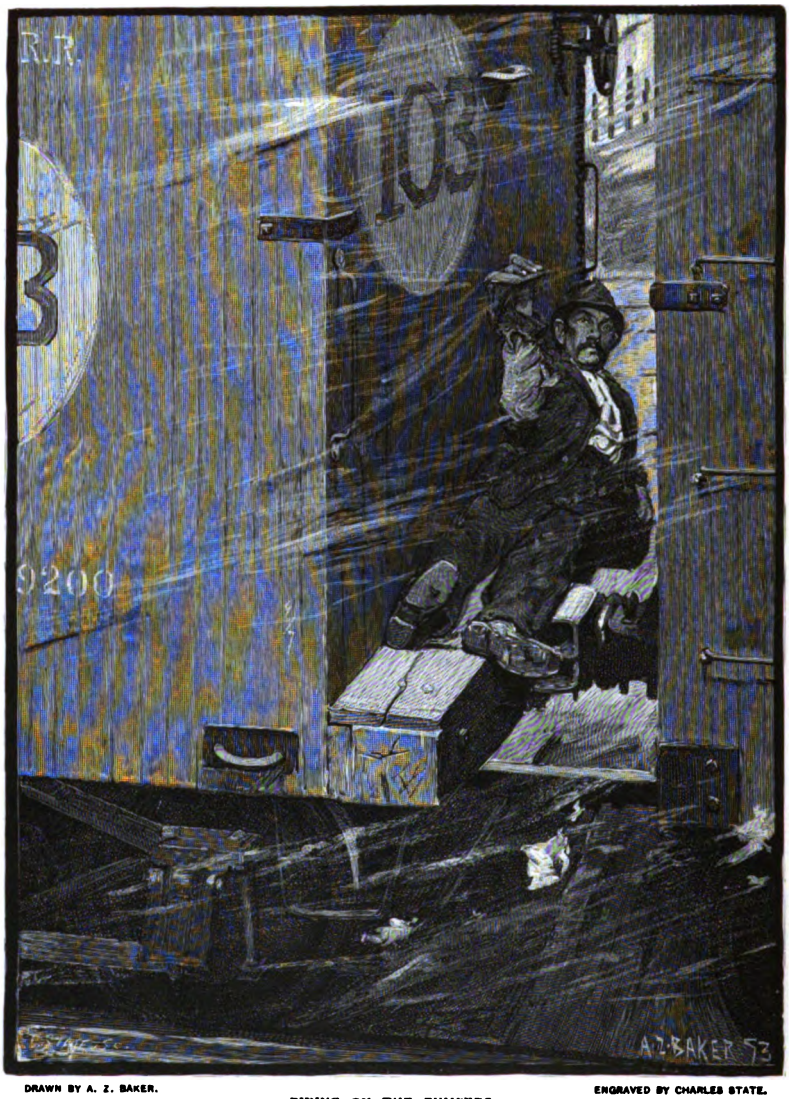
DRAWN BY A. Z. BAKER. ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.

A DIVISION.

and offices; but there was nothing unique. My journey, when I arrived in Buffalo, had extended over three hundred miles (from Albany). I had had three meals every day, excepting the loss of a dinner while traveling from Rochester to Buffalo, and I had met three hundred tramps, who had probably had their meals just as frequently as I had had mine. This number does not include, of course, those who may have been traveling behind or before me, so that, not counting men who were certainly on the road, but out of my sight, here was a voluntary vagrant for every mile of the road between Albany and Buffalo. Further, I did not see a train going west on the Central Railway that was not carrying at least one tramp, and I have often seen a car passing by which appeared simply alive with dead-beats. The reader must remember withal that New York State is by no means good tramp territory, but has been searched with the lighted candle of the law with intent to seize and shut up every offender. The State of Pennsylvania supports three times as many vagrants as New York will tolerate.

Two extenuating statements ought to be made. In the first place, the Central Railway is a very easy one to beat, and probably half of the tramps that I met were "residents" of other States, and were on their way West to make connection with the Illinois Central Railway to go South. Secondly, a great many tramps loaf around the hop-country in the vicinity of Syracuse and Utica this time of the year, in order to drink at the expense of the too light-hearted hop-pickers. The nationality of these men, so far as I could judge from pronunciation, some of their own statements, and their professional names, was almost entirely American. I met one German loafer called Dutchy, and he was the only recognized foreigner that I found. The others may have had parents born in other countries, but they themselves were certainly Americanized. A sure test of a tramp's nationality is his professional name. For every genuine begging traveler couples the name of his birthplace with whatever other name he chooses, and the reader will find, if he will visit watering-tanks or other available stationary railway-property in his vicinity, like section-houses, shanties, etc., where tramps "sign," that the

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY A. Z. BAKER. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

RIDING ON THE BUMPERS.

names registered there indicate, in almost every case, a birthplace in the United States.

My return journey to New York is worthy of comment only because its quick performance may possibly interest the reader. I was desirous of learning how quickly a tramp can make a journey if he desires. And it being to my interest to be in New York at an early date, I decided to forego any specific study of tramp-life on the Erie Railway and simply to hurry over its tracks, if haste should prove possible. I left Buffalo for New York on the night of the 16th, and arrived on the morning of the 19th, although I took a very circuitous route. I traveled from Buffalo to Corry, Pa., over the W. N. Y. & P. R. R., and from Corry I rode to Binghamton over the Erie road. From this place I made a detour to Voorheesville, and then down the West Shore route to Weehawken, in order to confirm certain rumors that I had heard of its hostility to tramps. The entire trip was very tiresome and difficult, because, in order to travel rapidly, I was compelled to ride on top and on the "bumpers" of freight-trains, and on the trucks of passenger-trains. My companion, Pennsylvania Whitey, and I rode after the latter fashion from Elmira to Binghamton. It was a terrible ride. We made the mistake of getting on the trucks of the rear car — a Pullman sleeper — instead of a baggage-car. In doing this we suffered almost beyond descrip-

Digitized by Google

tion. The gravel and dust flew about our faces until the exasperation and pain were fearful. When I arrived in Binghamton my eyes were actually filled with dust, and I suffered with them for days after I arrived in New York. There are tramps, principally in the West, who are much more skilful truck-riders than I can claim to be. But then they have to excel in this mode of traveling, or they could not get over the country. For in the far West the brakemen have no scruples about throwing tramps off freight-trains. In the East more civilized customs prevail, and the tramp is politely asked to "jump off after the train has stopped." Because railway civilization is so backward in the West, the tramps have invented a seat which greatly aids their truck-riding. They call it a "ticket," but it is only a small piece of board, with two cleats nailed on one side, which fit over a rod and keep the seat firm. Some of these tickets are quite elaborate, and are made to fold into a coat pocket.

The journey from Voorheesville to Weehawken proved interesting. My friend Whitey and I left Voorheesville for Coeyman's Junction on a local freight-train. We were on a flat car, and entirely open to view, but were not once molested. During the ride I got a cinder in my eye, which my companion could not find. The pain was intense, and when we stopped next at a small station we jumped off in order that Whitey might inspect it more conveniently. He was still unsuccessful, and the station-master standing by beckoned me toward him and offered to take the cinder out, which he did very skilfully. The train was just ready to start when he called out, "Boys, don't miss your train." We followed his advice.

From the Junction down to Weehawken we underwent many trials. We left Coeyman's with fifteen other tramps on a through freight-train. All of us were huddled together in an open car, and of course the brakeman saw us. After finding out that none of us had any money to give him in aid of his collection for a "pint" (of whisky), he said: "You lads want to look out at Kingston. It's all right until Catskill, but you 'll get collared at Kingston unless you 're careful." The minute the train slackened its speed at the hostile town, the roadsters jumped off *en masse*. Whitey suggested that we separate from the crowd, run around to the other end of the railway yards, and catch the train again when it came out. We arrived there just in the nick of time, and rode away again triumphant. The next stop was Newburg, and just before we arrived the brakeman again warned us. "Look out here," he said, from the top of a car; "if you get pinched here, you're sure for the Albany pen." We left the train again, and manœuvered in the same way as at Kingston. Again we traveled on without fear until nearing Haverstraw, and then came that same warning from the top of a car: "Look out, you lads down there on the bumpers; Haverstraw is a hostile town." This was



DRAWN BY A. Z. BAKER. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

ASLEEP IN A FREIGHT-CAR.

Digitized by Google

sickening. I had not complained before, but now I told Whitey that if ever I arrived in Weehawken safely I should forever forbid myself to "tramp" near the Hudson River. We were eventually successful in passing Haverstraw, and then the brakeman assured us that there was a safe route into Weehawken. His words proved true, and we arrived there at three o'clock in the morning. The puzzling question that I put to Whitey now was how to get over to New York without a cent of money. He told me not to worry, and that he would "work it all right." He spoke the truth, for we slipped into the ferry-house from the West Shore Railway yards, and so eluded the sleepy gate-keeper. When we were on the ferry I noticed four more tramps that I had met in Syracuse, and of course there was a general laugh.

On landing at Jay street, Whitey asked me where I was going. I told him that I was afraid we must part company, and that I should have to walk up to Harlem. "I hate to see you do that," he said, "for it 's ag'in' the tramp natur' to like to hear of drilling. If you 'll wait for me up here on Broadway, I 'll go over to the Post Office and hustle your car-fare." I thanked him, and waited on a corner for about five minutes, when, true enough, he returned with sufficient money for car-fare and slight refreshments over in the Bowery together. "Whitey, so long," I said; "be good to yourself." "So long, Cigarette; hope I 'll see you again." I left him standing in front of the Old Tree House, our ways henceforth forever separate, but as kindly sentiments inhabiting our bosoms as ever fell to the lot of Knights of the Road.

For every voluntary vagrant there is a voluntary tax-payer, and in the persons of these three hundred tramps I met three hundred voluntarily taxed citizens of the State of New York.

Josiah Flynt.



LE ROSSIGNOL.

BEHIND the dusky pines at eventide,
At Avignon, the sky was rosy-pale,
And the large stars seemed fallen to the vale,
When first that music on my senses died.
"And is it bird or troubadour?" I cried.
"It is the rossignol — the nightingale,
As you would say," said the fair Provençale;
"He sings with heart and voice all that we hide."
Enchanted bird, in immemorial trees
Or ruins hid, or spelled by some bright star,
For me thy song has language to appease
Deep yearnings for expression, prophecies
Of dawning hope — and, sadder, sweeter far,
Voices of new and ancient memories.

Henry Tyrrell.

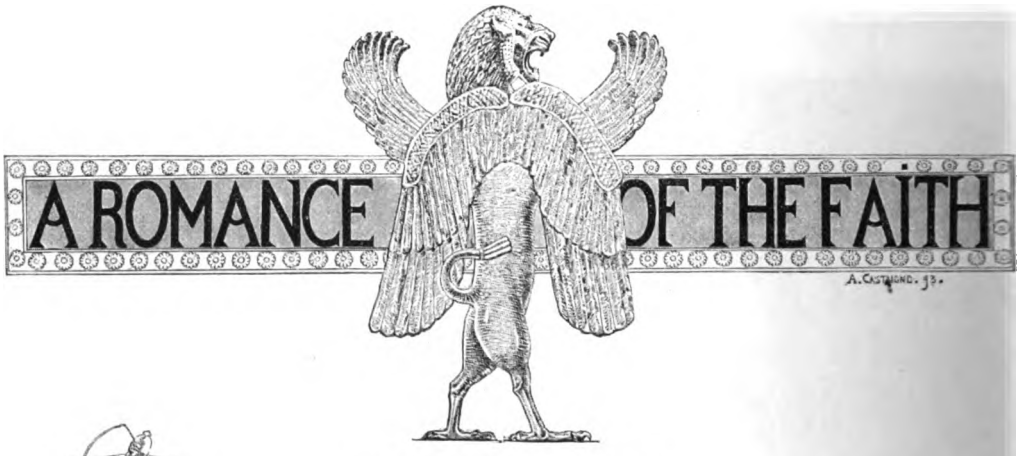
Digitized by Google



SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

A WOMAN, PAINTED BY LOUIS LOEB.

Digitized by Google



WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.



THE house of Terakh was astir. Feverish activity was manifest from the outer court to the inner sanctuary. Black slaves from Cush hurried noiselessly: they carried food for the family; they sprinkled the floors with perfumed water: a few paced the high wall that surrounded the house. Of these the chief was watching for the rising of the sun, while the others peered down the dark street toward the bridge and the city wall as if awaiting an honored guest.

It was the month of the Altar of Righteousness, and the fourteenth day of that month was nearly at hand. That was the day and night of all the year dedicated to the worship of the moon-god Hurki. Thousands were already encamped within and about the gates of Ur, the capital city of the Chaldeans, ready to participate in the splendid ceremonials of the sacred time.

The worship of the gods demanded a profession which has gradually faded away until it has become extinct. It was an occupation which was the very foundation of the arts of painting and of sculpture; it was a mystery rather than a craft; it was a charge that the state committed to the hands of one family only; it was a vocation that demanded a rigid adherence to rules the origin of which was lost in the mists of history. It also called for a creative fancy that was fitted to inspire the fervor of a fanatic people. He who followed its pursuits, though admitted to the esoteric secrets of a jealous idolatry, did not share in its administration. He inspired the influence of an erosive priesthood, but did not wield it. Without him even the gods were impossible, and religion was dead. Men must see what they worship, and Terakh, like his family before him for many generations, was a carver of wood, a hewer of stone, a maker of gods. Even now, in the black of the day, while it was yet cool, he was standing before a terrible image in stone upon which he was chiseling the finishing touches.

The room was square and high. A flickering lamp suspended from the ceiling made the grotesque face of the sitting statue scowl and grimace as if it were alive. Its life-size stone arms were extended with a gesture at once horrible and caressing. Its stone face, bending forward, had been cut into ferocious lines by Terakh, and was as much the embodiment of malignity as rude art could make it. A bloodthirsty god, this Hurki, impatient for the ghastly sacrifice which every year placed upon his arms a living babe, the first-born of a helpless household, the darling of some doomed home.

The old man stepped back, viewing his masterpiece with a grave smile of satisfaction. He was a tall man, as lean as a lost ideal. His straight white beard swept his waist; his low cap, which had been at one time ornamented with two red horns that stood upright, had lost one altogether, while the other had a listless droop; his robe had been originally an elegant garment, flounced and striped and fringed, but now it was dingy and frayed, and the hole through which his left arm protruded had a gaping rip. It was the costume of a man indifferent to opinion, too old to make dress a matter of moment, who lived for achievement rather than for luxury. Yet Terakh was one of the princes of Ur. He was a friend and counselor of the great king, he was beloved by the priests, he was a patriarch in the land, and his family had preferment among the people. In

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

THE GATES OF UR.

a nation that worshiped images, what might not be given to him who alone was the maker of the gods themselves?

Terakh had a curious expression of great pride and of passionate longing. It was a face of sorrow and disappointment. His was a countenance in which religious enthusiasm was lacking. Was it because the maker of gods could not worship them? The curl of his lip as he stood there alone, admiring and disdaining his handiwork, seemed ready to utter the hearts of all the priests of antiquity—"Thou art a god for the people, but not for me." With a breath of relief Terakh cast his bronze hammer and his chisel upon the tiles. The moon-god was finished.

And now, before the dawn, a caravan could be heard

Digitized by Google

approaching the house of Terakh. Riders on velvet-footed camels preceded the motley cavalcade with great dignity; while behind them wild-looking retainers upon stallions drove a cloud of sheep and goats up the narrow streets, until they huddled, trembling and panting, before the gate that shut off the huge court and the house of Terakh from the city. Situated next to the temple wall, Terakh's establishment was a village in itself. It had courtyards, a large inn for guests, a garden, and fountains—enough room for a regiment of men and cattle.

By this time the city was awake, and the sun was about to arise. Citizens gaped at the unusual sound.

"It is the son of Terakh from the desert," they said one to another.

"It is he! It is he!" cried the slaves on the lookout.

In the confusion of answering shouts the gate opened. A young man upon the foremost camel rode impatiently in. His retinue remained impatiently behind. With the ease of an athlete he swung himself from his high seat before the camel had time to kneel. When he touched the ground he was seen to be a mighty man. Even in the dark of the dawn he was seen to be a man of beauty. His face quivered with expression. He had the eyes of a thinker; some might have called them the eyes of a mystic. These were set deep, after the manner of those who meditate on the problems of life. They indicated a nature that was contemplative, and at the same time capable of great practical force, in all ages a rare combination. Bounding to the threshold, he fell upon his knees before a woman. "My mother!" he cried in tones of Oriental reverence.

"Arise, my son. Thou comest with the blessing of the light of the gods."

"Shamshu is arisen!"

"The Lord of Fire liveth!"

"Great is Shamshu!"

The cry went from mouth to mouth. Instantly men and women, free-born and slaves, struck attitudes of devotion, and worshiped the risen sun. Like a miracle the Oriental dawn had come and gone. Suddenly, as if awakened from a trance, the birds started to sing, and the life of another day in sacred Ur began.

"My brethren, are they well?"

"They are at worship, and they are well," said Antelai, wife of Terakh.

"And my father, is he well? His name is last upon my lips, for my heart faileth me to ask. Is my father well?"

"He is well, my son, and waiteth for thee in the presence of his latest god."

"May Ilu be thanked for thy good words, dear mother. I go to my father. Behold, I have brought five hundred of the first-born of my flocks for my father and for the sacrifice." He waved his hand toward the bleating herd which the men were penning in its quarters.

"Thine hands drop fatness," said Antelai, adoringly.

Her son strode over the threshold. As he did so, Antelai poured water upon the sill as an omen of prosperity, and muttered an invocation. Through well-known passages the young man hurried. His heart beat high as he stopped before the entrance and the familiar tapestry. The old man, who had controlled his own impatience almost to bursting, waved the curtain aside with slow dignity.

"O my father!"

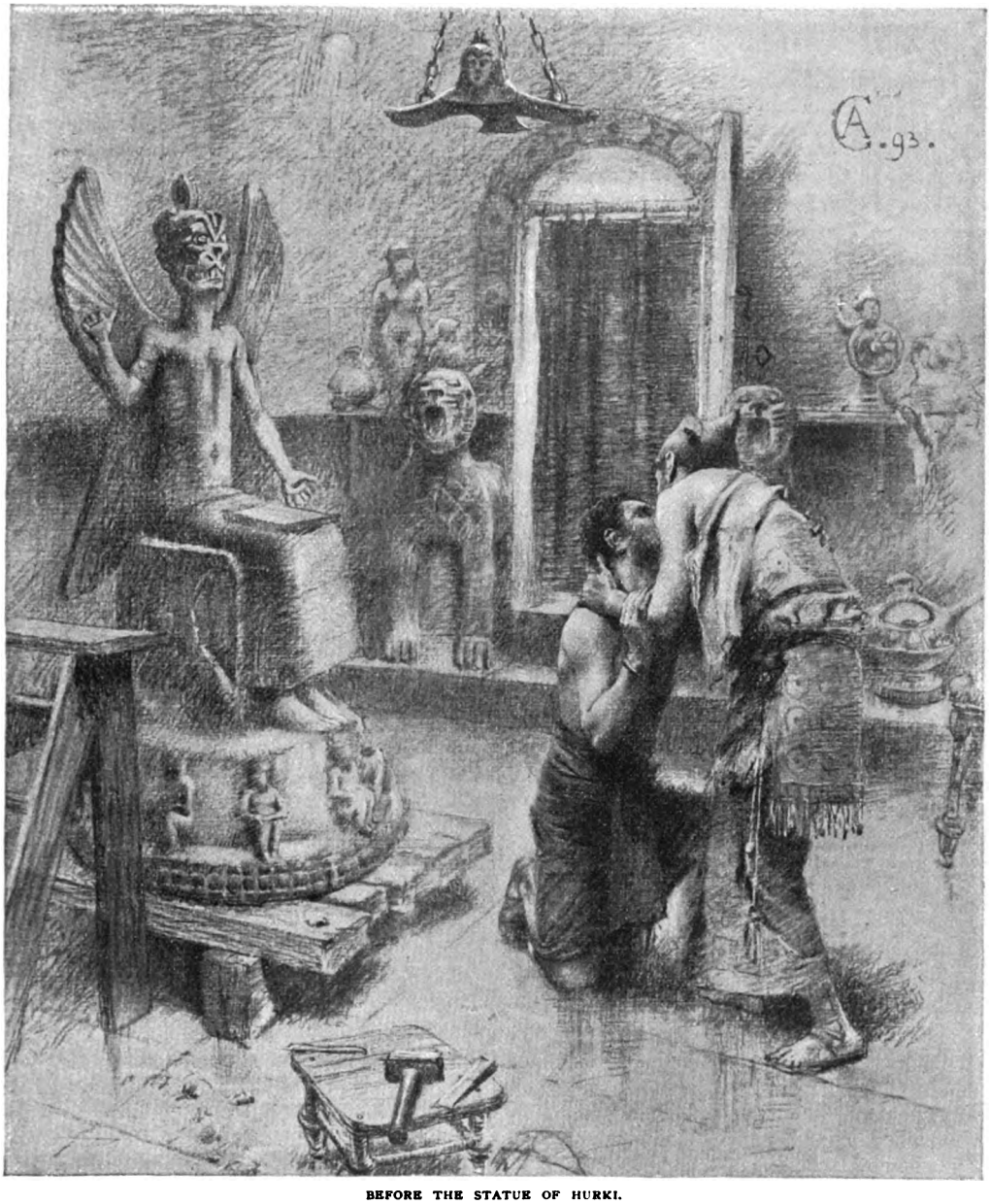
"My son!"

Before the statue of Hurki—before the grinning god—Terakh and Abu-ramu, kneeling, clasped and kissed.

"Haran is my eldest, Nakhor is my youngest, but thou art the mightiest and the best-beloved of them all," said Terakh, with a gesture of blessing and with much emotion.

Twelve times the moon had encircled the earth since Abu-ramu had visited his father's house. Ten years ago he had besought Terakh for his portion of the inheritance. This he had taken, and had changed into flocks the rugs and robes, the slaves and lands, the wheat and barley, the gold and silver, that had come to him, and had gone to the desert. There, sheltered by his roving tent, and protected from robbers by the courage which he taught his followers, he had increased his wealth tenfold, and had made his influence among the wandering tribes of the region so powerful that they called him Abu-ramu, the "exalted father." This name clung to him during all his stirring adventures until his death. For by birth, by intelligence, by imagination, and by fortune, the son of Terakh was a prince among the people; and Amraphel, the king of Ur and of Shinar, feared the independence of no other man in his kingdom as he did that of the young owner of man-servants and maid-servants, and of cattle like the stars in number, who already, in his youth, was respectfully called "the father" of the plains of Shinar. Even Terakh felt a secret awe of his son when he looked into the young man's unfathomable eyes—eyes fearless under the might and blight of a priesthood that multiplied omens and incantations and gods until the people trembled under a despotism more withering than that of the whip. It was even possible for a man to flee from the slavery of Amraphel; but who could escape the curses of Hea, or Ishtar, or Zamama, or Nebo, or Shamash, or Hurki, and the persecutions of a hundred other minor gods, who made themselves

Digitized by Google



BEFORE THE STATUE OF HURKI.

dreaded and dreadful under the rapacious guidance of the priests?

"It is my will that thou serve Hurki, the god of the gods, in the great temple," Terakh had said to his son when the lad ceased to cut his forelock and attained his majority. The youth had looked at Terakh searchingly, and for a while remained silent. Then he said slowly, and with the reverential accent due to his father, who had over him the power of life and death:

"O my father, is it not enough for thee to make the gods? When I see from what thou makest them a voice within me forbids me to interpret them to the people. Indeed, I know not how. I would be a shepherd, unconfused by many gods, or else I would depart to a far country."

This remarkable reply was not braggadocio, but the expression of a heroic conviction; and Terakh, being a wise man, had given his son his own way.

Now Terakh turned to the completed statue and looked at it significantly. He was a man vain of his skill. He was the greatest sculptor

Digitized by Google

of his race, and his gods commanded fabulous prices.

Abu-ramu understood what was expected of him, and inspected Hurki attentively. He regarded the god as a man might a toy that he had once played with and caressed.

"He is a very terrible god. I should think that he was your best." The son, thinking that he had done his duty, turned from the god he despised to the father he loved.



ABU-RAMU IN THE DESERT.

"You did not bow before him when you entered," said Terakh, trying to look sternly at his favorite boy. "It is well that only I noticed the neglect, for the king enforces his decree against those who do not bow down and worship Hurki, the shining lord of the month."

Abu-ramu turned his penetrating gaze upon the old man. Terakh had not the moral courage of his son. Abu-ramu had known the emancipation of solitude; he had the education of the desert.

"Hurki has not yet been set upon his throne, my father. And thou, O my father, ought to know Hurki's power, for thou hast made him. As for the king — a greater one than Amraphel or Hurki is my guide. I am not afraid." As Abu-ramu said this, he made a sudden and beautiful obeisance to something invisible that silenced the elder man. What new god had Abu-ramu discovered? Terakh did not ask. He changed the conversation, but questioned himself whether he had what is worse than the overflow or the drought — a heretical son.

"Iskah becometh a priestess of Hurki — that is the only new thing I have to relate." Terakh looked upon his statue doubtfully and lovingly as he spoke. His son also looked upon the god, but darkly.

"I have not seen the little maiden for many years. She was visiting Sippara when I was here last. Where is she?"

"She is no longer a little maid. She is as stately as a royal palm, and as beautiful as a lily. She heedeth not command or advice. She will not bend to her parents, nor to thy mother, nor to me. Haran hath given her to Hurki. He can do naught with her."

Abu-ramu smiled. The old man had evidently found out that it was easier to mold a god than a girl. Abu remembered a dark skin and a darker eye, a light laugh and lighter feet, and gestures and smiles that had mocked him for his gravity; and yet he thought that Iskah, his half-brother's daughter, had always respected his preferences after her own way. He used to play with her and fondle her as he would one of his greyhounds. She used to be a wild, pretty thing, with once in a while a look as if longing to be tamed. The recollection of

Digitized by Google

those days was pleasant to Abu-ramu. He had man-servants and maid-servants, and they had wives and husbands, but the "exalted father" of Shinar had neither wives nor concubines. "What a priestess!" he repeated to himself with a twitching lip. "What will Hurki think of her?" Aloud he said again:

"Where is she, my father?"

"Haran is within the gate, and Iskah is here, too. She feedeth the birds in the garden about this hour. Go and seek her, for I think that in her heart she heedeth thee." And Abu-ramu went into the paradise of palms to look for Iskah.

Shamshu, the morning sun of life, had arisen only a few minutes, but the sacred city of Ur already smoked with the heat. To-morrow was the seventh day, the white day of the year, and thin columns of incense ascended like dark petitions from the huge ziggurat. The house and the courts and gardens of Terakh adjoined the vast inclosure of the temple of Hurki. Already the confused cries of merchants and votaries, and the authoritative shouts of priests and soldiers, were shrill upon the motionless air. To-morrow would come the ceremonies, the sacrifices, the dedication of the new god miraculously bestowed upon the temple; to-morrow the full moon and the incarceration of Iskah.

As Abu-ramu advanced, tall and commanding, through the court to the inclosed garden, his retainers one by one saluted him with affectionate reverence. They had the air of men ready to forego life or faith for their master. Their hands twitched with lawlessness, and their beards trembled with wild daring that even Abu-ramu had found it hard to subject.

"He ought to be king of Shinar and of Ur. Who is there like unto him?" they whispered, nodding at one another and at him, as the son of Terakh, clad in a sheepskin, with a turban of camel's hair, and with bare feet, strode into history.

The paradise was cool. Grateful shades lay under the stately date-palms. The garden was intersected by flowing canals, and the growth of flowers, of lotus, almonds, pomegranates, and acacias was intoxicating. Unexpectedly, one would find an altar hidden in a grove. Yonder an open space was tiled for a bathing-pavilion. The garden was two acres in area,—a princely size for a town garden,—and every foot of it was busy with growth. Only the family of Terakh and his intimate friends had access to the spot. Melons, citrons, figs, and grapes were carefully reared, and abundant. Rare odors of spices and imported flowers traveled lazily about the inclosure. Ah, the contrast to the desert! What a relief from the withering sky and the brazen battle with the sun! Abu-ramu drank in the cool fragrance that leaped to meet him. He loved this paradise almost as much as he did his father. His senses, refined by the renunciation of the desert, by the mystic thoughts that are inspired through solitude, responded not to women, nor to the sensuous luxuries of wealth, but to perfumes and to natural shade.

"I do not think," he said in an undertone, as if talking to a blue lotus in the water by his side, "that Hurki is here."

"Aha, O Abu! Shall I tell the king?"

The son of Terakh stopped as if a javelin had whirred past his ear. He recognized the musical laugh, the tones of semi-sarcasm, which used to nettle or amuse him. But he was under the narcotic influence of the garden, and he forgot his natural dignity in the pleasure of seeing his little friend again. No rebuke sprang to his lips.

"It is Iskah," he said to himself, looking around. Then aloud: "Where art thou, Iskah? Show thyself, child. Come!"

The last exclamation of impatience was met with a mad, ringing shout. A white cloud seemed to arise from behind a cluster of pomegranates. It fluttered to his side.

"Child? O Abu!" it said in reproachful tones. "Behold!"

Iskah with a deft motion unwound a light veil that protected her from the heat. Her head, neck, and right arm blazed bare in the filtered sun. Abu-ramu started back with a rueful expression as he confronted the most beautiful woman in Ur.

"Iskah, my child — can it be thou?" he stammered.

The girl uttered another merry laugh.

"Tell me, O most ancient patriarch, am I a child?" As she said this, Iskah drew herself up superbly. A toss of her head, and her black hair formed a frame for her face. Her ruddy lips were slightly parted in an irresistible smile. Her olive skin, upon the delicate surface of which emotions had not yet left their imprint, was now dimpled with witching lines of laughter. Her eyes bubbled like springs. Her figure was as stately as a palm. Thus, after years of separation, Iskah, the daughter of Haran, confronted her kinsman.

While Abu gazed upon her beauty in a helpless way, she too looked upon him. And as she looked, his high stature, the comeliness of his features, the fire of command that quivered in his nostrils and shone in his eyes, above all, a spirituality that was foreign to her own nature, and which seemed to cover him like a precious ointment — these caused Abu-ramu to find renewed favor in the eyes of the maiden.

"There is none like unto him in Shinar," she

Digitized by Google

thought; "but he shall never know it from me." Then she said aloud:

"Why dost thou not salute me? Am I not a priestess of the house of Hurki? Thou must do me reverence." She advanced a step, cast from her countenance all girlishness, and assumed an expression of such pious dignity, that Abu-ramu involuntarily brought his right hand up in the recognized attitude of devotion. At this moment her eyes seemed to communicate secrets to the stars.

"Art thou a woman, Iskah, or a goddess?" asked Abu-ramu. He did not yet understand that modesty as well as caprice can, at a moment's notice, convert a guileless maiden into a consummate actress. The girl looked at him softly. To-morrow she was the moon-god's and the king's. Henceforth she would be imprisoned within the court of the mighty ziggurat. She dared not question herself as to the full meaning of this immurement. But at this hour she was free, and her favorite kinsman was with her. She said gently, with a sigh:

"To-day, O Abu, I am a woman; to-morrow a goddess, if thou wilt. Come to the birds; I fear they will starve when I go. I feed them for the last time." With a sad smile she turned, and he followed.

Could this be Iskah? Abu-ramu felt himself confused. Was this the child he had chased like a butterfly through the paradise, and who fitfully allowed herself to be caught? He counted up the years. She could not be more than sixteen. Sixteen? Impossible!

Now Abu-ramu watched Iskah feeding her pigeons; her motions had matchless grace, her body undulated in perfect curves, and he remembered the ferocious leer of the stone god Hurki. His father was proud of it. The more horrible the god, the greater the art. But Abu-ramu's heart, cultivated in the loneliness of the desert to gentle thoughts, shrank from the hideous thing. In silence he continued to observe the maiden. Her slender height, her suppleness, and, above all, the queenliness of the pose of her head and neck, began to act upon him like fermented wine.

"Shall symmetry serve the misshapen? Shall beauty be priestess to a monster? Shall a white soul redden before nameless mysteries? Shall Iskah be a bond-slave to Hurki?" Such questions effervesced in his heart. His grasp tightened upon the bow that he carried in his left hand. He seethed to fight. But with whom should he do battle? Hurki? The king? The city? The nation? And for whom? Iskah? Why, ah, why, indeed?

"Thou lookest at me strangely," said the maiden, suddenly turning to him.

"Because thou wilt be priestess," answered Abu-ramu, simply. Though his words were restrained, nevertheless, his eyes betrayed his new feeling.

The girl looked at him gravely. Her levity had already fled like the lizard at her feet. His color had deepened under his beard. He appeared to her like a son of the morning. Iskah's heart almost suffocated her. True, she had prayed for him every day at her altar, that feverish winds and spells and malign gods might spare him; she had secretly gloried in his reputation and influence and wealth. He was as her pride would have him. And few are the noble women who find their soul's desire. Heart's peers do not often meet. Why did the words of her kinsman give her such dangerous pleasure? Iskah was troubled because she could not understand her own emotions. She would be priestess — yes, die before he should suspect them.

"My father does not think that way," she said coldly, "nor Terakh, nor my kinsmen. They say the god thirsteth for me. The will of my father is my law." She repeated the last slowly like an oracle.

"His will is abomination!" he cried.

"Hurki is a mighty god, and jealous of other gods," said Iskah in a reverent voice, but with a veiled twinkle as she saw his wrath on the increase.

"Hurki is a stone, and I will smite him!"

Abu-ramu, forgetting himself, uttered the treason and heresy of his heart as carelessly as the tamarisk blooms.

At this word the girl, well knowing the horrible punishment meted out to those who did not bow down and worship the popular god, sprang forward, and with a cry of fear put her hand upon his mouth.

"O Abu, the desert hath made thee mad!" She trembled, panting as she spoke. "Peace!" she said, still holding her perfumed hand to his lips. "I fear some slave may hear thee, and tell the high priest, and thou diest."

"Dost thou care?" he whispered. Agitations new to him swept over him like the khamsin.

"O Ishtar!" she exclaimed, throwing her head back, forgetting herself.

At this artless mention of the goddess of love, the veil dropped from Abu-ramu's heart, and in that moment was revealed to him his soul's desire. His blood surged to his ears and deafened him. It mounted to his eyes and blinded him. He shivered like the motionless water when a stone falls upon it.

"Iskah," he said softly.

"Let me go!" She drew back, trying to unclasp his hands. "I did not mean it; Hurki would not do this."

"Iskah, I have need of thee," he whispered in a penetrating, low voice.

Digitized by Google

"And Hurki of me," she gasped.

"Hurki," he blazed, "shall have no part in thee, Iskah, for my love hath seized thee to be my wife."

He said this solemnly, like an oath, pointing, according to ancient custom, toward the rising of the moon as witness. The swift Oriental way of loving had taken him. He did not withstand such an intoxicating fate. Iskah repulsed him with her eyes, straightened herself with pretty hauteur, relaxed, and, mastered by his love, melted into his arms. Then did the two understand the meaning of the ancient proverb which tells us that a minute in the tent of the beloved one is equal to an eternity within the gate of the king. Gently Abu-ramu raised her face to his, and gazed into it with the intensity of an astrologer seeking for a sign in the heavens:

"Thou art more beautiful than the herald of the morning," he said reverently. "Thy word is the breath of the gods. Thou enchainest me."

Iskah returned his look in rapture. Then her face trembled from her chin unto her eyes. Her tears began to fall slowly.

"Abu," she said, trying to hide her face in his mantle, "how didst thou know that I loved thee? For I put mine eyes in bond, and my lips were sealed, that no love might escape them. Why didst thou not come sooner, Abu? For my freedom taketh wings on the rising of the sun, and it is death for the priestess of Hurki the Brilliant to look upon men."

"Iskah," he said in a tone of command, "dost thou love me?"

She answered steadily:

"Now thou knowest it, my lord. Thy yoke is upon my soul until my breath passeth to the west. Perhaps," she added, with inspired eyes, "until the gods are dead; but, alas! my body is Hurki's!"

When he heard these words, Abu-ramu expanded as if Nergal, the god warrior, had challenged him. Iskah looked at him in wonder. He seemed to grow in stature, and lightning played over his brow. He drew a long breath:

"Iskah, my beloved, now I will tell thee the hidden thing of my life. A new God hath sent his command unto me in dreams." He stopped, for his voice, charged with energy, choked him. Iskah stared at her lover incredulously, but his high mien constrained her respect.

"A new god!" she repeated. "Such a thing has not been heard of since the great gods fashioned men with the faces of ravens."

"There can be — there are no other gods besides him," Abu-ramu continued hoarsely. "His countenance is as blinding as the sun. His voice is as soft as a whisper. I worship no other gods but him, not even Hurki. My God, he is not stone. He is a spirit."

What was the meaning of these words? Iskah's beautiful face expressed a bewilderment which it was hard to enlighten. But she loved like the women of her race and time, who did not protest, but accepted the faith and will of a lover with his first kiss.

"What is his name?" she asked in an awed tone. "Thou art his priest?"

"His name he has not revealed to me," answered Abu, reverently. "He is the everlasting: Ilu Shaddai, the God Almighty. Harken unto me," he continued with a steady, rising voice, and clasping her hands tightly; "forget it not, fear not, tremble not, for my God,—the father of the great gods, whom diviners and augurs and soothsayers have never seen, for he is not made with hands, nor fashioned from stone or clay,—the supreme Ilu, shall establish my seat. He will build up my might. He will increase my papyri, my corn, my silver, my cattle, my furniture, and my servants in my hands. He will guide me to a better land. With the fruit of my loins he will enrich the four corners of the earth — for thou wilt be my wife."

Iskah was filled by the sound of these words, as a person standing in a belfry tower is filled with the sound of a great bell. Great hearts in all ages have made religion love, and love religion.

"Art thou greater than Hurki, O my lord?" asked Iskah, clinging to him in an ecstasy of terror.

"I have prayed to the great gods — to Ishtar, to Hea, to Anunit, to Nebo, to Shamash, and to the great moon-god Hurki, and verily my prayers are dust. I am greater than Hurki."

He uttered this mighty heresy slowly, with the conviction of a man who had thoroughly tested the subject. He had a grand look. The two trembled with the consciousness that this unique apostasy meant an epoch in Shinar.

"Thou art a god, O Abu, but art thou mightier than the king?" This Iskah said, with the enlightenment of one who perceives the difference between the spiritual power of a stone god and the temporal power of a despot.

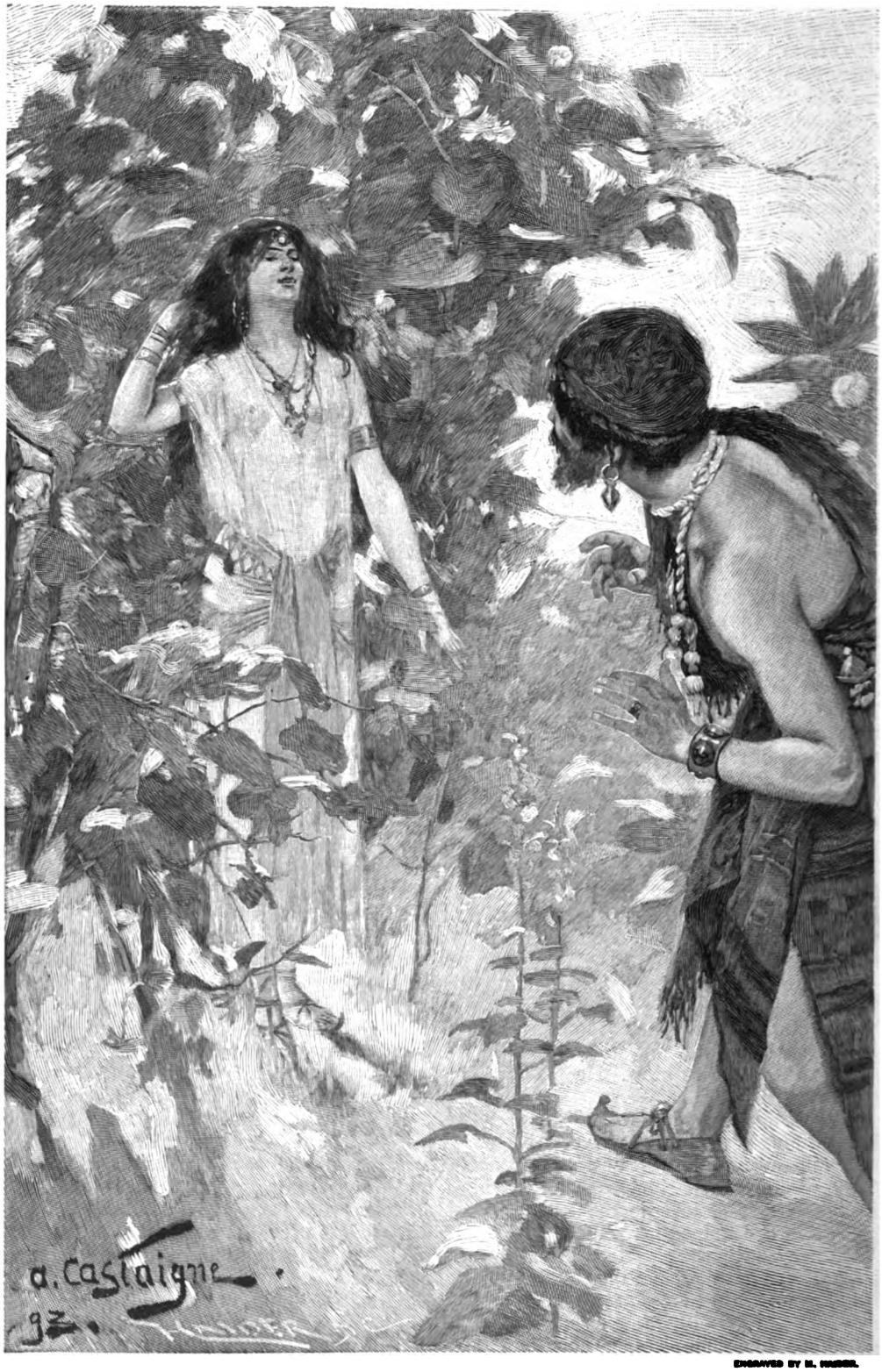
In answer the man of the desert grasped his weapon, and shook it exultingly.

"I have stretched the arch of the bow once, and King Amraphel has trembled. I have stretched it twice, and he has turned. The third time I stretch the wood a god shall tumble to the earth, and a king shall topple from his throne."

"Abu," said the woman, hiding her face, "boast not for my sake! Spare thyself! The god claimeth me."

"If I smite the god, wilt thou be my wife?" he demanded imperiously.

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY H. FABER.

THE MEETING IN THE GARDEN.

Digitized by Google

"If thy god is greater than my god, and thy hand heavier than the king's, and thou win me from the high altar of Hurki, thy will shall be my will, and thy handmaid will follow thee as thy nod leadeth her."

A shrill voice from the other end of the garden interrupted their whisper.

"At the hour of sacrifice I will call upon my God," whispered Abu-ramu, significantly. "Be thou ready, and fear not."

They clasped, they kissed, they parted. Like a white bird, or like the princess that she was, Iskah swept away. Even at the gate of the women's court their eyes embraced. The great love she gave bore Iskah along on the torrent of Abu-ramu's conviction. In those old days women gave themselves blindly when they loved. They did not reason about it.

"My love, Abu — O terrible Hurki!" she cried, flinging herself exhausted before her inner sanctuary. "O thou new God, if it be in thy power, make me his wife!"

THE morning of the full moon opened as softly as the leaves of a sensitive-plant. It was in truth the "white day" of the year. Even Hurki, the lord of building and of rest, must have been proud in his granite heart of this perfect day, set like an emerald in the jeweled month of Sin. Not a leaf stirred in the limpid air. Even the dizzy radiations caused by the heat were absent on the near horizon. It was as if a cool glamour had descended from heaven to earth to vivify men's bodies and to bless the sacrificial day. The sun, like its priests and its temple, was bereft of malignant influence, and the strength of the full moon seemed to carry the value of the night into the richness of the morn. The magnificent and awful ceremonies that began with the rising of the sun, and that were to last seven days without intermission, meant many different things to the participants.

To Amraphel, the high priest, the king, the despot, they renewed a soul jaded with adoration and power. Interpreting Hurki, he became the central disk of the day.

To a father and mother forced into a hateful honor the white day became the black day. It had already snatched from their kisses their first-born baby boy. The modern imagination refuses to dwell upon the ghastly fate of the child. To the great throng in the temple court this was the opportunity of the year to show loyalty to the religion of their forefathers, to worship, to gossip, and to trade.

Terakh's statue of Hurki had been placed upon a huge altar facing the throne of the king. Surmounting a pyramid beside the tall ziggurat, it rose to a height of twenty feet. It towered above the other altars that smoked with the burnt-offerings of bullocks and rams slaughtered at daybreak. Priests flitted here and there within the sacred inclosure, performing their complex and mysterious duties. At dawn the multitude had taken its position, ranged by families and tribes. The most eminent occupied the places nearest to the altars and to the sacrifices. Even now they began to be impatient for *the* ceremony of the festivity. The chief actors in the occasion were only two, the highest in the land — Amraphel, the priest-king, and Iskah, the new high priestess.

In the vast multitude that gaped at the high altar a spectator from the top of the ziggurat might have noticed several groups of scowling men. They seemed to shun observation and to be disguised. These were priests from the rival temples of Nana and Nebo, dressed in the garb of the common people. The worship of Hurki had engulfed all other religions in Ur, as well as the state itself. When the king gave a palmful to Hurki, he gave a pinch to Nana, and a cold nod to Nebo. Hurki's priests were fat, but Nana's were lean, and Nebo was oppressed with debt. To raise a disturbance in the courts of Hurki at the supreme sacrifice of the year was dangerous business, but it might be interpreted as an ill omen, and divert Amraphel from his religion. One mad devotee had actually raised the falsetto cry, "Beautiful is Nana, the goddess of Ur," but he had barely escaped with his life. These priests, banded together in a desperate alliance, pretended to be zealous for the sacrifices, while in reality they were only waiting for a favorable opportunity to start a riot.

In due time the omens were declared propitious for the sacrifice. Hurki was not as bloodthirsty as Nergal, god of the fierce midsummer sun, but once a year the king himself must place in his stone arms the first-born of a noble family. The priestess lighted the consuming fire.

"Look," said a citizen, nudging another; "look at the house of Terakh. They occupy the nearest place. He is in high favor. Behold the height of Abu-ramu, his son. What wild-looking men his servants are! There must be five hundred of them or more. Their faces are as the sons of thunder. Even the king scowls upon them."

"I understand," interposed his neighbor, "that Amraphel is jealous of the wealth of the son of Terakh. They say he meditates a descent upon his flocks in the desert. There will be a pretty fight. Hush! Give me room to fall on my nose, for the crier is ready."

The chant of the priests of Hurki now swelled to a deafening shout. In the midst stood the king, stretching out his right arm, on

Digitized by Google

which a gold bracelet glittered. Upon his head a royal miter rose like a column to a commanding height. The hymn of praise clashed to a climax of triumph:

"Thou through heaven and earth extendest goodness, not remembering wrong!

"Thou! thy will who knowest? Who with aught can it compare?

"Lord! in heaven and earth thy lordship! Of the gods none equals thee!"

When the magnificent ode to Hurki came to this supreme end, stillness settled like an eclipse upon the thousands in the gate of the temple. With one accord the eyes of the multitude were raised to the statue of the god. In this oppressive silence the king mounted upon the steps of the stages that led to the summit of the altar. He cast a critical eye upon the fagots of precious wood heaped with frankincense that were to consume the poor babe, and a haughty look upon the expectant populace. As his gaze roved over the swaying multitude it was arrested by a strange sight. Beneath him and the altar, where an open space should have been left unimpeded, the tribe of Abu-ramu had advanced upon the priests. The shepherds had forced themselves inward almost to the sacred place itself. Fierce faces full of hate looked up to Amraphel. The king's practised eye discerned the outline of a bow here, of a javelin there, and of quivers hidden beneath the ceremonial robes. A priest who had been haughtily shoved aside by this rudeness was fiercely reciting an imprecation against the men of the desert. These sleek servants of Hurki, ready to smite an inhabitant of the city, did not dare to meet with force the roughness of vulgar shepherds.

The people at a distance could not notice the insult to the sacredness of Hurki; only a few priests and the king comprehended the enormity of the insolence.

There was no time now for punishment. The sacrifice must be offered on the ordained minute. The art of the diviner was inexorable.

"His trunk shall I cast to the dogs; of his man-servants will I make me slaves; his cattle will I eat. I hold them here in a net," Amraphel muttered to himself, as he frowned upon Abu-ramu. But the son of Terakh was not looking at the king. With a disdainful brow he was measuring the stone god.

And now a murmur arose among the multitude. Then suddenly, like the appearance of a white meteor overshadowing all stars in a moonless night, riveting attention, compelling admiration, inspiring awe, there was seen beside the stone god Hurki a dazzling figure. It was the high priestess, and how she came there no man knew. A magnificent miter arose from her head. This sacrificial ornament did not lend dignity to her royal figure: it confirmed it. Her robe, elaborate with flowers, fell like a cascade of white foam to her feet. In her arms she bore a babe. She carried it with the pride of a queen who presents the heir to her subjects for the first time. Her presence distilled solemnity. The glory of a pure heart shone about her. Before her the king was a dwarf. Beside her Hurki squatted like a toad. What woman, what priestess, what goddess, was there in Shinar like unto Iskah, the daughter of Haran? Standing before the people, carrying the child, in an attitude of unearthly repose, she gave to Abu-ramu's imaginative mind the impression of eternal motherhood. But her eyes were as restless as a bride's upon the marriage-eve. The king turned to her. At the first sight of her supreme beauty he gave a low exclamation of surprise. This Abu-ramu heard, and his breath came hot; he forged close to the altar.

As the priestess, with grave obeisance, gave the doomed infant into the hands of the king, the child cried. This penetrating wail was answered by a groan from the crowd. But the herald drowned the father's despair as he made proclamation:

"Whosoever at the sound of cymbal doth not fall down upon his face and worship the moon-god Hurki, the god of gods, he shall be cast alive into the fiery furnace. Thus saith Amraphel, his high priest."

During the delivery of this time-worn proclamation Terakh had been casting uneasy glances at his son. Somehow he felt anxious about the outcome of the day. Whither might not fanaticism lead his impetuous and popular boy? Terakh had no real objection to a few heretical doubts as to the deity of Hurki, but he disapproved strongly of their expression. It was undiplomatic, nay, dangerous in the extreme. Open heresy might even involve his own home. Therefore, as a pillar of the state, as the maker of the god he worshiped, he watched Abu-ramu narrowly, with a growing sense of fear. In his heart of hearts the old image-maker had none too much of the national respect and adoration for Hurki; nevertheless, he was not ready to be burned alive. He turned from his dissenting son, and made dignified preparations to fall upon his face.

Now, as the king could not take his eyes from the beautiful priestess, he did not observe the effect of the herald's conventional announcement upon the men of the desert.

These suddenly assumed the desperate and consecrated air of those who court martyrdom. Some flung their cloaks aside, and grasped their weapons. Each glued his eyes upon their chief. It was remembered that many of the household of Terakh joined in this unique demonstration.

Digitized by Google

As the last word of the crier died upon the stagnant air the multitude fell with a groan upon their knees, and hid their faces in the dust. Priests, soldiers, commoners, joined greedily in the abasement. At this supreme moment, with a bound Abu-ramu cleared the space between himself and the altar. He leaped from stage to stage, and with marvelous power and dexterity he flung himself at and swung himself upon the altar beside Iskah. In his right hand he brandished a bronze mallet. It was the hammer with which Terakh had fashioned the stone god. The priestess did not curse the sacrilegist; she did not move; but a smile of welcome as evanescent as a northern light upon a southern sky passed over her lips. Then, with an exultant cry, the men of Abu-ramu swept like a sand-storm into the sacred circle, and inclosed the altar behind and in front.

As yet the worshipers did not know the extent of the awful sacrilege. But it happened that one looked, and then another, and before the breath grows cold, the mad multitude arose. They stood stupefied. A few cried, and execrated the profaners. But some looked on warily and silently. Many pressed forward; others turned to flee. Terakh, his household, and his slaves, with the tribal instinct, formed ranks to await the onset. They had seen the making of many gods, and were pious only as far as the law required.

"Men of Ur! Inhabitants of Shinar!" — Abu-ramu raised his voice like a hurricane, and dominated the vast temple court — "a God whose breath is mightier than the gods of Ur hath commanded me. Behold, I smite." With that incisive word he grasped the mallet in both hands, poised it on high, and then brought it with a crash upon the head of Hurki. Even where the mighty god sat, there he crumbled into dust.

The populace uttered a great cry. They grew into the ground with terror. Weak women fainted. Strong men became cold. Priests dropped to their faces, and, gasping, awaited the vengeance of the outraged god. But the zealous priests of Nana and of Nebo signaled to one another with exultant looks, and locked their fingers on weapons concealed under their garments. With this blow against the superstition and the magic of the Akkadian priesthood perpetrated under the yoke of a ravaging despotism, in the heart of the mightiest temple of the mightiest city of the Chaldeans, under the beard of the king himself, surrounded by walls and guards and priests and power, Abu-ramu towered above the wrath of gods and men.

Then, in the face of Ur, the son of Terakh committed his last and final enormity. A step brought him to the side of Iskah. Ignoring Amraphel, and casting a contemptuous glance upon the shattered god, he clasped her consecrated waist, and whispered in her ear:

"Is not my God mightier than this Hurki? Maiden, follow me!"

For answer she thrust from her head the miter of priestesshood; with a beautiful gesture she crossed her arms upon her breast, and bowed before him. Still her face sought his as if they were alone. Unutterable love leaped from each to each. Knowing that they were to die, she accepted his doom; he received her sacrifice.

For an instant the two stood out before the world upon the desolate altar, as clean-cut as figures upon a signet. Then Amraphel the despot discovered his power. With a voice that carried its speaker's jealousy and terror and hatred and revenge, as the wind drives the rain, he cried out:

"Priests of Hurki! Soldiers of Shinar! Away with them to the consuming furnace! Smite the house of Terakh! Consume the tribe of Abu-ramu! Even where they stand, smite ye them!" With that, forgetting the sacrifice in his arms, he dropped the babe, and stretched out his hand to arrest the son of Terakh.

Iskah swooped down upon the infant which fell lightly upon the scented fagots. She seized it to her bosom, and unconsciously scattered the wood and heaping frankincense over the edge of the altar. Then she cast upon her lover the solemn and significant smile of one who believed herself to have dispersed the last remnant of an enslaving superstition. It was the first smile of a free soul.

"Stay me not, Amraphel, for my God leadeth me!" Abu-ramu shook off the king's hand. Then with bow and quiver upon his shoulder, with the hammer in his hand, he gathered Iskah in his arms, and with her the babe, gift of Hurki, and leaped from the edge of the altar, past the steps of ascent, over the heads of many of his own tribe, to the pavement below. Not for centuries, until the final destruction of Ur, did the legend of that leap cease to make the blood of strong men start. It was afterward whispered that the strange God whom he served upheld his feet that they were not dashed to certain death.

Then suddenly, at that moment, as if tortured to the deed, a priest of Nana plunged his knife into the back of a worshiper of Hurki. It was the madness for sublime suicide which sometimes seizes a fanatic. A servant of Nebo caught the fury, and courted the same fate for the sake of his neglected god. But the near multitude, horrified and cowed by Abu-ramu's deed, fled like sheep before the murderous priests. Farther away men caught the groans, and looked upon one another with suspicion. Then a swift

Digitized by Google

delirium seized upon them. The familiar smell of human blood expanded over the air, and intoxicated the devotees, who now became wild beasts. A frenzy, not uncommon in that wild age, possessed the people. They fell into indiscriminate massacre. Soldiers attacked priests, and priests turned upon the unarmed populace. The fury of an unknown god caused the parent to kill his son, and the son to spring upon the throat of his father.

All the while Nana and Nebo, seated upon their distant thrones of diorite, stared straight before them — and saw nothing.

Many centuries later all the Jewish families in Egypt did a strange thing. Supernaturally guarded amid the wild terrors that were stalking through the land, they sprinkled blood upon the door-posts. By this mysterious means their first-born are said to have escaped the destroyer. By a like power, inexplicable, irresistible, the house of Terakh and the followers of Abu-ramu evaded the madness that smote the children of Ur. What led them unscathed through the midst of frightful confusion? It was as if they were protected by an invisible cloud. Only Amraphel glared at them from his lonely altar. At his incoherent shouts his people set upon one another the more savagely.

"My son, thou hast undone me!" cried Terakh, as the tide of fate swept them in one channel.

"My father, my God will protect thee. Follow thou him." So answered Abu-ramu, shortly and sternly.

"His will be done. I suppose I must." The old man said this with a wry face, thinking little of the danger to his life, but much of the loss of his art.

Antelai, his wife, struggling behind the old man, shed no tears. She obeyed her husband, but she adored her favorite son. Haran, the father of Iskah, and Nakhor, his brother, drawn into the retinue by tribal gravitation, marched with sullen faces. They did not share Abu-ramu's heresy, and it takes time for a superior man to compel the admiration of his kinsmen.

Like a torrent within a seething whirlpool the men of the desert advanced. They did not know much about this new God of Abu-ramu's. Their views of any assistance they were likely to receive from him were most uncertain. Thunderstruck at the sudden carnage about them, they awaited the expected assault. In a solid phalanx, frowning, resolute, unwavering, they divided the storm that waged about them.

"Father, we protect the princess!" shouted the warriors to their chief. "These citizens are as ants to our feet. This day shall we make thee king!"

For answer Abu-ramu pointed to the altar already in the distance. Upon it Amraphel still stood raving at his subjects. He dared not trust himself in the court lest his perverted people slaughter him in their blind wrath. The nation would easily accept a revolution, this Abu-ramu well knew; but the desecration of the god of the land, that could be atoned only by blood.

"To the house of Terakh — and then to the desert!" he commanded.

But thereupon, as if stung by a sudden impulse of revenge, Abu-ramu stood, and stretched his bow, and aimed an arrow at the monarch. Had his heart failed? — for his bow rested. Again the chief of shepherds stretched the arch, and for the second time a voice within bade him take the life of no man. Now for the third time he set his teeth, and raised his bow, and with an arm that knew not its own might drew the arrow to its head. The men of the desert and of the household of Terakh held their breaths to see Amraphel pierced. What a sight! What an opportunity! Even the king, by that horrible attraction which science ignores, stopped his execration, and, leaning forward, with hands apart, with body bent, with mouth open, and with eyes staring in terror, incapable of motion, awaited his death. A swift triumph lighted the features of Abu. After all, he felt that it was manlier to smite the king than the helpless god. Just as his forefinger was dropping the bowstring, Iskah raised the babe on high until its body touched the sharp bronze of the arrow.

In a country where life was a play, and in an age when murder was as common as a feast, Iskah uttered a phrase, memorable because of its originality, and which became a watchword of the new religion:

"Abu-ramu, thou shalt not kill!" The priestess spoke. The lover obeyed. Overwhelmed by the revulsion of his escape, Amraphel, speechless, dropped upon the fragments of his god.

Thus the men, a thousand in number, of the united houses of Terakh and Abu-ramu swept unharmed past the murdering populace, the butchering priests, the red-handed guards, the venerable temple gate — desecrated for the first time, and leaving their old religion forever behind, outcasts from Hurki and Ur, into the silent street and down it they marched silently until they reached the mansion of Terakh.

Strange though it be to relate, the servants of Terakh and of his son killed none in that onset. The followers of a new God did not usher in their new religion by the death of even one man. But the votaries of Hurki, struggling under a nameless delirium, slaugh-

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE LEAP.

Digitized by Google

tered one another until exhaustion and night ended the unparalleled carnage.

Now, in the midst of this scene, Iskah felt a touch upon her garment,— a motion like the sleight of a sorcerer, and no more,— and when she looked, behold, the babe was gone from her arms.

A wild-eyed man was winding his way out of the retinue adroitly, like a sacred snake, and if any observed him, no man withstood him. A woman's cry of ecstasy from beyond, in the street, reached up to Iskah; for her ears and her heart were fine. "That poor mother hath found her babe," she said to Antelai. She did not mention the matter to Abu-ramu. He had forgotten about the child.

In the early starlight a great caravan wound its unmolested flight from out the gate of Terakh, past the unguarded fortifications of Ur, into the gray sands.

"Blessed be the One God! He leadeth. I follow. Dost thou love me?" Thus whispered the chief; for he was but a lover, and the maiden clung to his bosom.

"As thou livest, let me live: when thou diest, I will die." So said Iskah, gently.

THE grand vizier and the general of the right aroused the king from his stupor.

"Arise, O king, and pursue them, and kill them, for their power is small, and their booty is great. Even Hurki, the shining one, commands it."

"Let them go," answered the king, slowly. "I have seen a god greater than Hurki. He hath protected them. Pursue not, and let them go."

FAR into the night, with the apprehensive look of flight, the caravan hurried on until the dawn. Seated upon one camel, Iskah and Abu-ramu mutely communed with the future. With welded hands, with a touch that told their hidden thoughts, the prince and the princess passed their first night together as in a sacred dream.

"Thy God shall be my God," whispered the Chaldean bride. "Thou mightier than Hurki, thou hast snatched me as a panther doth his prey — O my lord!" Her voice thrilled with the pride that the weak feel in the strong.

"This day hath my God done mighty things in Ur. Whither he leadeth me, I know not. But this I know — I will obey him, and love thee, until my death."

"Hush!" said Iskah, her eyes roving over the horde. "For behold, Terakh approacheth."

They had been riding alone behind the tents and household goods. As the old man approached them a close observer would have noticed that his venerable face was much changed. A contest had passed over him that had left deep marks. Forced by fate into heresy which his courage never would have led him to champion, but of which he approved in the innermost vaults of his heart, his features had now that cast of decision which was needed to make his countenance strong.

A God whom he had seen to be mightier than the god he had made had taken him by the hand, and Terakh was astonished that he had offered his palm in return. But Terakh was an old man, and he was weak with much emotion.

"Now thou art the 'exalted father' of the people," said the aged man, bending humbly before his son. "Thy men inquire whether they shall offer sacrifice to Shamash or to Hurki."

"Tell them," said Abu-ramu without hesitation, in a tone of authority, "that they offer neither to the sun, nor to the moon, nor the stars, nor to any graven images, but let them consume a sin offering to the One God."

"His name?" inquired Terakh, politely.

"He is called Ilu Shaddai, the God Almighty." Abu-ramu crossed his arms, and bent his head as he spoke. Awe covered his face like a mantle. Reverence settled upon it like a mist.

Moved as he had never been before, the old maker of gods, who knew his own images only too well, bowed and departed. "Verily," he thought, "my son loveth in might, he believeth in wisdom, he speaketh in mystery."

"Iskah! Beloved!" Abu-ramu's voice sounded as if it spoke from a soul far away. "I know not the new God yet. But I shall know him as the son knoweth the father. But this I know, that my soul cleaveth to thee with a love vaster than the heavens above, deeper than the earth beneath, and broader than the waters over the earth."

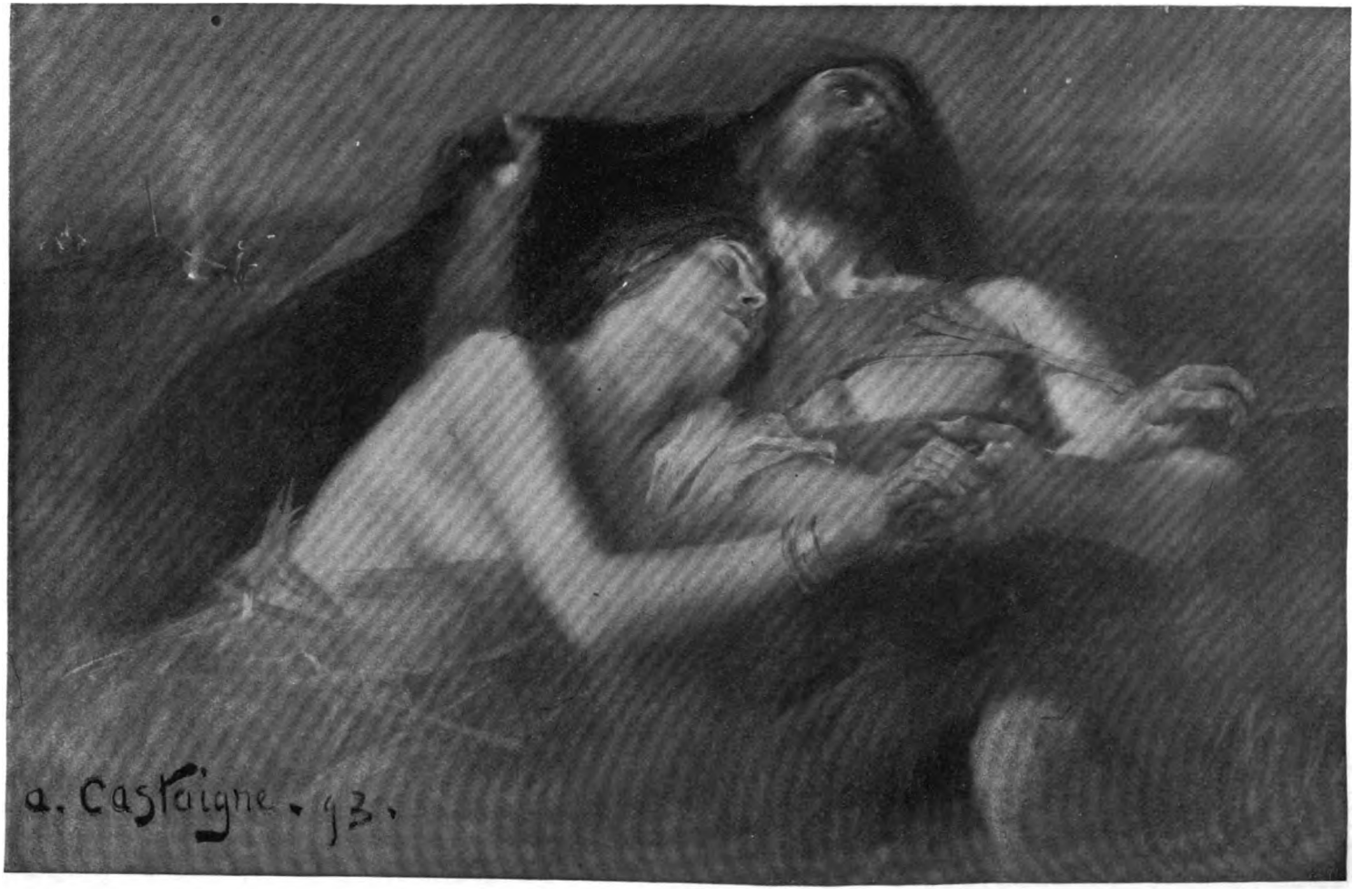
Iskah's glance rested for a moment upon her lover's eyes, and then quickly passed to the jeweled sky with a modest motion rare in that age to her sex and nation. She felt Abu's arm encircling her with an imperious insistence. It was as if he had forged around her neck the collar of a sweet servitude.

"Stranger than the power that brought us alive out of the ziggurat of Hurki, and out of the city of Ur, is thy great love for me, O Iskah," he murmured.

"Teach thou me the new God. I will worship him. I find him very sweet." So said Iskah in a tired voice. Her head dropped upon his arm. She dreamed of a home with him. But his eyes sought the dark west. He was one of those who unite love and ambition into one emotion; he dreamed of founding a new nation by the help of a new God.

The dawn broke. Lifting up her hand to

Digitized by Google



ABU-RAMU AND ISKAH.

Digitized by Google

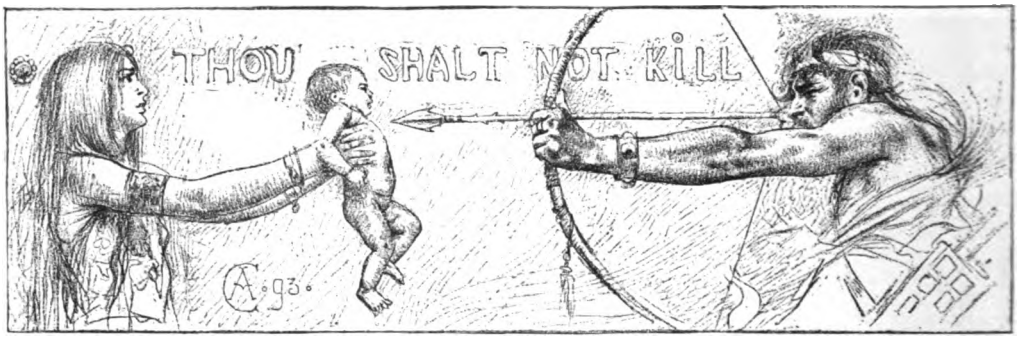
his lips, his eyes drew near and feasted upon her exquisite countenance. Her expression changed; as it did in the garden, from the priestess' to the woman's look, so now, with a sudden illumination, the woman's expression became that of the wife. Abu-ramu followed this beautiful transformation in rapture.

"My God," he cried out, "thou killest me with thy goodness!" Then he drew his wife toward him, and hid her in the folds of his mantle that his people might not see the meeting of their lips.

A book older than time, for it has proceeded out of the mouth of God, has told of the wanderings of these seekers after the true Ilu through Kharran, through Egypt, until they found rest in the land of the Canaanites. For in that book, Abu-ramu, the son of Terakh, the inhabitant of Ur, a prince of the Casidu, is known as Abraham, the father of the Jews; and Iskah his wife is called Sarai, the princess. And from their heresy, their courage, and their love

. . . Sprang the race
That with Jehovah parleyed face to face.

Herbert D. Ward.



TWO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

I. THE RAMAGE MINIATURE.

PRESENTED herewith is an engraving of the original portrait of General Washington painted from life by John Ramage for Mrs. Washington.

The following entry appears in Washington's diary under date of October 3, 1789. "Sat for Mr. Ramage near two hours to-day, who was drawing a miniature picture of me for Mrs. Washington." Until a comparatively recent date very little was known of Ramage, and that mainly through Dunlap, a contemporary. He was supposed to have died soon after painting this miniature. The following extract from a letter of the artist's grandson, Mr. Theron A. Ramage (now living), addressed to the writer, and dated March 31, 1892, shows that Ramage was living a good many years afterward, though the exact date of his death does not seem to be known:

He came from Dublin, Ireland, to Boston, and married a lady by the name of Liddell. He moved to New York, and lived at 25 William St., in a two-story brick building. [This is the place where Washington sat two hours for this picture.] His first wife having died, he married Catherine Collins, daughter of John Collins, merchant, and had two sons, George C. Ramage and Thomas A. Ramage, my father, who was born in New York, Feb. 2, 1793, and died seventeen years ago. He has often told me that his father was a celebrated miniature-painter of his day, and had taken Washington's picture. . . .

John Ramage lived in New York until 1794, when, having indorsed for friends, he went to Canada. At that time they would imprison you for such kind acts. I have his letters, telling how he went by post from town to town, and finally arrived in Canada. He did not like the people, they were so averse to the Americans. Being a proud-spirited man, he was soon arrested for uttering language favorable to the Americans. In a letter he says: "I was arrested and taken before the provost-marshal, and charges were read to me that I had used language favorable to the American people. I told them I had, and reiterated it then and there. I was put under guard thirty days." He also says: "It would have been better for me had I remained in New York and went to the gaol; for then I could at least see my friends, as it was no fault of mine that in serving my friends they had not met their obligations; and I was their victim by my kindness." I have several miniatures and other beautiful work executed by him, and one that was obtained a short

Digitized by Google

time ago, having been out of the family over fifty years. John Ramage lived in Canada, and I supposed died in 1802. Of this I am not sure.

Washington is here represented in the full uniform of a general. The figure, in its blue coat with buff facings and epaulets, stands out clearly from a background of blue and green curiously blended. About the neck is a high white stock, from which the lace falls gracefully into the partly unbuttoned waistcoat. From the left lapel hangs the blue ribbon of the Society of the Cincinnati, of which order he was president.



ORIGINAL MINIATURE ON IVORY, PAINTED BY JOHN RAMAGE IN OCTOBER, 1789. OWNED BY H. S. STABLER, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

The strength of the work, however, lies in the features. Here is the portrait of the man — not "the Father of his Country." Nothing approaching idealism can be discovered. The lines, especially about the lower part of the face, show great delicacy and power. The mouth lacks the disfiguring effect of the false teeth, as seen in the best-known portrait, and both mouth and chin express force and determination rather than placid dignity. The nose is strongly aquiline. The flesh-tints are perfect, and as soft as though painted yesterday. The eyes are dark blue. The setting, in the shape of a locket, is a charming specimen of the jeweler's art, made of old Guinea gold, richly chased and ornamented. In the back of the case is General Washington's hair, and upon it rests a facsimile of his monogram, now somewhat broken. The original seal from which this monogram was copied was lost on Braddock's field, and was there found by Daniel Boone Logan in 1842.[1] At one time the writer was led to suppose the hair to be that of Martha Washington instead of the General's, from the fact that the secretary of a noted antiquarian claims to have seen a letter of Washington's dated October 14, 1789 (eleven days after the entry in the diary quoted above), in which he mentions the miniature, and says, "My dear lady's hair is to be placed in the back of the locket." I had no reason to doubt the truth of this until I was informed by the best authorities that Washington never, even when writing to members of his family, spoke of his wife other than as "Mrs. Washington." In all his writings no other term is used. There is no reason why her hair should have been placed there, unless perhaps they both wished to be represented. The most careful search has failed to bring to light the letter mentioned. The authorities are positive in asserting that the extract has been garbled. Glued to the ivory, for the purpose of stiffening it, is an old-fashioned playing-card, perhaps the seven or nine of hearts. Ramage's grandson says that the artist's desk contains similar playing-cards. All the examples of Ramage's work in possession of the grandson show the same unmistakable skill in detail, color, and workmanship.

[1] See "George Washington and Mount Vernon," published by the Long Island Historical Society, 1889.

Digitized by Google



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

DONE IN FINE BLACK SILK EMBROIDERY ON A WHITE SILK GROUND, BY ROWLINDA, DAUGHTER OF JAMES SHARPLESS, THE ENGLISH ARTIST. OWNED BY MRS. ELIZABETH BRAXTON TOMLIN, OF VIRGINIA.

Digitized by Google

The history of the miniature, as the writer's mother knew it, is as follows:

From Betty Washington, afterward Betty Lewis, it came to her daughter Betty, who married Charles Carter; thence to her daughter Otwayana Carter, who was the second wife of Dr. William Owen of Lynchburg, Virginia. She was without issue, and adopted a niece of her husband, Mrs. Thomas S. Stabler, from whom the writer and his two brothers, Owen and Robinson, inherit it. For many years the portrait was in the possession of Mrs. Stabler, having been given to her when a girl. It was owned by Otwayana Carter many years prior to that. It has been suggested by a student of the history of Washington portraiture that as Betty Washington died before the General or his wife, it could not have come from her. The seemingly small value attached to contemporary documents relating to such things is surprising. They are, however, of minor importance, since the identity of the portrait has been fully established. There are, at most, only five links, inclusive, between the present owners and the one for whom it was originally executed.

H. S. Stabler.

II. MISS SHARPLESS'S NEEDLE-WORK PORTRAIT.

THE portrait of General Washington by Miss Sharpless, printed on page 546, was presented to Mrs. Mary Grymes Braxton, wife of Colonel Carter Braxton, grandson of Carter Braxton, the signer, by Felix Sharpless, son of James Sharpless, while he was residing with the Grymes Braxton family at their noted colonial residence, Brandon, on the Rappahannock River, Virginia. This picture is the inheritance of Mrs. Elizabeth Braxton Tomlin of Virginia (daughter of Mrs. Carter Braxton), by whose courtesy THE CENTURY has made the first and only copy.

James Sharpless came to Virginia between 1794 and 1798 (the date is in doubt), and visited Mount Vernon, where he painted in pastel two portraits of Washington, and one of Mrs. Washington, from life. He returned to England, and in 1809 came back with his family, and visited among the colonial homes, painting portraits. They were a family of artists. Mrs. Sharpless took portraits in pastel, as did her sons James and Felix, while her daughter Rowlinda occasionally made copies of her father's portraits with a fine needle, in black silk embroidery upon a white silk canvas, giving the effect of an etching. After the death of James Sharpless in New York, February 26, 1811, the family was broken up, and years afterward his son Felix, visiting Virginia, found a temporary home at Brandon. He remained there for a year, taking portraits in pastel of many members of the family and of other prominent people.

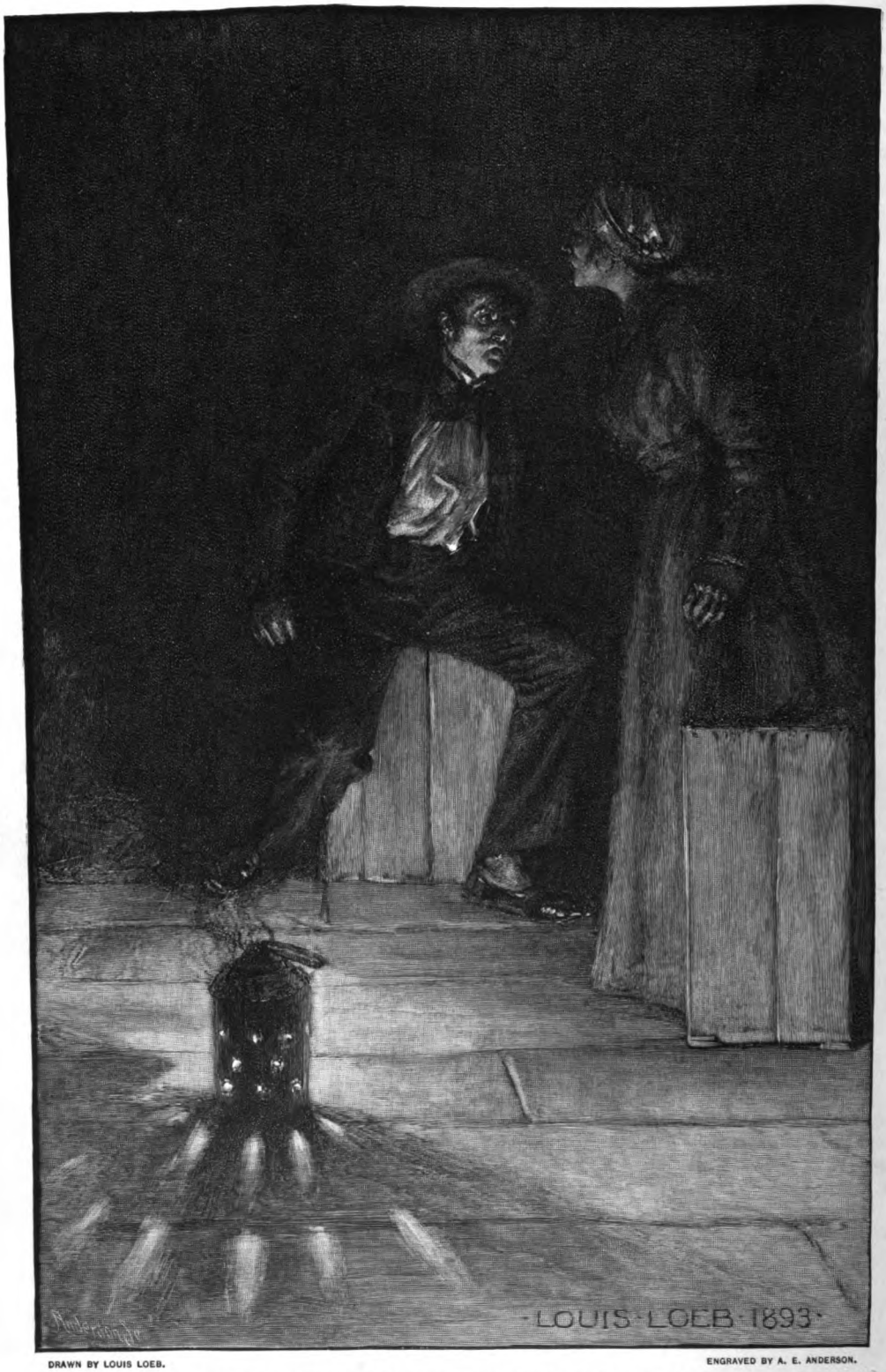
Ella Bassett Washington.

A FRIEND.

MY Father, it has pleased thy love profound
(And since I know it for thy sovereign will,
I bid the heart that cries aloud be still)
To keep my days with narrow walls hedged round,
My fretting soul in such close fetters bound,
It bleeds beneath them. Thou hast made me fill
My cup with but such draught as I distil
From my own griefs, and find their memory drowned
In that poor Lethe. So, when I shall see
The dark-winged angel, he will seem to me
A friend who, smiling, thus might come to one
Imprisoned, take him gently by the hand,
And lead him out to some wide, beauteous land,
Where springs of life immortal seek the sun.

Stuart Sterne.

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB. ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

"'DOES YOU B'LIEVE ME WHEN I SAYS DAT?'"

Digitized by Google

[BEGUN IN DECEMBER, 1893.]

PUDD'NHEAD WILSON.

A TALE BY MARK TWAIN.

WHY is it that we rejoice at a birth and grieve at a funeral? It is because we are not the person involved.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

IT is easy to find fault, if one has that disposition. There was once a man who, not being able to find any other fault with his coal, complained that there were too many prehistoric toads in it. —*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

CHAPTER IX.

TOM flung himself on the sofa, and put his throbbing head in his hands, and rested his elbows on his knees. He rocked himself back and forth and moaned:

"I 've knelt to a nigger-wench!" he muttered. "I thought I had struck the deepest depths of degradation before, but oh, dear, it was nothing to this. . . . Well, there is one consolation, such as it is—I 've struck bottom this time; there 's nothing lower."

But that was a hasty conclusion.

At ten that night he climbed the ladder in the haunted house, pale, weak, and wretched. Roxy was standing in the door of one of the rooms, waiting, for she had heard him.

This was a two-story log house which had acquired the reputation a few years before of being haunted, and that was the end of its usefulness. Nobody would live in it afterward, or go near it by night, and most people even gave it a wide berth in the daytime. As it had no competition, it was called *the* haunted house. It was getting crazy and ruinous, now, from long neglect. It stood three hundred yards beyond Pudd'nhead Wilson's house, with nothing between but vacancy. It was the last house in the town at that end.

Tom followed Roxy into the room. She had a pile of clean straw in the corner for a bed, some cheap but well-kept clothing was hanging on the wall, there was a tin lantern freckling the floor with little spots of light, and there were various soap- and candle-boxes scattered about, which served for chairs. The two sat down. Roxy said—

"Now den, I 'll tell you straight off, en I'll begin to k'leck de money later on; I ain't in no hurry. What does you reckon I 's gwine to tell you?"

"Well, you—you—oh, Roxy, don't make it too hard for me! Come right out and tell me you 've found out somehow what a shape I 'm in on account of dissipation and foolishness."

"Disposition en foolishness! *No* sir, dat ain't it. Dat jist ain't nothin' at all, 'longside o' what *I* knows."

Tom stared at her, and said—

"Why, Roxy, what do you mean?"

She rose, and gloomed above him like a Fate.

"I means dis—en it 's de Lord's truth. You ain't no more kin to ole Marse Driscoll den I is!—*dat 's* what I means!" and her eyes flamed with triumph.

"What!"

"Yassir, en *dat* ain't all! You 's a *nigger!*—*bawn* a nigger en a *slave!*—en you 's a nigger en a slave dis minute; en if I opens my mouf ole Marse Driscoll 'll sell you down de river befo' you is two days older den what you is now!"

"It 's a thundering lie, you miserable old blatherskite!"

"It ain't no lie, nuther. It 's jes de truth, en nothin' *but* de truth, so he'p me. Yassir—you 's my *son*—"

"You devil!"

"En dat po' boy dat you 's be'n a-kickin' en a-cuffin' to-day is Percy Driscoll's son en yo' *marster*—"

"You beast!"

"En *his* name 's Tom Driscoll, en *yo'* name 's Valet de Chambers, en you ain't *got* no fambly name, beca'se niggers don't *have* 'em!"

Tom sprang up and seized a billet of wood and raised it; but his mother only laughed at him, and said—

"Set down, you pup! Does you think you kin skyer me? It ain't in you, nor de likes of you. I reckon you 'd shoot me in de back, maybe, if you got a chance, for dat 's jist yo' style—*I* knows you, thoo en thoo—but I don't mind gitt'n' killed, beca'se all dis is down in writin', en it 's in safe hands, too, en de man dat 's got it knows whah to look for de right man when I gits killed. Oh, bless yo' soul, if you puts yo' mother up for as big a fool as *you* is, you 's pow'ful mistaken, I kin tell you! Now den, you set still en behave yo'self; en don't you git up ag'in till I tell you!"

Tom fretted and chafed awhile in a whirlwind of disorganizing sensations and emotions,

Digitized by Google

and finally said, with something like settled conviction —

"The whole thing is moonshine; now then, go ahead and do your worst; I 'm done with you."

Roxy made no answer. She took the lantern and started toward the door. Tom was in a cold panic in a moment.

"Come back, come back!" he wailed. "I did n't mean it, Roxy; I take it all back, and I 'll never say it again! Please come back, Roxy!"

The woman stood a moment, then she said gravely:

"Dah 's one thing you 's got to stop, Valet de Chambers. You can't call me *Roxy*, same as if you was my equal. Chillen don't speak to dey mammies like dat. You 'll call me ma or mammy, dat 's what you 'll call me—leastways when dey ain't nobody aroun'. *Say* it!"

It cost Tom a struggle, but he got it out.

"Dat 's all right. Don't you ever forgit it ag'in, if you knows what 's good for you. Now den, you has said you would n't ever call it lies en moonshine ag'in. I 'll tell you dis, for a warnin': if you ever does say it ag'in, it 's de *las'* time you 'll ever say it to me; I 'll tramp as straight to de Judge as I kin walk, en tell him who you is, en *prove* it. Does you b'lieve me when I says dat?"

"Oh," groaned Tom, "I more than believe it; I *know* it."

Roxy knew her conquest was complete. She could have proved nothing to anybody, and her threat about the writings was a lie; but she knew the person she was dealing with, and had made both statements without any doubt as to the effect they would produce.

She went and sat down on her candle-box, and the pride and pomp of her victorious attitude made it a throne. She said—

"Now den, Chambers, we 's gwine to talk business, en dey ain't gwine to be no mo' foolishness. In de fust place, you gits fifty dollahs a month; you 's gwine to han' over half of it to yo' ma. Plank it out!"

But Tom had only six dollars in the world. He gave her that, and promised to start fair on next month's pension.

"Chambers, how much is you in debt?"

Tom shuddered, and said —

"Nearly three hundred dollars."

"How is you gwine to pay it?"

Tom groaned out —

"Oh, I don't know; don't ask me such awful questions."

But she stuck to her point until she wearied a confession out of him: he had been prowling about in disguise, stealing small valuables from private houses; in fact, had made a good deal of a raid on his fellow-villagers a fortnight before, when he was supposed to be in St. Louis; but he doubted if he had sent away enough stuff to realize the required amount, and was afraid to make a further venture in the present excited state of the town. His mother approved of his conduct, and offered to help, but this frightened him. He tremblingly ventured to say that if she would retire from the town he should feel better and safer, and could hold his head higher—and was going on to make an argument, but she interrupted and surprised him pleasantly by saying she was ready; it did n't make any difference to her where she stayed, so that she got her share of the pension regularly. She said she would not go far, and would call at the haunted house once a month for her money. Then she said—

"I don't hate you so much now, but I 've hated you a many a year—and anybody would. Did n't I change you off, en give you a good fambly en a good name, en made you a white gen'l'man en rich, wid store clothes on—en what did I git for it? You despised me all de time, en was al'ays sayin' mean hard things to me befo' folks, en would n't ever let me forgit I 's a nigger—en—en—"

She fell to sobbing, and broke down. Tom said—

"But you know I did n't know you were my mother; and besides—"

"Well, nemmine 'bout dat, now; let it go. I 's gwine to fo'git it." Then she added fiercely, "En don't you ever make me remember it ag'in, or you 'll be sorry, *I* tell you."

When they were parting, Tom said, in the most persuasive way he could command—

"Ma, would you mind telling me who was my father?"

He had supposed he was asking an embarrassing question. He was mistaken. Roxy drew herself up with a proud toss of her head, and said —

"Does I mine tellin' you? No, dat I don't! You ain't got no 'casion to be shame' o' yo' father, *I* kin tell you. He wuz de highest quality in dis whole town—ole Virginny stock. Fust famblies, he wuz. Jes as good stock as de Driscolls en de Howards, de bes' day dey ever seed." She put on a little prouder air, if possible, and added impressively: "Does you 'member Cunnel Cecil Burleigh Essex, dat died de same year yo' young Marse Tom Driscoll's pappy died, en all de Masons en Odd Fellers en Churches turned out en give him de bigges' funeral dis town ever seed? Dat 's de man."

Under the inspiration of her soaring complacency the departed graces of her earlier days returned to her, and her bearing took to itself a dignity and state that might have passed for

Digitized by Google

queenly if her surroundings had been a little more in keeping with it.

"Dey ain't another nigger in dis town dat 's as high-bawn as you is. Now den, go 'long! En jes you hold yo' head up as high as you want to — you has de right, en dat I kin swah."

CHAPTER X.

ALL say, "How hard it is that we have to die" — a strange complaint to come from the mouths of people who have had to live.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

WHEN angry, count four; when very angry, swear.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

EVERY now and then, after Tom went to bed, he had sudden wakings out of his sleep, and his first thought was, "Oh, joy, it was all a dream!" Then he laid himself heavily down again, with a groan and the muttered words, "A nigger! I am a nigger! Oh, I wish I was dead!"

He woke at dawn with one more repetition of this horror, and then he resolved to meddle no more with that treacherous sleep. He began to think. Sufficiently bitter thinkings they were. They wandered along something after this fashion:

"Why were niggers *and* whites made? What crime did the uncreated first nigger commit that the curse of birth was decreed for him? And why is this awful difference made between white and black? . . . How hard the nigger's fate seems, this morning! — yet until last night such a thought never entered my head."

He sighed and groaned an hour or more away. Then "Chambers" came humbly in to say that breakfast was nearly ready. "Tom" blushed scarlet to see this aristocratic white youth cringe to him, a nigger, and call him "Young Marster." He said roughly —

"Get out of my sight!" and when the youth was gone, he muttered, "He has done me no harm, poor wretch, but he is an eyesore to me now, for he is Driscoll the young gentleman, and I am a — oh, I wish I was dead!"

A gigantic irruption, like that of Krakatoa a few years ago, with the accompanying earthquakes, tidal waves, and clouds of volcanic dust, changes the face of the surrounding landscape beyond recognition, bringing down the high lands, elevating the low, making fair lakes where deserts had been, and deserts where green prairies had smiled before. The tremendous catastrophe which had befallen Tom had changed his moral landscape in much the same way. Some of his low places he found lifted to ideals, some of his ideals had sunk to the valleys, and lay there with the sackcloth and ashes of pumice-stone and sulphur on their ruined heads.

For days he wandered in lonely places, thinking, thinking, thinking — trying to get his bearings. It was new work. If he met a friend, he found that the habit of a lifetime had in some mysterious way vanished — his arm hung limp, instead of involuntarily extending the hand for a shake. It was the "nigger" in him asserting its humility, and he blushed and was abashed. And the "nigger" in him was surprised when the white friend put out his hand for a shake with him. He found the "nigger" in him involuntarily giving the road, on the sidewalk, to the white rowdy and loafer. When Rowena, the dearest thing his heart knew, the idol of his secret worship, invited him in, the "nigger" in him made an embarrassed excuse and was afraid to enter and sit with the dread white folks on equal terms. The "nigger" in him went shrinking and skulking here and there and yonder, and fancying it saw suspicion and maybe detection in all faces, tones, and gestures. So strange and uncharacteristic was Tom's conduct that people noticed it, and turned to look after him when he passed on; and when he glanced back — as he could not help doing, in spite of his best resistance — and caught that puzzled expression in a person's face, it gave him a sick feeling, and he took himself out of view as quickly as he could. He presently came to have a hunted sense and a hunted look, and then he fled away to the hilltops and the solitudes. He said to himself that the curse of Ham was upon him.

He dreaded his meals; the "nigger" in him was ashamed to sit at the white folks' table, and feared discovery all the time; and once when Judge Driscoll said, "What 's the matter with you? You look as meek as a nigger," he felt as secret murderers are said to feel when the accuser says, "Thou art the man!" Tom said he was not well, and left the table.

His ostensible "aunt's" solicitudes and endearments were become a terror to him, and he avoided them.

And all the time, hatred of his ostensible "uncle" was steadily growing in his heart; for he said to himself, "He is white; and I am his chattel, his property, his goods, and he can sell me, just as he could his dog."

For as much as a week after this, Tom imagined that his character had undergone a pretty radical change. But that was because he did not know himself.

In several ways his opinions were totally changed, and would never go back to what they were before, but the main structure of his character was not changed, and could not be changed. One or two very important features of it were altered, and in time effects would result from this, if opportunity offered — effects of a quite serious nature, too. Under the influence

Digitized by Google

of a great mental and moral upheaval his character and habits had taken on the appearance of complete change, but after a while with the subsidence of the storm both began to settle toward their former places. He dropped gradually back into his old frivolous and easy-going ways and conditions of feeling and manner of speech, and no familiar of his could have detected anything in him that differentiated him from the weak and careless Tom of other days.

The theft-raid which he had made upon the village turned out better than he had ventured to hope. It produced the sum necessary to pay his gaming-debts, and saved him from exposure to his uncle and another smashing of the will. He and his mother learned to like each other fairly well. She could n't love him, as yet, because there "war n't nothing *to* him," as she expressed it, but her nature needed something or somebody to rule over, and he was better than nothing. Her strong character and aggressive and commanding ways compelled Tom's admiration in spite of the fact that he got more illustrations of them than he needed for his comfort. However, as a rule her conversation was made up of racy tattle about the privacies of the chief families of the town (for she went harvesting among their kitchens every time she came to the village), and Tom enjoyed this. It was just in his line. She always collected her half of his pension punctually, and he was always at the haunted house to have a chat with her on these occasions. Every now and then she paid him a visit there on between-days also.

Occasionally he would run up to St. Louis for a few weeks, and at last temptation caught him again. He won a lot of money, but lost it, and with it a deal more besides, which he promised to raise as soon as possible.

For this purpose he projected a new raid on his town. He never meddled with any other town, for he was afraid to venture into houses whose ins and outs he did not know and the habits of whose households he was not acquainted with. He arrived at the haunted house in disguise on the Wednesday before the advent of the twins — after writing his aunt Pratt that he would not arrive until two days after — and lay in hiding there with his mother until toward daylight Friday morning, when he went to his uncle's house and entered by the back way with his own key, and slipped up to his room, where he could have the use of mirror and toilet articles. He had a suit of girl's clothes with him in a bundle as a disguise for his raid, and was wearing a suit of his mother's clothing, with black gloves and veil. By dawn he was tricked out for his raid, but he caught a glimpse of Pudd'nhead Wilson through the window over the way, and knew that Pudd'nhead had caught a glimpse of him. So he entertained Wilson with some airs and graces and attitudes for a while, then stepped out of sight and resumed the other disguise, and by and by went down and out the back way and started down town to reconnoiter the scene of his intended labors.

But he was ill at ease. He had changed back to Roxy's dress, with the stoop of age added to the disguise, so that Wilson would not bother himself about a humble old woman leaving a neighbor's house by the back way in the early morning, in case he was still spying. But supposing Wilson had seen him leave, and had thought it suspicious, and had also followed him? The thought made Tom cold. He gave up the raid for the day, and hurried back to the haunted house by the obscurest route he knew. His mother was gone; but she came back, by and by, with the news of the grand reception at Patsy Cooper's, and soon persuaded him that the opportunity was like a special providence, it was so inviting and perfect. So he went raiding, after all, and made a nice success of it while everybody was gone to Patsy Cooper's. Success gave him nerve and even actual intrepidity; insomuch, indeed, that after he had conveyed his harvest to his mother in a back alley, he went to the reception himself, and added several of the valuables of that house to his takings.

AFTER this long digression we have now arrived once more at the point where Pudd'nhead Wilson, while waiting for the arrival of the twins on that same Friday evening, sat puzzling over the strange apparition of that morning — a girl in young Tom Driscoll's bedroom; fretting, and guessing, and puzzling over it, and wondering who the shameless creature might be.

CHAPTER XI.

THERE are three infallible ways of pleasing an author, and the three form a rising scale of compliment: 1, to tell him you have read one of his books; 2, to tell him you have read all of his books; 3, to ask him to let you read the manuscript of his forthcoming book. No. 1 admits you to his respect; No. 2 admits you to his admiration; No. 3 carries you clear into his heart.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

AS to the Adjective: when in doubt, strike it out.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

THE twins arrived presently, and talk began. It flowed along chattily and sociably, and under its influence the new friendship gathered ease and strength. Wilson got out his Calendar, by request, and read a passage

Digitized by Google

or two from it, which the twins praised quite cordially. This pleased the author so much that he complied gladly when they asked him to lend them a batch of the work to read at home. In the course of their wide travels they had found out that there are three sure ways of pleasing an author; they were now working the best of the three.

There was an interruption, now. Young Tom Driscoll appeared, and joined the party. He pretended to be seeing the distinguished strangers for the first time when they rose to shake hands; but this was only a blind, as he had already had a glimpse of them at the reception, while robbing the house. The twins made mental note that he was smooth-faced and rather handsome, and smooth and undulatory in his movements — graceful, in fact. Angelo thought he had a good eye; Luigi thought there was something veiled and sly about it. Angelo thought he had a pleasant free-and-easy way of talking; Luigi thought it was more so than was agreeable. Angelo thought he was a sufficiently nice young man; Luigi reserved his decision. Tom's first contribution to the conversation was a question which he had put to Wilson a hundred times before. It was always cheerily and good-naturedly put, and always inflicted a little pang, for it touched a secret sore; but this time the pang was sharp, since strangers were present.

"Well, how does the law come on? Had a case yet?

Wilson bit his lip, but answered, "No — not yet," with as much indifference as he could assume. Judge Driscoll had generously left the law feature out of the Wilson biography which he had furnished to the twins. Young Tom laughed pleasantly, and said:

"Wilson 's a lawyer, gentlemen, but he does n't practise now."

The sarcasm bit, but Wilson kept himself under control, and said without passion:

"I don't practise, it is true. It is true that I have never had a case, and have had to earn a poor living for twenty years as an expert accountant in a town where I can't get hold of a set of books to untangle as often as I should like. But it is also true that I did fit myself well for the practice of the law. By the time I was your age, Tom, I had chosen a profession, and was soon competent to enter upon it." Tom winced. "I never got a chance to try my hand at it, and I may never get a chance; and yet if I ever do get it I shall be found ready, for I have kept up my law-studies all these years."

"That 's it; that 's good grit! I like to see it. I 've a notion to throw all my business your way. My business and your law-practice ought to make a pretty gay team, Dave," and the young fellow laughed again.

"If you will throw —" Wilson had thought of the girl in Tom's bedroom, and was going to say, "If you will throw the surreptitious and disreputable part of your business my way, it may amount to something"; but thought better of it and said, "However, this matter does n't fit well in a general conversation."

"All right, we 'll change the subject; I guess you were about to give me another dig, anyway, so I 'm willing to change. How 's the Awful Mystery flourishing these days? Wilson 's got a scheme for driving plain window-glass out of the market by decorating it with greasy finger-marks, and getting rich by selling it at famine prices to the crowned heads over in Europe to outfit their palaces with. Fetch it out, Dave."

Wilson brought three of his glass strips, and said —

"I get the subject to pass the fingers of his right hand through his hair, so as to get a little coating of the natural oil on them, and then press the balls of them on the glass. A fine and delicate print of the lines in the skin results, and is permanent, if it does n't come in contact with something able to rub it off. You begin, Tom."

"Why, I think you took my finger-marks once or twice before."

"Yes; but you were a little boy the last time, only about twelve years old."

"That 's so. Of course I 've changed entirely since then, and variety is what the crowned heads want, I guess."

He passed his fingers through his crop of short hair, and pressed them one at a time on the glass. Angelo made a print of his fingers on another glass, and Luigi followed with the third. Wilson marked the glasses with names and date, and put them away. Tom gave one of his little laughs, and said —

"I thought I would n't say anything, but if variety is what you are after, you have wasted a piece of glass. The hand-print of one twin is the same as the hand-print of the fellow-twin."

"Well, it 's done now, and I like to have them both, anyway," said Wilson, returning to his place.

"But look here, Dave," said Tom, "you used to tell people's fortunes, too, when you took their finger-marks. Dave 's just an all-round genius — a genius of the first water, gentlemen; a great scientist running to seed here in this village, a prophet with the kind of honor that prophets generally get at home — for here they don't give shucks for his scientifics, and they call his skull a notion-factory — hey, Dave, ain't it so? But never mind; he 'll make his mark some day — finger-mark, you know, he-he! But really, you want to let him take a shy at your palms once; it 's worth twice the price of admission or your money 's returned at the door.

Digitized by Google

Why, he 'll read your wrinkles as easy as a book, and not only tell you fifty or sixty things that 's going to happen to you, but fifty or sixty thousand that ain't. Come, Dave, show the gentlemen what an inspired Jack-at-all-science we 've got in this town, and don't know it."

Wilson winced under this nagging and not very courteous chaff, and the twins suffered with him and for him. They rightly judged, now, that the best way to relieve him would be to take the thing in earnest and treat it with respect, ignoring Tom's rather overdone raillery; so Luigi said—

"We have seen something of palmistry in our wanderings, and know very well what astonishing things it can do. If it is n't a science, and one of the greatest of them, too, I don't know what its other name ought to be. In the Orient—"

Tom looked surprised and incredulous. He said—

"That juggling a science? But really, you ain't serious, are you?"

"Yes, entirely so. Four years ago we had our hands read out to us as if our palms had been covered with print."

"Well, do you mean to say there was actually anything in it?" asked Tom, his incredulity beginning to weaken a little.

"There was this much in it," said Angelo: "what was told us of our characters was minutely exact—we could not have bettered it ourselves. Next, two or three memorable things that had happened to us were laid bare—things which no one present but ourselves could have known about."

"Why, it 's rank sorcery!" exclaimed Tom, who was now becoming very much interested. "And how did they make out with what was going to happen to you in the future?"

"On the whole, quite fairly," said Luigi. "Two or three of the most striking things foretold have happened since; much the most striking one of all happened within that same year. Some of the minor prophecies have come true; some of the minor and some of the major ones have not been fulfilled yet, and of course may never be: still, I should be more surprised if they failed to arrive than if they did n't."

Tom was entirely sobered, and profoundly impressed. He said, apologetically—

"Dave, I was n't meaning to belittle that science; I was only chaffing—chattering, I reckon I 'd better say. I wish you would look at their palms. Come, won't you?"

"Why, certainly, if you want me to; but you know I 've had no chance to become an expert, and don't claim to be one. When a past event is somewhat prominently recorded in the palm I can generally detect that, but minor ones often escape me,—not always, of course, but often,—but I have n't much confidence in myself when it comes to reading the future. I am talking as if palmistry was a daily study with me, but that is not so. I have n't examined half a dozen hands in the last half dozen years; you see, the people got to joking about it, and I stopped to let the talk die down. I 'll tell you what we 'll do, Count Luigi: I 'll make a try at your past, and if I have any success there—no, on the whole, I 'll let the future alone; that 's really the affair of an expert."

He took Luigi's hand. Tom said—

"Wait—don't look yet, Dave! Count Luigi, here 's paper and pencil. Set down that thing that you said was the most striking one that was foretold to you, and happened less than a year afterward, and give it to me so I can see if Dave finds it in your hand."

Luigi wrote a line privately, and folded up the piece of paper, and handed it to Tom, saying—

"I 'll tell you when to look at it, if he finds it."

Wilson began to study Luigi's palm, tracing life lines, heart lines, head lines, and so on, and noting carefully their relations with the cobweb of finer and more delicate marks and lines that enmeshed them on all sides; he felt of the fleshy cushion at the base of the thumb, and noted its shape; he felt of the fleshy side of the hand between the wrist and the base of the little finger, and noted its shape also; he painstakingly examined the fingers, observing their form, proportions, and natural manner of disposing themselves when in repose. All this process was watched by the three spectators with absorbing interest, their heads bent together over Luigi's palm, and nobody disturbing the stillness with a word. Wilson now entered upon a close survey of the palm again, and his revelations began.

He mapped out Luigi's character and disposition, his tastes, aversions, proclivities, ambitions, and eccentricities in a way which sometimes made Luigi wince and the others laugh, but both twins declared that the chart was artistically drawn and was correct.

Next, Wilson took up Luigi's history. He proceeded cautiously and with hesitation, now, moving his finger slowly along the great lines of the palm, and now and then halting it at a "star" or some such landmark, and examining that neighborhood minutely. He proclaimed one or two past events, Luigi confirmed his correctness, and the search went on. Presently Wilson glanced up suddenly with a surprised expression—

"Here is record of an incident which you would perhaps not wish me to—"

"Bring it out," said Luigi, good-naturedly; "I promise you it sha'n't embarrass me."

Digitized by Google

But Wilson still hesitated, and did not seem quite to know what to do. Then he said—

"I think it is too delicate a matter to — to — I believe I would rather write it or whisper it to you, and let you decide for yourself whether you want it talked out or not."

"That will answer," said Luigi; "write it."

Wilson wrote something on a slip of paper and handed it to Luigi, who read it to himself and said to Tom—

"Unfold your slip and read it, Mr. Driscoll."

Tom read:

"*It was prophesied that I would kill a man. It came true before the year was out.*"

Tom added, "Great Scott!"

Luigi handed Wilson's paper to Tom, and said—

"Now read this one."

Tom read:

"*You have killed some one, but whether man, woman or child, I do not make out.*"

"Cæsar's ghost!" commented Tom, with astonishment. "It beats anything that was ever heard of! Why, a man's own hand is his deadliest enemy! Just think of that—a man's own hand keeps a record of the deepest and fatalest secrets of his life, and is treacherously ready to expose him to any black-magic stranger that comes along. But what do you let a person look at your hand for, with that awful thing printed in it?"

"Oh," said Luigi, reposefully, "I don't mind it. I killed the man for good reasons, and I don't regret it."

"What were the reasons?"

"Well, he needed killing."

"I 'll tell you why he did it, since he won't say himself," said Angelo, warmly. "He did it to save my life, that 's what he did it for. So it was a noble act, and not a thing to be hid in the dark."

"So it was, so it was," said Wilson; "to do such a thing to save a brother's life is a great and fine action."

"Now come," said Luigi, "it is very pleasant to hear you say these things, but for unselfishness, or heroism, or magnanimity, the circumstances won't stand scrutiny. You overlook one detail: suppose I had n't saved Angelo's life, what would have become of mine? If I had let the man kill him, would n't he have killed me, too? I saved my own life, you see."

"Yes; that is your way of talking," said Angelo, "but I know you — I don't believe you thought of yourself at all. I keep that weapon yet that Luigi killed the man with, and I 'll show it to you some time. That incident makes it interesting, and it had a history before it came into Luigi's hands which adds to its interest. It was given to Luigi by a great Indian prince, the Gaikowar of Baroda, and it had been in his family two or three centuries. It killed a good many disagreeable people who troubled that hearthstone at one time and another. It is n't much to look at, except that it is n't shaped like other knives, or dirks, or whatever it may be called — here, I 'll draw it for you." He took a sheet of paper and made a rapid sketch. "There it is — a broad and murderous blade, with edges like a razor for sharpness. The devices engraved on it are the ciphers or names of its long line of possessors — I had Luigi's name added in Roman letters myself with our coat of arms, as you see. You notice what a curious handle the thing has. It is solid ivory, polished like a mirror, and is four or five inches long — round, and as thick as a large man's wrist, with the end squared off flat, for your thumb to rest on; for you grasp it, with your thumb resting on the blunt end—so — and lift it aloft and strike downward. The Gaikowar showed us how the thing was done when he gave it to Luigi, and before that night was ended Luigi had used the knife, and the Gaikowar was a man short by reason of it. The sheath is magnificently ornamented with gems of great value. You will find the sheath more worth looking at than the knife itself, of course."

Tom said to himself—

"It 's lucky I came here. I would have sold that knife for a song; I supposed the jewels were glass."

"But go on; don't stop," said Wilson. "Our curiosity is up now, to hear about the homicide. Tell us about that."

"Well, briefly, the knife was to blame for that, all around. A native servant slipped into our room in the palace in the night, to kill us and steal the knife on account of the fortune incrusted on its sheath, without a doubt. Luigi had it under his pillow; we were in bed together. There was a dim night-light burning. I was asleep, but Luigi was awake, and he thought he detected a vague form nearing the bed. He slipped the knife out of the sheath and was ready, and unembarrassed by hampering bed-clothes, for the weather was hot and we had n't any. Suddenly that native rose at the bedside, and bent over me with his right hand lifted and a dirk in it aimed at my throat; but Luigi grabbed his wrist, pulled him downward, and drove his own knife into the man's neck. That is the whole story."

Wilson and Tom drew deep breaths, and after some general chat about the tragedy, Pudd'nhead said, taking Tom's hand—

"Now, Tom, I 've never had a look at your palms, as it happens; perhaps you 've got some little questionable privacies that need — hel-lo!"

Tom had snatched away his hand, and was looking a good deal confused.

Digitized by Google

"Why, he 's blushing!" said Luigi.

Tom darted an ugly look at him, and said sharply —

"Well, if I am, it ain't because I 'm a murderer!" Luigi's dark face flushed, but before he could speak or move, Tom added with anxious haste: "Oh, I beg a thousand pardons. I did n't mean that; it was out before I thought, and I 'm very, very sorry — you must forgive me!"

Wilson came to the rescue, and smoothed things down as well as he could; and in fact was entirely successful as far as the twins were concerned, for they felt sorrier for the affront put upon him by his guest's outburst of ill manners than for the insult offered to Luigi. But the success was not so pronounced with the offender. Tom tried to seem at his ease, and he went through the motions fairly well, but at bottom he felt resentful toward all the three witnesses of his exhibition; in fact, he felt so annoyed at them for having witnessed it and noticed it that he almost forgot to feel annoyed at himself for placing it before them. However, something presently happened which made him almost comfortable, and brought him nearly back to a state of charity and friendliness. This was a little spat between the twins; not much of a spat, but still a spat; and before they got far with it they were in a decided condition of irritation with each other. Tom was charmed; so pleased, indeed, that he cautiously did what he could to increase the irritation while pretending to be actuated by more respectable motives. By his help the fire got warmed up to the blazing-point, and he might have had the happiness of seeing the flames show up, in another moment, but for the interruption of a knock on the door — an interruption which fretted him as much as it gratified Wilson. Wilson opened the door.

The visitor was a good-natured, ignorant, energetic, middle-aged Irishman named John Buckstone, who was a great politician in a small way, and always took a large share in public matters of every sort. One of the town's chief excitements, just now, was over the matter of rum. There was a strong rum party and a strong anti-rum party. Buckstone was training with the rum party, and he had been sent to hunt up the twins and invite them to attend a mass-meeting of that faction. He delivered his errand, and said the clans were already gathering in the big hall over the market-house. Luigi accepted the invitation cordially, Angelo less cordially, since he disliked crowds, and did not drink the powerful intoxicants of America. In fact, he was even a teetotaler sometimes — when it was judicious to be one.

The twins left with Buckstone, and Tom Driscoll joined company with them uninvited

In the distance one could see a long wavering line of torches drifting down the main street, and could hear the throbbing of the bass drum, the clash of cymbals, the squeaking of a fife or two, and the faint roar of remote hurrahs. The tail-end of this procession was climbing the market-house stairs when the twins arrived in its neighborhood; when they reached the hall it was full of people, torches, smoke, noise, and enthusiasm. They were conducted to the platform by Buckstone — Tom Driscoll still following — and were delivered to the chairman in the midst of a prodigious explosion of welcome. When the noise had moderated a little, the chair proposed that "our illustrious guests be at once elected, by complimentary acclamation, to membership in our ever-glorious organization, the paradise of the free and the perdition of the slave."

This eloquent discharge opened the floodgates of enthusiasm again, and the election was carried with thundering unanimity. Then arose a storm of cries:

"Wet them down! Wet them down! Give them a drink!"

Glasses of whisky were handed to the twins. Luigi waved his aloft, then brought it to his lips; but Angelo set his down. There was another storm of cries:

"What 's the matter with the other one?"

"What is the blond one going back on us for?"

"Explain! Explain!"

The chairman inquired, and then reported —

"We have made an unfortunate mistake, gentlemen. I find that the Count Angelo Cappello is opposed to our creed — is a teetotaler, in fact, and was not intending to apply for membership with us. He desires that we reconsider the vote by which he was elected. What is the pleasure of the house?"

There was a general burst of laughter, plentifully accented with whistlings and cat-calls, but the energetic use of the gavel presently restored something like order. Then a man spoke from the crowd, and said that while he was very sorry that the mistake had been made, it would not be possible to rectify it at the present meeting. According to the by-laws it must go over to the next regular meeting for action. He would not offer a motion, as none was required. He desired to apologize to the gentleman in the name of the house, and begged to assure him that as far as it might lie in the power of the Sons of Liberty, his temporary membership in the order would be made pleasant to him.

This speech was received with great applause, mixed with cries of —

"That 's the talk!" "He 's a good fellow, anyway, if he *is* a teetotaler!" "Drink his health!" "Give him a rouser, and no heeltaps!"

Digitized by Google

Glasses were handed around, and everybody on the platform drank Angelo's health, while the house bellowed forth in song:

For he 's a jolly good fel-low,
For he 's a jolly good fel-low,
For he 's a jolly good fe-el-low,—
Which nobody can deny.

Tom Driscoll drank. It was his second glass, for he had drunk Angelo's the moment that Angelo had set it down. The two drinks made him very merry — almost idiotically so — and he began to take a most lively and prominent part in the proceedings, particularly in the music and cat-call and side-remarks.

The chairman was still standing at the front, the twins at his side. The extraordinarily close resemblance of the brothers to each other suggested a witticism to Tom Driscoll, and just as the chairman began a speech he skipped forward and said with an air of tipsy confidence to the audience —

"Boys, I move that he keeps still and lets this human philopena snip you out a speech."

The descriptive aptness of the phrase caught the house, and a mighty burst of laughter followed.

Luigi's southern blood leaped to the boiling-point in a moment under the sharp humiliation of this insult delivered in the presence of four hundred strangers. It was not in the young man's nature to let the matter pass, or to delay the squaring of the account. He took a couple of strides and halted behind the unsuspecting joker. Then he drew back and delivered a kick of such titanic vigor that it lifted Tom clear over the footlights and landed him on the heads of the front row of the Sons of Liberty.

Even a sober person does not like to have a human being emptied on him when he is not doing any harm; a person who is not sober cannot endure such an attention at all. The nest of Sons of Liberty that Driscoll landed in had not a sober bird in it; in fact there was probably not an entirely sober one in the auditorium. Driscoll was promptly and indignantly flung on to the heads of Sons in the next row, and these Sons passed him on toward the rear, and then immediately began to pummel the front-row Sons who had passed him to them. This course was strictly followed by bench after bench as Driscoll traveled in his tumultuous and airy flight toward the door; so he left behind him an ever lengthening wake of raging and plunging and fighting and swearing humanity. Down went group after group of torches, and presently above the deafening clatter of the gavel, roar of angry voices, and crash of succumbing benches, rose the paralyzing cry of

"FIRE!"

The fighting ceased instantly; the cursing ceased; for one distinctly defined moment there was a dead hush, a motionless calm, where the tempest had been; then with one impulse the multitude awoke to life and energy again, and went surging and struggling and swaying, this way and that, its outer edges melting away through windows and doors and gradually lessening the pressure and relieving the mass.

The fire-boys were never on hand so suddenly before; for there was no distance to go, this time, their quarters being in the rear end of the market-house. There was an engine company and a hook-and-ladder company. Half of each was composed of rummies and the other half of anti-rummies, after the moral and political share-and-share-alike fashion of the frontier town of the period. Enough anti-rummies were loafing in quarters to man the engine and the ladders. In two minutes they had their red shirts and helmets on — they never stirred officially in unofficial costume — and as the mass meeting overhead smashed through the long row of windows and poured out upon the roof of the arcade, the deliverers were ready for them with a powerful stream of water which washed some of them off the roof and nearly drowned the rest. But water was preferable to fire, and still the stampede from the windows continued, and still the pitiless drenchings assailed it until the building was empty; then the fire-boys mounted to the hall and flooded it with water enough to annihilate forty times as much fire as there was there; for a village fire-company does not often get a chance to show off, and so when it does get a chance it makes the most of it. Such citizens of that village as were of a thoughtful and judicious temperament did not insure against fire; they insured against the fire-company.

Mark Twain.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

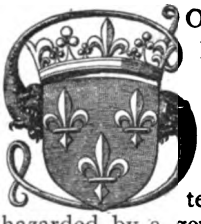
MR. EBENEZER BULL'S INVESTMENTS.

A STORY OF PHILEMON PERCH.

For most men (till by losing rendered sager)
Will back their own opinions by a wager.

BEPPO.

I.



SOMETIMES, when I hear people speaking of investments, I am reminded of some that, to a limited degree and without great ostentation, were wont, when I was a schoolboy of thirteen and there along, to be hazarded by a gentleman of our village; in one of which, apparently promising quick and good dividends, I ventured to take a chance for myself.

The Dukesborough school, kept by Mr. Whitcomb, a gentleman from Vermont, had a hundred pupils, boys and girls, the greater portion of whom were boarders. Although neither very strong nor well grown, I had been, during all the previous session, the swiftest runner among the boys, and it pleased me much to coincide with the general belief that I could not be overcome in a foot-race by any other boy near my age, no matter where he came from. Among the new boys who had come in at the opening of the present term was Jack Withers, a year older than myself, but not any taller. He had been reared thus far upon a plantation bordering on Fulsom's Creek, seven or eight miles south of the village. If it had not been that I had come to like him so well before our trial of speed, I might have enjoyed more keenly the certain prospect of the defeat which must befall this champion of the new boys, between whom and the old there always was a rivalry which was as animated as it was brief in duration. He proved himself to be such a fine fellow that afterward I was thankful for having been so courteous in my first attentions. Having showed himself the equal of the best of the "olds" at all other sports, he beat, but only by a neck's length, the second best of our runners. After this he was notified that on the following Friday evening, if he should choose to do so, he might contest with the best nag that the "olds" had to present. The liking I had for this new boy led me to say to my friends that I hoped the contest might be had quietly beneath the red-oaks and hickories in the academy yard. But no. A champion, however inclined to be modest and forbearing, cannot control the solemn behests and mandates of his party, especially when it is ruled by such a man as Mr. Ebenezer Bull.

Since that time, long ago, I have traveled somewhat extensively both in the United States and abroad, and I can say, with assurance, that I have never made acquaintance with a longer, slimmer, straighter, darker, more solemn-looking and more solemn-speaking person than Mr. Ebenezer Bull. Not that, in point of fact, he was so very, very solemn. On the contrary, he was fond of fun, especially that of schoolboys, to whose vagaries he invariably was indulgent, and for which he was ever ready to bespeak indulgence from their parents and teachers. He professed to glory in witnessing trials of prowess of every kind. Mrs. Bowden, wife of the postmaster, with whom he boarded, used to tell how he would sit in her back porch and watch the contests of young pigs and of roosters of every age, and banter her husband, who was a semi-religious man, to make what he called "a' invessment" on the several issues. Claiming to be unambitious, yet he was free to speak of himself as sufficiently knowing upon subjects historical, political, agricultural, mercantile, mechanical, and others, including religious (though not a church-member) and even matrimonial, albeit a bachelor on the shady side of forty. When asked why he had never married nor joined the church, he winked slowly, looked compassionately upon married men and church-members who happened to be present, and mumbled a few words intended to express the profundity with which he had searched into the depths of human nature. The solemnity of his speech was deepened by a habit of imparting a sighing and nasal preface to the beginning of his sentences and to other chosen words in them which made them sound as if the painful elaboration of his thoughts had induced asthma or some kindred pulmonic infirmity. An avowed patron of the "olds," he was yet quick to admit and receive into his confidence real manifest excellence among the "news." He liked my family much, and used to speak in highest praise of my fleetness. When he heard that the decisive race, in accordance with my wishes, was to be had on the academy grounds, he said to Tom Gatlin, our leader:

"Hum! Tom, let 'em take it out up here at

Digitized by Google

Bland's, whar everybody can see Phil run away from that chap from Fulsom's Creek. Phil Perch is entirely too modest; and you tell him I say so."

That settled it, and after the school was dismissed Friday afternoon, we all repaired to Bland's, whose store was half-way down the only street of which Dukesborough had to boast. I look back now to that scene with some sadness at the contempt I felt for myself after I had been so beaten. When Jack reached the goal, I, fifteen yards behind, put my hand to my heart, turned, and, coming back, looked at no face save one, which I could have avoided no more than a bird avoids the snake by whose charm it has been enchanted. Mr. Bull, having withdrawn to the steps of the piazza, stood and regarded me silently with his great black eyes, and, as I went on home, I could feel them shooting upon my back, not pity for my defeat, but anger, dire and deadly, for the dishonor of my friends and antecedents. I have lived to suffer the defeat of many a dear hope, but not one of them has ever inflicted a pain like that. Yet, when afterward I found that Jack said openly that he would fight any boy approximating his size who should taunt me, I loved him more than before. When I had left the field, Mr. Bull said to him:

"N–h, don't say nothin' 'bout it, Jack; but I invessed two dollars along of Jeemes Bland on that boy, and I 've got to git back the invessment from Jeemes or somebody."

The friendship between Jack and me grew more and more fond, and it consoled me to reflect that the garland I had worn could have been snatched only by him who proved to be as gentle and manly as he was stalwart and agile. In my mind I compared him with the most famous runners of whom I had been reading in Lemprière's "Classical Dictionary," particularly Milanion, who, by the help of Venus, had run the race with Atalanta. If not the first runner in the Dukesborough school, I was second, I thought, to the best in the world — and he my friend.

A mile and a half beyond the Ogeechee, which was equidistant from our village, dwelt Mr. Jones Huckaby, friend of Mr. Bull. A justice of the peace and a farmer, he sought to supplement the income from his office and farm with a small store, and with occasional, moderate, cautious investments, like those of Mr. Bull, on neighborhood nags, game chickens, and other animals, when discussions upon their comparative excellences became to that degree animated. Occasionally the two made joint investments of from half a dollar to five dollars. More often, however, they had been opposed. It so happened that the balance just now was in Mr. Huckaby's favor to the amount of six dollars and thirty-seven and a half cents — a balance which Mr. Bull thought that he owed it to himself to remove. People on the other border of the river often visited Dukesborough, which was much nearer to them than their own county-seat. Mr. Huckaby, especially, was addicted to riding over, taking back in his saddle-bags papers of pins, strings of buttons, skeins of silk, and maybe half a dozen bunches of twine, that, after a fair discount from Mr. Bland, it would hardly have paid to send for all the way to Augusta. But his main purpose in such visitations was to have chattings with his friend, Mr. Bull.

"I 'm always glad to see Jones Huckaby," Mr. Bull often remarked kindly; "the poor feller is natchul fond of news, and he unfortunate live whar they ain't any, or mighty little to be had."

During one of these visits Mr. Bull spoke of Jack Withers, and intimated a willingness to invest in him on proper conditions. Mr. Huckaby then remarked that there was a boy over on his side of the river who, people said, could get over ground right well, and he would not be surprised if he could beat the Fulsom Creek boy.

"Feel like invessin' anything on that, Jones?"

He spoke as carefully as possible, meaning to hide his eagerness. Mr. Huckaby named a dollar, but, forced by the other's contempt for small figures, and in view of the advantage to the store, where the race must be had, of collecting a considerable number from both sides of the river, rose to ten. From his huge pocket-book Mr. Bull took out and threw down a ten-dollar bill upon the counter of Mr. Bland, who was to be stake-holder. From many a pocket Mr. Huckaby eked out what would cover it, sighing the while with painful apprehension.

"Eb Bull," he said, in humble but manly sense of every freeman's right to utter his mind even in the presence of men enjoying society advantages so far superior, "you town people has a contempt of country folks like me that has to make their livin' by the sweat o' their brow"; but then Mr. Huckaby shook his head, as if there were a few things in rural existence that the proudest city aristocrat could have no just occasion to despise.

"M- no, Jones," answered Mr. Bull; "there you 're mistaken, and it 's because of our manner. M- of course we has our privileges, n- and our advantages, n- and — but yit we has our respects of some country people, n- that they has the ambition like you has, to git out, or try to git out, of their ign'ance."

Talking to Jack Withers afterward, Mr. Bull said: "I had to flarter up Jones Huckaby powerful before I could git the fellow up to the p'int of invessin' to a figger as would make

Digitized by Google

it worth while to cross over the river 'n' that fur. Them country people is awful skeery. My money is invessed in you, boy, and when the thing 's over, we 'll all try n- and see if we can't have some fun in a way not too public and p'inted."

II.

THE race was set for the Saturday following the next ensuing, Mr. Huckaby asking, and Mr. Bull allowing, the intervening days for getting in such new supplies as were likely to be in demand at the store. Our boys were elated. Only Jack Withers, noble fellow that he was, declined to indulge triumph in advance over a boy that he had heard was quite poor.

A mile beyond the river was an outlying field of fifty or more acres covered with a growth of "old-field" pines, beneath which were innumerable strawberry-vines. Thither, during the season of that fruit, young persons in the neighborhood often repaired. In the early part of the week it was given out that several gentlemen were to make an excursion to this field, and were willing to take with them as many of the schoolboys as could get leave. The solemn mystery with which this announcement was repeated several times by Mr. Bull was the subject of some pleasant comment among the ladies.

It happened at the time that I was indebted to the amount of twenty-five cents to Sally Burch, a decent, elderly colored woman who made and vended ginger-cakes at her home near the church. This sum had been overdue longer than she or I had expected when the credit was given. In those times pocket-money was not at all usual among planters, even those with large plantations, because, getting their income from cotton only once in the year, after the payment of store-accounts, the rest — except a reservation nearly always too little for contingent cash expenses — was invested in other property. We boys had our allowance on Christmas and Fourth of July, but not many were able usually to make both ends meet at the recurrence of one of these happy seasons, so remote from its predecessor. On this occasion it occurred to me that an investment of a quarter quietly put upon Jack Withers might not be too grossly improper, would be entirely safe, and would enable me to square my account with Sally Burch, into whose eyes, for some time past, I had not been able to look with composure. Therefore, at nightfall on Friday, I approached Uncle Gill, our head man-servant, for a loan. Preliminary to the application, I carried to the stable corn from the crib and fodder from the loft, and, after getting a word of praise, spoke my mind.

"Marse Philly," answered the old man, pausing, with currycomb in hand, "Whut, name o' goodness, you want wid money more 'n whut your pappy 'low you?"

"I want to make an investment, Uncle Gill," I replied.

"A wes — you want make me believe your ma don't make wes'co'ts enough for you?"

I made him understand that, instead of a waistcoat, I had heard of something that was going very cheap, for nothing indeed, as it were, and which I should like to buy with as little noise as possible made about it. After some reflection, taking from his home-knit woolen purse a quarter, he handed it to me, saying:

"I done made up my mine not to bodder myself lendin' to white boys, ev'y sence de trouble I had 'long wid two un 'em, which I loant one un 'em a thrip en 'nother a seb'n pens, en dee kep' on puttin' me off, en puttin' me off, whell I had to make out like I gwine to dey pappies; en dee knowed dey pappies would mighty nigh burn 'em up wid de hick'ry for borrowin' money en not payin' back, en special from niggers, en all dat, befo' I could killect my debt. But I know you ain' gwine projick wid me if you can he'p it. Take de quarter, en go 'long wid you, en mayby de man, when he sees de money in your hand, he 'll fall yit furder. People, when dey gwine tradin', dee has to study 'bout sich things, mon."

Many another coin of that and less volume was gotten in that and similar ways before the eventful day. Not that we were led by any special words of Mr. Bull, who was not a man to urge children to go directly against the known wishes of their parents and teachers; but the deep solemnity of his words and looks, imparting great contentment, the sarcastic pity he expressed for the ignorant temerity of Mr. Huckaby — these and other things made us note that his mind was enjoying an assurance which victory already achieved and acknowledged could not have enhanced. Along with this was our confidence in Jack, which was as boundless as the skies.

Our party decided not to visit the strawberry-fields until after the race. All of the boys except Jack traveled on foot, Mr. Bull, for the sake of keeping him entirely fresh, taking him over in a gig. We found quite as large a company as we were already gathered. Among them I noticed, moving about apparently with some anxiety, a pitiful-looking boy of about my height, but thinner. On a sort of sugar-loaf head was an irregular crop of hair of every shade of white, surmounted by a wool hat the rim of which in front for the breadth of his forehead had been torn away. His upper lip made a sort of arch over two of the biggest, longest, whitest teeth I have ever seen. His

Digitized by Google

copperas-dyed, home-made clothes, short in the legs and arms, were out at the knees and elbows. His bowed legs looked like two long parentheses.

"P'int out your nag, Jones," said Bull, when we had rested several minutes.

"Here, Peeky," called Mr. Huckaby, and the boy I had noticed came creeping. Mr. Huckaby whispered to Mr. Bull that he was very timid, and was afraid that if he should be beaten, as he expected, the town boys might bully and otherwise maltreat him. Indeed, he would not consent to make the race until assured that the goal should be in the direction of his own home, so that he might avoid more easily the consequences of defeat.

"This him?" asked Mr. Bull, seeming to be rather taken aback by the strange figure that presented itself.

"That 's him," answered Mr. Huckaby. Then he said to the boy: "Need n't be oneasy, Peeky. These is all good friendly people, and would n't hurt nary ha'r on your head."

After inspecting him for some time with severest scrutiny, as a philosopher might ponder withal a newly discovered, unique, abnormal specimen of animate existence, Mr. Bull, in a very deep tone, asked:

"W—what 's your name, my son?"

"Fee—Feeky Gwiz—Gwizzle, sir." It sounded much like the whining of a cat.

Mr. Bull grunted painfully, and involuntarily took a step backward; recovering himself, he said, "Feefee who?"

"His name is Peeky Grizzle, Eb," Mr. Huckaby answered for him. "He have a kind of stoppage in his speech, and are ruther tonguetied; but them don't hender Peeky from bein' of a nice, smart, good boy, not they don't."

"How old you call yourself?" asked Mr. Bull.

"Mam—mammy say I fo'teen; dad—daddy say I worse 'n dat."

"That 's jest about my ric'lection of Peeky's age," said Mr. Huckaby. "My opinion of Peeky Grizzle is, he 's jest about fourteen year old, and a leetle on the rise, and a more biddable boy than him I don't know nowhars."

Peeky glanced with rapid alternation toward Mr. Huckaby and Mr. Lazenberry, a neighbor and special friend, and nervously awaited Mr. Bull's further interrogatings. Mr. Bull slowly lifted his head, looked up toward the zenith, and with the most solemn thoughtfulness stroked his chin through the full length of his fingers. It was evident that some perturbation had come over his mind. At length he looked down again upon Peeky, and said:

"Ya-as. You ruther take me—by surprise. But don't you be oneasy, my son; h'm—them boys they ain't no harm in them, ef they is town boys. They jes come over here for a little fun; that 's all. If you git beat, m- or if you beat, I 'll see to it myself that you ain't hurted; and not only that, but you shall have a gingy-cake, and a segyar to boot, if you 've learnt how to smoke yit."

Then, taking Jack aside, he said darkly: "Jack, them legs o' yourn got to work every muscle in 'em. They ain't never any tellin' what 's in one o' these here wild old-field colts, special sech a ontimely-lookin' one as this here. M- Feefeeky, or whatsomever his name is, my opinion is that ef you git away from him m- you got to git away from him at the first jump."

When all preliminaries had been settled, a hundred yards were stepped off. The contestants were to break by me, Mr. Huckaby and one of our boys were to watch the starting, and Mr. Bull and a trans-Ogeechean went forward to stand at the farther end of the limit. Peeky gave a perceptible shiver as he and Jack joined hands. When the break was made, Peeky, who would not part from his hat, giving a momentary glance at Jack, made first for his own extreme side of the road, and then—for home. Call his movement running—that is, human running—I should not. It was flight. Yes, sirs, flight! Tucking low his back and shoulders, lifting his face aloft, he extended both his arms at length, and with his open hands, their palms turned backward, fanned behind him the air through which he sped like a swallow skimming a mill-pond. Jack, after taking not more than a dozen strides, convinced that he might as well try to overtake a frightened antelope, stopped, and, turning back, cried:

"Boys, why in thunder don't you all laugh? Don't you see that I 'm doing my level best to laugh myself, and can't? I know your money is all gone; but if you 'll join those other fellows, and raise a good laugh, I 'll treat the crowd to ginger-cakes."

He had refrained from investing in himself, as he said, out of decency. We raised a shout that was hoped to make up in sound what it lacked in heartiness, and the other side joined in deafening chorus. But that Peeky Grizzle! Ah, sirs, you should have seen him then! Turning back one eye momentarily at the sound, his legs and his hands seemed actually to flutter as he swept along. Dipping his head slightly as he passed by Mr. Bull, on and on he fled, along the level two hundred yards in further extent, up the hill of fifty or sixty in ascent, then disappeared from our view. Not less interesting was Mr. Ebenezer Bull. Urged by a necessity as stern as fate, when the fugitive passed, he turned and looked at him in silence as long as he could be seen. Then in the loudest tones I ever heard him employ, and as piteous as ever came from mouth of the most beseeching suppliant, he shouted:

Digitized by Google

"M- why don't — m- what make — m- can't the ongodly, everlastin' thing — m- can't it stop itself?"

With slow, offended majesty he stalked back toward the store. Jack, after handing Mr. Huckaby half a dollar for Peeky, hurriedly invested the balance of his money in cakes, and then said:

"Let 's be off from this place, boys. I would n't meet old man Bull now for five dollars, and I would n't ride back with him, even if he wanted me, for a hundred."

We heard the tittering behind us as we were hastening away. When we got out of sight we slacked our pace, and, taking out our cakes, ate them in humbleness.

"They don't make cakes over here like old Aunt Sally Burch," said Tom Gatlin, and there was not a dissentient voice.

We heard afterward of Mr. Bull's doings at the store. When he had reached it, he lifted his head heavily from the subdued attitude in which it had been hanging, and, looking around, inquired:

"M- whar 's all our boys?"

When told how and why Jack had hurried us away, he said, with a profound sigh:

"Need n't done no sich a thing. N- I 'd 'a' not scolded Jack Withers, h- not nary single word."

Turning upon Mr. Huckaby, he frowned dismally with what seemed to be the pain of suppressing his righteous indignation. In a few moments he said:

"M- Jones Huckaby, you took the 'vantage of me. N- that creetur ain't folks. M- blest if I believe it 's folks; n- that is, in the gen'l way of folks in gen'l. N- Jack Withers, nor nary 'nother human, they jest as well run ag'ins' thunder. My opinion is that sich a onreg'lar creeter as that, if it was left to a n- skidule o' men that make a practice o' understandin' and rig'latin' invessments n- accordin' to the scale and the code o' honor, they 'd say, if not a forfeit, it ought leastways to be a draw."

"Oh now, come now, Eb, that 's your town, high —"

"Oh, I 'm not a-gwine to make a great to-do about it, exceptin' to express my n- opinions. I left down a gap in my calc'lations, and you stepped on me onexpected. Let her go. Whar you supposin' the thing tuck up at, n- Jones?"

"Home," answered Mr. Huckaby. "He 'll not take up this side o' thar."

"How fur 's that?"

"About four mile."

"M- well, it 's about thar by now. Did you know how it could git over ground?"

"Why, no; that is, not egzack, Eb. I has never see him run, not myself, tell to-day; but I 've heerd some o' his neighbors, special Jim Lazenberry here, talk about him, and which they perceeded on to say, that when him or his mammy want a rabbit, Peeky take out a little fise-dog he have to jump him, and then him pick him up. Whut make him keep on home, he were afeerd o' them town boys. He 's a ruther skeery kind o' boy, a not bein' so very peert in his mind."

"N- hit may n't be peert in what mind it have; m- but hit make up in hits laigs, which if I ever see a pa'r o' laigs the same as pothooks, hit 's his'n; tell the truth, I were ruther feard o' them laigs when I first lay eye on 'em."

After revolving with death-like solemnity a thought in his mind, he said:

"M- Jones Huckaby, and you Jeemes Lazenberry, n- and you gentlemen, and boys, n- one and all, you hear me. Hit 's my last and ownlest invessment. If I got to git broke and busted to boot, hit 's got to come in a natchul way. Far' you well."

He kept his vow. Even down to old age he was a frequent admonisher against investing in feats or games of chance of every sort.

"N- no, sir," hundreds of times he was heard to say; "h- my advices is ag'ins' invessment always. I has had the expe'unce of 'em. The de-ficulty about invessments is, when a man is certain in his mind n- that he know every blessed thing about whut he 's invessin' on, n- them 's the very time when he don't know n- one cussed thing about it; and they bound to break whoever foller 'em."

Ay? You 'd like to hear how Uncle Gill's investment in me turned out? Well, I am glad to be able to make satisfactory answer. The matter was talked about so much that I soon confessed my part to my mother, and besought her forgiveness and protection against my father when it should get to his ears. After a serious, affectionate rebuke, I obtained both under a pledge not to do so again. Then with the half-dollar she gave me, I liquidated the debts owed to Uncle Gill and Sally Burch. My own reformation was as quick, and thus far has been as steadfast, as Mr. Bull's. From that day, borrowing that gentlemen's oft repeated asseveration, I have never "invessed."

Richard Malcolm Johnston.

Digitized by Google

OLD DUTCH MASTERS.

NICOLAAS MAES (1632–1693).

NICOLAAS MAES is prominent among the pupils of Rembrandt, and one of the most distinguished painters in the annals of Dutch art. He was born at Dordrecht, or Dort (where also Aelbert Cuyp, Ferdinand Bol, and Godfried Schalcken first saw the light), in the year 1632—the year in which Rembrandt produced his famous "Anatomical Lesson." He entered the great artist's studio in 1650, when he was eighteen years old, remaining under Rembrandt's influence for four years, during which time it is conjectured that his best works were produced. Like Gerard Dou, he was an accomplished artist before going to Rembrandt, and like him he retained his peculiar individuality, gaining by the association only breadth of touch and fluency of handling. It is probable that Rembrandt received only very advanced students.

Nicolaas Maes, however, was a veritable prodigy in art at the age of sixteen, having at this tender age painted "Le Bénédicité," a work so fine that it holds its own among the best creations of the Dutch school. His best work belongs to his very early years, but it is not known who were his early instructors. He left Rembrandt thoroughly equipped as a painter of portraits, and, confining himself to this branch, soon after abandoned that of genre-painting, in which course, however, the true path of his genius lay. He does not seem to have been aware of this; or, if so, he wilfully shut his eyes to the truth from worldly considerations. It was at a time when Rembrandt had lost favor, and such portrait-painters as Van der Helst and Dirk Hals were the lions of the day. Maes may have been desirous of emulating these fashionable painters. About 1660 he went to Antwerp, where the Flemish school was rapidly declining, and the field was comparatively clear. Jordaens and Teniers were then almost the only survivors of the great days of the art of Flanders. On visiting the studio of Jordaens, he was questioned by that artist as to what manner of painting he practised, and replied, "I am but a portrait-painter." There seems to be a note of regret in this, a momentary reflection of his earlier and more poetical days. He remained at Antwerp upward of eighteen years, and became, it was said, a "most successful portrait-painter." He abandoned the good manner of his master, and took up with the prevailing Frenchified taste that was then becoming the style; and so great became the deterioriation in his work that it has been supposed that portraits of more recent date are not by the same artist, but are the performances of some other Maes, a name not at all uncommon in Holland.

During his lifetime, and until the end of the last century, Maes was chiefly known as a portrait-painter; but his reputation now rests upon his few superb little pictures of everyday life. These evidently are the work of love, and have lived to make his name memorable. We are touched with emotions of tenderness on glancing at such subjects as "The Dutch Housewife" of the National Gallery at London, in which an old woman is silently engaged in scraping a parsnip, while a child, standing near by, is intently watching the operation. It is charming in its felicitous rendering of a trait of childhood. Or we are moved to solemnity in presence of his "Grace before a Meal," a remarkably fine work, in which an aged housewife, all alone save for the society of her cat, with head raised and eyes closed, is giving thanks before a simple repast. This is in the Ryks Museum of Amsterdam, where there are also two other powerful representations of similar subjects. Both are spinners; one of them I have chosen to engrave, not as being the better of the two,—for I could not choose between them,—but because its color is better preserved. Most of the works of Maes have darkened much by time; but this little gem, for some unaccountable reason, seems to have retained its pristine freshness and purity. Then, too, being oblong, it is better suited to the shape of the magazine page, a consideration not to be lost sight of in making our selections.

This little "Spinner" is painted on wood, and measures sixteen and one fourth inches high by thirteen and three eighths inches wide. It unites subtlety of chiaroscuro, vigorous coloring, and great mastery in handling, with that true finish which never becomes trivial. Maes lights his subjects after the manner of his master, but the general tone of his coloring is cooler and more silvery, notably so in this

Digitized by Google

example. There is a high note of color in the rich and glowing red of the sleeves of the old woman, which illuminates the whole in a delightful way, and to which, as a culminating point, the harmonies of the surrounding tints, the warm depth of the background, the yellow of the wooden floor, the brown of the spinning-wheel, the richer and deeper hue of the skirt below, the brighter color of the red earthen jar, and the fine mellow tones of the flesh, all lead up. It is this final and glowing touch of red that makes the whole thing "sing," to use a studio word. There is a fine touch of warm blue introduced in a bit of drapery that falls over the bench of the wheel; and the whites of the apron and of the kerchief about the neck are of a very fine neutral shade in the half-lights. I like the action of the figure — its absorbed attentiveness, so simple, natural, and unaffected. Here we see an experienced Dutch housewife — a robust and beautiful old woman, and a type of her time; one of those kind, hale, thrifty souls whose mere presence breathes a sense of homeliness and serenity. Nothing, surely, could be finer than the breadth and simplicity with which the features are indicated; and the hand — how characteristic! Only a consummate master could attack such difficulties with the ease and suppleness of handling, and the exquisite delicacy and solidity of touch, that contribute to the charm and delight of this work.

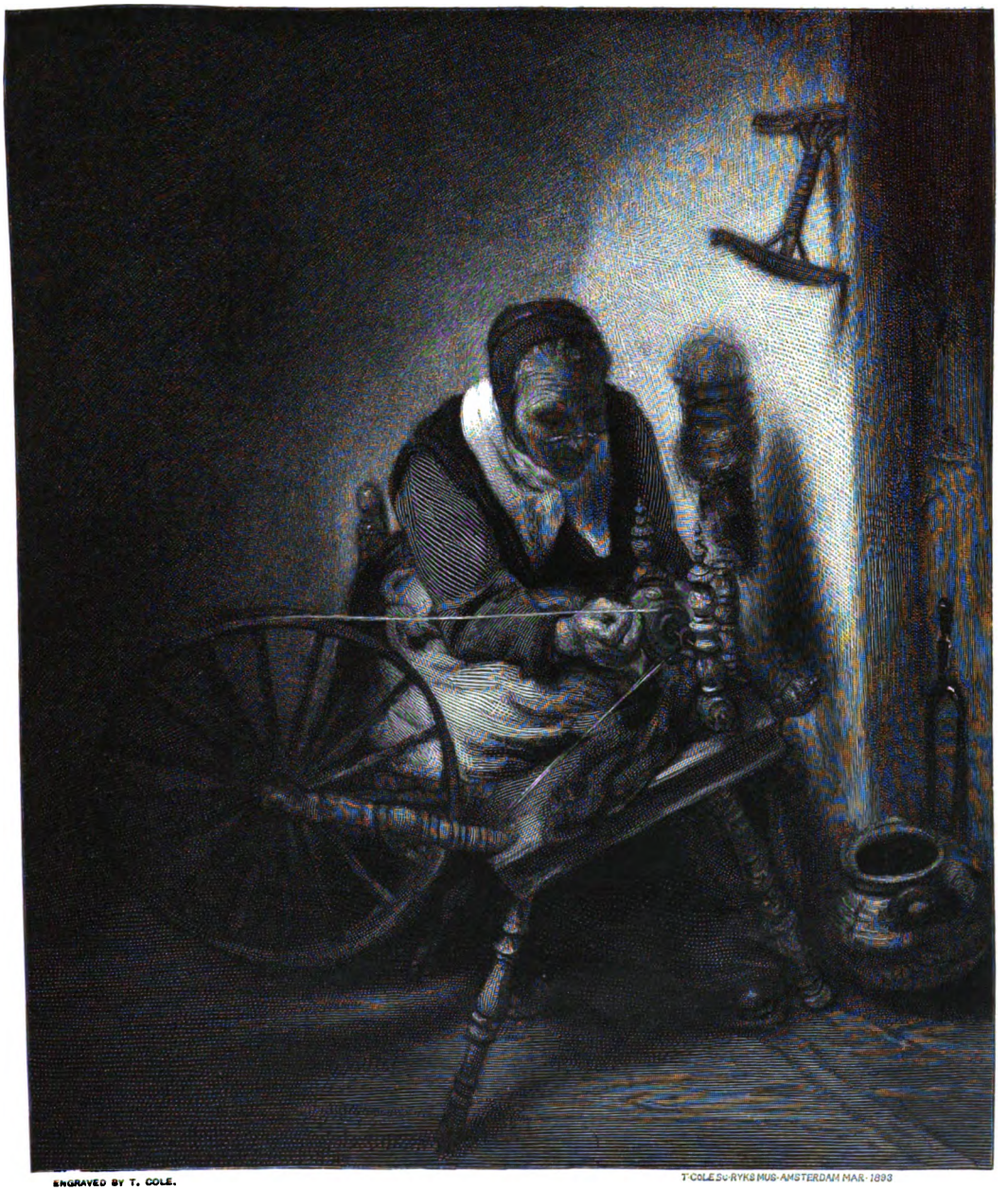
Maes thoroughly absorbed and assimilated the principles of his master — made them his own, yet was quite independent of him in his choice of subject, and imbued his creations with a fine depth of sentiment. In his "Reverie" — a life-size in the Ryks Museum — a beautiful girl leans from a window, gazing into vacancy, quite lost in delicious oblivion of the beholder. She is in the heyday of youth, and it is easy to see that she is dreaming of her lover. In the Louvre there is a work of quite opposite character, equally beautiful in sentiment, however, though more touching in its pathos; it is the only one possessed by that gallery. This is called "Le Bénédicité," and is the one I have referred to as being the work of a lad of sixteen years. It is in the La Caze collection, and is an oblong picture twenty-two inches high by sixteen wide, disclosing a charming Dutch interior in which an old woman, all alone, sits before a midday meal in the act of silent prayer. The arrangement is perfect. The light falls softly from an upper window, — which is out of the picture, — illuminating the principal figure and the table, which is simply laid with the loaf of bread, the cheese, the plate of pottage, and the large ornamental jug, all naturally disposed upon a white table-cloth. Behind the table rises the gloom of a high fireplace, from beneath the mantelpiece of which hangs a string of onions. In the shade of one corner of the room is a spinning-wheel, and a cat coils itself at the foot of the chair in which the old woman is seated.

The painting is of the utmost refinement and delicacy. The color, drawing, expression, and action are above all criticism, and the chiaroscuro is really wonderful. Everything displays the most sensitive observation, and a knowledge which forgets itself in the ingenious sincerity of depicting things as they really are: the modeling of the well-filled surfaces, the solid wall, and the delicacy of the light as it steals gently over it; the forms so firmly drawn, yet melting, airy, made mysterious by the light and shade and play of the surrounding air. It is the patient, religious effort of an unsophisticated youthful genius. Superlative as is the workmanship of this rare piece, it is yet the sentiment pervading it which holds one — the sincere, uplifted countenance of the sweet old woman, so touching in its aspect of devotion, the look coming from the soul within. The light, catching her eye and blurring it, gives to her vision a far-away cast — a kindling of the inward spirit. Her fragile frame, her clasped hands, and her loneliness raise in one a compassionate feeling. All this painted upon a board by a boy of sixteen! The panel is signed, and dated 1648. What a wonderful lad! He was, indeed, a worthy candidate for the tuition of a Rembrandt; but unlike that rugged spirit, he did not continue patiently in well-doing to the end. In 1678 Maes returned from Antwerp to Amsterdam, where he settled, and where he died of the gout in 1693.

T. Cole.



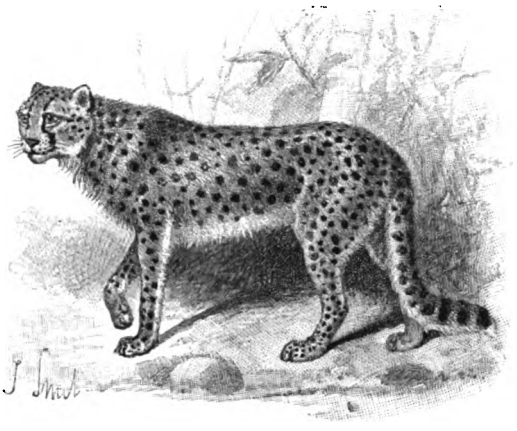
Digitized by Google



THE SPINNER. BY NICOLAES MAES.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY J. SMIT. ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

THE CHETAH.

HUNTING WITH THE CHETAH.

THE employment of chetahs for hunting purposes is gradually dying out through all the East, this fact being especially apparent in India, which for many centuries past has been the true home of this form of sport. Not very long ago, quite within the memory of many hale and hearty Anglo-Indians, nearly every native ruler or wealthy landowner possessed, and habitually used, these hunting leopards. At the present day, however, the number of men who own them can be counted almost on the fingers of one hand. The intercourse between the two races inhabiting India is increasing, and assuming a more intimate or friendly character; hence English ideas regarding sport, as contrasted with purely Oriental ones, are being gradually adopted. Also, through some inexplicable cause, the mortality among the hunting chetahs has shown a marked tendency to increase, while at the same time greater difficulty is being felt, year by year, in procuring animals suitable for training. They are not bred in captivity, but have to be caught while young, and these leopards are to some extent sharing the fate now meted out by nearly every country of the world to its wild fauna. These facts, in conjunction with others operating in a minor degree, are gradually relegating the training of chetahs, and their employment in antelope-hunting, to the list of "the things that were."

At a few Indian courts, however, chetahs can still be seen, but in some places it is evident that their chief purpose is fulfilled by their being made ornamental rather than useful. They lie about in the sun on the steps of the palaces guarded by their attendants, or are occasionally to be seen taken out for exercise by being led blindfolded through the crowds that perpetually throng the native bazaars. This kind of life, so totally different from that natural to them, cannot be conducive to longevity, and the excuse frequently given for their non-employment, that they are not well, has no doubt more truth in it than is generally to be found in the majority of similar native statements.

A man may live in India for many years and not get a chance of seeing a hunt with a chetah, and visitors whose experience of the country is confined to a few weeks' stay in the cold season can hardly expect to do so. It is, however, a form of sport so peculiarly Oriental and full of local color, so suggestive of past ages, and so illustrative in this respect of the conservatism of Eastern countries,—for the method of procedure has undergone but little change from that practised in the earliest periods,—that it is worth encountering some trouble in order to witness it. At the worst, it is a unique experience, not to be had nowadays elsewhere. Moreover, if a man has any partiality for animals, if he loves to study their peculiarities, to watch their individual characteristics, and to see exhibitions of their powers, then the sport has attractions beyond its historical interest, or even beyond the excitement attending the actual chase and killing.

Knowing this to be so, I gladly availed myself of a chance that came in my way to take part in a form of diversion peculiar to the East, and dating back for nearly a thousand years antecedent to the Christian era, and one that affords

Digitized by Google

an exciting spectacle of feline prowess which must always be a sight worthy of observation and study.

In our early morning drives outside the gates of Jeypore, during a late short residence in Rajputana, my wife and I had on several occasions taken a road that led past a spot where there was a large tree with heavy over-hanging branches. Under its shade, on a low platform, a handsome young chetah was always sitting or sleeping. By his side sat a man who fanned the flies away when they became troublesome, and whose sole occupation was to minister to the wants of the much-pampered animal. A short distance from the tree was the attendant's hut, and near by a rough flat-topped cart without sides, which was evidently the conveyance on which the animal was carried when being taken to the hunt. Upon inquiry we learned that this chetah belonged to the Maharajah of Jeypore, one of the most powerful reigning princes of India, and was the only one then living of several he had possessed. Subsequently, upon expressing a wish to see a chetah-hunt, the maharajah kindly placed all the facilities for so doing at our disposal.

Before narrating an account of what took place thereat, a few words respecting the natural history of the chetah may not be considered out of place, more especially as an animal of this species is not often seen in America, and very rarely even in Europe.

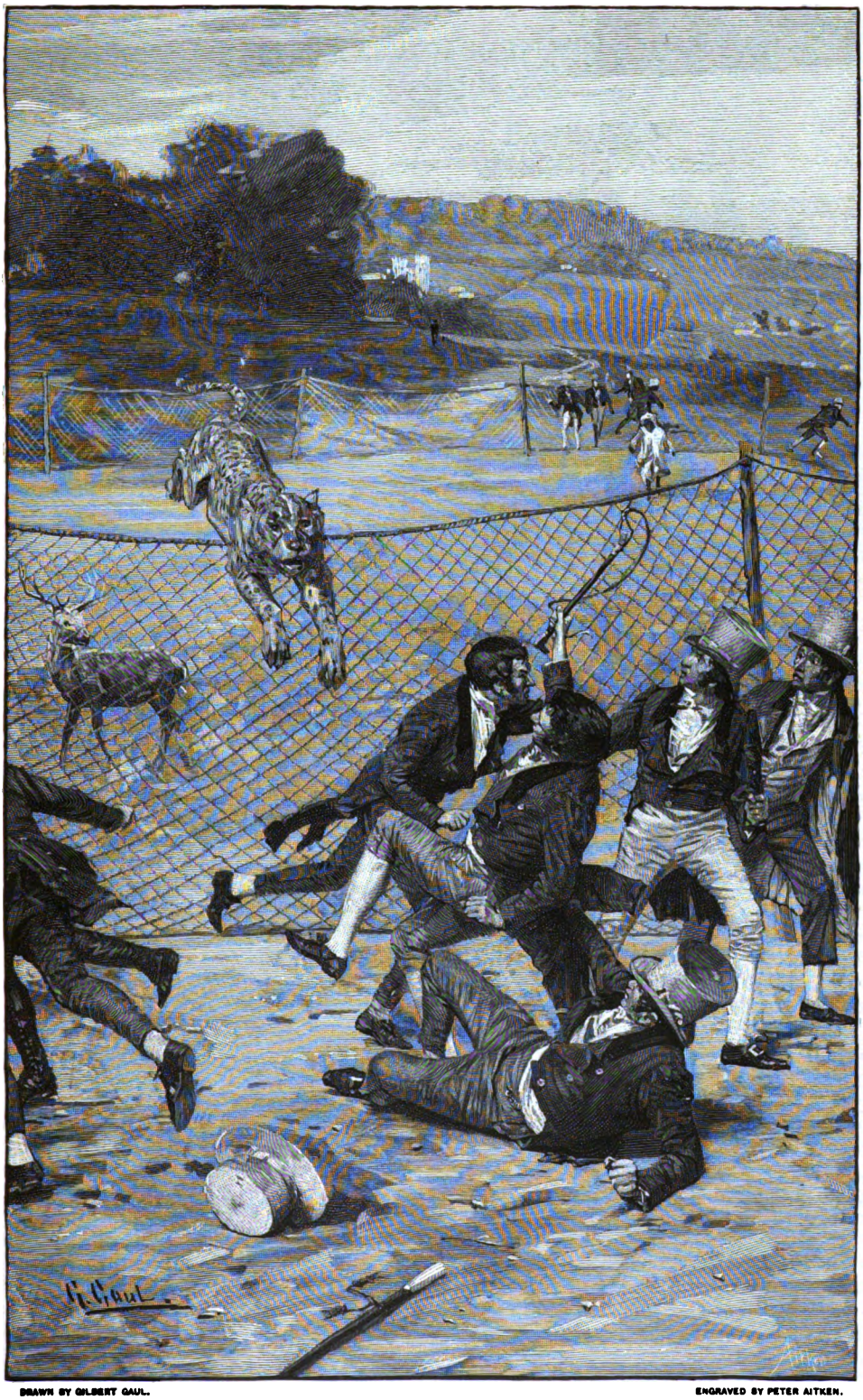
The chetah (meaning spotted), commonly known as the hunting leopard (*Felis jubata*), is no doubt correctly classified among the *Felidæ*, which includes nearly all the more powerful and ferocious predatory animals. In some respects it differs, however, in outward appearance and in character from all the other varieties of this genus. Being such an aberrant member, certain naturalists regard it as a distinct species, and others as a link connecting the feline and the canine families. Nevertheless, it is a cat, and an exceptionally handsome one, besides being in many respects typical of its race. It stands very high on the legs, which are slender, a formation that enables it to capture its prey by speed rather than by bounds, in this peculiarity exhibiting one of the features in which it differs from lions, tigers, and other cats. The claws are only partly retractile, being always visible. They become, therefore, somewhat blunted, and this alone would render them unsuitable for the purely feline method of attack. The head is small and round, but the jaws show great muscular power; the neck, which is long for a cat, is sinewy; and the body is slender, and small in the loins, reminding one of a greyhound. Its general color is a fulvescent cream, or bright nankin, the coat being covered with numerous round black spots. A noticeable peculiarity is a black streak down the face, which starts off obliquely from the corner of each eye. The tail does not taper after the manner of an ordinary cat's terminal appendage, but gradually thickens toward the end. It is also exceptionally long, and, besides being spotted in the same way as the body, has three or four black rings at the tip; its absolute extremity is, however, always white. The chetah's fur lacks the sleekness generally admired in the other members of the family, for it is peculiarly crisp and coarse. The neck and shoulders are surmounted by long, stiff upright hairs that form a regular mane.

A chetah stands much higher than the common leopard of India, and specimens are frequently to be seen that measure very close upon three feet. The length of body is also noticeable, for, including the tail, seven feet would not be a very unusual length. In an animal of this size, the tail would be about two and a half feet long. The habitat of the chetah is an extensive one, for it is to be found in Syria, Arabia, Mesopotamia, and in many parts of India; it is also an inhabitant of South Africa. It is only in Asia at the present day that it is caught and trained, but undoubtedly, in a past age, it was so used by the black races of the Upper Nile.

Sir William Jones states that the breeding of dogs and leopards for hunting purposes was introduced by Hushing, king of Persia, 865 B. C. The fashion subsequently spread all over the East, where it has continued to be a very popular form of sport. But the Persians did not invent this method of hunting, for on the Assyrian bas-reliefs a chetah is represented seizing an antelope, and on the walls in the tomb of Sheik Abd-el-Gurnah on the Nile, which dates about 1700 years before Christ, a chetah is portrayed. It is being led by a slip, and has a very ornamental collar. An Ethiopian, who has a large log of ebony upon his shoulders, is leading the animal, these two presents being tribute for the king of Thebes from some black tribes inhabiting the upper country. This scene is colored, but when I saw it three years ago, the Arabs had destroyed some portion of it with the tallow and smoke of the candles they light for its inspection.

Chetahs used at one time to be carried on horseback, sitting on a pillion behind the rider; at another period they were carried in cages on the backs of elephants. The sport they afford has not always been confined to Eastern countries, for in Europe Frederick II., king of Sicily, in the early part of the thirteenth century, introduced hunting with chetahs on his return from a journey he made to Jerusalem. And as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century the sport was revived in France, where at one time it had considerable popularity. In Eng-

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

A CHETAH-HUNT IN WINDSOR PARK.

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

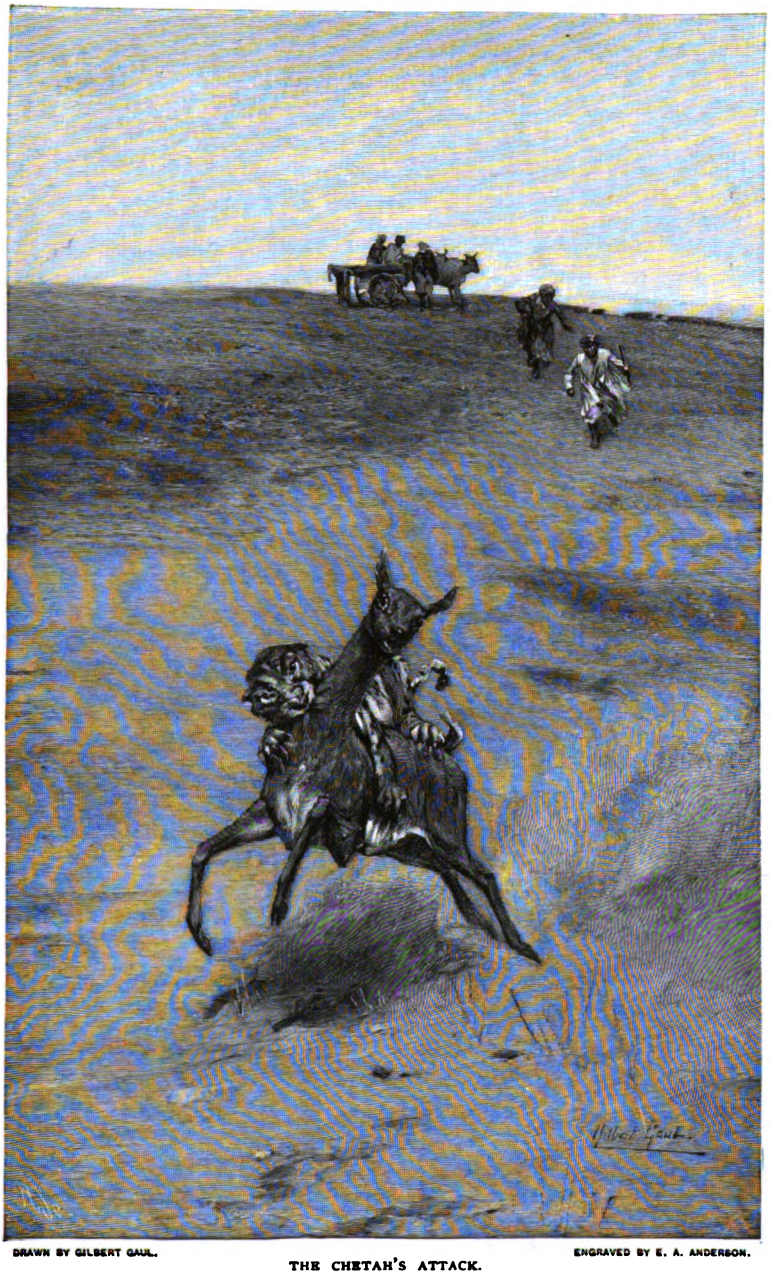
ON THE WAY TO THE HUNT.

land and Scotland it has also existed. The Duke of Cumberland, brother to George IV., had two chetahs presented to him by Sir Arthur Wellesley, but his attempt to hunt with them in Windsor Park ended in a fiasco. The animal refused to attack a stag which had been turned loose within an inclosure made by strong netting about fifteen feet high. When the stag, with lowered antlers, charged the leopard, he forced it to jump the netting to escape, and the consternation produced in the crowds of visitors assembled, who promptly fled in all directions, can easily be understood, when it is stated that the chetah was known to be a particularly ferocious specimen which had once savagely attacked and maimed a keeper. This is the last recorded chetah-hunt in Europe.

It was some hours before daybreak on the morning appointed for my initiation into the mysteries of the sport, that I was awakened by my native servant knocking at the veranda door, with the announcement that his highness's *shikari* (huntsman) was outside and wished to see me. With a yawn I turned out, lighted the lamp, and, opening the door, stepped out to interview him. He was bare-legged, but his head, besides being enveloped in a voluminous turban, had numerous dirty-looking scarfs and articles of clothing wrapped around it. I could hardly repress a smile, for his highness's shikari at this early hour more nearly resembled a bundle of dirty clothes on two skinny black legs than anything human. The shikari caste is a low one. The night was shiveringly cold, with that piercing nip in the air which prevails in nearly all hot countries an hour or two before dawn. The man looked all shriveled up with it, and the few minutes that I stood talking with him impressed me forcibly with the fact that even in India the weather is not always hot. The shikari informed me that two *tongas* (bullock-carts) from the maharajah's stables were now in the compound awaiting my party, that he had sent the chetah on two or three hours before to a spot some miles away, where he knew there were several very fine blackbuck to be found, and he hoped the sahibs would be ready to start without any delay, or the sun would be too high by the time we reached the place for any sport to be had. Seeing the necessity for no loss of time occurring, I ordered the tongas to be sent on at once after the chetah, and two open gharries to be got ready for us, for by them we could get to the meeting-place as soon or before the slower-paced oxen could manage it, even if we started half an hour later. Hastily dressing, and swallowing the *chota hazri* (early breakfast) prepared for us, our party, which included, besides my wife and myself, a young guardsman and his mother, and our servants, was soon ready to start. As we emerged silently into the dark night, I prayed that the ladies, whose faces testified to their feelings, would be repaid for the discomfort they were experiencing in this unexpected, dreary middle-of-the-night work.

At first the road was too dark to see the way we were going, but as the dawn approached, the different objects by the wayside gradually

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. ENGRAVED BY E. A. ANDERSON.

THE CHETAH'S ATTACK.

became visible, and just as the sun rose, and bathed the whole landscape in light, we reached the appointed rendezvous. Here we found the chetah on his cart, with two attendants squatting alongside. The animal was hooded with a leathern hood that completely covered the upper part of his face, and had a strap around the loins, as well as a cord attached to his collar, by which he was bound to a rail on the cart. The vehicle was drawn by two handsome zebus, or humped oxen, which were driven by a venerable-looking old man. A great deal of the success in a chetah-hunt depends on the tonga-drivers, for all the manœuvering has to be done by them. As might be expected, the maharajah, being a keen sportsman, would employ only men who were very skilful, and such we found them to be.

The method of procedure in using the chetah is for the men to get the carts as near the game as possible before liberating the animal. This is accomplished by driving around the

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.

ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

DISENGAGING THE CHETAH FROM ITS PREY.

Digitized by Google

antelopes in a circle, but making it gradually smaller and smaller, so that at last the requisite distance is attained. The accomplishment of this object requires some skill, but it is facilitated by the fact that over the lands on which the Indian antelopes, or black-buck, feed, the natives with their bullock-carts are perpetually passing and repassing. As these people never molest the animals, the antelopes get accustomed to their presence, and pay no attention to them. If, however, anything unusual in the appearance of their carts is discerned, then the fleet-footed creatures take instant alarm, and are off at a speed which soon carries them out of sight, leaving only a cloud of dust behind to mark the course they have taken.

Shortly after our arrival at the place where the chetah was awaiting us, the tongas arrived, and reluctantly we transferred ourselves from the comparatively comfortable carriages to the decidedly uncomfortable ox-carts. These tongas in no way differed from those in general use throughout India, but the oxen drawing them were of a finer breed, faster, and in better condition than those which the peasantry habitually employ and ill-treat. The Maharajah of Jeypore prides himself upon his oxen, as well as upon his large stud of elephants, camels, and thoroughbred Arabian horses.

On a tonga, Europeans have to sit *dos-à-dos*, similar to the position it is necessary to assume in an Irish jaunting-car. The feet rest upon a shelf hanging down over the wheel, and the legs and body are protected by guards. The back, however, is unsupported, for the seat is really intended to be used native fashion; that is, by squatting thereon, with the legs doubled up under the body. For Europeans, who cannot assume this attitude with any comfort, a shawl is folded up and made into an apology for a cushion; but as the cart has no springs, a long journey on a tonga is rather a miserable affair. Then one soon acquires some experience of oxen and their ways, and discovers that they have a decided inclination for rutty land with soft, heavy ground; these places they imagine to be easier on their feet. That this fact does not tend to lessen the inconveniences of tonga-riding is a piece of information we were destined to acquire on this occasion.

Shortly after we had fairly started on our way, the sun rendered the casting off of wraps and extra coats a necessity, and the comfort of our sun-helmets once more began to be felt. The chetah-cart led the way, our tongas followed in Indian file, and the shikari and servants brought up the rear on foot. The road soon struck off from the main highway over some cultivated land, then along very rough paths, across a few dried-up river-beds, or *nullahs*, and ultimately emerged on to a large open plain, which extended as far as the eye could see, and in some respects suggested the prairies of America. The comparison, however, failed in certain details, for here the sky-lines were the hills of the Aravali range, small clumps of trees were to be seen dotted over the plain, and the vegetation, instead of being profuse, was scanty, for the most part being stunted shrubs, and tufts of coarse grass in a dry condition. In the far distance the castle and ruined encircling walls of Amber could be seen, and below in the valley some of the maharajah's troops were at exercise with their camel-guns and antiquated flint-lock muskets.

At last we sighted a small herd of antelope, but the shikari decided not to pay any attention to them, for none that could be discerned possessed horns fine enough to suit his idea of our requirements. He evidently knew well what he was about, for he soon brought us to a place where some fine heads could be seen. This herd we endeavored to approach, but its leaders either sighted something out of the common in the appearance of our cavalcade, or else they got wind of the chetah, for the animals were away like a flash, and we intently watched them bounding into the air, one after another, with graceful leaps, as they cleared the obstacles in their path until the distance hid them from view. Shortly afterward more animals were sighted, and this time our excitement was worked up to a state of intensity. Quietly but surely we circled nearer and nearer to the herd, but tried to appear as though we were paying no attention whatever to them. At last the distance was decreased to a little over a hundred yards, and we almost held our breath for fear of causing a stampede. Without the cart in any way stopping, the strap round the loins of the chetah was loosened, he was awakened by a vigorous twist of his tail, the cord was detached from his neck, and the hood slipped quickly from his eyes. The chetah sprang up, sighted his quarry, and with a bound, light, graceful, and soundless, sprang from the cart, and crouched low on the grass. Having got so far, however, for some reason not immediately evident, he refused to go any farther, and simply rolled round on his back and abandoned himself to the complete enjoyment of his liberty. With certain Hindustani oaths of so copious a character that they embraced the whole of that chetah's family for some generations back, one of the keepers got down and quietly approached the animal. On coming up to him the hood was deftly slipped over his eyes, the binding cord refastened, and the strap replaced round his loins. Although blindfolded, on being ordered, the animal leaped

Digitized by Google

back upon the cart with an easy bound that was grace personified, exhibiting the wonderful muscular agility he possessed.

The failure of the chetah in this case, we were told, was due to the antelope's getting too good a start; the animal's instinct guiding him under these circumstances. This may have been the case, for the efforts of nearly all members of the feline family, although rapid for short distances, are soon exhausted, and their instinct leads them to conserve their powers until all likelihood of failure in their attack is diminished. Then their movements are vigorous in the extreme. This fact we were to see displayed later on by our chetah. At first some of us were inclined to pronounce the animal too well fed or too lazy to work. We were assured, however, that it had not been given any food the day before, and must therefore be hungry, a necessary condition for it to hunt properly.

After this disappointment the tongas were again put in motion, and the men became more determined than ever that we should see some sport. We were jogged and jolted about over rough ground until our bodies were bruised and our backs tired. The sun also began to make itself felt in a way that was far from agreeable. Soon, however, we ceased to think of these small troubles, for on topping some rising ground, we again sighted antelope. Then again began the stalk, to end again, we thought, at one time, in renewed disappointment, for the herd, becoming uneasy, moved away. This they did very slowly, and without manifesting any great alarm, so off we started after them, but of course not in a direct line. In a few minutes, that to our anxious minds seemed interminable, we managed to diminish the distance to the requisite point, and again the straps were liberated. The hood was then slipped from the chetah's head. He saw the animals at once; his body quivered all over with excitement, the tail straightened, and the hackles on his shoulders stood erect, while his eyes gleamed, and he strained at the cord, which was held short. In a second it was unfastened, there was a yellow streak in the air, and the chetah was crouching low some yards away. In this position, and taking advantage of a certain unevenness of the ground which gave him cover, he stealthily crept forward toward a buck that was feeding some distance away from the others. Suddenly this antelope saw or scented his enemy, for he was off like the wind. He was, however, too late; the chetah had been too quick for him. All there was to be seen was a flash, as the supreme rush was made. This movement of the chetah is said to be, for the time it lasts, the quickest thing in the animal world, far surpassing the speed of a race-horse. Certainly it surprised all of us, who were intently watching the details of the scene being enacted in our view. The pace was so marvelously great that the chetah actually sprang past the buck, although by this time the terrified animal was fairly stretched out at panic speed. This overshooting the mark by the chetah had the effect of driving the antelope, which swerved off immediately from his line, into running round in a circle, with the chetah on the outside. The tongas were galloped up, and the excitement of the occupants can hardly be described. In my eagerness to see the finish, I jumped off and took to running, but the hunt was soon over, for before I could get quite up, the chetah got close to the buck, and with a spring at his haunches, brought him to the ground. The leopard then suddenly released his hold, and sprang at his victim's throat, throwing his prey over on its back, where it was held when we arrived at the spot. The chetah was then crouching low, sucking the blood from the jugular vein, while tenaciously clinging with his mouth to the antelope's throat. The buck gave only a few spasmodic jerks and appeared to be dead, although probably not so in reality, but only paralyzed by fear. One of the men stooped down and plunged a knife into the buck's neck close to the spot where the chetah still held fast. This *coup de grâce* not only terminated the poor thing's existence, but caused the blood to flow freely, which one of the men proceeded to catch in a large wooden bowl with a long handle, that he had brought for the purpose. When this was full, the hood was thrust over the chetah's eyes, his fetters were replaced, and he was ultimately induced to let go his hold of the antelope by the bowl of steaming hot blood being slipped under his nose. Into this dainty reward for his trouble he at once plunged his head, and with ferocious eagerness lapped up the whole of it.

However, he did not submit to be led away from his prey without a protest, for he gave some low, ominous snarls, looked wicked, and tugged at the cords by which he was held. These proceedings on his part, together with the gory appearance he presented after his feast, drove the ladies from the scene. His head, limbs, and portions of his body were covered with the blood, and it was running out of his jaws. He was such a repulsive-looking beast that we were all glad when he had been taken back to the cart. The shikari, meanwhile, had been busy with the dead buck, getting it ready to be carried away, and his proceedings were not of a nature to allay the ladies' distaste for the whole affair, which, the excitement being all over, and the reaction setting in, they expressed in a decided manner.

As the sun was now like a ball of fire high

Digitized by Google

up in a steel-blue dome, and we were all hungry, thirsty, tired, and hot, we decided to return home without trying for another antelope. After a bath and tiffin we all felt in a different humor, but the consensus of opinion condemned hunting with the chetah as poor sport from a European standpoint. Its extraordinary attractions for the inhabitants of Eastern countries we could, however, well understand. It requires but little exertion on the part of the hunters themselves, and there are many different objects of intense interest to be followed—the careful manœuvering in stalking the game, the loosening of the subtle animal, the excitement of watching its stealthy approach, in which a wonderful display of craft and agility is exhibited, then the lightning-like rapidity of its movements, and the flight of the terror-stricken antelope. Finally, the supreme moment having arrived, there comes the graceful but terrible spring which brings the quarry in the death-grip of the powerful cat. The whole sport is in fact an exhibition of animal powers exerted in the form most attractive to Oriental minds. But the day is not far off when hunting with the chetah will be a thing of the past, and there will be but few people left who will mourn the fact.

J. Fortuné Nott.

THE GUESTS OF MRS. TIMMS.

I.



RS. PERSIS FLAGG stood in her front doorway taking leave of Miss Cynthia Pickett, who had just been making a long call. They were not intimate friends. Miss Pickett always came formally to the front door and rang when she paid her visits, but, the week before, they had met at the county conference, and had been sent to the same house for entertainment, and so had deepened and renewed the pleasures of acquaintance.

It was an afternoon in early June; the syringa-bushes were tall and green on each side of the stone doorsteps, and were covered with their lovely white and golden flowers. Miss Pickett broke off the nearest twig, and held it before her prim face as she talked. She had a pretty childlike smile that came and went suddenly, but her face was not one that bore the marks of many pleasures. Mrs. Flagg was a tall, commanding sort of person, with an air of satisfaction and authority.

"Oh, yes, gather all you want," she said stiffly, as Miss Pickett took the syringa without having asked beforehand; but she had an amiable expression, and just now her large countenance was lighted up by pleasant anticipation.

"We can tell early what sort of a day it 's goin' to be," she said eagerly. "There ain't a cloud in the sky now. I 'll stop for you as I come along, or if there should be anything unforeseen to detain me, I 'll send you word. I don't expect you 'd want to go if it wa' n't so that I could?"

"Oh my sakes, no!" answered Miss Pickett, discreetly, with a timid flush. "You feel certain that Mis' Timms won't be put out? I should n't feel free to go unless I went 'long o' you."

"Why, nothin' could be plainer than her words," said Mrs. Flagg in a tone of reproval. "You saw how she urged me, an' had over all that talk about how we used to see each other often when we both lived to Longport, and told how she 'd been thinkin' of writin', and askin' if it wa' n't so I should be able to come over and stop three or four days as soon as settled weather come, because she could n't make no fire in her best chamber on account of the chimbley smokin' if the wind wa' n't just right. You see how she felt toward me, kissin' of me comin' and goin'? Why, she even asked me who I employed to do over my bonnet, Miss Pickett, just as interested as if she was a sister; an' she remarked she should look for us any pleasant day after we all got home, an' were settled after the conference."

Miss Pickett smiled, but did not speak, as if she expected more arguments still.

"An' she seemed just about as much gratified to meet with you again. She seemed to desire to meet you again very particular," continued Mrs. Flagg. "She really urged us to come together an' have a real good day talkin' over old times—there, don't le' 's go all over it again! I 've always heard she 'd made that old house of her aunt Bascom's where she

Digitized by Google

lives look real handsome. I once heard her best parlor carpet described as being an elegant carpet, different from any there was round here. Why, nobody could n't be more cordial, Miss Pickett; you ain't goin' to give out just at the last?"

"Oh, no!" answered the visitor, hastily; "no, 'm! I want to go full as much as you do, Mis' Flagg, but you see I never was so well acquainted with Mis' Cap'n Timms, an' I always seem to dread putting myself for'ard. She certain was very urgent, an' she said plain enough to come any day next week, an' here 't is Wednesday, though of course she would n't look for us either Monday or Tuesday. 'T will be a real pleasant occasion, an' now we 've been to the conference it don't seem near so much effort to start."

"Why, I don't think nothin' of it," said Mrs. Flagg, proudly. "We shall have a grand good time, goin' together an' all, I feel sure."

Miss Pickett still played with her syringa flower, tapping her thin cheek, and twirling the stem with her fingers. She looked as if she were going to say something more, but after a moment's hesitation she turned away.

"Good afternoon, Mis' Flagg," she said formally, looking up with a quick little smile; "I enjoyed my call; I hope I ain't kep' you too late; I don't know but what it 's 'most tea-time. Well, I shall look for you in the mornin'."

"Good afternoon, Miss Pickett; I 'm glad I was in when you came. Call again, won't you?" said Mrs. Flagg. "Yes; you may expect me in good season," and so they parted. Miss Pickett went out at the neat clicking gate in the white fence, and Mrs. Flagg a moment later looked out of her sitting-room window to see if the gate were latched, and felt the least bit disappointed to find that it was. She sometimes went out after the departure of a guest, and fastened the gate herself with a loud rebuking sound. Both of these Woodville women lived alone, and were very precise in their way of doing things.

II.

THE next morning dawned clear and bright, and Miss Pickett rose even earlier than usual. She found it most difficult to decide which of her dresses would be best to wear. Summer was still so young that the day had all the freshness of spring, but when the two friends walked away together along the shady street, with a chorus of golden robins singing high overhead in the elms, Miss Pickett decided that she had made a wise choice of her second-best black silk gown, which she had just turned again and freshened. It was neither too warm for the season nor too cool, nor did it look overdressed. She wore her large cameo pin, and this, with a long watch-chain, gave an air of proper mural decoration. She was a straight, flat little person, as if, when not in use, she kept herself, silk dress and all, between the leaves of a book. She carried a noticeable parasol with a fringe, and a small shawl, with a pretty border, neatly folded over her left arm. Mrs. Flagg always dressed in black cashmere, and looked, to hasty observers, much the same one day as another; but her companion recognized the fact that this was the best black cashmere of all, and for a moment quailed at the thought that Mrs. Flagg was paying such extreme deference to their prospective hostess. The visit turned for a moment into an unexpectedly solemn formality, and pleasure seemed to wane before Cynthia Pickett's eyes, yet with great courage she never slackened a single step. Mrs. Flagg carried a somewhat worn black leather hand-bag, which Miss Pickett regretted; it did not give the visit that casual and unpremeditated air which she felt to be more elegant.

"Sha'n't I carry your bag for you?" she asked timidly. Mrs. Flagg was the older and more important person.

"Oh, dear me, no," answered Mrs. Flagg. "My pocket 's so remote, in case I should desire to sneeze or anything, that I thought 't would be convenient for carrying my handkerchief and pocket-book; an' then I just tucked in a couple o' glasses o' my crab-apple jelly for Mis' Timms. She used to be a great hand for preserves of every sort, an' I thought 't would be a kind of an attention, an' give rise to conversation. I know she used to make excellent drop-cakes when we was both residin' to Longport; folks used to say she never would give the right receipt, but if I get a real good chance, I mean to ask her. Or why can't you, if I start talkin' about receipts — why can't you say, sort of innocent, that I have always spoken frequently of her drop-cakes, an' ask for the rule? She would be very sensible to the compliment, and could pass it off if she did n't feel to indulge us. There, I do so wish you would!"

"Yes, 'm," said Miss Pickett, doubtfully; "I 'll try to make the opportunity. I 'm very partial to drop-cakes. Was they flour or rye, Mis' Flagg?"

"They was flour, dear," replied Mrs. Flagg, approvingly; "crisp an' light as any you ever see."

"I wish I had thought to carry somethin' to make it pleasant," said Miss Pickett, after they had walked a little farther; "but there, I don't know 's 't would look just right, this first visit, to offer anything to such a person as Mis' Timms. In case I ever go over to Baxter again I won't forget to make her some little present,

Digitized by Google

as nice as I 've got. 'T was certain very polite of her to urge me to come with you. I did feel very doubtful at first. I did n't know but she thought it behooved her, because I was in your company at the conference, and she wanted to save my feelin's, and yet expected I would decline. I never was well acquainted with her; our folks was n't well off when I first knew her; 't was before Uncle Cap'n Dyer passed away an' remembered mother an' me in his will. We could n't make no han'some companies in them days, so we did n't go to none, an' kep' to ourselves; but in my grandmother's time, mother always said, the families was very friendly. I should n't feel like goin' over to pass the day with Mis' Timms if I did n't mean to ask her to return the visit. Some don't think o' these things, but mother was very set about not bein' done for when she could n't make no return."

"'When it rains porridge hold up your dish'," said Mrs. Flagg; but Miss Pickett made no response beyond a feeble "Yes, 'm," which somehow got caught in her pale-green bonnet-strings.

"There, 't ain't no use to fuss too much over all them things," proclaimed Mrs. Flagg, walking along at a good pace with a fine sway of her skirts, and carrying her head high. "Folks walks right by an' forgits all about you; folks can't always be going through with just so much. You 'd had a good deal better time, you an' your ma, if you 'd been freer in your ways; now don't you s'pose you would? 'T ain't what you give folks to eat so much as 't is makin' 'em feel welcome. Now, there 's Mis' Timms; when we was to Longport she was dreadful methodical. She would n't let Cap'n Timms fetch nobody home to dinner without lettin' of her know, same 's other cap'ns' wives had to submit to. I was thinkin', when she was so cordial over to Danby, how she 'd softened with time. Years do learn folks somethin'! She did seem very pleasant an' desirous. There, I am so glad we got started; if she 'd gone an' got up a real good dinner today, an' then not had us come till to-morrow, 't would have been real too bad. Where any body lives alone such a thing is very tryin'."

"Oh, so 't is!" said Miss Pickett. "There, I 'd like to tell you what I went through with year before last. They come an' asked me one Saturday night to entertain the minister, that time we was having candidates—"

"I guess we 'd better step along faster," said Mrs. Flagg, suddenly. "Why, Miss Pickett, there 's the stage comin' now! It 's dreadful prompt, seems to me. Quick! there 's folks awaitin', an' I sha'n't get to Baxter in no state to visit Mis' Cap'n Timms if I have to ride all the way there backward!"

III.

THE stage was not full inside. The group before the store proved to be made up of spectators, except one man, who climbed at once to a vacant seat by the driver. Inside there was only one person, after two passengers got out, and she preferred to sit with her back to the horses, so that Mrs. Flagg and Miss Pickett settled themselves comfortably in the coveted corners of the back seat. At first they took no notice of their companion, and spoke to each other in low tones, but presently something attracted the attention of all three and engaged them in conversation.

"I never was over this road before," said the stranger. "I s'pose you ladies are well acquainted all along."

"We have often traveled it in past years. We was over this part of it last week goin' and comin' from the county conference," said Mrs. Flagg in a dignified manner.

"What persuasion?" inquired the fellow-traveler, with interest.

"Orthodox," said Miss Pickett, quickly, before Mrs. Flagg could speak. "It was a very interestin' occasion; this other lady an' me stayed through all the meetin's."

"I ain't Orthodox," announced the stranger, waiving any interest in personalities. "I was brought up amongst the Freewill Baptists."

"We 're well acquainted with several of that denomination in our place," said Mrs. Flagg, not without an air of patronage. "They 've never built 'em no church; there ain't but a scattered few."

"They prevail where I come from," said the traveler. "I 'm goin' now to visit with a Freewill lady. We was to a conference together once, same 's you an' your friend, but 't was a State conference. She asked me to come some time an' make her a good visit, and I 'm on my way now. I did n't seem to have nothin' to keep me to home."

"We 're all goin' visitin' to-day, ain't we?" said Mrs. Flagg, sociably; but no one carried on the conversation.

The day was growing very warm; there was dust in the sandy road, but the fields of grass and young growing crops looked fresh and fair. There was a light haze over the hills, and birds were thick in the air. When the stage-horses stopped to walk, you could hear the crows caw, and the bobolinks singing, in the meadows. All the farmers were busy in their fields.

"It don't seem but little ways to Baxter, does it?" said Miss Pickett, after a while. "I felt we should pass a good deal o' time on the road, but we must be pretty near half-way there a'ready."

"Why, more 'n half!" exclaimed Mrs. Flagg.

Digitized by Google

"Yes; there 's Beckett's Corner right ahead, an' the old Beckett house. I have n't been on this part of the road for so long that I feel kind of strange. I used to visit over here when I was a girl. There 's a nephew's widow owns the place now. Old Miss Susan Beckett willed it to him, an' he died; but she resides there an' carries on the farm, an unusual smart woman, everybody says. Ain't it pleasant here, right out among the farms!"

"Mis' Beckett's place, did you observe?" said the stranger, leaning forward to listen to what her companions said. "I expect that 's where I 'm goin'— Mis' Ezra Beckett's?"

"That 's the one," said Miss Pickett and Mrs. Flagg together, and they both looked out eagerly as the coach drew up to the front door of a large old yellow house that stood close upon the green turf of the roadside.

The passenger looked pleased and eager, and made haste to leave the stage with her many bundles and bags. While she stood impatiently tapping at the brass knocker, the stage-driver landed a large trunk, and dragged it toward the door across the grass. Just then a busy-looking middle-aged woman made her appearance, with floury hands and with a look as if she were prepared to be somewhat on the defensive.

"Why, how do you do, Mis' Beckett?" exclaimed the guest. "Well, here I be at last. I did n't know 's you thought I was ever comin'. Why, I do declare, I believe you don't recognize me, Mis' Beckett."

"I believe I don't," said the self-possessed hostess. "Ain't you made some mistake, ma'am?"

"Why, don't you recollect we was together that time to the State conference, an' you said you should be pleased to have me come an' make you a visit some time, an' I said I would certain. There, I expect I look more natural to you now."

Mrs. Beckett appeared to be making the best possible effort, and gave a bewildered glance, first at her unexpected visitor, and then at the trunk. The stage-driver, who watched this encounter with evident delight, turned away with reluctance. "I can't wait all day to see how they settle it," he said, and mounted briskly to the box, and the stage rolled on.

"He might have waited just a minute to see," said Miss Pickett, indignantly, but Mrs. Flagg's head and shoulders were already far out of the stage window—the house was on her side. "She ain't got in yet," she told Miss Pickett, triumphantly. "I could see 'em quite a spell. With that trunk, too! I do declare, how inconsiderate some folks is!"

"'T was pushin' an acquaintance most too far, wa' n't it?" agreed Miss Pickett. "There, 't will be somethin' laughable to tell Mis' Timms. I never see anything more divertin'. I shall kind of pity that woman if we have to stop an' git her as we go back this afternoon."

"Oh, don't let 's forgit to watch for her," exclaimed Mrs. Flagg, beginning to brush off the dust of travel. "There, I feel an excellent appetite, don't you? And we ain't got more 'n three or four miles to go, if we have that. I wonder what Mis' Timms is likely to give us for dinner; she spoke of makin' a good many chicken-pies, an' I happened to remark how partial I was to 'em. She felt above most of the things we had provided for us over to the conference. I know she was always counted the best o' cooks when I knew her so well to Longport. Now, don't you forget, if there 's a suitable opportunity, to inquire about the drop-cakes," and Miss Pickett, a little less doubtful than before, renewed her promise.

IV.

"My gracious, won't Mis' Timms be pleased to see us! It 's just exactly the day to have company. And ain't Baxter a sweet pretty place?" said Mrs. Flagg, as they walked up the main street. "Cynthy Pickett, now ain't you proper glad you come? I felt sort o' calm about it part o' the time yesterday, but I ain't felt so like a girl for a good while. I do believe I 'm goin' to have a splendid time."

Miss Pickett glowed with equal pleasure as she paced along. She was less expansive and enthusiastic than her companion, but now that they were fairly in Baxter, she lent herself generously to the occasion. The social distinction of going away to spend a day in company with Mrs. Flagg was by no means small. She arranged the folds of her shawl more carefully over her arm so as to show the pretty palm-leaf border, and then looked up with great approval to the row of great maples that shaded the broad sidewalk. "I wonder if we can't contrive to make time to go an' see old Miss Nancy Fell?" she ventured to ask Mrs. Flagg. "There ain't a great deal o' time before the stage goes at four o'clock; 't will pass quickly, but I should hate to have her feel hurt. If she was one we had visited often at home, I should n't care so much, but such folks feel any little slight. She was a member of our church; I think a good deal of that."

"Well, I hardly know what to say," faltered Mrs. Flagg, coldly. "We might just look in a minute; I should n't want her to feel hurt."

"She was one that always did her part, too," said Miss Pickett, more boldly. "Mr. Cronin used to say that she was more generous with her little than many was with their much. If she had n't lived in a poor part of the town,

Digitized by Google

and so been occupied with a different kind of people from us, 't would have made a difference. They say she 's got a comfortable little home over here, an' keeps house for a nephew. You know she was to our meeting one Sunday last winter, and 'peared dreadful glad to get back; folks seemed glad to see her, too. I don't know as you were out."

"She always wore a friendly look," said Mrs. Flagg, indulgently. "There, now, there 's Mis' Timms's residence; it 's handsome, ain't it, with them big spruce-trees? I expect she may be at the window now, an' see us as we come along. Is my bonnet on straight, an' every thing? The blinds looks open in the room this way; I guess she 's to home fast enough."

The friends quickened their steps, and with shining eyes and beating hearts hastened forward. The slightest mists of uncertainty were now cleared away; they gazed at the house with deepest pleasure; the visit was about to begin.

They opened the front gate and went up the short walk, noticing the pretty herring-bone pattern of the bricks, and as they stood on the high steps Cynthia Pickett wondered whether she ought not to have worn her best dress, even though there was lace at the neck and sleeves, and she usually kept it for the most formal of tea-parties and exceptional parish festivals. In her heart she commended Mrs. Flagg for that familiarity with the ways of a wider social world which had led her to wear the very best among her black cashmeres.

"She 's a good while coming to the door," whispered Mrs. Flagg, presently. "Either she did n't see us, or else she 's slipped up-stairs to make some change, an' is just goin' to let us ring again. I 've done it myself sometimes. I 'm glad we come right over after her urgin' us so; it seems more cordial than to keep her expectin' us. I expect she 'll urge us terribly to remain with her over-night."

"Oh, I ain't prepared," began Miss Pickett, but she looked pleased. At that moment there was a slow withdrawal of the bolt inside, and a key was turned, the front door opened, and Mrs. Timms stood before them with a smile. Nobody stopped to think at that moment what kind of smile it was.

"Why, if it ain't Mis' Flagg," she exclaimed politely, "an' Miss Pickett too! I am surprised!"

The front entry behind her looked well furnished, but not exactly hospitable; the stairs with their brass rods looked so clean and bright that it did not seem as if anybody had ever gone up or come down. A cat came purring out, but Mrs. Timms pushed her back with a determined foot, and hastily closed the sitting-room door. Then Miss Pickett let Mrs. Flagg precede her, as was becoming, and they went into a darkened parlor, and found their way to some chairs, and seated themselves solemnly.

"'T is a beautiful day, ain't it?" said Mrs. Flagg, speaking first. "I don't know 's I ever enjoyed the ride more. We 've been having a good deal of rain since we saw you at the conference, and the country looks beautiful."

"Did you leave Woodville this morning? I thought I had n't heard you was in town," replied Mrs. Timms, formally. She was seated just a little too far away to make things seem exactly pleasant. The darkness of the best room seemed to retreat somewhat, and Miss Pickett looked over by the door where there was a pale gleam from the side-lights in the hall, to try to see the pattern of the carpet; but her effort failed.

"Yes, 'm," replied Mrs. Flagg to the question. "We left Woodville about half-past eight, but it is quite a ways from where we live to where you take the stage. The stage does come slow, but you don't seem to mind it such a beautiful day."

"Why, you must have come right to see me first!" said Mrs. Timms, warming a little as the visit went on. "I hope you 're going to make some stop in town. I 'm sure it was very polite of you to come right an' see me; well, it 's very pleasant, I declare. I wish you 'd been in Baxter last Sabbath; our minister did give us an elegant sermon on faith an' works. He spoke of the conference, and gave his views on some o' the questions that came up, at Friday evenin' meetin'; but I felt tired after getting home, an' so I was n't out. We feel very much favored to have such a man amon'st us. He 's building up the parish very considerable. I understand the pew-rents come to thirty-six dollars more this quarter than they did last."

"We also feel grateful in Woodville for our pastor's efforts," said Miss Pickett, but Mrs. Timms turned her head away sharply, as if the speech had been untimely, and trembling Miss Pickett had interrupted.

"They 're thinking here of raisin' Mr. Barlow's salary another year," the hostess added; "a good many of the old parishioners have died off, but every one feels to do what they can. Is there much interest among the young people in Woodville, Mis' Flagg?"

"Considerable at this time, ma'am," answered Mrs. Flagg, without enthusiasm, and she listened with unusual silence to the subsequent fluent remarks of Mrs. Timms.

The parlor seemed to be undergoing the slow processes of a winter dawn. After a while the three women could begin to see one another's faces, which aided them somewhat in carrying on a serious and impersonal conversation. There were a good many subjects to

Digitized by Google

be touched upon, and Mrs. Timms said everything that she should have said, except to invite her visitors to walk up-stairs and take off their bonnets. Mrs. Flagg sat her parlor-chair as if it were a throne, and carried her banner of self-possession as high as she knew how, but toward the end of the call even she began to feel hurried.

"Won't you ladies take a glass of wine an' a piece of cake after your ride?" inquired Mrs. Timms, with an air of hospitality that almost concealed the fact that neither cake nor wine was anywhere to be seen; but the ladies bowed and declined with particular elegance. Altogether it was a visit of extreme propriety on both sides, and Mrs. Timms was very pressing in her invitation that her guests should stay longer.

"Thank you, but we ought to be going," answered Mrs. Flagg, with a little show of ostentation, and looking over her shoulder to be sure that Miss Pickett had risen too. "We 've got some little ways to go," she added with dignity. "We should be pleased to have you call an' see us in case you have occasion to come to Woodville," and Miss Pickett faintly seconded the invitation. It was in her heart to add, "Come any day next week," but her courage did not rise so high as to make the words audible. She looked as if she were ready to cry; her usual smile had burnt itself out into gray ashes; there was a white appealing look about her mouth. As they emerged from the dim parlor and stood at the open front door, the bright June day, the golden-green trees, almost blinded their eyes. Mrs. Timms was more smiling and cordial than ever.

"There, I ought to have thought to offer you fans; I am afraid you was warm after walking," she exclaimed, as if to leave no stone of courtesy unturned. "I have so enjoyed meeting you again, I wish it was so you could stop longer. Why, Mis' Flagg, we have n't said one word about old times when we lived to Longport. I 've had news from there, too, since I saw you; my brother's daughter-in-law was here to pass the Sabbath after I returned."

Mrs. Flagg did not turn back to ask any questions as she stepped stiffly away down the brick walk. Miss Pickett followed her, raising the fringed parasol; they both made ceremonious little bows as they shut the high white gate behind them. "Good-by," said Mrs. Timms, finally, as she stood in the door with her set smile; and as they departed she came out and began to fasten up a rose-bush that climbed a narrow white ladder by the steps.

"Oh, my goodness alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Flagg, after they had gone some distance in aggrieved silence, "if I have n't gone and forgotten my bag! I ain't goin' back, whatever happens. I expect she 'll trip over it in that dark room and break her neck!"

"I brought it; I noticed you 'd forgotten it," said Miss Pickett, timidly, as if she hated to deprive her companion of even that slight consolation.

"There, I 'll tell you what we 'd better do," said Mrs. Flagg, gallantly: "we 'll go right over an' see poor old Miss Nancy Fell; 't will please her about to death. We can say we felt like goin' somewhere to-day, an' 't was a good many years since either one of us had seen Baxter, so we come just for the ride, an' to make a few calls. She 'll like to hear all about the conference; Miss Fell was always one that took a real interest in religious matters."

Miss Pickett brightened, and they quickened their step. It was nearly twelve o'clock, they had breakfasted early, and now felt as if they had eaten nothing since they were grown up. An awful feeling of tiredness and uncertainty settled down upon their once buoyant spirits.

"I can forgive a person," said Mrs. Flagg, "but when I 'm done with 'em, I 'm done."

V.

"I DO declare, 't was like a scene in Scriptur' to see that poor good-hearted Nancy Fell run down her walk to open the gate for us!" said Mrs. Persis Flagg later that afternoon, when she and Miss Pickett were going home in the stage. Miss Pickett nodded her head approvingly.

"I had a good sight better time with her than I should have had at the other place," she said with fearless honesty. "If I 'd been Mis' Cap'n Timms, I 'd made some apology or just passed us the compliment. If it wa' n't convenient, why could n't she just tell us so after all her urgin' and sayin' how she should expect us?"

"I thought then she 'd altered from what she used to be," said Mrs. Flagg. "She seemed real sincere an' open away from home. If she wa' n't prepared to-day, 't was easy enough to say so; we was reasonable folks, an' should have gone away with none but friendly feelin's. We did have a grand good time with Nancy. She was as happy to see us as if we 'd been queens."

"'T was a real nice little dinner," said Miss Pickett, gratefully. "I thought I was goin' to faint away just before we got to the house, and I did n't know how I should hold out if she undertook to do anything extra, and keep us a-waitin'; but there, she just made us welcome, simple-hearted, to what she had. I never tasted such dandelion greens, an' that nice little piece o' pork and new biscuit, why, they was just splendid. She must have an excellent good cellar, if 't is such a small house. Her potatoes was truly remarkable for this time o' year. I

Digitized by Google

myself don't deem it necessary to cook potatoes when I 'm goin' to have dandelion greens. Now, did n't it put you in mind of that verse in the Bible that says, 'Better is a dinner of herbs where love is'? An' how desirous she 'd been to see somebody that could tell her some particulars about the conference!"

"She 'll enjoy tellin' folks about our comin' over to see her. Yes, I 'm glad we went; 't will be of advantage every way, an' our bein' of the same church an' all, to Woodville. If Mis' Timms hears of our bein' there, she 'll see we had reason, an' knew of a place to go. Well, I need n't have brought this old bag!"

Miss Pickett gave her companion a quick resentful glance, which was followed by one of triumph directed at the dust that was collecting on the shoulders of the best black cashmere; then she looked at the bag on the front seat, and suddenly felt illuminated with the suspicion that Mrs. Flagg had secretly made preparations to pass the night in Baxter. The bag looked plump, as if it held much more than the pocket-book and the jelly.

Mrs. Flagg looked up with unusual humility. "I did think about that jelly," she said, as if Miss Pickett had openly reproached her. "I was afraid it might look as if I was tryin' to pay her for her kindness."

"Well, I don't know," said Cynthia; "I guess she 'd been pleased. She 'd thought you just brought her over a little present: but I do' know as 't would been any good to her after all; she 'd thought so much of it, comin' from you, that she 'd kep' it till 't was all candied." But Mrs. Flagg did n't look exactly pleased by this unexpected compliment, and her fellow-traveler colored with confusion and a sudden feeling that she had shown undue forwardness.

Presently they remembered the Beckett house, to their great relief, and, as they approached, Mrs. Flagg reached over and took her hand-bag from the front seat to make room for another passenger. But nobody came out to stop the stage, and they saw the unexpected guest sitting by one of the front windows comfortably swaying a palm-leaf fan, and rocking to and fro in calm content. They shrank back into their corners, and tried not to be seen. Mrs. Flagg's face grew very red.

"She got in, did n't she?" said Miss Pickett, snipping her words angrily, as if her lips were scissors. Then she heard a cry, and bent forward to see Mrs. Beckett herself appear in the front doorway, very smiling and eager to stop the stage.

The driver was only too ready to stop his horses. "Got a passenger for me to carry back, ain't ye?" said he, facetiously. "Them 's the kind I like; carry both ways, make somethin' on a double trip," and he gave Mrs. Flagg and Miss Pickett a friendly wink as he stepped down over the wheel. Then he hurried toward the house, evidently in a hurry to put the baggage on; but the expected passenger still sat rocking and fanning at the window.

"No, sir; I ain't got any passengers," exclaimed Mrs. Beckett, advancing a step or two to meet him, and speaking very loud in her pleasant excitement. "This lady that come this morning wants her large trunk with her summer things that she left to the depo' in Woodville. She 's very desirous to git into it, so don't you go an' forgit; ain't you got a book or somethin', Mr. Ma'sh? Don't you forgit to make a note of it; here 's her check, an' we 've kep' the number in case you should mislay it or anything. There 's things in the trunk she needs; you know how you overlooked stoppin' to the milliner's for my bunnit last week."

"Other folks disremembers things as well 's me," grumbled Mr. Marsh. He turned to give the passengers another wink more familiar than the first, but they wore an offended air, and were looking the other way. The horses had backed a few steps, and the guest at the front window had ceased the steady motion of her fan to make them a handsome bow, and been puzzled at the lofty manner of their acknowledgment.

"Go 'long with your foolish jokes, John Ma'sh!" Mrs. Beckett said cheerfully, as she turned away. She was a comfortable, hearty person, whose appearance suggested the beauties of hospitality. The driver climbed to his seat, chuckling, and drove away with the dust flying after the wheels.

"Now, she 's a friendly sort of a woman, that Mis' Beckett," said Mrs. Flagg, unexpectedly, after a few moments of silence, when she and her friend had been unable to look at each other. "I really ought to call over an' see her some o' these days, knowing her husband's folks as well as I used to, an' visitin' of 'em when I was a girl." But Miss Pickett made no answer.

"I expect it was all for the best, that woman's comin'," suggested Mrs. Flagg again, hopefully. "She looked like a willing person who would take right hold. I guess Mis' Beckett knows what she 's about, and must have had her reasons. Perhaps she thought she 'd chance it for a couple o' weeks anyway, after the lady 'd come so fur, an' bein' one o' her own denomination. Hayin' 'll be here before we know it. I think myself, gen'rally speakin', 't is just as well to let anybody know you 're comin'."

"Them seemed to be Mis' Cap'n Timms's views," said Miss Pickett in a low tone; but the stage rattled a good deal, and Mrs. Flagg looked up inquiringly, as if she had not heard.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

Digitized by Google

NIKOLA TESLA.

SERVIAN poetry has so distinct a charm that Goethe is said to have learned the musical tongue in which it is written rather than lose any of its native beauty. History does not record, however, any similar instance in which the Servian language, though it be that of Boskovich, expounder of the atomic theory, has been studied for the sake of the scientific secrets that might lurk therein. The vivid imagination and ready fancy of the people have been literary in their manifestation and fruit. A great Slav orator has publicly reproached his one hundred and twenty million fellows in Eastern Europe with their utter inability to invent even a mouse-trap. They were all mere barren idealists. If this were true, to equalize matters, we might perhaps barter without loss some score of ordinary American patentees for a single singer of Illyrian love-songs. But racial conditions are hardly to be offset on any terms that do not leave genius its freedom, and once in a while Nature herself rights things by producing a man whose transcendent merit compensates his nation for the very defects to which it has long been sensitive. It does not follow that such a man shall remain in a confessedly unfavorable environment. Genius is its own passport, and has always been ready to change habitats until the natural one is found. Thus it is, perchance, that while some of our artists are impelled to set up their easels in Paris or Rome, many Europeans of mark in the fields of science and research are no less apt to adopt our nationality, of free choice. They are, indeed, Americans born in exile, and seek this country instinctively as their home, needing in reality no papers of naturalization. It was thus that we welcomed Agassiz, Ericsson, and Graham Bell. In like manner Nikola Tesla, the young Servian inventor with whose work a new age in electricity is beginning, now dwells among us in New York.

Mr. Tesla's career not only touches the two extremes of European civilization, east and west, in a very interesting way, but suggests an inquiry into the essential likeness between poet and inventor. He comes of an old Servian family whose members for centuries have kept watch and ward along the Turkish frontier, and whose blood was freely shed that our western vanguard might gain time for its advance upon these shores. Yet, remote as such people and conditions are to us, it is with apparatus based on ideas and principles originating among them that the energy from Niagara Falls is to be widely distributed by electricity, in the various forms of light, heat, and power. This, in itself, would seem enough to confer fame, but Mr. Tesla has done, and will do, much else. Could he be tamed to habits of moderation in work, it would be difficult to set limit to the solutions he might give us, through ripening years, of many deep problems; but when a man springs from a people who have a hundred words for knife and only one for bread, it is a little unreasonable to urge him to be careful even of his own life. Thirty-six years make a brief span, but when an inventor believes that creative fertility is restricted to the term of youth, it is no wonder that night and day witness his anxious activity, as of a relentless volcano, and that ideas well up like hot lava — till the crater be suddenly exhausted and hushed.

A Slav of the Slavs, with racial characteristics strongly stamped in look, speech, and action, Mr. Tesla is a notable exemplification of the outcropping in unwonted form of tendencies suppressed. I have never heard him speak of a picture or a piece of music, but his numerous inventions, and the noble lectures that embody his famous investigations with currents of high frequency and high potential, betray the poetic temperament throughout. One would expect the line separating fact from theory to fade at the altitudes of thought to which his later speculations reach; but this lithe, spare mountaineer is accustomed to the thin, dry air, and neither loses sharpness of sight nor breathes painfully. Has the Servian poet become inventor, or is the inventor a poet? Mr. Tesla has been held a visionary, deceived by the flash of casual shooting stars; but the growing conviction of his professional brethren is that because he saw farther he saw first the low lights flickering on tangible new continents of science. The perceptive and imaginative qualities of the mind are not often equally marked in the same man of genius. Overplus of imagination may argue dimness of perception; an ability to dream dreams may imply a want of skill in improving reapers. Now and then the two elements combine in the creative poet of epic and drama; occasionally they give us the prolific inventor like Tesla.

Jules Breton has spoken of the history of his life as being at the same time the genesis of his art. This is true of Nikola Tesla's evolution. His bent toward invention we may surely trace to his mother, who, as the wife of an eloquent

Digitized by Google

clergyman in the Greek Church, made looms and churns for a pastoral household while her husband preached. Tesla's electrical work started when, as a boy in the Polytechnic School at Gratz, he first saw a direct-current Gramme machine, and was told that the commutator was a vital and necessary feature in all such apparatus. His intuitive judgment or latent spirit of invention at once challenged the statement of his instructor, and that moment began the process of reasoning and experiment which led him to his discovery of the rotating magnetic field, and to the practical polyphase motors, in which the commutator and brushes, fruitful and endless source of trouble, are absolutely done away with. These perfected inventions did not come at once; they never do. The conditions that surrounded this youth in the airy fastnesses of the Dinaric Alps all made against the hopes he nursed of becoming an electrician; and not the least impediment was the fond wish of his parents at Smiljan Lika that he should maintain the priestly tradition, and benefit by the preferment likely to come through his uncle, now Metropolitan in Bosnia. But Tesla felt himself destined to serve at other altars than those of his ancient faith, with other means of approach to the invisible and unknown. He persevered in mathematical and mechanical studies, mastered incidentally half a dozen languages, and at last became an assistant in the Government Telegraph Engineering Department at Buda-Pest. His salary was small enough to please those who hold that the best endowment of genius is poverty, and he would make no appeals to his widowed mother for help. Experimenting, of course, went on all the time; at this juncture it was on telephony that he wasted his meager substance in riotous invention. Desirous of going to a fête with some friends, and anxious not to spend on clothes the money that might buy magnets and batteries, the brilliant idea occurred to him to turn his only pair of trousers inside out and to disport in them on the morrow as new. He sat up all night tailoring, but the fête came and went before he could reappear in public. This episode is quite in keeping with his boyish efforts to fly from the steep roof of the house at Smiljan, using an old umbrella as aërostat; or with the peculiar tests, stopped by the family doctor before the results could be determined, as to how long he could suspend the beating of his heart by will power.

Naturally enough for a young inventor seeking larger opportunity, Tesla soon drifted westward from Buda-Pest. He made his way to Paris, where he quickly secured employment in electric lighting, then a new art, and encountered an observant associate of Mr. Edison. Almost before he knew it, he was on his glad voyage across the Atlantic to work in one of the Edison shops, and to enter upon a new stage of development. He had profound faith in the value of the principles first meditated in the silence of the sterile mountains that border the Adriatic, and he knew that in a country where every new invention in electricity has its chance, his turn would come also, for he now had demonstrated his theories in actual apparatus.

If anything were needed to confirm Mr. Tesla in his hopes and enthusiasm, it would have been the close relation that he was thus thrown into with the robust, compelling genius who has created so many new things in electricity. Emerson has said that steam is half an Englishman; may we not, in view of what such men as Edison have done, add that electricity is half an American? The fiery zeal with which this young recruit flung himself on the most exacting tasks matched that of his chief. It went the length of a daily breakfast of Welsh rabbit, for weeks Mr. Tesla accepting as true, in spite of protesting stomach, the jocular suggestion that it was thus that his hero fortified himself successfully for renewed effort after their long vigils of toil. Mr. Edison, like most other people, had some difficulty in finding anywhere within the pale of civilization, as marked by the boundaries of maps, the isolated region of Mr. Tesla's birth, and once inquired seriously of his neophyte whether he had ever tasted human flesh. It was inevitable that a really delightful intimacy and apprenticeship should end. Even the most cometic genius has its orbit, and these two men are singularly representative of different kinds of training, different methods, and different aims. Mr. Tesla must needs draw apart; and stimulated by this powerful spirit, he went on his own way for his own work's sake.

Of late years a sharp controversy has raged in the electrical field as to the respective advantages of the continuous and the alternating current for light and power. In bitterness and frequent descent to personalities it has resembled the polemics of the old metaphysical schoolmen, and uninstructed, plain folk have mildly wondered whether it was really worth while to indulge in such terrible threatenings and slaughter over purely speculative topics. There is, however, a very practical aspect to the discussion, and from the first Mr. Tesla has been an advocate of the alternating current, not because he loved the direct current less, but because he knew that with the alternating he could achieve results otherwise impossible, especially in power transmission. Furthermore, all direct-current generators and motors have required commutators and brushes, but Mr. Tesla, who has himself perfected many inventions based on direct currents, has shown that with the ap-

Digitized by Google

plication of the rotating-field principle these elements of complication and restriction were no longer needed. This utilization of polyphase currents was a most distinct advance, made a deep imprint on the electric arts, and has been duly signalized. In America the invention found immediate sale. From Italy came an insistent cry of priority, reminding one of the "anticipations" that have clustered thick around the telegraph, the telephone, and the incandescent lamp. In Germany, with money raised by popular and imperial subscription, apparatus on the polyphase principle was built by which large powers were transmitted electrically more than a hundred miles from Neckar-on-the Rhine to Frankfort-on-the-Main; and now by equivalent agency Niagara is to drive the wheels of Buffalo and beyond.

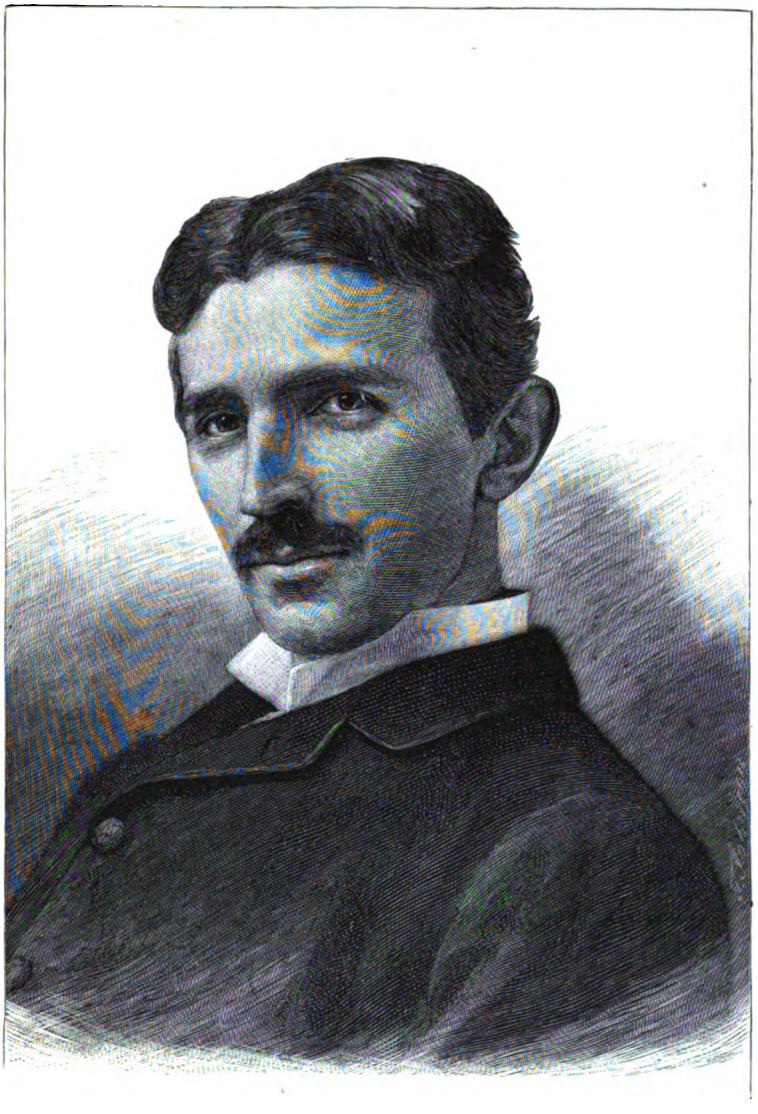
So thoroughly has Mr. Tesla worked out his discovery of the rotating magnetic field, or "resultant attraction," that the record of his inventions contains no fewer than twenty-four chapters on varying forms of his polyphase-current apparatus and arrangements of circuit. But ever pursuing new researches, Mr. Tesla, after the enunciation of these fundamental ideas, next brought to notice his series of even more interesting investigations on several novel groups of phenomena produced with currents of high potential and high frequency. To familiarize the American public with some of his results, he lectured upon them at Columbia College, before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, in May, 1891. The year following, with riper results to publish, and by special invitation, he lectured twice in England, appearing before the Institution of Electrical Engineers, a distinguished scientific body of which Professor Crookes was then president, and, later, at the Royal Institution, where the immortal Faraday lived and labored. From England he was called to France to repeat his demonstrations before the Société Internationale des Electriciens and the Société Française de Physique. In Germany he received the greetings of Hertz and Von Helmholtz, and from his own country came the Order of Saint Sava, conferred by the king. Since his return to this country he has lectured before the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia and the National Electric Light Association at St. Louis. But he has an intense dislike to the platform, and has returned to his laboratory with a remorseful sense of neglected work from which long months of abandonment to unremitting research will not free him.

I can only outline the vast range of the researches that these lectures, and the apparatus connected with the demonstrations, cover. Broadly stated, Mr. Tesla has advanced the opinion, and sustained it by brilliant experiments of startling beauty and grandeur, that light and heat are produced by electrostatic forces acting between charged molecules or atoms. Perfecting a generator that would give him currents of several thousand alternations per second, and inventing his disruptive discharge coil, he has created electrostatic conditions that have already modified not a few of the accepted notions about electricity. It has been supposed that ordinary currents of one or two thousand volts' potential would surely kill, but Mr. Tesla has been seen receiving through his hands currents at a potential of more than 200,000 volts, vibrating a million times per second, and manifesting themselves in dazzling streams of light. This is not a mere *tour de force*, but illustrates the principle that while currents of lower frequency destroy life, these are harmless. After such a striking test, which, by the way, no one has displayed a hurried inclination to repeat, Mr. Tesla's body and clothing have continued for some time to emit fine glimmers or halos of splintered light. In fact, an actual flame is produced by this agitation of electrostatically charged molecules, and the curious spectacle can be seen of puissant, white, ethereal flames, that do not consume anything, bursting from the ends of an induction coil as though it were the bush on holy ground. With such vibrations as can be maintained by a potential of 3,000,000 volts, Mr. Tesla expects some day to envelop himself in a complete sheet of lambent fire that will leave him quite uninjured. Such currents as he now uses would, he says, keep a naked man warm at the North Pole, and their use in therapeutics is but one of the practical possibilities that has been taken up.

Utilizing similar currents and mechanism, Mr. Tesla has demonstrated the fact that electric lamps and motors can not only be made to operate on one wire, instead of using a second wire on the ground to complete the circuit, but that we can operate them even by omitting the circuit. Our Subway Boards are to find their wires and occupations gone. Electric vibrations set up at any point of the earth may by resonance at any other spot serve for the transmission of either intelligence or power. With these impulses or wave discharges, Mr. Tesla also opens up an entirely new field of electric lighting. His lamps have no filaments as ordinarily known, but contain a straight fiber, a refractory button, or nothing but a gas. Tubes or bulbs of this kind, in which the imprisoned ether or air beats the crystal walls, when carried into the area or room through which these unsuspected currents are silently vibrating, burst into sudden light. If coated inwardly with phosphorescent substances, they glow in all the splendors of the sunset and the aurora.

These are only a scant handful of ideas and

Digitized by Google



PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

NIKOLA TESLA.

discoveries from the rich mint of Mr. Tesla's laboratory, where alone, secluded, intimates or assistants shut out, he reasons from cause to effect; and with severe, patient diligence not only elaborates his theories, but tries them by the rack and thumbscrew of experiment. He is of all men most dissatisfied with things as they are in his own field of work. Recently, the high-frequency generators with which he has done so much of this advanced work have been laid aside in discontent for an oscillator, which he thinks may not only replace the steam-engine with its ponderous fly-wheels and governors, but embodies the simplest possible form of efficient mechanical generator of electricity. He may be wrong, but misdirection will only suggest new avenues to the goal.

Mr. Tesla has often been urged to assume domestic ties, settle down, and till some corner of the new domain. But shall he farm or explore? Soon enough the proprietary fences will be set up; soon enough will the dusty, beaten highway, dotted with milestones and finger-posts, run straight ahead. If we would, we cannot leash the pioneers whose yearnings are for inner Nature, whose sense is keenest to her faint voices and odors, the quest of which lures onward through the trackless woods.

Thomas Commerford Martin.

Digitized by Google

IRISH SONGS.

WITH PICTURES BY FRANCIS DAY.



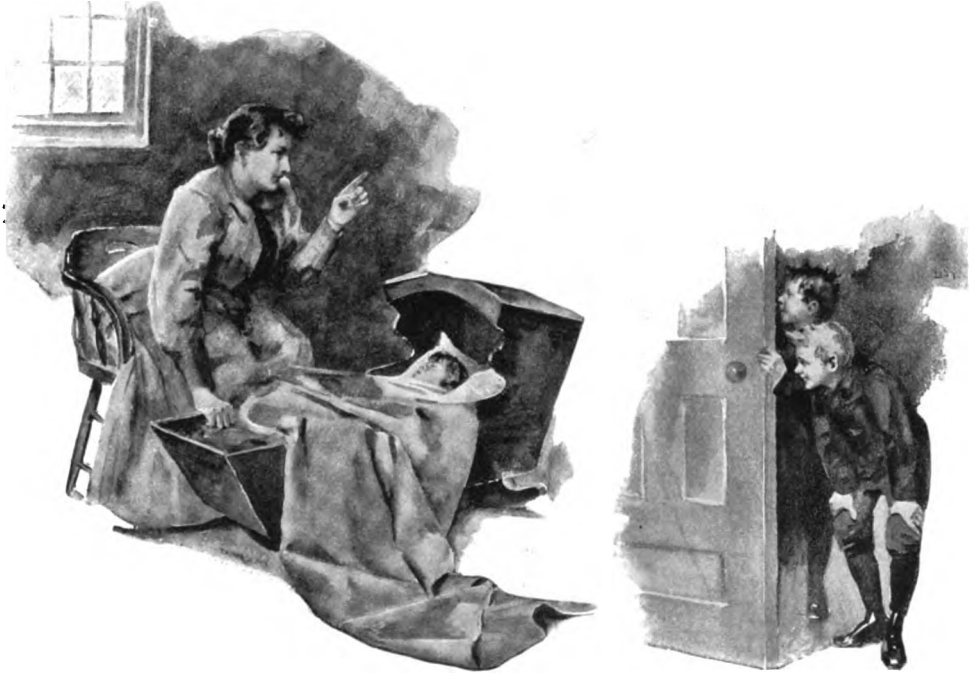
"MITHER'S SWATE LITTLE GIRLEEN.'

THE sun is sinkin' widin the west,
Mither's swate little girleen,
I 'll cuddle ye close upon me breast,
Mither's swate little girleen.
Sleep ring around ye,
I 'll wrap ye up warm
In faither's ol' frieze —
'Sh — there 's nothin' shall harm
Mither's swate little girleen.
'Sh-sh-sh-whisht, whisht, whisht,
Mither's swate little, purty girleen —
'Sh — whisht, whisht!

(Faix! an' now will yez be afther gittin' out o' that, yez spalpeens, the whole tin o' yer! Sich a bodtheration! I 'll gin yez a touch o' the kippeen that 'll make yez dance siven ways for Sunday, comin' in here a-wakin' up me foine babby, me purty, cooxin' jewel! Git out wid yez, an' don't yez be afther comin' around here ag'in; or I 'll give yez such a b'atin', the whole tin o' yer, that yez 'll wish yez niver was born!)

Digitized by Google

Me vein o' me heart, me cushla machree,
Mither's swate little girleen;
Ye shall dance along wid the fairies, vournee',
Mither's swate little girleen.
Sleep ring around ye,
The birds are asleep;
Sleep, purty darlint —
'Sh — sleep, sleep, sleep!
Mither's swate little girleen.
'Sh-sh-sh-whisht, whisht, whisht,
Mither's swate little, purty girleen —
'Sh — whisht, whisht!



(Bad scran t' yer, yez blatherskins! I see ye pe'kin' through the crack o' the door — 'sh-sh-sh, whisht, whisht, whisht! T' the sorra wid yer — whisht, whisht! 'T is a heart-scalded life I lade along o' thim tin bhoys — whisht, whisht, mither's swate little, purty girleen! Wait till I git this babby asleep, an' thin ye 'll see — 'sh — whisht, whisht, whisht!)



Digitized by Google

"A KISS WILL PAY FOR IT A'."

A lilt of a laugh an' a whiff o' dudeen—
Choose a new partner, an' trip it awa';
To the hearts you will break I pledge in poteen,
But a word from your lips will pay for it a':
A word from your lips will pay for it a'—
Choose a new partner, an' trip it awa'!



Though false an' though fair, forninst I am won—
Choose a new partner, an' trip it awa';
Forever I love you, forever undone,
An' a smile from your lips will pay for it a':
A smile from your lips will pay for it a'—
Choose a new partner an' trip it awa'!

Dance away lightly, an' tread on my heart—
Choose a new partner and trip it awa';
You know that never from you can I part,
An' a kiss from your lips will pay for it a':
A kiss from your lips will pay for it a'—
Choose a new partner an' trip it awa'!

Digitized by Google



THE "SHADOW BABY."

"WHAT is it, baby Kathie, wid your eyes o' Irish blue,
Tuggin' away at me hand, to tag along o' you?
Somethin' follows you roun'—oh yes, there it is; I see
A black, black shadow baby, cunning as cunning can be!
Come, we will catch it—'t is running away—
Now we have got it, and here it shall stay!

"Sure it is lost now, or hidin' somewhere—
There I just see it behind that old chair:
Come, we will catch it, 't is gone through the door;
'T is here on the wall; 't is here on the floor!
What is it, baby Kathie, wid your eyes o' Irish blue;
Cryin', baby Kathie?—sure the shadow 's cryin' too!

"Poor shadow baby, widout ány name—
Hoo! wipe up your eyes, 't is doin' the same.
Dance away, Kathie, on heel an' on toe,
Whirl on your twinkle feet, faster an' slow;
Gay little shadow, as gay as can be,
Gay little shadow, dancin' wid thee:
What is it, baby Kathie, wid your eyes o' Irish blue;
Laughin', baby Kathie?—sure th' shadow 's laughin' too!"

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

Digitized by Google

LINCOLN'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

IT is seldom safe to anticipate the verdict of history; for time makes many abatements of the estimates men put upon their contemporaries, and seen through the interval of a century, with its cold light and long perspectives, many who were heroes to their own times shrink pitifully. But it is already safe to say that Abraham Lincoln was not one of these. The amazing growth he made in the esteem of his countrymen and of the world, while he was doing his great work, has been paralleled by the increase of his fame in the years since he died. More and more, as men have realized the tremendous import of that struggle in which he was the trusted leader, have they come also to appreciate the proportions of this man who bore so large a share of its burdens. So that one may venture to say some things of Abraham Lincoln such as would be rash and premature if said of one less assured of his place in the esteem of the future. He made his mark upon his contemporaries — a mark so clear, so easily read, so ineffaceable, that time can only deepen it, and the disclosures of reminiscence and history but serve to keep its lines sharp and well defined.

The personality of Abraham Lincoln ranks him easily as the greatest of Americans since Washington; and it is by no means a heresy to the rising thought of the age to see in Lincoln and in Ralph Waldo Emerson types of American greatness more thoroughly our own than even that of Washington.

But every great man has, besides his own personal place in the lists of character, another place which he holds by virtue of the service he has rendered to his fellow-men by means of that character and moral life. He has what may be called a biographical standing. He has also a historical standing. That is, he takes one rank according to what he is, and another according to what he does. In this latter light it is not as yet at all common to think of Abraham Lincoln. Consider as said, therefore, all that the most sincere admirer could say of Lincoln's stalwart character, his original nature, trained by unparalleled events, his genius, so entirely American, shaped in circumstances America alone could supply; but remember also that when we study him from this point of view, we are taking him, after all, only in his national relations as a countryman and an American. We have not yet sought his place in the larger human circle which includes the world. What place does he hold there? What are his relations to humanity? Has he any claims to rank beside the heroes whose fame, far from being provincial, the heritage of a state or a race, is swept up into the loftier glory that belongs to the great men of all time and all ages and all races? It is time for us to put our man of the West in his world relations. If our nation itself has a clear function in the development of the world's social and political life, then this man who sustained such important relations to our national existence had certain equally important functions in the economy of international progress. This man, who stepped from the prairies of Illinois to the leadership of the most momentous struggle of modern times, was by that very fact brought into relation with the whole scheme of the world's political history, and was called to one of the most important posts in the march of civilization. Yet men have hardly begun to understand the full import of Lincoln's influence in the great struggle which shook this continent a quarter-century ago. He was a wiser man and a more opportune man than we have realized. He comprehended the circumstances of the hour, and saw their relations to the political life of the ages, with an intuition the accuracy of which is all the more impressive from the fact that it seems to have been half unconscious. When a man, in the midst of the babel of policies and principles which fills the ears in a time of excitement and uncertainty, singles out the one transcendent and supreme thought, holds to it firmly, and makes it the guide of all his acts and the test of all his methods, he gives incontestable evidence of greatness and genius. How marvelously Lincoln fulfilled the test of greatness we are just beginning to see. For we are beginning to perceive the connection of our struggle with the evolution of the nations, and how definite a relation it had to the world's advance from barbarism to political order, from anarchy to constitutional freedom, from a state of perpetual feuds to a condition nearer to essential peacefulness than the world has previously known.

Glance for a moment at the train of events in the world's history of which the civil war in America was an integral part, and see what we were called to do when Abraham Lincoln became the leader of this people.

Digitized by Google

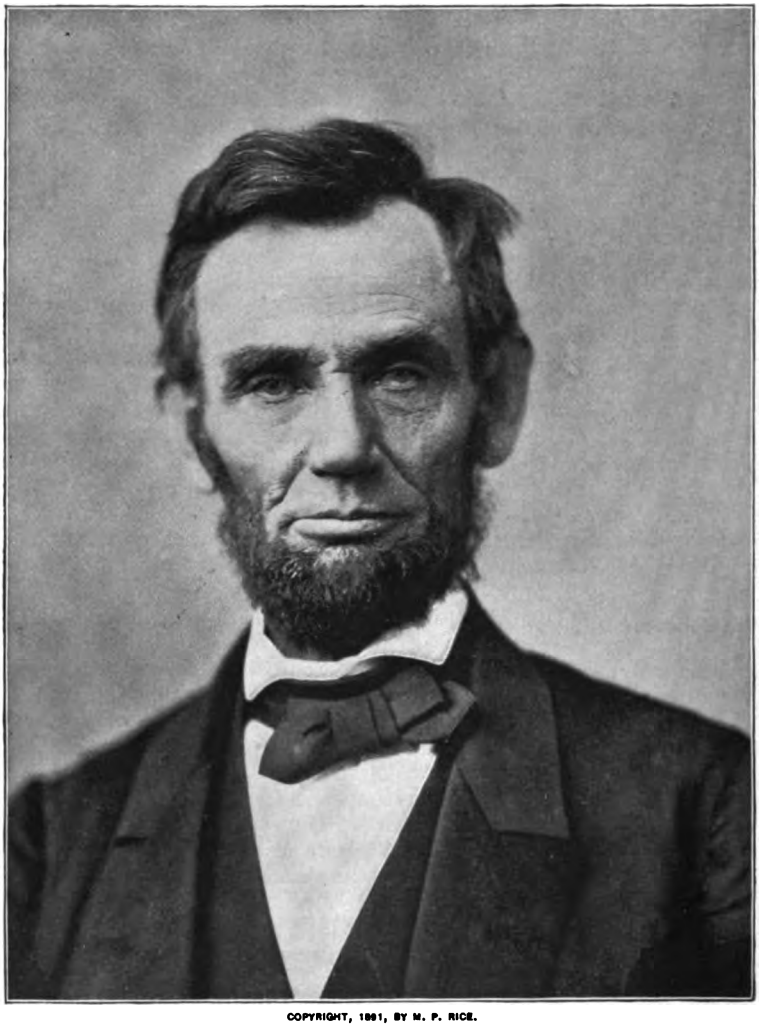
It is possible to trace the evolution of social organization and the progress of mankind along many and differing paths. The battles of progress have been fought on many lines and under many names. One historian traces the rise of civilization in the "progress of religious ideas." Another follows the gains made in the direction of personal liberty, the enlarging opportunity and security of the individual under law. There is an economic interpretation of history, and a growth illustrated in letters and the arts. There are great names identified with any one of these phases of progress—names before which the world makes obeisance for their service in advancing human interests, each along his own path and with recourse to his own powers. Lincoln's place, however, was in none of these categories. His was not the work of a Moses or of a Paul, a Montfort or a Hampden, a Cobden, a Shakspere, or a Michelangelo. To find his historical place, we must turn to still another phase of human society and its expanding life.

It is becoming an accepted thought among intelligent students of history, especially since the suggestive treatises of Mr. Herbert Spencer upon sociology have so impressed modern thought, that the development of mankind has been a continual struggle after conditions of orderly and peaceful living. The aspiration of man has been from the earliest times toward a state in which he could live in quietness and safety, harmless and unharmed. His experiments in statecraft have been efforts to frame a political system which should secure him in this right by means of institutions and laws. History fully bears out this theory. It has always been the struggle of the more intelligent of mankind to establish a social and political condition in which they should be at liberty to pursue the higher ends of living, without molestation from the savage and barbarous elements of society. In almost every great war there has been some element of this sort to give it a significance beyond the mere collision of brute forces. The great conflicts of arms show one party striving in the interests of order and social stability. Most of the fighting which men have done has been in the interest of tranquillity. The great wars of the world have been for the sake of peace. The question which was decided on the field of Marathon was not whether the Persian or the Greek was the better fighter, but whether the civilizing and peaceful forces at work in Greece should be annihilated by a horde of barbarous satraps. It was a triumph in the interests of enlightenment, peace, and progress in tranquil living. "These are world-historic victories," says Hegel, speaking of this war; "they were the salvation of culture and spiritual vigor." The internal contentions among the Greeks, after the expulsion of the Persians, were struggles between the forces of coöperation and paternity among the cities, and tendencies toward disruption and municipal individualism, and it was a reverse to the cause of civilization when the attempts at federation failed, and the civic bodies fell apart, and the autonomy of the states—the "state-sovereignty" principle of the Hellenic world—asserted itself in the destruction of the spirit of Pan-Hellenism.

So, too, when Ariovistus led the Germanic tribes against the borders of the Roman empire, it was in the interest of peace that Cæsar went out against him and extended the limits of civilization. For, in the words of John Fiske, "It occurred to the prescient genius of Cæsar to be beforehand and conquer Gaul, and enlist all its giant barbaric forces on the side of civilization. This great work was as thoroughly done as anything that ever was done in human history, and we ought to be thankful to Cæsar for it every day we live." The full fruit of this work of the first emperor was not gathered till that mighty wrestle between the invading Huns and the allied defenders of Gaul which culminated in the victory of those whom Julius Cæsar had converted into the friends of civilization over the fierce and barbarian Kalmuck hordes. The destructive career of Attila was arrested at the battle of Châlons-sur-Marne, which was, as John Fiske says again, "The last day on which barbarism was able to contend with civilization on equal terms." That was a fight in the interest of peace.

The wars of the early English, in which John Milton could see only "mere battles of kites and crows," are described by John Richard Green as "The Making of England," a phrase which identifies them at once as a part of the great struggle for unity among men and a chance to live without dread of the restless and destructive barbarian. When the French fled from their opponents on the Plains of Abraham it was decided that English ideas—that is, the principles which give the most repose and tranquillity to society—should prevail on the American continent. Francis Parkman says of the Peace of Paris, to which this signal victory so largely contributed: "[It] makes an epoch than which none in modern history is more fruitful of grand results. With it began a new chapter in the annals of the world." John Richard Green gives the grand reason which justifies so sweeping a declaration, in saying "[The] Conquest of Canada . . . laid the foundation of the United States." ("A Short History of the English People," p. 725.) And when Corn-

Digitized by Google



COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY M. P. RICE.

A. Lincoln.

FROM AN ORIGINAL, UNRETOUCHED NEGATIVE, MADE IN 1864, AT THE TIME THE PRESIDENT COMMISSIONED ULYSSES S. GRANT LIEUTENANT-GENERAL AND COMMANDER OF ALL THE ARMIES OF THE REPUBLIC. IT IS STATED THAT THIS NEGATIVE, "WITH ONE OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT," WAS MADE IN COMMEMORATION OF THAT EVENT.

Digitized by Google

wallis gave up his army at Yorktown, a war was ended which presented this nation to mankind as the most marvelous embodiment of the forces of political and social stability as yet known to man. The war of the Revolution and the adoption of the Constitution were two of the most momentous events in the whole history of advancing civilization. They marked a double victory. The Revolution secured the *independence* of the States, the Constitution established their *interdependence*. Nor would the first have been of the least avail to humanity without the second. "Liberty or Death" was a good war-cry, and it wrought independence; but after independence was won, Franklin's old motto, "Join or Die," helped to secure that interdependence which was the only guarantee of freedom. The glory of the men who carried through that twofold struggle is not merely that they freed themselves from England, but that they bound themselves to one another. It was not only that they displayed so intractable a spirit of independence, but also that they showed such aptness for concert of action. They not only vindicated the right of a man to his own freedom, but they showed that the only way in which liberty can be made available is by joining it to some form of political community. They founded a free nation. But that nation was made up of thirteen United States. It was and is in reality a federation of nations. For every State in this nation is as good as an independent nation; and yet the aggregate makes but one organic whole. And by far the most valuable lesson which this nation has given to the world at large is in demonstrating the possibility of the voluntary union of small political groups into a great political group. We have shown that it is possible for some fifty States, covering an area of 3,600,000 square miles, to organize themselves on a basis of peaceful coöperation. And we can hardly realize what a vast gain upon the past this success implies, unless we remember that Europe, for example, with her twenty-two states lives to this day in armed and threatening jealousy and disunion, every nation watching its neighbors with sinister and hostile disposition. Independence indeed was a noble prize, well earned, and well worth the struggle which won it; but the safeguard of independence was federation. The security of our liberties lies in our union of States. There was more than magnificent rhetoric, there was all the inspiration of statesmanship, in that eloquent burst of Webster's, when he exclaimed in the Senate, "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable!"

It would be difficult to lay too much stress upon this truth for which our national existence stands. This nation is a perpetual example of the tendency of the human race toward more humane, peaceful, and fraternal ways of living together. Its very system of government is an embodiment of those peaceful aims which grow with the growth of civilization, and which are destined at last to rule mankind. It has been well said by an American writer: "The principle of federalism . . . contains within itself the seeds of permanent peace between nations, and to this glorious end I believe it will come in the fullness of time. . . . It was indeed reserved for this nation to show the world the way to this pacific mode of national life, but ours will not be the last among the lands of the earth to profit by it."

Thus, from the beginning of time, the wars of society have tended to the peace of society. The fighting men have been continually playing into the hands of the men of peace. The iron plow of war has broken up the soil for the sowing of the seed of quietness and assurance among men. And thanks to the larger knowledge of our time, and the more intelligent study of the march of mankind, he who listens down the past and hears

> The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
> The rattling musketry, the clashing blade,
> And ever and anon, in tones of thunder
> The diapason of the cannonade,

this trembling listener may confirm, out of the historian's cautious prophecy, the hope of the poet,

> Down the dark future, through long generations,
> The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
> And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
> I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace."

Now, when Abraham Lincoln was thrust forward to lead the American people, he found himself called to face a new peril to the interests of mankind. The conspiracy against the national life was a threat to all the world. It was an attempt to undo the work of centuries. It was a reaction from that splendid work which had been achieved, in the way just indicated, through twenty-five centuries of strife and war. For the world had been learning how men could live together in fraternity, and had been incorporating that knowledge into its laws and institutions. It had learned how the individual could live more comfortably if he had the help of his family, his kin; and so they had stopped fighting their relatives. It had learned that families might with advantage stop fighting one another, and secure a little more peace by banding themselves in a clan against

Digitized by Google

some other annoying and quarrelsome family. Then it had found how to combine families and tribes into nations, and under some common ruler, and some compact and constitution, get a still larger portion of peace and tranquillity.

For a long time it got no further than this, but when at last the genius of the American people, embodied in the intellects of Hamilton and Madison, framed that Constitution, well called the "finest specimen of constructive statesmanship the world has ever seen," it advanced mankind one step more. For now it showed the nations how separate states, with all their own internal interests and concerns going on harmoniously, can dwell in peace, side by side, held by a mutual compact, adjusting their disputes by established tribunals, loyal to one another through their loyalty to a common government. It was the sublimest work of statesmanship the world had achieved. It was the solution of the last great problem in the search for methods of peace and law among men. The American Union is the highest political embodiment of Christianity. It is the highest proof of the possibility of a universal peace. It is the most convincing test of man's capacity for unity in diversity and diversity in unity. It is evidence, incontestable, that states, like individuals, can decide their differences not by brutal war, but by systematic legislation, or by a common tribunal. This Union is the consummation of all the struggles of all men toward a state of universal peace. It is the life and aspiration of the world organized into a nation.

This was the result, so pregnant with the highest destiny of all people, which was put in peril by the revolt of the South. The first test had come to this new principle of government and of civilization, and it was a test which may fairly be called terrific. Never were forces better in hand for the overthrow of a great principle. Bold and compact, shrewd and determined, fully equipped, and with definite purposes and aims pursued relentlessly, the Southern leaders arrayed themselves to destroy this peaceful compact, and to rive into fragments this splendid fabric to which the centuries had given their best work. It was a well-organized attempt, and it was as likely as not to succeed. Because the issue did not appear as simple as we have pictured it, the dispute was made to seem as if it were a question of the rights of certain States, or as if it were a quarrel over the emancipation of the slaves. There were many at the North who were so full of burning indignation against negro slavery that they could see no other issue than this; while to most of the Southern people the defense of their right to hold slaves seemed a supreme and compelling crisis, demanding the extreme measures of civil war.

And yet both were wrong. The abolition of slavery was only an incident of the war. It was an involved issue, and not the main one. Emancipation was a priceless gain to this nation; it was deliverance from a plague, a pest, a curse, as North and South alike agree to-day. The nation bought that deliverance cheaply, even at the price of a horrible war. But that was not the main question. This other one under-ran and over-weighed it. The gravest matter involved in that struggle was not the freeing of the slaves; that would have come anyhow in time, for it was impossible that slavery should continue in this land. But the one momentous issue of that trial hour, and the one in which not the fate of the negro race alone, but of all races and nations, was involved, was whether, in the first real difficulty in its administration, this principle of the peaceful union of great states should survive, or be overthrown and destroyed. If the Union was maintained, the way was clear for other peoples to go on and enter into the promised land of peace. If it was destroyed, its ruins would block the way of progress, and delay the advance of the nations, perhaps for a thousand years.

It is here that we come to the application of all this matter to the name and the nature of Abraham Lincoln. These facts out of the histories throw a white light of disclosure upon the character of the great war President. How easy in that confusing hour for the wisest to make mistakes! How easy for the calmest judgment to miss the real issue, and be diverted to lesser and to false ones! How easy to undervalue the real signs of the times, and to be the fool of fate by following the lures of the crafty or the stupid! It is such hours as those of the great Rebellion which test men's minds, and show the true leaders and the master heads. To stand upon the swinging deck when the rising gales are roaring in one's ears; when the threatening cloud just skims the wave and the wave tosses up to the cloud; when the blinding wrack of foam sweeps against the breath, and the eye can scarcely see the swaying compass as the ship goes plunging among hidden reefs; when the hardiest sailor turns his back and the coolest is confused, uncertain, anxious, or appalled; to be cool, to be clear,— to read the signs of the trackless sea, and, undaunted by the play of all these raging elements and these distracting dangers, to guide the keel straight down the channels where lie safety and salvation,— this marks the man of God's own making, called forth to be the helmsman for a stormy hour, the pilot of mighty destinies,

Digitized by Google

dowered by heaven for his task. And this, all this, was Abraham Lincoln.

He saw, from the moment that he became convinced of the intentions of the South, the one imperative, absolute aim he must keep in view. He seized the one transcendent issue of the hour, and, disentangling it from all that could confuse or deceive, held it up for his own guidance, and kept it continually before the nation. It was the preservation of the Union. It was the vindication of the great principle of the pacific federation of states for the cultivation of a larger life of order and fraternity. Of course Lincoln never reasoned about the matter at all as we have done. He had no time for that. He had no facilities for entering upon the subject from this side. So much the more is his wonderful genius approved, if thus, instinctively, and by the innate good sense and political sagacity of his nature, he came straight at the truth and took hold of his real work. He had the instinct of the highest statesmanship, the sense of what things are essential, preëminent, absolutely needful to be done. And for this high qualification for the work set before him his fame will grow with every century. With this conviction firm and foremost in his mind, nothing in all those four years,— no difficulty, hardship, peril, criticism at home or hostility abroad, persuasion of friend or threat of foe, trial to patience or test of courage,— nothing could swerve or turn him from the central aim of his mind. To preserve the Union was his purpose; whatever would effect that end he would try. He would listen to any one who had that at heart. He would listen to none who had not. He would sacrifice anything, any man, all the resources at his command, tears, treasure, troops, the blood of the bravest men, his own strength, pride, ambitions; but he would not sacrifice the Union.

This conviction is pronounced with a full sense of the possible shock it may bring to those who love to think of Lincoln's chief renown as connected with the race he freed from bondage. It is hard for many of us not to feel that emancipation was the great achievement of that struggle, and that the war was waged to decide whether this should be a free nation or a land of bonds and stripes. But the wiser years will decide against us. All our thankfulness and honor to the man who made the act of emancipation a weapon with which to strike rebellion must not blind us to the fact that this splendid stroke of policy, this noble deed of statecraft, was only an incident and not the aim of the struggle. Viewed in its relations to the long world-history, the development of mankind, the work of civilization, the American people under their great leader were engaged in determining whether the great principle of federation, the peaceful coexistence of great states, should succeed or fail. They were in a struggle to decide whether the rule of peace and good-will should extend, or stop and go no further. And Abraham Lincoln's clear, unerring eye perceived the meaning of the struggle, his strong mind grasped its vital import, and his steadfast soul clung to that thought with a tenacity that could be expressed only in some such words as Paul's, "This one thing I do."

We have thus far been accustomed to rank our great President among the heroes of our own land, and seldom have dared to talk of him in connection with his place among the world's famous ones. Sometimes it has seemed to come to us that he was worthy a fame outside the limits of this land. Some rare voices have found courage to say, as Lowell said,

> Here was a type of the true elder race,
> And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.

There is enough in his personality, so fresh, so strong, so inspiring, to justify our highest pride in him, and to make us hold up this new product of our new land, whose honesty and strong good sense, whose earnest faith and indomitable purpose, fit him to stand like a modern Aristides or a New World Cato. But when the slow judgment of the years is made up, it will take this man of the West, who led us through the fires of a terrible civil strife, and, seeing how his achievement reached out to all mankind and secured the work which cost the toil and struggle of ages, will range him side by side with the men who saved Greece from Persian barbarism, and those who saved Rome from Gallic anarchy, and those who gave this continent to the free institutions of the English race.

> I praise him not; it were too late;
> And some innative weakness there must be
> In him who condescends to victory
> Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
> Safe in himself as in a fate.
> So always firmly he:
> He knew to bide his time,
> And can his fame abide.
> Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
> Till the wise years decide.

There stands in the city of Chicago the noblest statue of this man which the artistic genius of the land has yet produced. The sculptor has entered with most wonderful sympathy into Lincoln's nature, and has shown us the man in all the simplicity, the honest humanity, the rugged grandeur of his soul. There could be no nobler expression of the faith, the sincerity, the wise insight of the man, than that

Digitized by Google

statue, which, "standing like a tower," will draw the loving gaze of millions in the coming years. But the artist has shown as keen an insight into the historic place of Lincoln as he has into his personal traits, in the words which he has chosen from Lincoln's rejoinder to his old friend Greeley, inscribed at the base of the statue:

"If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear I forbear, because I do not believe it would help to save the Union."

There spake God's man, instinctively grasping the truth for which he was brought into this world; and those words, above all others, shall finally give him his niche in the temple set apart for those who have signally served in the world's great wars of progress toward peace.

John Coleman Adams.



LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.[1]

THERE are three sources of authority for Lincoln's Gettysburg address, or, to speak more concisely, three successive versions of it—all identical in thought, but differing slightly in expression. The last of these is the regular outgrowth of the two which preceded it, and is the perfected product of the President's rhetorical and literary mastery. The three versions are:

1. The original autograph MS. draft, written by Mr. Lincoln partly at Washington and partly at Gettysburg.

2. The version made by the shorthand reporter on the stand at Gettysburg when the President delivered it, which was telegraphed, and was printed in the leading newspapers of the country on the following morning.

3. The revised copy made by the President a few days after his return to Washington, upon a careful comparison of his original draft and the printed newspaper version with his own recollections of the exact form in which he delivered it.

Mr. David Wills, of Gettysburg, first suggested the creation of a national cemetery on the battle-field, and under Governor Curtin's direction and coöperation he purchased the land for Pennsylvania and other States interested, and superintended the improvements. It had been intended to hold the dedication ceremonies on October 23, 1863, but Edward Everett, who was chosen to deliver the oration, had engagements for that time, and at his suggestion the occasion was postponed to November 19.

On November 2 Mr. Wills wrote the President a formal invitation to take part in the dedication.

These grounds [said his letter in part] will be consecrated and set apart to this sacred purpose by appropriate ceremonies on Thursday, the 19th inst. Hon. Edward Everett will deliver the oration. I am authorized by the governors of the different States to invite you to be present, and to participate in these ceremonies, which will doubtless be very imposing and solemnly impressive. It is the desire that, after the oration, you, as Chief Executive of the nation, formally set apart these grounds to their sacred use by a few appropriate remarks.

[1] In Chapter vii., Vol. VIII. of "Abraham Lincoln: A History," the authors have given the authentic text of the famous address delivered by President Lincoln at the dedication of the Gettysburg National Cemetery, both in type and in facsimile of the President's handwriting, as well as the principal points in its history. To show how that text was established, and to explain some additional details, are the objects of this paper.

Digitized by Google

Accompanying this official invitation was also a private note from Mr. Wills, which said:

As the hotels in our town will be crowded and in confusion at the time referred to in the inclosed invitation, I write to invite you to stop with me. I hope you will feel it your duty to lay aside pressing business for a day to come on here to perform this last sad rite to our brave soldier dead, on the 19th inst. Governor Curtin and Hon. Edward Everett will be my guests at that time, and if you come you will please join them at my house.

From the above date it will be seen that Mr. Lincoln had a little more than two weeks in which to prepare the remarks he might intend to make. It was a time when he was extremely busy, not alone with the important and complicated military affairs in the various armies, but also with the consideration of his annual message to Congress, which was to meet early in December. There was even great uncertainty whether he could take enough time from his pressing official duties to go to Gettysburg at all. Up to the 17th of November, only two days before the ceremonies, no definite arrangements for the journey had been made. The whole cabinet had of course been invited, as well as the President, and on the 17th, which was Tuesday, Mr. Lincoln wrote to Secretary Chase:

I expected to see you here at cabinet meeting, and to say something about going to Gettysburg. There will be a train to take and return us. The time for starting is not yet fixed; but when it shall be I will notify you.

However, Mr. Chase had already written a note to Mr. Wills, expressing his inability to go, and apparently a little later on the same day Secretary Stanton sent the President this "time-table" for the trip:

It is proposed by the Baltimore and Ohio road: First, to leave Washington Thursday morning at 6 A. M. Second, to leave Baltimore at 8 A. M., arriving at Gettysburg at twelve, noon, thus giving two hours to view the ground before the dedication ceremonies commence. Third, to leave Gettysburg at 6 P. M., and arrive at Washington at midnight, thus doing all in one day.

Upon this proposition Mr. Lincoln, with his unfailing common-sense judgment, made this indorsement:

I do not like this arrangement. I do not wish to so go that by the slightest accident we fail entirely; and, at the best, the whole to be a mere breathless running of the gantlet. But any way.

There is no decisive record of when Mr. Lincoln wrote the first sentences of his proposed address. He probably followed his usual habit in such matters, using great deliberation in arranging his thoughts, and molding his phrases mentally, waiting to reduce them to writing until they had taken satisfactory form.

There was much greater necessity for such precaution in this case, because the invitation specified that the address of dedication should only be "a few appropriate remarks." Brevity in speech and writing was one of Lincoln's marked characteristics; but in this instance there existed two other motives calculated to strongly support his natural inclination. One was that Mr. Everett would be quite certain to make a long address; the other, the want of opportunity even to think leisurely about what he might desire to say. All this strongly confirms the correctness of the statement made by the Hon. James Speed, in an interview printed in the "Louisville Commercial" in November, 1879, that the President told him that "the day before he left Washington he found time to write about half of his speech."

The President's criticism of the time-table first suggested must have struck Secretary Stanton as having force, for the arrangement was changed, so that instead of starting on Thursday morning, the day of the ceremonies, the President's special train left Washington at noon of Wednesday the 18th. Three members of the cabinet — Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, Mr. Usher, Secretary of the Interior, and Mr. Blair, Postmaster-General — accompanied the President, as did the French minister M. Mercier, the Italian minister M. Bertinatti, and several legation secretaries and attachés. Mr. Lincoln also had with him his private secretary Mr. Nicolay, and his assistant private secretary Colonel John Hay. Captain H. A. Wise of the navy and Mrs. Wise (daughter of Edward Everett) were also of the party; likewise a number of newspaper correspondents from Washington, and a military guard of honor to take part in the Gettysburg procession. Other parties of military officers joined the train on the way.

No accident or delay occurred, and the party arrived in Gettysburg about nightfall. According to invitation Mr. Lincoln went to the house of Mr. Wills, while the members of the cabinet, and other distinguished persons of his party, were entertained elsewhere.

Except during its days of battle the little town of Gettysburg had never been so full of people. After the usual supper hour the streets literally swarmed with visitors, and the stirring music of regimental bands and patriotic glee-clubs sounded in many directions. With material so abundant, and enthusiasm so plentiful, a serenading party soon organized itself to

Digitized by Google

Executive Mansion,

Washington, ..., 186

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought
forth, upon this continent, a new nation, conceived
in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that
"all men are created equal"

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing
whether that nation, or any nation so conceived,
and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met
on a great battle field of that war. We have
come to dedicate a portion of it, as a final rest-

Digitized by Google

ing place for those who died here, that the nation might live. This we may, in all propriety do. But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate — we can not consecrate — we can not hallow this ground — The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have hallowed it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here; while it can never forget what they did here.

It is rather for us, the living, we here be dedicated

FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST SHEET OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT. THIS, AND THE PREVIOUS PAGE, FORM THE FIRST SHEET.

Digitized by Google

ted to the great task remaining before us—
that, from these honored dead we take in-
creased devotion to that cause for which
they here, gave the last full measure of de-
votion— that we here highly resolve these
dead shall not have died in vain; that
this nation, shall have a new birth of free-
dom, and that government of the people by
the people for the people, shall not per-
ish from the earth.

FACSIMILE OF THE SECOND SHEET OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

Digitized by Google

call on prominent personages for impromptu speeches, and of course the President could not escape.

The crowd persisted in calling him out, but Mr. Lincoln showed himself only long enough to utter the few commonplace excuses which politeness required. He said:

I appear before you, fellow-citizens, merely to thank you for this compliment. The inference is a very fair one that you would hear me for a little while at least, were I to commence to make a speech. I do not appear before you for the purpose of doing so, and for several substantial reasons. The most substantial of these is that I have no speech to make. In my position it is somewhat important that I should not say any foolish things. [A voice: If you can help it."] It very often happens that the only way to help it is to say nothing at all. Believing that is my present condition this evening, I must beg of you to excuse me from addressing you further.

The crowd followed the music to seek other notabilities, and had the satisfaction of hearing short speeches from Secretary Seward, Representatives McPherson and McKnight, Judge Shannon, Colonel John W. Forney, Wayne MacVeagh, and perhaps others. These addresses were not altogether perfunctory. A certain political tension existed throughout the entire war period, which rarely failed to color every word of a public speaker, and attune the ear of every public listener to subtle and oracular meanings. Even in this ceremonial gathering there was a keen watchfulness for any sign or omen which might disclose a drift in popular feeling, either on the local Pennsylvania quarrel between Cameron and Curtin, or the final success or failure of the Emancipation Proclamation; or whether the President would or would not succeed himself by a renomination and reëlection in the coming campaign of 1864.

There were still here and there ultra-radical newspapers that suspected and questioned Seward's hearty support of the emancipation policy. These made favorable note of his little address in which he predicted that the war would end in the removal of slavery, and that "when that cause is removed, simply by the operation of abolishing it, as the origin and agent of the treason that is without justification and without parallel, we shall henceforth be united, be only one country, having only one hope, one ambition, and one destiny."

Speech-making finally came to an end, and such of the visitors as were blessed with friends or good luck sought the retirement of their rooms, where in spite of brass-bands and glee-clubs, and the restless tramping of the less fortunate along the sidewalks, they slept the slumber of mental, added to physical, weariness.

It was after the breakfast hour on the morning of the 19th that the writer, Mr. Lincoln's private secretary, went to the upper room in the house of Mr. Wills which Mr. Lincoln occupied, to report for duty, and remained with the President while he finished writing the Gettysburg address, during the short leisure he could utilize for this purpose before being called to take his place in the procession, which was announced on the program to move promptly at ten o'clock.

There is neither record, evidence, nor well-founded tradition that Mr. Lincoln did any writing, or made any notes, on the journey between Washington and Gettysburg. The train consisted of four passenger-coaches, and either composition or writing would have been extremely troublesome amid all the movement, the noise, the conversation, the greetings, and the questionings which ordinary courtesy required him to undergo in these surroundings; but still worse would have been the rockings and joltings of the train, rendering writing virtually impossible. Mr. Lincoln carried in his pocket the autograph manuscript of so much of his address as he had written at Washington the day before. Precisely what that was the reader can now see by turning to the facsimile reproduction of the original draft, which is for the first time printed and made public in this article. It fills one page of the letter-paper at that time habitually used in the Executive Mansion, containing the plainly printed blank heading; both paper and print giving convincing testimony to the simple and economical business methods then prevailing in the White House. (See pages 598 and 599.)

This portion of the manuscript begins with the line "Four score and seven years ago," and ends "It is rather for us the living," etc. The whole of this first page — nineteen lines — is written in ink in the President's strong clear hand, without blot or erasure; and the last line is in the following form: "It is rather for us the living to stand here," the last three words being, like the rest, in ink. From the fact that this sentence is incomplete, we may infer that at the time of writing it in Washington the remainder of the sentence was also written in ink on another piece of paper. But when, at Gettysburg on the morning of the ceremonies, Mr. Lincoln finished his manuscript, he used a lead pencil, with which he crossed out the last three words of the first page, and wrote above them in pencil "we here be dedica," at which point he took up a new half sheet of paper — not white letter-paper as before, but a bluish-gray foolscap of large size with wide lines, habitually used by him for long or formal documents, and on this he wrote, all in pencil, the remainder of the word, and of the first draft

Digitized by Google

of the address, comprising a total of nine lines and a half. (See page 600.)

The time occupied in this final writing was probably about an hour, for it is not likely that he left the breakfast table before nine o'clock, and the formation of the procession began at ten. The grand marshal of the day had made preparations for an imposing procession, and to this end, instead of carriages ordinarily used on such occasions, had arranged that the President and other dignitaries should ride to the grounds on horseback. We learn from the newspaper reports that at about ten o'clock the President issued from Mr. Wills's house attired in black, with white gauntlets upon his hands; that as soon as he had mounted he was besieged by a crowd eager to shake hands with him, and that the marshals had some difficulty in inducing the people to desist and allow him to sit in peace upon his horse. Secretaries Seward, Blair, and Usher also mounted horses, as did others of the official retinue. There were the usual delays incident to such occasions, rather aggravated in this instance by the fact that intense curiosity to see the battle-field had already drawn thither the larger part of the great crowd in the village without waiting to join the procession; so that for want of numbers the pageant did not make the imposing display which had been anticipated.

The procession, however, finally moved, and at about eleven o'clock the Presidential party reached the platform. Mr. Everett, the orator of the day, arrived fully half an hour later, and there was still further waiting before the military bodies and civic spectators could be properly ranged and stationed. It was therefore fully noon before Mr. Everett began his address, after which, for two hours, he held the assembled multitude in rapt attention with his eloquent description and argument, his polished diction, his carefully studied and practised delivery.

When he had concluded, and the band had performed the usual musical interlude, President Lincoln rose to fill the part assigned him in the program. It was entirely natural for every one to expect that this would consist of a few perfunctory words, the mere formality of official dedication. There is every probability that the assemblage regarded Mr. Everett as the mouthpiece, the organ of expression of the thought and feeling of the hour, and took it for granted that Mr. Lincoln was there as a mere official figure-head, the culminating decoration, so to speak, of the elaborately planned pageant of the day. They were therefore totally unprepared for what they heard, and could not immediately realize that *his* words, and not those of the carefully selected orator, were to carry the concentrated thought of the occasion like a trumpet-peal to farthest posterity.

The newspaper records indicate that when Mr. Lincoln began to speak, he held in his hand the manuscript first draft of his address which he had finished only a short time before. But it is the distinct recollection of the writer, who sat within a few feet of him, that he did not read from the written pages, though that impression was naturally left upon many of his auditors. That it was not a mere mechanical reading is, however, more definitely confirmed by the circumstance that Mr. Lincoln did not deliver the address in the exact form in which his first draft is written. It was taken down in shorthand by the reporter for the "Associated Press," telegraphed to the principal cities, and printed on the following morning in the leading newspapers.

It would also appear that a few, but only a very few, independent shorthand reports or abstracts were made by other correspondents.

For all practical purposes of criticism, therefore, the three versions mentioned at the beginning of this article, namely: (1) The first draft; (2) the Associated Press report; (3) the revised autograph copy, may be used as standards of comparison, and for this purpose these three versions are here arranged in successive lines. The middle line, or Associated Press report (the one printed in the New York dailies), is in italics, and the transition which the address underwent at the hands of Mr. Lincoln himself is thus exactly shown.

(Autograph Original Draft.)—Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth,
(*Associated Press Report.*)—*Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth*
(Revised Autograph Copy.)—Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth

upon this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that
upon this continent a new Nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that
on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that

"all men are created equal."
all men are created equal. [*Applause.*]
all men are created equal.

Digitized by Google

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so
Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that Nation or any Nation so
Now we are engaged in a great civil war; testing whether that nation, or any nation so

conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war.
conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war.
conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war.

We have come to dedicate a portion of it, as a final resting place for those who died
We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who
We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who

here, that the nation might live. This we may in all propriety do.
here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we
here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we

should do this.
should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate — we can not consecrate — we can not hallow —
But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow
But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate — we can not consecrate — we can not hallow —

this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have hallowed it far above
this ground. The brave men living and dead who struggled here have consecrated it far above
this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above

our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remem-
our power to add or detract. [*Applause.*] *The world will little note nor long remem-*
our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remem-

ber what we say here; while it can never forget what they did here. It is
ber what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. [*Applause.*] *It is*
ber what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is

rather for us, the living,
for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they
for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who

we here be dedicated to the great
have thus far so nobly carried on. [*Applause.*] *It is rather for us to be here dedi-*
fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedi-

task remaining before us — that, from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that
cated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devo-
cated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devo-

cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve
tion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly re-
tion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly re-

these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation,
solve that the dead shall not have died in vain [*applause*]; *that the nation shall, under God,*
solve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God,

shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the
have a new birth of freedom; and that governments of the people by the people and for the
shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the

people, shall not perish from the earth.
people, shall not perish from the earth. [*Long continued applause.*]
people, shall not perish from the earth.

Digitized by Google

If now we make the comparative analysis, we find that between the first draft as Mr. Lincoln wrote it, and the Associated Press report as he delivered it, the following essential changes occurred:

1. The phrase, "Those who died here," was changed to "Those who here gave their lives." This was a gain in rhetorical form.

2. The entire sentence, "This we may in all propriety do," was changed to "It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this." It was a mere recasting of the phrase for greater emphasis.

3. The sentence in the original draft, "It is rather for us the living we here be dedicated to the great task remaining before us," was transformed into two sentences, thus: "It is for us the living rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us." This is a repetition and slight amplification of the sentence and thought. The "we" in the original was of course a mere slip of the pencil—"to" having been intended.

4. The phrase, "Shall have a new birth of freedom," was changed as follows: "Shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom," a change which added dignity and solemnity.

The above changes show that Mr. Lincoln did not read his address, but that he delivered it from the fullness and conciseness of thought and memory, rounding it out to nearly its final rhetorical completeness. The changes may have been prompted by the oratorical impulse of the moment; but it is more likely that in the interval of four hours occupied by coming to the grounds, and the delivery of Mr. Everett's oration, he fashioned the phrases anew in his silent thought, and had them ready for use when he rose to speak.

The other changes were merely verbal: as, "have come" changed to "are met"; "a" changed to "the"; "for" changed to "of"; "the" changed to "that"; "hallowed" changed to "consecrated"; the word "poor" omitted; "while" changed to "but"; "these" changed to "that the"; "government" changed to "governments"; and the word "and" interpolated in the last sentence. Most, if not all, of these are clearly errors of the shorthand. Such variation as existed between the print in New York dailies and in other cities (excepting of course the independent abstracts) seem due either to telegraph operators or newspaper type-setting and proof-reading.

The delivery of the address formed the conclusion of the dedication ceremonies, and the same evening about six o'clock the Presidential party left Gettysburg on their special train, arriving at Washington near midnight. It has sometimes been stated that Mr. Lincoln's Gettysburg address received little attention or appreciation from those who heard it. On the contrary, the Associated Press report printed above shows that during its delivery it was six times interrupted by applause; and on the next day Mr. Everett, who had accompanied the President to Washington, sent him the following note:

MY DEAR SIR: Not wishing to intrude upon your privacy when you must be much engaged, I beg leave in this way to thank you very sincerely for your great thoughtfulness for my daughter's accommodation on the platform yesterday, and much kindness to me and mine at Gettysburg. Permit me also to express my great admiration of the thoughts expressed by you with such eloquent simplicity and appropriateness at the consecration of the cemetery. I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes. My son, who parted from me at Baltimore, and my daughter concur in this statement.

Mr. Lincoln's acknowledgment of this compliment from so fine a critic was in his usual tone of frank modesty.

Your kind note of to-day is received. In our respective parts yesterday, you could not have been excused to make a short address, nor I a long one. I am pleased to know that in your judgment the little I did say was not a failure. Of course I knew that Mr. Everett would not fail; and yet, while the whole discourse was eminently satisfactory, and will be of great value, there were passages in it which transcended my expectations. The point made against the theory of the General Government being only an agency whose principals are the States was new to me, and, as I think, is one of the best arguments for national supremacy. The tribute to our noble women for their angel ministering to the suffering soldiers surpasses in its way, as do the subjects of it, whatever has gone before.

Four days after Mr. Lincoln's return to Washington, Mr. Wills once more wrote him, saying:

On behalf of the States interested in the National Cemetery here, I request of you the original manuscript of the dedicatory remarks delivered by you here last Thursday. We desire them to be placed with the correspondence and other papers connected with the project.

To comply with this request, the President reëxamined his original draft, and the version which had appeared in the newspapers, and saw that, because of the variations between them, the first seemed incomplete, and the others imperfect. By his direction, therefore, his secretaries made copies of the Associated Press

Digitized by Google

report as it was printed in several prominent newspapers. Comparing these with his original draft, and with his own fresh recollection of the form in which he delivered it, he made a new autograph copy — a careful and deliberate revision — which has become the standard and authentic text.

In addition to that from Mr. Wills, other requests soon came to him for autograph copies. The number he made, and for what friends, cannot now be confidently stated, though it was probably half a dozen or more, all written by him with painstaking care to correspond word for word with his revision. If in any respect they differed from each other, it was due to accident, and against his intention. At this period of the war unusual efforts were being made to collect funds for the use of the Sanitary Commission in sending supplies and relief in various forms to sick and wounded soldiers in army hospitals and camps in the South. During that autumn the President had given the original manuscript of his final Emancipation Proclamation to a fair held at Chicago for this object, at the close of which the manuscript was sold at auction for the handsome sum of three thousand dollars. The managers of other fairs naturally wished to take similar advantage of his personal popularity. Thus Mr. Everett wrote him under date of January 30, 1864:

I shall have the honor of forwarding to you by express, to-day or on Monday next, a copy of the authorized edition of my Gettysburg address and of the remarks made by yourself, and the other matters connected with the ceremonial of the dedication of the Cemetery. It appeared, owing to unavoidable delays, only yesterday.

I have promised to give the manuscript of my address to Mrs. Governor Fish of New York, who is at the head of the Ladies' Committee of the Metropolitan fair. It would add very greatly to its value if I could bind up with it the manuscript of your dedicatory remarks, if you happen to have preserved it.

I would further venture to request, that you would allow me also to bind up in the volume the very obliging letter of the 20th November, 1863, which you did me the favor to write me. I shall part with it with much reluctance, and I shrink a little from the apparent indelicacy of giving some publicity to a letter highly complimentary to myself. But as its insertion would greatly enhance the value of the volume when sold at the fair, I shall, if I have your kind permission, waive all other considerations.

To this request Mr. Lincoln replied under date of February 4:

Yours of January 30th was received four days ago; and since then the address mentioned has arrived. Thank you for it. I send herewith the manuscript of my remarks at Gettysburg, which, with my note to you of November 20th, you are at liberty to use for the benefit of our soldiers, as you have requested.

Baltimore also was being stirred by the same spirit of national patriotism, and a novel attraction was planned in aid of its Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair, the opening day of which was fixed for April 18, 1864. On the 5th of February a committee consisting of the Honorable John P. Kennedy, author of "Swallow Barn" and other novels, and Colonel Alexander Bliss, then serving on the military staff of General Schenck commanding at Baltimore, sent a circular to prominent American authors, soliciting from each a page or two of autograph manuscript to be published in facsimile in a small quarto volume and to be sold for the benefit of the fair. Some time in the month of February George Bancroft, the historian, who was in Washington, made verbal application to the President, on their behalf, for an autograph copy of his Gettysburg address, to be included in the volume. Mr. Lincoln wrote and sent them a copy; and when it was discovered that it was written on both sides of a letter sheet, and on that account was not available to be used in the process of lithographing, he made them a second copy, written only on one side of the letter pages. This was sent to the committee on March 11, 1864, and Mr. Bancroft was permitted to keep the first; which appears recently to have passed, with other papers of the great historian, into the possession of the Lenox Library. The Baltimore committee had the other duly lithographed and printed in their volume, and it was sold at the fair. The first facsimile in the book of two hundred pages is that of the "Star-Spangled Banner," the second, Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg address, and the last, "Home, Sweet Home"; while between them are autograph specimen-pages from the writings of nearly a hundred American authors.[1] It is this Baltimore facsimile which by frequent photographs, and therefore exact reproduction, has properly become the standard text, and which, not having heretofore been given in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, is printed on pages 606 and 607, slightly reduced in size. The originals of the whole collection are still in the possession of Colonel Alexander Bliss, of Washington, D. C., who, as one of the committee, conducted the correspondence in gathering it.

Having made a comparison of the President's original draft with the Associated Press report printed in the newspapers, it will now be interesting to compare the Associated Press report with the final revision. A careful examination shows that there were in all thirteen

1 "Autograph Leaves of our Country's Authors." Baltimore: Cushings and Bailey. 1864.

Digitized by Google

changes; that seven of these are a mere return to, or restoration of, words in the first draft, correcting the errors which evidently occurred in the transmission by telegraph and the newspaper type-setting, namely: "are met" changed back to "have come"; "the" changed back to "a"; "of" changed back to "for"; "power" changed back to "poor power"; "the" changed back to "these"; "governments" changed back to "government"; "and" omitted from the last sentence, as at first.

The other six changes are the President's own deliberate revision, namely: "upon" changed to "on"; "it" changed to "that field"; "they have" changed to "they who fought here have"; "carried on" changed to "advanced"; "they here gave" changed to "they gave"; and the phrase "shall under God" transposed to read "under God shall."

By this comparative analysis we have clearly before us in every detail the whole process of growth and perfection which the Gettysburg address underwent from the original draft to the final artistic form in which, after mature reflection, he desired it should stand. That this amplifying process was important and valuable in a literary point of view is evident. But if we count the changes, five in number, between the original draft and the spoken address, and six more between the spoken address and the final revision, and then study the nature and quality of the changes, we see that in the elements of brevity and force of statement, philosophic breadth of thought, and terse, vigorous expression — in short, in everything except mere rhetorical finish, the first draft is as complete and worthy of admiration as the final revision.

In the almost universal attention and comment which the address has received from scholars and critics, it is not unnatural that many attempts should have been made to trace its source by a search for parallels to some of its

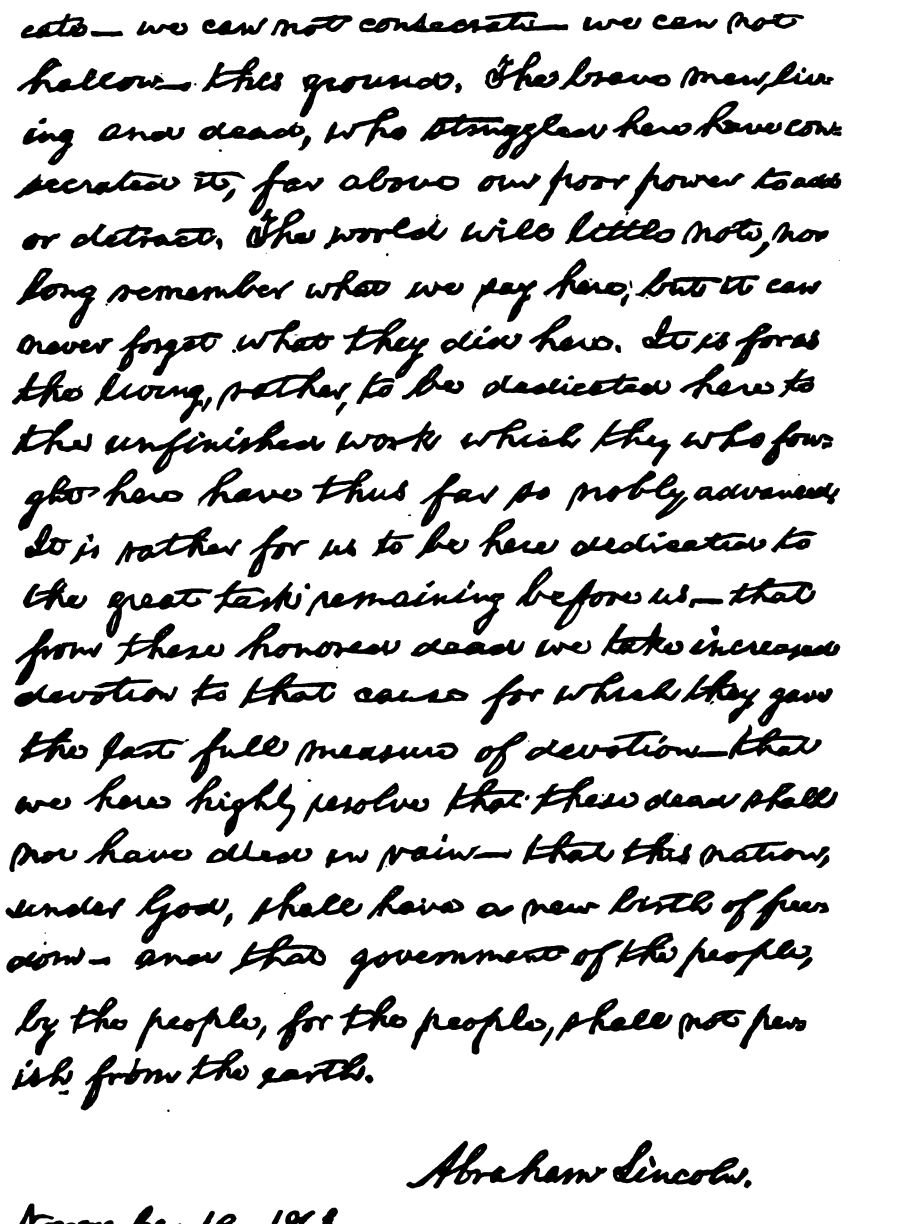
Address delivered at the dedication of the Cemetery at Gettysburg.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedi-

Digitized by Google



FACSIMILE OF THE MANUSCRIPT WRITTEN FOR THE BALTIMORE FAIR — THE STANDARD VERSION.

phrases, especially to the sentence with which it closes, "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." The following among others have been cited:

1. The depressed vassal of the old Continent becomes co-legislator, and co-ruler, in a government where all power is from the people, and in the people, and for the people. — [From "The Advancement of Society in Knowledge and Religion." By James Douglas. Edinburgh, 1830, 3d edition, p. 70. First edition published in 1825. Also in "Rhetorical Reader," by Ebenezer Porter. Andover, 1831, p. 196.]

2. The people's government: made for the people; made by the people; and answerable to the people. — [From Webster's reply to Hayne, United States Senate, January 26, 1830.]

3. A democracy — that is, a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people.

Digitized by Google

—[From a speech by Theodore Parker at the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, Boston, May 29, 1850.]

4. Unlike Europe, there are no disaffected people in this country for a foe to tamper with. The government is by the people, for the people, and with the people. It is the people.—[From Lieutenant M. F. Maury's Report of August, 1851, on the Subject of Fortifications, H. R. Ex. Doc. No. 5, 32d Congress, 1st Session.]

The mere arrangement of these quotations in their chronological order shows how unjust is any inference that Mr. Lincoln took his sentence at second hand. There is no more reason to suppose that he copied his phrase from Theodore Parker, than there is that Parker copied his from Daniel Webster, or Webster his from James Douglas. All these are plainly coincidences growing out of the very nature of the topic.

Mr. Lincoln's humble birth, the experiences of his boyhood, and all the incidents in the rugged path of his self-education for political service, imbued him with a deep sympathy for, and an unswerving faith in, the people as a political entity and power. His speeches probably contain more genuine expressions of this sympathy and faith than those of any other American statesman. The whole of the great Lincoln-Douglas debate hinged itself upon this essential idea, which Douglas crystallized into his phrase "popular sovereignty," the issue between the disputants being only in what manner the popular will should be exercised. In Lincoln's Ohio speeches of 1859 are found some of his strongest formulas embodying this idea: "Public opinion in this country is everything"; "The people of these United States are the rightful masters of both congresses and courts, not to overthrow the Constitution, but to overthrow the men who pervert the Constitution." In his first inaugural he said he would execute the laws of the Union, as far as practicable, "unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary." "This country with its institutions belongs to the people who inhabit it." "Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people?" "If the almighty ruler of nations, with his eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people." And in his first message to Congress he said, describing the insurrection: "It presents to the whole family of man the question whether a constitutional republic or democracy—a government of the people by the same people—can or can not maintain its territorial integrity against its own domestic foes." "This is essentially a people's contest." "I am most happy to believe that the plain people understand and appreciate this."

Such expressions, such definitions, such quotations might be greatly multiplied. Enough are cited to show that the idea was ever present in his philosophy of government, and that he had no need to draw upon the memory of his early political reading to enable him to formulate the closing sentence of the Gettysburg address.

It may be pertinent here to point out an error which, if uncontradicted, may confuse and mislead readers and students of the Gettysburg incident in the future. In a recent biography of President Lincoln by Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., the following, referring to the Gettysburg address, occurs in a foot-note on page 216 of Vol. II.

> It is, perhaps, not generally remembered that Mr. Lincoln added to the words which he himself had written a quotation of one of Daniel Webster's most famous flights of oratory—that familiar passage in the reply to Hayne, beginning: "When my eyes turn to behold for the last time the sun in Heaven," etc. The modesty was better than the skill of this addition; the simplicity of the President's language, and the elevation of the sentiment which it expressed, did not accord well with the more rhetorical enthusiasm of Webster's outburst. The two passages, each so fine in its own way, were incongruous in their juxtaposition.

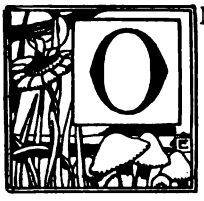
The accomplished biographer has been seriously misinformed. President Lincoln added no quotation from Daniel Webster to his Gettysburg address, nor any word other than those set forth in this paper.

John G. Nicolay.

NOTE.—The reader is referred to the "Open Letter" in this number for comments on the "Variations in the Reports of the Gettysburg Address."

Digitized by Google

THE MYTH OF LAND-BILL ALLEN.



N the evening of one of the first days of December, 1891, I was at work in my study in the church tower, when the tramp of numerous feet on the stairs outside, and a vigorous rap at the door, introduced a delegation of my neighbors, several of whom I knew as representatives of labor organizations.

"We have come," said their spokesman, "to see if we can secure your church for the funeral of Land-Bill Allen, and whether you will conduct the services and deliver a memorial address."

I told my friends that I should be happy to serve them in anything within my power, but I was obliged to confess that my information concerning the deceased was vague.

"Have n't you been reading the papers lately?" they asked, somewhat disconcerted.

I answered that I had not read them very carefully, that I had seen the name in question in the newspaper head-lines, but had failed to read the articles.

"Well," they said, "Land-Bill Allen was a man to whom this nation owes a great debt of gratitude. He was the author of the Homestead Bill — the man who originated the idea of giving to every actual settler a farm of one hundred and sixty acres. He spent his life and his fortune in getting that measure enacted into a law, and he has just died in the poorhouse. We have undertaken to give him an honorable burial. His body will be brought over from the infirmary to-morrow, and will lie in state in the rotunda of the Capitol. We wish to have the funeral service day after to-morrow, and we have come to see whether you will help us."

My callers were very much in earnest, and it was impossible not to be moved by their appeal. They were clear-headed, capable men, and they were animated by a laudable purpose.

"What you say," I replied, "is extremely interesting. I don't know why I should have been kept in ignorance of such an important bit of local history. That a man who has given homes to so many millions should die in the poorhouse is tragical enough. Of course our church is at your service, and so am I. You may depend on me to do what I can to make the occasion memorable."

I am sure that the parish minister, who is compelled to deal so largely with subjects purely didactic, and who often wishes that he knew how to get a little more life and color into his discourses, will understand the zest with which I seized upon this theme. The time of preparation was short, but surely something could be made of it. The incident was sufficiently dramatic. Precisely what it taught was not so clear. That republics are ungrateful? But that would never do. An induction from one fact is a popular method of reasoning the sophistry of which I had too often exposed. Republics are not ungrateful; they are sentimentally and effusively grateful; they overdo the business of gratitude in a very mischievous way. The lesson of the incident was not obvious, but a lesson could be found. I recalled that good story, published by THE CENTURY several years ago, "The New Minister's Great Opportunity," and thanked my stars that though I was not exactly a new minister, my opportunity at length had come.

"How much can you tell me about this man?" I asked my friends.

"Not much," they answered, "except what is in the papers. He was the author of the Homestead Bill."

"The author of it. Then he must have been in Congress. Do you know when?"

No; they did not know anything about the particulars; they only knew the general facts.

"Very good," I answered; "I will make investigation; there must be many old citizens who are familiar with the history."

My friends left me to my researches, putting into my hands a copy of one of the daily papers containing a notice of what might properly be termed the "demise" of this luckless personage. In the four-line heading which emphasized the importance of this melancholy event was this impressive, if somewhat ambiguous, sentence: "The Benefactor and Originator of the Homestead Act Passes Away at the Poorhouse." The article proceeded as follows:

> A public benefactor passed away under sad and cruel circumstances as the day dawned on the Advent Sunday. He had contributed largely to the betterment of humanity, and helped thousands to secure happy and prosperous homes. . . . The greater part of the life of Land-Bill Allen has never been written, and is veiled in the misty recollections of the past. His service to humanity in advocating the passage of the bill giving settlers 160 acres of land for homesteads was an inestimable service, and worthy of remembrance as it doubtless will be [*sic*]. It is strange that such a useful

Digitized by Google

life should end amidst such surroundings, but who can read the mysteries of the Book of Fate?

The Land Bill, of which so much has been said, provided for the donation of 160 acres of land to all actual settlers coming to the State [*sic*]. It is said he spent $60,000 in trying to get the bill passed and that from a comparatively wealthy man he became a financial wreck. His possessions were finally reduced to a little cabin in Plain township, in which he lived till it was sold at sheriff's sale, and the unfortunate man was compelled to leave it and become a wanderer, dependent upon the generosity of a few friends. About two months ago Allen became an inmate of the Franklin County infirmary, where he ended his days as an invalid.

All the local papers, as I found, had elaborate obituary notices of this "hero-pauper," as one of them eloquently described him. "The Great Benefactor Dies in the Poorhouse!" "Sixty Thousand Dollars Spent by Him in Passing that Well-known Measure, and He Reaps not that many Cents from It!" Such were the head-lines under which the story, substantially as recited above, was many times retold.

Going back a little in my search for information, I found several copies of newspapers published in other cities whose representatives had visited Allen in the infirmary before his death, and had spread before their readers the story of his life. One of the most affecting of these may well be quoted:

"Yes, sir: I am William Allen — Land-Bill Allen." The tremulous and quavering voice that spoke thus was for an unbroken half century the thundertone of the poor and downtrodden of America. He whom the newsman had found in the degradation and charitable charge of a public infirmary was but a few years since the spokesman and the champion of the people — a valiant leader in the cause of the masses in their struggle for the existence that mother earth owes all mankind. In silent reverence, the emissary of the —— grasped the shrunk hand which this noble man extended as he slowly rose from the couch on which he had been wearily reclining, and faced the visitor.

There was a good deal of fine writing of this sort. Newspapers from the Hudson to the Missouri seized upon this dramatic incident, and were working it up in characteristic fashion. The hearts of the charitable in various places had been touched, and contributions for the relief of the benefactor had begun to arrive before his death. When the news of his death was spread abroad, a movement to erect a monument to his memory was immediately set on foot. Despatches and letters from individuals, and from assemblies of workingmen in distant places, had been constantly arriving for several days. Omaha had been especially stirred. Out in Oklahoma the settlers had been getting up a fund to which each was to contribute twenty-five cents for his removal to that Territory. When his death occurred, the West immediately put in the claim for the location of his monument somewhere on the Missouri River. All this I learned as soon as I began to gather up the recent newspapers. And many of my neighbors were talking about the melancholy and tragical fate of the poor old man. It was evident that I had a fruitful and inspiring theme. But there was still much indefiniteness respecting the precise service which this benefactor had rendered to struggling humanity. One reporter of a Cincinnati paper had, however, attempted to get at the facts. In an interview with Allen at the infirmary, several weeks before his death, he had gathered a little information. I pass by Allen's account of his early years, and come directly to what he says of his work as land reformer.

I came to Columbus in 1829, and edited the "Ohio State Journal," and afterward the "Gazette." All this time I had in mind the homestead idea, which I had been considering since I was twenty years old. [He was born in May, 1809.] First, I wanted to get up colonies to go west and colonize counties of land, to populate and sell. Finally I decided that the government should donate 160 acres to every man who would guarantee to settle on it. If he came back, it was to be taxed at once.

After reciting his achievements in the Know Nothing campaign, he goes on:

Then I started out campaigning for my idea. I went through Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Texas, and saw the public land, and I spent $60,000 to introduce my ideas. Some of this money I earned, some I inherited from my parents, and some from my brother James who died at Batavia. Afterward I traveled the West in a wagon selling notions. I had it painted with signs: "Land-Bill Allen's Wagon." "Land for Everybody." "Give us Soil that we may Thrive." They called this wagon "Bill Allen's Land Wagon." I made speeches from it. People used to say, "If I could talk like you, I would n't be toting that wagon around twenty-four hours."

. . . After peddling fifteen years I came back to Columbus and started selling comic almanacs and notions on High Street. Then I traveled over the State several years. . . . In '63 my bill passed Congress, giving 160 acres of public land to each settler.

We have here, undoubtedly, the complete and authoritative statement of this benefactor's services to humanity. I confess that I read it with some sinking of the heart. It is singularly indefinite. There is a plentiful lack of evidence connecting the claimant with the achievement. Such vague assertions were not promising; but

Digitized by Google

there was a date or two. Not before 1829 had the homestead idea entered his mind, and there is no intimation that anything was done about it before the Know Nothing campaign. It took me only a few minutes to find out that the first Homestead Bill was introduced into Congress in 1814 — when Allen was five years old; and that between that time and 1830 the national legislature had considered a great variety of schemes for disposing of the lands by sale or gift. Allen could not have been the author of the bill which was introduced into Congress when he was five years old, and there was not a particle of evidence to show that he had the remotest connection with any of the other schemes discussed in Congress before he was twenty years old. Indeed, he himself testifies that he had not begun to think of the matter before that time. Seven or eight years before the date at which he asserts that he entered upon his first public advocacy of the measure, there was a national party in existence,— the Free Soil party,— in whose platform for 1848 the homestead idea was clearly formulated.

To a pulpiteer in search of the dramatic this began to look like an anticlimax. A few hours of investigation on the following morning confirmed my skepticism. The great majority of those to whom I spoke indorsed Allen's claim; I found people who had been laboring to get an appropriation for him from the legislature, on the score of his great service to humanity; but a few elderly gentlemen, who had known him through all the years of his residence in the city, at once testified that the claim was preposterous. The facts which they gave me illustrating his intellectual habits and his family history threw considerable light upon the case. It was evident that the subject of my discourse was a difficult one to handle. It would be cruel to tell the generous people who had invested so much in him, and were eager to do him honor, precisely what manner of man he was; the occasion was plainly one on which the whole truth could not be spoken: but the main facts must come out, and the mantle of charity could not be stretched sufficiently to hide their naked deformity.

I did not know, when I spoke at the funeral, all that I now know; the credit that he received in the address was larger than I could yield him to-day: but I could say at that time nothing less than this, that the man's claim to be the author or originator of the Homestead Bill was utterly groundless; that he might about as truly have claimed the authorship of Magna Charta or the decalogue; that he had simply identified himself with the measure, and had succeeded in convincing himself that he was the author of it; that he had successfully imposed upon himself, and upon the whole community. After saying this, all the charitable things that I tried to say went for little; the coldness that fell upon the meeting was depressing. The minister's great opportunity had been fruitful of everything but applause. Some of my auditors took what was said good-naturedly enough, but a good many of them were evidently inclined to resent the truth I had told them. I had thrown a big bucket of ice-water upon one of their most ingenuous and laudable enthusiasms, and it was hard for them to forgive me; I doubt if they have ever done so.

The project for a monument was of course nipped in the bud. The body of the poor old pretender was decently interred, and his name suddenly disappeared from the newspapers in which for many days it had taken so much room.[1] I am not quite willing that he should be so soon forgotten. Such a career is certainly entitled to a permanent record. Let me try to tell the true story of his life.

Allen says that he was born in Windham, Connecticut, May 23, 1809. (The reporters all spell it "Windom," but Allen is not responsible for that.) His father was a tailor, and he worked at the same trade, the family living in Providence, Pawtucket Bridge, Rhode Island, and Batavia, New York. In the last-named town he tried to learn the printer's trade, and I have in my possession partial files of two old newspapers published in Batavia in 1827 and 1828, which were among the few effects left in his old hut by Allen when he was removed to the poorhouse. Allen was living at this date in Batavia, and he may have been employed upon one of these newspapers. This was in the height of the anti-Masonic excitement; in these files is a full report of the trial of the abductors of Morgan, and the account of that mysterious disappearance written by Thurlow Weed, then editor of the Rochester "Daily Telegraph." Here also we may read a presidential message from John Quincy Adams, proclamations by Governor De Witt Clinton, and the latest news from the Greek war of independence, with the great tidings of the battle of Navarino; and in a later number George Croly's poem on "The Greek and the Turkoman," which some of us spouted, a few years later, on the school-house stage. All these large affairs are, however, overshadowed by the anti-Masonic tempest, which rages through every column.

It is plain that Allen's apprenticeship to the printer's craft must have been very brief; for

[1] Since these pages were written there has, however, been printed in one of them a homily upon the ingratitude of republics to their greatest benefactors, coupled with an allusion to the fate of Land-Bill Allen. Such delusions die hard.

Digitized by Google

in 1829 he is back in Newport, Rhode Island, attempting to start a newspaper of his own entitled the "Anti-Masonick Rhode Islander." I have the prospectus of that publication. Under the motto, "Thou shalt do no murder," is the following announcement:

> Having entered into a copartnership in publishing the *Anti-Masonick Rhode Islander*, we solicit, and hope for the generous support of all those, who have a just value for the Rights and Liberties of Freemen.
>
> Our columns will be uniformly devoted to *Anti-Masonick, Moral, Scientifick,* and *Political* Subjects; either original or selected; and to the encouragement of Industry, Economy, Temperance, and the diffusion of *Truth* and Useful *Knowledge*. They will also furnish the earliest *Foreign* and *Domestick* intelligence and carefully record such facts as are connected with the *Agricultural, Commercial,* and *Manufacturing interest* of this great and growing *Republick*.

The prospectus signalizes the irruption of the final *k*, which certain spelling-deformers, following Dr. Johnson, were then trying to foist into our long-suffering English speech. The files of Batavia newspapers of previous years do not adopt the spelling; it must have been a New England fad of about this date. The first spelling-book that was placed in my hands — about a dozen years later — bristled with these final *k*'s.

"Allen and Folsom" is the firm-name appended to this prospectus. Of the junior partner I know nothing. Thirty-three names of subscribers follow, all in the same bold hand-writing. In the papers of Allen I also find two letters from the firm of Greele & Willis of Boston, referring to type and press which they had sent to Allen, and for which they had received his notes, indorsed by Benjamin Waite Case. It is therefore clear that he undertook to start an "anti-Masonick" newspaper in Newport; but as the type was not sent him until April 24, 1829, and as he himself testifies that he removed to Columbus in 1829, it is probable that the newspaper was not successful. Reasons for its failure are not far to seek.

Allen says that he came to Columbus and edited the "Ohio State Journal." Here, now, is a statement which enables us accurately to gage his truth-telling capacity. The files of the "Ohio State Journal" are in existence, and they are clear witnesses against him. The editors of the paper through all that period were well known. Allen was certainly not one of them. They were men who could construct coherent sentences and logical paragraphs, and this is a feat which Allen probably never succeeded in performing. It is possible that he may have worked as a tramp journeyman in the composing-room of this paper. A few years later he collected unpaid subscriptions from delinquent subscribers, and I have an old receipt-book in which are many signatures of the proprietors of the "Journal" to receipts for small sums thus collected by him. His connection with this newspaper was probably limited to some such service as this. The fact that he could claim to have been the editor throws a flood of light upon his mental proclivities. There is no doubt that he would readily have undertaken to edit the London "Times" or the "Revue des Deux Mondes"; but no sane proprietor could have put into his hands the care of the most insignificant journal. The same mental process by which he magnified his office as a mere runner of the counting-room into the editorship of the newspaper reappears in his claim respecting the Homestead Bill.

Allen is undoubtedly right in saying that it was after the subsidence of the Know Nothing excitement that he "started out campaigning for his ideas." He was a peddler *à la cart* — if I may be allowed the expression; one of that fraternity, forty years ago quite numerous, of which Dr. Marigold is an ornament, and to which the late lamented James Fisk lent the brazen luster of his name. Upon the sides of the cart, which carried notions, cheap prints, and comic almanacs, Allen had painted the legends which he recites above. Undoubtedly he tried to harangue the people who gathered about his vehicle on the subject of the Homestead Bill; one would be glad to see a stenographic report of some of these speeches. I suppose that the thing was taken up at first as an advertising device; but gradually his mind was completely absorbed by this idea, — it was a case of possession, a pathological condition to which minds like this are easily subject, — and he talked so much about it that he came at length to feel that he was the embodiment and representation of the idea, and that it had originated with him. The reporters tell us that he spent his fortune "in presenting to the public, to Congress, and to State legislatures his homestead laws." The reporters evidently suppose that Allen framed some such measures, and got them into the hands of the law-makers. Much was also said, at the time of his death, of his voluminous correspondence with statesmen, and I believed, at that time. that there must be some foundation for this claim; but there is not a scrap of paper in the mass which he has so diligently preserved to indicate that he ever wrote a letter to any man of note or received a word from such a source. I can hardly believe that he would have failed to treasure documents of this nature. He may have written such letters, but the perusal of his manuscripts will explain his failure to receive replies. No statesman would be likely to think that a letter written by him called for a reply. As to his framing a bill for such a pur-

Digitized by Google

pose, he could no more have done it than he could have written the "Mécanique céleste."

The fortune of sixty thousand dollars which he expended in this propagandism is of the same substance as his editorship of the newspaper and his authorship of the law. That he was ever, at any period of his life, possessed of one thousand dollars in his own right, I should find it difficult to believe. His accounts, as I have run over them, do not indicate such a scale of expenditure as is customary with men of fortune. There is nothing among his effects to indicate that he ever expended a cent of money directly in promoting his idea. It would seem that if there had been expenditures of such a nature, whether for printing or for any form of service, some document, hand-bill, memorial, or other record would have been preserved by him. The money which he paid for having those legends painted on his cart may be regarded as a contribution to this cause; I can find trace of no other.

After peddling and preaching free land for a few years Allen came back to Columbus, and started a little shop for the sale of notions and comic almanacs. Connected with this establishment was an occasional auction of the cheap-jack variety, and in the character of auctioneer Allen was often led a merry dance by the boys of the town, who amused themselves by guying him. His lack of faculty manifested itself here as everywhere, and he soon found himself stranded in a remote rural neighborhood with no visible means of support. The village near which he lived bears the orthodox name of Gahanna. The poor little home in which he took up his abode was purchased for three hundred dollars; the property consisted of two thirds of an acre of land, on which was a house and barn. Here from some time in the sixties he continued to live until he was carried to the poorhouse. How he subsisted is a mystery; his papers show that he sold patent medicines of various sorts; his living was evidently very precarious. He was one of the ne'er-do-weels whose number seems to increase as wealth increases, and who constitute one of our most serious social problems. Through all the years of this penury his monomania was fastening itself more and more firmly upon him, and a large part of his leisure must have been spent in committing to writing his own sense of the importance of the service which he had rendered to his countrymen and to the human race.

His literary remains are somewhat voluminous, and they afford an unerring test of his intellect. No impostor should ever permit himself to write a line. The literary touchstone is apt to be fatal. When the writing medium assures me that he is possessed of the spirit of Emerson or Thackeray I can very quickly satisfy myself as to the truth of his assertion. And the man who claims to have been the author and originator of a great measure of statesmanship can be accurately judged by those fruits of his intellect which he has left in manuscript.

It is painful to go over these dirty piles of paper, and to trace the same hallucination through them all. There is no coherency, no connection or progress of thought, no evidence that the writer had done anything more than to glean a few well-worn phrases from the lips of stump-speakers, and to weave them together in all manner of permutations. It is necessary to quote a little of this literature. The readers of this article must be able to judge for themselves as to the character of the man. There is but one theme — Land-Bill Allen. These pages are devoted to the celebration of his praises. If faith in himself could have removed mountains, the writer would have had no difficulty in putting every obstacle behind him. I quote from a document which is headed "Land-Bill Allen," and runs thus:

Land-Bill Allen, the originator of the Homestead Bill has invarably made it his business to stem the torrents of prejudice and vice and never to give up to sect nor party what was meant for mankind, and has more ambition to do right, than to be great, and is conscious of having more regard for the Public good than his own, for he taught the good to reason while knaves were prosyliting the credulous and useing every finesse which ingenuity could devise to dazzle and bewilder the popular mind and make the poor oppressed and imbesiles who are easily overreached and easily seduced, believe that the effects of bad government and wicked laws, which bring upon the People more povity and depravity and crime than all private causes put together are the dispensation of Devine Providence, by a gross violation of the sacred laws of humanity, that they might carry out their secret tricks of fraud and Land Monopoly, in disposing of the Public Lands the property of the whole People, without their consent which had been palmed upon the Landless of the world by inflated and visionary productions of cunning artful and designing men, who were bankrupt in principles of love and friendship law and government. He has more regard for man's necessities than their fancies and sought to benefit nations that he might be recollected with pleasure and extolled with ardor by generations yet unborn, and can now look back (on the sands of time) on a pathway adorned with the evidence of his good deeds. His splendid scheme of securing Equal justice and restoring homes to every American citizen and to the industrious the enjoyment of their honest gains and his devotion to the welfare of human races has given him the proud consolation of knowing that he is a living monument of his own glory. If there is any person now living who deserves the blessings of Heaven and the gratitude of all mankind "LAND-BILL ALLEN" is that man.

Digitized by Google

This is an unusually coherent passage. On another sheet I find this:

He has spent his time and fortune upon the altar of the public for more than half of a century in restoring and securing Natural Rights and establishing Equal Justice to all mankind by setting his seal upon Land Monopoly in which there is no glory to God on high nor the least titcture of good will to man on earth, on whose walls is written *Mene Tekel*, weighed in the balance and found wanting, a weed that grows in every soil, the mother of all slavery that Aristocracy may fall like Lucifer never to rise again. And all he has received in return for it is barely the scoff and scorn of knaves and fools.

Several of these sheets contain a preamble, often rewritten, reciting the imperishable services of Land-Bill Allen, followed by the form of a subscription, in which a grateful people were to contribute the sum of one hundred thousand dollars as a reward for "the most magnanimous achievement of human wisdom ever devised by man"; and also to give him free passes on all the railroads for the remainder of his life. A glowing tribute to the goodness of the Creator concludes with the statement that "the same unerring power called into existence 'Land-Bill Allen,' the originator of the Homestead Bill to meet the *Crises* that was approaching to abolish Chattle Slavery which we are unable to remove, and protected his sacred person in so righteous a cause and made him a greater national benefactor to the whole human race than all the politicians and Christians that ever existed since the days of Christ and his apostles." In another connection we are told "there never was and never will be but one 'Land-Bill Allen,' all the rest are his satellits, his name is more imperishable than adamant, for it is immortalized, and stamped on every acre of land with an imprint that cannot be obliterated."

In one of the most remarkable of these productions Allen appears to conceive that he has been nominated to the Presidency of the United States with General A. M. West of Holly Springs, Mississippi, as Vice-President. This is a letter of acceptance in which, with his customary lucidity, he outlines his policy. Whether he actually supposed himself to have received this nomination, or only imagined that this lightning might strike him at some future time, and thought it well to practise a little upon letters of acceptance, so that such an exigency might not find him unprepared, I will not undertake to say.

I have made free citations from this literature because I know that they will be interesting reading to all the newspaper writers who interviewed Allen before his death, and who succeeded in lifting him, for a short space of time, to that pinnacle of notoriety toward which, through all his life, he had been climbing. It is well that they should have plenty of evidence respecting the quality of the mind whose great achievements so deeply impressed them.

That this poor man succeeded in convincing himself that he was the paragon of statesmen and philanthropists is nothing singular. Minds of this type are not rare. The remarkable thing, the astonishing thing, is that in the county where he had lived for more than fifty years he should have imposed upon the public to such an extent that all the newspapers accepted his claim without hesitation, and united to spread his fame to the ends of the earth. For two months or more before his death he had been the subject of newspaper discussion, and yet until the hour of the funeral no word of caution had been publicly spoken respecting his absurd claims. Legal gentlemen had taken part in a movement to secure for him an appropriation from the legislature in recognition of his patriotic services, and no ripple of dissent had appeared upon the surface of the public mind. Newspapers all over the country had taken up the refrain, and had published such particulars of his career as he could impart, without once questioning his claim. Yet it would not have required ten minutes' investigation on the part of any man who knows how to use historical reference-books to find out that the assertions of Allen were preposterous. The bill with which he sought to connect himself became a law only thirty years ago; it should not have been difficult to learn something definite respecting its origin and authorship; it would seem that some intelligent editor or reporter might have thought it worth while to find out precisely what connection this claimant had with so great an achievement. If he had been in any proper sense its author or originator, that fact could hardly have escaped some sort of record. The implicit faith which the representatives of the press reposed in the unsupported assertions of this incoherent person is worthy of all admiration. Who says that this is a skeptical age?

I have thus given a plain narrative of the genesis and growth of the myth of Land-Bill Allen. Round about this peculiar personage had gathered an envelop of popular beliefs, by which he was elevated to the rank of a demigod. His body lay in state for a day under the dome of the capital of Ohio; the scene of his triumph was a city which is the seat of two universities, and whose intelligence is promoted by four daily newspapers.

I ought to mention one circumstance which undoubtedly aided this delusion. Among the governors of Ohio was a well-known personage

Digitized by Google

of remarkable popular gifts, a great tribune of the people, whose name was William Allen. "Old Bill Allen" was the familiar designation often applied to him. Many of those writing at a distance may have confused these two. But the name of the subject of our sketch was not William. "George Wheaton" was his prænomen. The "Bill" by which he insisted on being known, and which his children were required to employ in addressing his letters, was only a portion of the title of the act of which he pretended to be the author. "Land Bill" was no part of the name by which he was baptized. The confounding of William Allen with "Land-Bill Allen" gave color to the supposition that he had been a person of prominence and influence. This error could scarcely have been committed by natives of Ohio, certainly not by residents of Columbus.

The outstanding fact is this stupendous imposture, perpetrated upon a community which boasts sufficiently of free schools and a free press, by an uneducated and underwitted man. I do not wonder at the deception of the workingmen who so heroically took up the cause of their alleged benefactor; they could not have been expected to question the unqualified statements of the newspapers; their action in the premises reflects only honor upon them. To the newspapers the main credit for the propagation of this myth must be given; and the incident shows how much more carefully the average reporter is trained to work up a sensation than to make an investigation. Nor is the reporter chiefly censurable on this account: he does what he is hired to do; he knows that if he fails to do this very thing he will be discharged. The managing editor, for his part, will reply that sensations are furnished because the people crave them; that the sheet which serves up the largest number of them, piping hot, morning and evening, will have the largest circulation. Very likely this is true; and by those who suppose that the chief end of a newspaper is to increase its circulation it will be regarded as an adequate explanation.

It must be admitted that the narrative here given sets before us in a startling light the possibilities of imposture in this enlightened land. One would have said beforehand that such a delusion could not have become epidemic in America. In Spain or Lower Canada things of this kind might occur, not in the United States. But when we stop to reflect and investigate, we discover that human credulity, even in the most enlightened lands, is still a vast deep.

The success of those rascally endowment orders, of which hundreds have been freely operating in all parts of the country during the last five years, is an illustration, even more startling, of the extent to which human beings are ready to be fooled. It is almost incredible that men and women who can read and write, and who know the multiplication table, should be able to believe in the validity of a financial scheme which promises that for a total of three hundred dollars, paid in monthly instalments for seven years, one thousand dollars will be given at the end of that time. Yet tens of thousands of men and women who are supposed to be sane,—teachers, clerks, professional men, skilled mechanics,—have invested their earnings in these enterprises.

Another type of popular delusion is scarcely less astonishing. Newspapers of large circulation may be found in many of our Western communities in which has been kept standing, from week to week of this year of grace, a forged encyclical of Pope Leo XIII., asserting that this continent belongs to him, and that the time has now come for him to take possession of it, and calling on the faithful to rise, on or about September 5, 1893, and "exterminate all heretics found within the jurisdiction of the United States of America." This document has been published as a handbill, for free circulation; thousands of copies of it have been distributed by persons who assert that they are patriots, and assume that they belong to a superior order of Christians; it has been kept standing, as I have said, in the columns of a weekly newspaper which has been especially commended by the Protestant clergy in their convocations; and not a voice has been raised in denunciation of it as a forgery, or in protest against the use of such weapons in religious controversy. It is impossible to believe that many of the people who have aided in the circulation of this document have done so knowing it to be a forgery; we are therefore forced to the conclusion that most of them believe it to be genuine. The fact that tens of thousands of the graduates of our public schools can be imposed upon by such a preposterous fraud is a melancholy revelation of popular ignorance and credulity.

In each of the cases just mentioned a powerful passion was at work in aid of imposture. In the one case the greed of gain, the fierce desire to get something for nothing, makes the victims believe in promises to which their sober judgment could never give credence; in the other case traditional religious hatred — the most blinding of all passions — usurps the throne of reason. We may not marvel greatly at such triumphs of the baser principles of human nature, though they are deplorable enough. But the story which I have told shows us credulity wholly unmixed with passion; and gives us a striking illustration of the readiness with which people submit to be duped when

Digitized by Google

neither their interests nor their enmities are enlisted.

The revelation is not, I fear, a cheering one; but I hope that it may be profitable for doctrine. It is possible that some too confiding natures may learn from it that it is not quite safe to put too much trust in what everybody says. The fraternity of newsgatherers may be able to extract a moral from my tale; I leave that task to them.

One "improvement" I will venture to hint. Several of my reputable neighbors, as I have recorded, were quite ready to testify, when I called upon them, that this was a stupendous imposture. But they had not made this statement publicly. Perhaps they thought it not worth while. Perhaps they shrunk from braving the ill-will of those who were making a hero of the poor old man. It is not hard to understand their reticence. Yet it would have been well for them to consider whether they ought not to stamp out this delusion. Honest people all over the land were being imposed upon, and were parting with their money as a result of this imposture. I dare say that some of them would have spoken if the thing had gone much further. But the duty of every individual in the community to contribute, by clear and prompt speech, to the destruction of impostures and delusions of all sorts, and to the formation of sane public opinion, is one that is not sufficiently enforced. The vitiation of public opinion by pretenders and charlatans of all sorts is constantly going on; I know no antidote for this disorder except that which is found in the sound and courageous words of sensible men. We are quite too prone to allow cranks and bigots and mischief-makers to go on sowing the wind, forgetting that we shall be compelled by and by to reap the whirlwind. It is often disagreeable to expose humbuggery; not more disagreeable, however, than many other public duties. And it is part of the service of a citizen to help to create an intellectual atmosphere in which imposture will not thrive.

Washington Gladden.

A STUDY OF INDIAN MUSIC.[1]

SOME time ago Miss Alice C. Fletcher of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology of Harvard University sent me an Indian song, desiring me to give her information as to the scale on which it was built, etc. This led to personal consultations, and she eventually intrusted me with over a hundred songs that she had taken down among the Omahas and other tribes, commissioning me to study them, and to report upon them from the point of view of the technical musician. She afterward afforded me the opportunity of hearing Indian singing, and of taking down their songs and studying their rhythms, etc. at first hand.

The collection of songs made by Miss Fletcher has peculiar interest from a scientific point of view. All are undoubtedly old. Only a few had been heard by any white person until she obtained that privilege. The Indians have no musical notation, no theories of music whatsoever; the songs are handed down by tradition, and they are a purely natural product of the impulses of primitive man—the spontaneous result of the universal desire to express emotion in song. Unfettered as they are by any speculations or theories, they afford entirely fresh material for discovering what is natural in music, and a rare opportunity for testing the naturalness of our own musical perceptions by means of comparison.

Being informed that their music was not only entirely vocal, but invariably without harmony, all their songs being sung in unison, with no other accompaniment than that of drums or rattles, my first inquiry was, naturally, On what scales are their melodies built? I soon discovered that they were, in a large majority of cases, in major keys, and built on five-toned scales, similar to those of the ancient Chinese, Hindus, Scotch, Irish, and other primitive peoples. The first one sent me was built on a five-toned (pure) minor scale, running, as nearly all of them do, from the highest to the lowest note of its compass, thus:



Those on five-toned major scales began and ended, as a rule, on the fifth of the scale, thus:



[1] See also "Indian Songs" by Miss Fletcher in the CENTURY for January. The music accompanying both articles is all derived from the Omahas.

Digitized by Google

It will be observed that in both these typical pentatonic scales the tones omitted are the ones which make the semitone, or "leading-note progressions" (F to E and B to C). I was at first inclined to attribute considerable significance to this fact; but when I sought to harmonize the songs, taking pains to discover the natural harmonies implied in the melodies, I found that no satisfactory scheme of chords could be made without employing the missing scale-tones. Miss Fletcher had informed me of the curious fact that, although the Indians never sing otherwise than in unison, nevertheless, whenever their songs are played on a piano or organ, they are not satisfied without the addition of chords. I was greatly interested, therefore, in sending for Indian criticism my harmonization of the first song given me. I wished particularly to know whether the harmonies which seemed to me natural would prove satisfactory to Indian ears.

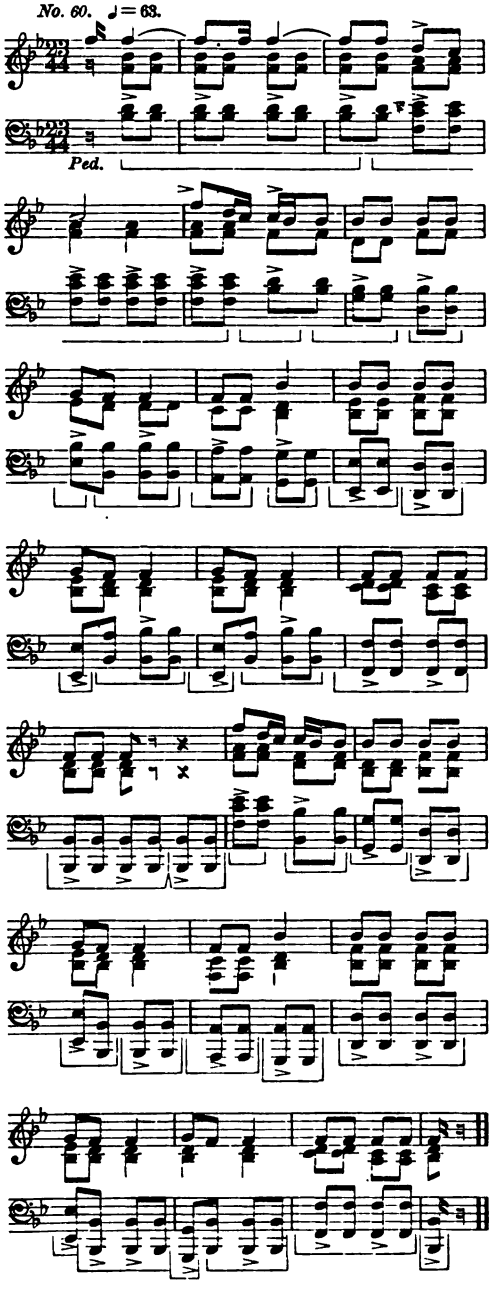
The result of the experiment was entirely satisfactory. The Indians were even delighted with the chords I had added to their song, showing that, notwithstanding the fact that they never make any attempt to sing in parts, they possess a latent sense of harmony, and this sense is precisely the same as ours. That is to say, the harmonic sense is innate in the human mind, is a natural constituent of universal human nature. Moreover, the five-toned scale, which makes its appearance in the melodies of so many and so widely separated primitive peoples, seems to be due merely to the fact that the harmonic sense of these peoples is still undeveloped — has not yet been brought forward into consciousness. The fact that primitive man recognizes the missing harmonic tones as valid and satisfactory when they are brought to his attention proves that the sense of them is in his nature, and needs only to be developed in order that he may use them as freely as we do.

This conclusion is still further emphasized by the fact that the Indians *do* use these tones in a considerable number of the songs submitted to me. A few of them employ the full eight-toned scales in use among us, both major and minor, the latter both in its pure and mixed forms. If further proof of the soundness of this conclusion were needed, it is to be found in the fact that all my harmonizations of their songs, whether on complete or incomplete scales, have met with their approval. In every case, as in that above cited, any harmonization which has seemed to me natural, as inherently implied in the nature of the melody itself, has been accepted by them as valid and satisfactory; and this notwithstanding the fact that in the chords I have used tones not to be found in the melodies.

I give here two examples built on five-toned scales. The first (No. 60) is in major, and is a

WAWAN CHORAL.

SOLEMN PROCESSION OF PEACE PIPES AROUND THE LODGE.



choral song sung in the religious ceremony of the sacred Peace Pipes. It is used in the solemn

Digitized by Google

procession in which the pipes are borne about the lodge. This harmony I have personally submitted to Indian criticism, as, indeed, is true of all the examples I shall adduce. Musicians will see that I have not only employed the missing fourth and seventh in the harmony, but have also introduced a suspension (in the eleventh full measure). This latter met with decided approval.

The second song (No. 53) is the one originally submitted to me. Curiously enough, the Indian ear seems to prefer the major chord for the final close of the latter, although the song is in pure minor, with what is technically known as a plagal cadence.

The fact of the latent perception on the part of the Indians of the full key-harmony employed in civilized music at once deprives their incomplete scales of much of their significance. At first sight, the numerous incomplete scales are decidedly puzzling; for they not only use the typical pentatonic scales exemplified above, but also other incomplete scales, omitting sometimes the sixth and seventh, sometimes the seventh alone, sometimes the fourth alone, sometimes the third alone, sometimes the second alone, and in one case both the sixth and the key-note. But when one reflects that they do actually possess all the tones of the full scale, and that they recognize them all as both melodically and harmonically valid, the fact that they frequently confine themselves to a portion of them only becomes of comparatively little importance.

But a still more puzzling phenomenon remained in the presence of a considerable number of songs the tones of which could not be referred to any one scale. Examples of these are given in Nos. 118, 54, and 58. In No. 118 the key is nominally G, but the foreign tone A flat is a prominent feature. In No. 54 the tone B flat appears as an emphatic tone, too, while the song is mainly in the key of C; and in No. 58 we have the tone E in a short song supposed to be in the key of B flat.

Of course the only way to be sure of the significance of these tones was to harmonize the songs, and to submit them to Indian criticism. Here, too, I had the satisfaction of finding that my own perception of what was natural in the harmonization was corroborated by Indian approval. And the supplied harmonies made the whole matter clear at once. No. 118 is a case

HAE-THU-SKA.

RESTING-SONG.

Two double drum-beats in a measure.



WAWAN CEREMONY.

WHEN TAKING THE CHILD, THE HUNGA.



Digitized by Google

of change of key, unless we regard the song as closing on the sub-dominant chord. The first two phrases (three measures) are plainly in the key of G. The succeeding two phrases have the chord of C, not G, for their point of repose, but the only chord used as an antithesis to this chord is that of A flat, the *under-third!* Here one cannot help being reminded that one of the most striking characteristics of the modern romantic composers, as regards harmony, is the free use of the major chords of the over-third and under-third, as well as of the over-sixth and under-sixth. We find more or less of it in Beethoven and Schubert, still more in Schumann and Chopin, most of all in Wagner and Liszt. And now to happen on the very same characteristic in the primitive music of our own American natives is certainly a most unexpected, not to say startling, experience.

It shows, I take it, simply this: that the great romantic writers, in going outside of the accepted harmonic limits (there are a very few text-books on harmony, even to-day, which account for their practice, still less sanction it), made a genuine discovery of natural harmonic relations. This has long been my belief; but if it needed confirmation, these Indian songs would serve the purpose; for, whatever else they are, there can be no question that they are absolutely natural.

No. 54 offers a similar example of the use of

WAWAN.

FINAL SONG WHEN LAYING THE PEACE PIPES AT CEREMONIAL REST.



the over-sixth chord (in the sixth full measure). The harmony of this song can be accounted for without considering it as departing from the key of C, although it goes beyond the limits of the scale harmony. The one melody-tone (B flat) which does not occur in the scale belongs to the minor chord of the dominant. The song closes, however, with the major dominant chord.

On the other hand, No. 58 affords a plain

WAWAN CHORAL.

FIRST PROCESSION AROUND THE LODGE AFTER THE PIPES ARE RAISED.



example of modulation. It begins in B flat, closing the first clause in the fifth measure with the relative minor chord. The next phrase is in E flat, closing on the over-third chord (G), leading naturally through the chord of C major to the key of F, whence the transition is easy and natural to the final phrase in C. The whole is easy, smooth, natural, and reminds one of numerous passages in Wagner. But think of it, students of harmony, a twelve-measure song beginning in B flat and ending in C! Yet the naturalness of it cannot be questioned, nor can its dignity and impressiveness. There are more things to be learned about harmony than are taught in the current text-books.

I cannot forbear citing one more example, No. 55, because of the beauty and originality

WAWAN CEREMONY.

SECOND SONG WHEN LAYING THE PIPES AT CEREMONIAL REST.



Digitized by Google



of its natural harmony. Although there are no tones of the song not to be found in the scale of E flat, which is its nominal key, nevertheless it is impossible to harmonize it naturally without going outside of that scale. After the first short phrase, the song might be regarded as in the relative minor key, although the Indians prefer the major tonic at the end.

I desire to call attention also to the sharp dissonance at the beginning of No. 55. This is only a sample of the non-harmonic tones which the Indians constantly use. It requires only a brief examination of these harmonized songs (all of which, be it remembered, have been approved by the Indians) to see that all our apparatus of melodic by-tones is used by them quite as freely as by us. In short, all melodic and harmonic resources to be found in our music, even the most modern and "advanced," are also to be found in this primitive music among a people who have, let us remember, no musical notation, no theory of music, no systematized scientific knowledge of it whatsoever.

Nor is it in harmony alone that this Indian music reminds us of the greatest music of the modern romantic school. The Indian rhythms are frequently as complicated and difficult as any to be found in the works of Schumann or Chopin. The Indians syncopate freely: they use three twos and two threes in the same measure (two drum-beats against three vocal tones), exactly the rhythm of No. 20 of the "Songs without Words" of Mendelssohn, the "Abschied" (Op. 82) of Schumann, and other pieces which will occur to every musician; they alternate $\frac{2}{4}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ measures, even $\frac{5}{4}$ and $\frac{4}{4}$, and I have found one case of five drum-beats in a measure, against which ten tones are sung, grouped in *two fives*, not in five twos as might have been expected. One rhythmic peculiarity also consists in the frequent use of a short note on the drum-beat, or emphatic portion of the measure, just such as we find in ancient Scotch music.

The following example (No. 123) exemplifies the Indian tendency to syncopation. It may serve also as another illustration of the use of third relationships in harmony (see fourth, fifth, and eleventh measures). No. 112,

POO-GE-THUN SONG.

DANCE-SONG OF A SOCIETY COMPOSED SOLELY OF CHIEFS.



HAE-THU-SKA.

SONG OF DISMISSAL AT THE CLOSE OF A GATHERING OF THE SOCIETY. CHORAL OF WARRIORS.



Digitized by Google



here given, exemplifies the same tendency, and shows also that the same melody may imply more than one natural harmony. It was by request of the Indians that I introduced new chords in the repeat. It thus became fuller and richer, and the emotional effect was intensified. No. 65 exemplifies, as does No. 53, the combina-

WAWAN CEREMONY.

FINAL SONG WHEN RAISING THE PIPES.





tion of dissimilar rhythms; three eighth notes in the song against two drum-beats. No. 133

MYSTERY-SONG.

VISION OF THE HORSE.



is the one referred to as having phrases of five tones; each chord stands for a drum-beat.

In the matter of rhythm on a larger scale, what is commonly called "form" in music, *i.e.*, the orderly succession and arrangement of phrases, clauses, etc., the irregularity is quite as great, without, however, impairing the sense of symmetry. In No. 53 the first three phrases consist of one and a half measures (three dou-

Digitized by Google

ble drum-beats), but the fourth phrase has four double drum-beats, and the fifth has six. The second period is similarly constructed, the first two phrases having three drum-beats each, the third four, and the fourth five. The two periods of which the song consists are thus somewhat uneven, the first having five phrases and the second only four; yet with all this variety the sense of symmetry is not impaired. The phrasing of others of the songs presents similar peculiarities; but it will be so easily recognized by students that I think I need not here analyze each one in detail. It is sufficient to note that the formal structure of these Indian songs is as free, as rich, and as varied, and at the same time as conformable to the natural laws of expression as are their rhythm, their harmony, and their use of melodic embellishments.

It is possible that some may be inclined to think that the harmonized version of the Indian songs here given has more of the elements of our own music than of that of the natives; in short, that the Indian character has been taken out of it in the process of transferring it to the pianoforte. I hope I have already said enough to obviate such criticism; but I offer some further considerations which will enable intelligent readers to judge for themselves.

It must be freely admitted at the outset that there is a striking difference between the rendering of the Indian songs here given and that heard in the native singing of them. This difference does not consist merely, or mainly, in the addition of chords. The Indians sing with a quality of voice different from ours — one more nearly akin to our speaking voice. It is high and shrill, and white men who hear it for the first time, especially if they do not understand the words or appreciate the sentiment embodied in the song, are apt to find it unpleasant. And the difference between their singing and ours lies not alone in the peculiar quality of the vocal tone, but also in the fact that the voice slides from one scale-tone to another, instead of moving by sharply defined intervals, as in our singing. Their melodic ornaments, too, often consist of quarter-tones, or perhaps even smaller intervals, so that they can be only approximately rendered in our notation. Some acquaintances of mine who have casually heard singing among the Chippewa Indians have described it to me as a disagreeable whining, devoid of melody. This is, perhaps, the natural impression it makes on superficial observers, who lack either the opportunity or the training to estimate its musical qualities. Above all, the inability to comprehend the relation of Indian music to the expression of Indian feeling is fatal to any just estimate of it.

It is here that superficial observers fail most signally. Toward white men generally the Indians are reserved. They reveal their private and most sacred feelings only to those (and they are very few) who have completely won their confidence. Such friends, and only such, are able to penetrate beneath the surface into the interior life of the Indian, and understand what his music is to him. Miss Fletcher is one of those exceptional white persons, as I have had opportunity to know — one whose interest in the Indians, proved by hardship, privation, and devoted self-sacrifice in their service, has won for her the lively gratitude and the unreserved confidence of large numbers of them. To her they will open their hearts freely, and to their absolute trust in her I owe the rare and valuable opportunity of studying freely music which, if I had gone among them as a stranger, I should never have heard at all.[1]

I soon found that the piano, with the audible thud of its hammer, its inability to produce intervals smaller than a semitone, its fixity of pitch, and its tempered tuning, was as unsatisfactory to the Indian as his singing can be to our unaccustomed ears. The melodies, as given on the piano, needed to be supplemented by chords, and by the free use of the pedal. Rattles and drum tremolos must be rendered by tremolo chords with pedal, etc. Long before the first week was over, all my preconceived notions of the significance of the incomplete scales, and of the importance of the plain major and minor chords as related to acoustic problems, had wholly disappeared. The Indian criticism had nothing to do with such things. First of all it related to the accurate melodic and rhythmic rendering of the songs, the observing of ties, syncopations, exact length of tones, etc. On such points the Indians are very strenuous, as becomes those who receive and hand down traditions unimpaired for centuries.

But when it came to harmonization and style of performance, the criticism was all directed to the point of artistic interpretation. When I could enter fully into the spirit of the song and of the ceremony in which it was employed, my work satisfied Indian feeling — not before. In short, it became absolutely clear that the determining forces of this Indian music, not only in their own version, but in the pianoforte

[1] I spent two weeks of hard work in taking down and harmonizing songs under continual and free criticism by Indians, going through the music of the entire Calumet (Fellowship Pipes) ceremony, besides numbers of other songs. Besides this, I had a week of listening to Indians singing in a great festival on the Omaha Reservation in Nebraska, in company with Mr. Francis La Flesche, an Omaha Indian in the service of the Indian Bureau at Washington, whose assistance throughout has been invaluable to me. Without him, my work would have been a failure.

Digitized by Google

translation as approved by them, were precisely those concerned in all artistic production and reproduction, viz., imagination and feeling. That my experiment proved successful in producing a piano translation which the Indians themselves recognized as adequate and satisfactory, ought, I think, to set at rest all doubt, if there should be any, as to the genuine character of the version here presented. The harmony is, in the truest sense, Indian harmony. Not that the Indians could have produced it unaided; but my part in it was simply and solely to supply the technical knowledge which they lacked. I have merely translated from one mode of expression to another; and their judgment of the adequacy of the translation ought surely to be conclusive.

In the absolute supremacy of the imaginative and emotional elements which dominated every moment of the Indians' criticism of my work, I was continually reminded of the out-break of the German romantic movement about 1830. Here, as with Schumann and Wagner, the all-important matter was the feeling to be expressed. The mode of expression was to be criticized solely from the standpoint of adequacy or inadequacy, not from that of any traditional rules or formal considerations. In other words, content was first, and form was subordinate in both.

It would be interesting to read a criticism by Schumann on this Indian music, especially on the Calumet ceremony, with its central idea of "peace on earth, good-will to men," its elaborate ritual, brimful of symbolism, its full choral service, every incident of the ceremony accompanied by song. And if he had taken occasion to compare the original, vigorous, noble, dignified, impressive music of this service with some of the commonplace jingles so frequent in our Sunday-school services, and even in some of our churches, would the comparison have been in our favor? If he had used the phrase "American savages," taking into account the musical comparison alone, would he have applied it to our red-skinned neighbors? But I do not wish to be offensive; I merely wish to emphasize the fact that those whom we are accustomed to despise as an inferior and barbarous race reveal, in the glimpse this music affords into their inner life, a noble religious feeling, not remotely akin to the central idea of Christianity, and expressed in music some of which is worthy of comparison with the best we ourselves possess, and incomparably superior to our worst in the same field.

In this discussion I have sought to confine the technical treatment within the narrowest limits, for the sake of the general reader. Musicians who desire more extended and detailed technical consideration of the Indian music will find it in the monograph on Omaha Indian music lately printed by the Peabody Museum of Harvard University.[1]

John Comfort Fillmore.

[1] Since this article was written, I have had extensive opportunities of hearing, taking down, harmonizing, and testing primitive folk-music, not only of the Omahas, but also of other Indian tribes, besides that of different races represented on the Midway Plaisance, at the World's Fair. This later experience has confirmed the conclusions I have given in this paper.

THE REAL STONEWALL JACKSON.[1]



O much has been said and written about the military career of Stonewall Jackson that I design to confine myself mainly to personal recollections of him, and to the relation of incidents and anecdotes which I know of my own knowledge to be true. By the way, I have never heard or seen an anecdote of him which had any marks of authenticity about it. A letter-writer from the Rio Grande said of General Taylor, after the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca, "We call him old Rough-and-Ready." No one in the army had ever heard it before; but it struck the popular fancy, it won him tens of thousands of votes for the Presidency, and it has gone down to history.

In like manner a letter-writer from the field of the first Manassas gave Jackson the cognomen of Stonewall, and told a very pretty story about General Bee pointing to him, and saying, "There stands Jackson like a stone wall." Not only was the tale a sheer fabrication, but the name was the least suited to Jackson, who was ever in motion, swooping like an eagle on his prey. But the name spread like wild-fire, and has reached the uttermost limits of the globe. The story of how Jackson told the

[1] The author of this paper, the late General Daniel H. Hill, C. S. A., was brother-in-law to General Thomas J. Jackson, and commanded a division in Jackson's corps during the Seven Days' fighting, and in the Antietam and Fredericksburg campaigns. The reader is also referred to THE CENTURY for October, 1886, for "Personal Reminiscences of Stonewall Jackson," by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Margaret J. Preston.—EDITOR.

Digitized by Google

Yankee gunner at Port Republic to point the other way is very romantic, but is also false. So the pretty incident of his standing sentinel for his weary brigade is touching, but is monstrously absurd, and reflects but little credit on Jackson as a soldier. The efficient guarding of a whole brigade in the presence of an enemy requires more than the vigilance of one man, even though that man were Jackson himself; yet the grotesque story has been often repeated by press and pulpit.

There was a nuisance in the service known as the army correspondent. He was generally the hanger-on of some officer's headquarters, and managed to escape conscription by vigorous and unremitting puffing of his chief. As the knight of the quill never ventured into the fight, and only snuffed the battle afar, he knew nothing accurately of battles, but managed to pick up a few real or supposed incidents from the wounded and from stragglers. These, enlarged, beautified, and embellished, constituted the sensational letters from the front. He often, however, managed adroitly to give a sly laudation of himself by telling about what he heard Lee say, or what he saw Jackson and Longstreet do. Of course the letter-writer must have been under fire if with these generals. Many of the sensational anecdotes had their origin in this species of self-exaltation; but most of them were made out of whole cloth, to give spice and piquancy to army correspondence.

I knew Stonewall Jackson from 1846 till 1863, was often thrown into intimate relations with him, had many hundreds of conversations with him, heard his opinions upon a vast variety of subjects, saw him in many different positions,—a lieutenant of artillery, a lieutenant-general, a college professor, a church deacon, a Sabbath-school teacher, etc.,—and the estimate I formed of him in these different walks of life and phases of character was in many respects different from that usually accepted.

In the winter of 1846–47 the greater part of the regular troops of the United States army were taken from General Taylor, marched to the mouth of the Rio Grande, and shipped to Vera Cruz, the new base of operations selected by General Scott. While waiting there for shipping, I strolled over to the tent of Captain George Taylor of the artillery, and as we were conversing, a young officer was seen approaching. "Do you know Lieutenant Jackson?" asked Captain Taylor. "He will make his mark in this war. I taught him at West Point; he came there badly prepared, but was rising all the time, and if the course had been four years longer, he would have been graduated at the head of his class. He never gave up anything, and never passed over anything without understanding it." Lieutenant Jackson was rather reserved and reticent for a time, but soon proposed a walk on the beach, during which he became more sociable. One remark he made is still most distinctly remembered. "I really envy you men who have been in action; we who have just arrived look upon you as veterans. *I should like to be in one battle.*" His face lighted up, and his eyes sparkled as he spoke, and the shy, hesitating manner gave way to the frank enthusiasm of the soldier.

Some years after the Mexican war, a vacancy occurred in the chair of Natural and Experimental Philosophy in the Virginia Military Institute. It was offered to Professor (afterward Lieutenant-General) A. P. Stewart, who declined. Colonel F. H. Smith, the superintendent, applied to me for the name of a suitable army officer to fill the chair. Captain Taylor's eulogy upon Lieutenant Jackson at once recurred to my mind, and he was recommended. There was a meeting of the board of visitors held in Richmond, and Mr. Carlisle of West Virginia, a relative of Lieutenant Jackson, was present, and cordially indorsed the recommendation given him. He was elected without any other testimonial than that given on the banks of the Rio Grande. Lieutenant Jackson resigned from the army, and accepted the position tendered him. Thus a chance conversation on the utmost verge of Texas was the means of transferring him to the valley of Virginia, and of identifying him with those stubborn fighters of Scotch-Irish descent who first gave him reputation at Bull Run, and who will be known in history as the heroes of the Stonewall Brigade.

Jackson was not a religious man when he came to Lexington. His uncle, Mr. Alfred Neal of Parkersburg, West Virginia, told me that Jackson had never been under serious impressions as boy or youth, but had always been distinguished for great tenderness of conscience, and for a scrupulous discharge of what he believed to be duty. In Mexico he was noted for his faithfulness as a company officer, his strict compliance with orders in his own person, and his rigid notions of discipline. But he had no particular regard for religion, and was even the bearer of a challenge from Captain Magruder to General Pierce. Soon after the Mexican war, he brought charges of an immoral act against his commanding officer. The wife of this officer was a most charming lady, and a great favorite throughout the army. If the crime charged against her husband were proved, her peace of mind would be gone forever. An officer, who afterward became chief of staff to General Bragg, went to Jackson to get him to withdraw the charges, lest the wife should learn of her husband's unfaithfulness. Jackson shed tears, and said that the thought of inflict-

Digitized by Google

ing pain upon her was agony to him, but his conscience compelled him to prosecute the case. This tenderness of conscience was the only religious element in him, so far as I could judge, when he entered upon his duties as a professor in the Virginia Military Institute.

Jackson had been baptized in the Episcopal Church, but not confirmed. His leanings, however, were toward that church. One day I read him the definition of sin given in the Assembly's "Shorter Catechism." Its brevity and comprehensiveness impressed him very much. Knowing his great admiration for sententiousness, I read him the answers to several other questions. He became so much interested that he borrowed the little book, which he said he had never seen nor heard of before. He kept it a week or more, and on returning it said that he had read it very carefully, that it was a wonderful production, a model of fine English, as well as of sound theology. I then gave him the Confession of Faith of the Presbyterian Church. This, too, he had never seen. He kept it a much longer time than the catechism, and compared the foot-notes with his Bible. He professed himself pleased with everything except predestination and infant baptism. His scruples about the latter did not last very long. In the last years of his life he was regarded as a fatalist; but his repugnance to predestination was long and determined.

John B. Lyle of Lexington, one of the holiest of men, was instrumental in first arousing a religious interest in Jackson's mind. But even after he had become an earnest Christian, and wished to connect himself with the church, he had no special predilection for Presbyterianism. This was determined by a potent influence, unconscious, I doubt not, to himself. He fell in love with the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. Had he known it he would have resisted a bias in his denominational connection from such a cause. But I have always believed that her faith wore new attractions in his eyes, after he had given her his heart. In this love-affair, as in all other things, his simple, earnest nature was displayed. I remember but as yesterday his coming to my room, and, turn the conversation as often as I might, his bringing it back to this young lady. At length he said: "I don't know what has changed me. I used to think her plain, but her face now seems to me all sweetness." I burst out laughing, and replied, "You are in love; that 's what is the matter!" He blushed up to the eyes, and said that he had never been in love in his life, but he certainly felt differently toward this lady from what he had ever felt before. They were engaged soon after, but a rupture took place, and the engagement was broken off. I don't think I ever saw any one suffer as much as he did during the two or three months of estrangement. He was excessively miserable, and said to me one day, "I think it probable that I shall become a missionary, and die in a foreign land."

The lovers' quarrel was settled. They were married, and in one short year Jackson followed his wife and new-born babe to their last resting-place. His grief was profound and of long continuance. More than a year after the death of his wife, he told me that on visiting her grave, which he did daily, he felt an almost irresistible desire to dig up the body and once more be near the ashes of one he had loved so well.

When Jackson first came to the Virginia Military Institute he was a dyspeptic and something of a hypochondriac. His health was bad, but he imagined that he had many more ailments than he really did have. He had been at a water-cure establishment in the North, and the prescription had been given him to live on stale bread and buttermilk, and to wear a wet shirt next his body. He followed these directions for more than a year after coming to Lexington. Boarding at a public hotel, these peculiarities attracted much attention, and he was much laughed at by the rude and coarse. But he bore all their jests with patience, and pursued his plan unmoved by their laughter. In like manner he carried out strictly the direction to go to bed at nine o'clock. If that hour caught him at a party, a lecture, a religious exercise, or any other place, he invariably left. His dyspepsia caused drowsiness, and he often went to sleep in conversation with a friend, and invariably, without exception, went to sleep at church. I have seen his head bowed down to his very knees during a good part of the sermon. He always heard the text of our good pastor, the Rev. Dr. White, and a few of his opening sentences. But after that all was lost.

I remember a witticism at his expense which caused a good deal of amusement. The faculty of the two colleges was specially invited to attend the lecture of a celebrated mesmerist. Many of the citizens of the town were also present. The lecturer, after doing some surprising things, wished to try his hand upon one of the professors. Major Jackson went forward to the stage, but his will was too strong for that of the mesmerizer, and the operator failed to affect him. The operator showed so much chagrin and mortification at his failure that the audience became very much amused, and their fun ran over when a witty daughter of Governor McDowell said in a stage whisper, "No one can put Major Jackson to sleep but the Rev. Dr. White!" I believe that Jackson never entirely overcame this drowsiness in church, though in military service his health improved, and drowsiness wore off to some extent.

Digitized by Google

A remark of the Rev. Dr. White that "in our country the man who can speak multiplies himself by five" made a great impression upon Jackson, and he resolved to become a speaker. Like most of the graduates of West Point, he was totally unskilled in oratory. He had never made a speech in his life, and was remarkably diffident. But he had determined to succeed, and his iron will prevailed. I well remember his first effort. On anniversary occasions of the literary societies of Washington College, the students were in the habit, at the close of their exercises, of calling upon invited spectators for a speech, and would continue their noisy demonstrations until the persecuted guest rose to make some reply. At the time referred to, many gentlemen were called upon, and among the rest Major Jackson. He rose with a determined aspect, and never did resolution sit more grandly upon his brow when charging a battery than it did on that night. But his health was poor and his nerves unstrung, and he betrayed much embarrassment. The town paper, in describing the exercises, referred to the *nervous* speech of Major Jackson, coarsely and unfeelingly putting the word "nervous" in italics. Jackson, however, persevered. He joined the Franklin Debating Society, an institution that had been in existence over fifty years, and had enrolled in its membership some of the ablest men in Virginia. He succeeded in making an impressive, but never a ready or an eloquent, speaker. On one occasion Dr. White called upon him to pray in public. He was so much confused that Dr. White told him, some days afterward, that he would never require so unpleasant a task of him again. He replied that it was a cross to him to pray in public, but that he had made up his mind to bear it, and did not wish to be excused. He persevered, and became very fluent and easy in public prayer. I think that his conduct in this case was partly due to a determination which he had made in early life to conquer every physical, mental, and moral weakness of his nature. As an illustration of this, he once told me that when he was a small boy it was necessary to put a mustard plaster upon his chest, and his guardian mounted him on a horse to go to a neighbor's house, so that his mind might be diverted and the plaster kept on. He said that the pain was so dreadful that he fainted soon after dismounting. I asked if he had left it on in order to obey his guardian. He answered, no; it was owing to a feeling that he had from early childhood not to yield to trials and difficulties.

Dr. Dabney thinks that he was naturally timid, and that nothing but his iron will made him brave. I think that this is a mistake. The muscles of his face would twitch convulsively when a battle was about to open, and his hand would tremble so that he could not write. The men often noticed the working of his face, and would say, "Old Jack is making mouths at the Yankees." But all this only indicated weak nerves, and not timidity. I think that he loved danger for its own sake, and, though his nervous system was weak, he gloried in battle, and never shrank from its dangers or its responsibilities. Like Paul, he "kept his body under," and would not let any appetite control him or any weakness overcome him. He used neither tobacco, nor coffee, nor spirits; he would go all winter without cloak or overcoat in the mountains of Virginia, giving no other reason than that he "did not wish to give way to cold." These peculiarities were laughed at, and he was regarded as a marvel of eccentricity. But there was nothing erratic in it. This self-denial and self-control explain his wonderful success. He had conquered himself, and was thus made fit to be a conqueror. The contest with self begun in childhood, and perfected in manhood, culminated in those splendid victories which electrified the world. No self-indulgent man was ever truly great, however lavishly nature may have showered upon him her bounties. How many splendid opportunities have been lost through the wine-bibbing or pleasure-seeking of some officer of rank! How often a blow might have been struck, but was not, because the commander had not, like Jackson, learned to master his weaknesses! Every page of history points to such instances, and the experience of every man in his own life confirms them.

"Let us go on" was the key to his marvelous success. "I would not have succeeded against Banks," said he to the writer, "had I not pressed him from the moment I struck his out-posts at Front Royal. Soon after crossing the north fork of the Shenandoah, I found my cavalry halted, and a formidable body of the enemy drawn up to receive them. I knew that delay would be fatal. I ordered a charge. They hesitated,"—here he paused, and at length added,—"but they *did* charge, and routed the enemy." (He himself led the charge, and hence his pause.) "I pressed them rapidly all night. They frequently halted and fought us for a time, but the darkness was too great to permit much execution on either side. But for the panic created by this rapid pursuit, I would have been beaten at Winchester. Banks is an able man, and his troops fought well, under the circumstances. His retreat was skilfully conducted. Had my cavalry done their duty, he would have been destroyed; but they fell to plundering, and did not carry out my orders." And here he spoke freely of cavalry leaders. "Ashby never had his equal in a charge; but he never had his men in hand,

Digitized by Google

and some of his most brilliant exploits were performed by himself and a handful of followers. He was too kind-hearted to be a good disciplinarian. 'Jeb' Stuart is my ideal of a cavalry leader; prompt, vigilant, and fearless." His fondness for Stuart was very great, and it was cordially reciprocated. Their meeting after a temporary absence was affectionate and brotherly in the extreme. No welcome was ever more hearty and cordial than that given by Jackson to Stuart after his return from his celebrated raid around McClellan, a few weeks subsequent to the battle of Sharpsburg. They both laughed heartily over a picture Stuart picked up in Pennsylvania headed, "Where is Stonewall Jackson?" "Well, Stuart, have you found your hat?" inquired the general. This was an allusion to the narrow escape from capture of the great cavalry leader with the loss of that important article of head-gear. Stuart laughingly replied, "No; not yet." The general laid aside his old Valley suit, and appeared at the battle of Fredericksburg in a magnificent uniform presented to him by Stuart. "Ah, General," said one of his impudent rebel boys, as he rode along the line, "you need not try to hide yourself in those clothes; we all know you too well for that." The love of the rank and file for him at that time was almost idolatrous, and it steadily increased till the close of his career. A more grandly impressive sight was never witnessed than that of the greeting of his men on that bright morning at Fredericksburg as he passed in his gay clothing on his fiery war steed. These hardy veterans, all of them ragged, and many shoeless, sprang to their feet from their recumbent position, and waved enthusiastically their dingy hats and soiled caps; but refrained from their wonted cheers lest they should draw the fire of the enemy's artillery upon their beloved chief.

Jackson was not a popular professor. He had rigid notions of discipline, and was uncompromising in his enforcement of the rules of the Institute. He was unbending, uncongenial, intolerant of neglect of duty, inattention to studies, carelessness at drill, etc. This, combined with his eccentricities, made him a mark for the witticisms and the mischief of the cadets. They played tricks upon him, they made sport of him, they teased him, they persecuted him. All in vain. He turned neither to the right nor to the left, but went straight on in his own ways. As he was passing by the tall Institute building one day, a vicious and cowardly cadet, who hated him, let drop a brick from the third-story window. It fell close by his feet, and his escape was almost miraculous. He did not deign to look up, and stalked on with contemptuous indifference. He brought charges against a cadet for some misdemeanor, and got him dismissed. The cadet was a daring and reckless character, and challenged him, accompanying the note with the message that if the professor failed to give him satisfaction in that way, he would kill him on sight. Jackson brought the challenge to me, and asked my advice in regard to swearing the peace against the cadet. I vehemently opposed it on the grounds that the cadets would always regard him as a coward, and that he would be annoyed by their contemptuous treatment. He heard me through patiently, thanked me for my advice, went straight to a magistrate and swore the peace against the cadet. There was a perfect hoot of derision in the town, in Washington College, and in the Institute. A military man, who had distinguished himself on the plains of Mexico, had taken an oath that he was in bodily fear of a mere stripling. But the end was not yet. The officer of the law was afraid to serve the writ on the young desperado, who easily kept out of his way. Jackson had rooms in the Institute building. He went in and out as usual, both day and night. The dismissed cadet told his comrades that he would attack Jackson at a certain hour one day, but he did not. The time was changed to that night, to the next day, to the next night. But the attack never came, and the boys discovered that the blusterer was afraid of the man who had sworn the peace against him, and they turned their derision from the professor to their comrade. The explanation of his conduct was this: Jackson had let it be known that as a Christian he felt it to be his duty to avoid a difficulty, and therefore had gone to an officer of the law for protection. That failing, he had felt it to be a duty to protect himself, and had prepared himself for a personal affray. The cadet had seen the flash of that blue eye, and knew that the result of a collision would be fatal to himself. I have thought that no incident in the life of Jackson was more truly sublime than this. He was unmarried, a comparative stranger, with but few friends. He was ambitious, covetous of distinction, desirous to rise in the world, sensitive to ridicule, tenacious of honor,— yet, from a high sense of Christian duty, he sacrificed the good opinion of his associates, brought contempt upon his character as a soldier and a gentleman, and ran the risk of blighting his prospects in life forever. The heroism of the battle-field, yea, the martyr courage of the stake, are nothing to this.

Jackson was truly a modest man. He would blush like a school-girl at a compliment. He was easily confused in the presence of strangers, especially if they were ladies. It is well known that the noisy demonstrations which the troops always made when they saw him were painfully embarrassing to him. This was

Digitized by Google

usually attributed to his innate modesty; but that was not the sole cause. It had its origin in a higher source. In the last interview I ever had with him, he said: "The manner in which the press, the army, and the people seem to lean upon certain persons is positively frightful. They are forgetting God in the instruments he has chosen. It fills me with alarm." Did this fear foreshadow his own sad fate at the hands of his own men, who almost idolized him? "These newspapers with their trumpery praise make me ashamed," said General Lee to me at Petersburg. What a lesson is here to flatterers!

But the admiration for Jackson was by no means confined to his own soldiers and to his own section. The Federal prisoners always expressed a great desire to see him, and sometimes loudly cheered him. This was particularly the case at Harper's Ferry, where the whole line of eleven thousand prisoners greeted him with lusty shouts. Citizens say that the hostile troops always spoke of him with marked respect. While he was making his stealthy march around Pope's rear, as still as the breeze, but eventually as dreadful as the storm, a Philadelphia paper remarked, "The prayerful partizan has not been heard from for a week, which bodes no good." "Where is Jackson?" I asked an Irish prisoner, who was astonished beyond measure to find a rebel grasp upon his shoulder. With the apt readiness of his people, he replied, "Faith, and that 's jist the trouble all the time, shure."

It is an interesting subject to investigate the cause of this popularity with friend and foe. Jackson went from the professor's chair to the officer's saddle. He carried with him the very elements of character which made him odious as a teacher; but I never saw him in an arbitary mood.[1] I happened to be present upon two occasions when subordinate officers spoke to him in a manner that few superior officers would have tolerated. One of these subordinates was a magnificent soldier; the other was not. But he was patient with both. Why, then, was he hated in one sphere, and almost adored in another? I think it was owing mainly, if not entirely, to his success. When his Romney expedition turned out badly in the winter of 1861–62, he was as unpopular with the troops at Winchester as he was with the cadets at Lexington. He had about him none of those qualities which the man of the people and the man for the people must have. He had not the grace and suavity of Marlborough, the easy fascination of Napoleon, the imposing dignity of Washington. His bearing was awkward, his address unprepossessing, his conversational powers limited save when warmed up, his manner cold and ungenial to strangers. Success threw a halo of glory around all this, and endeared even his ungainly qualities to his men. The successful general is always popular.

Jackson's men loved him, then, for his victories, and not for his piety and purity of character. It is true that this love was mingled with a good deal of awe, because of his communings with Heaven; but his prayers, unaccompanied by heavy and telling blows, would have been looked upon as tokens of weakness.

[1] I think it was Jackson's reticence more than anything else that gave offense. His next in command knew no more than the private soldier what he intended to do. I think that this must have had a palsying effect at times on his next in command. I was for some weeks in this embarrassing position. The ultimate end of the movement was unknown to me, and it was almost impossible to coördinate the secondary movements with the chief one without knowing what that was to be.—*Extract from a letter by the author.*

D. H. Hill.

UNCONTROLLED.

THE mighty forces of mysterious space
Are one by one subdued by lordly man.
The awful lightnings, that for eons ran
Their devastating and untrammeled race,
Now bear his messages from place to place
Like carrier-doves. The winds lead on his van.
The lawless elements no longer can
Resist his strength, but yield with sullen grace.
His bold feet scaling heights before untrod —
Light, darkness, air and water, heat and cold,
He bids go forth and bring him power and pelt.
And yet, though ruler, king, and demigod,
He walks, with his fierce passions uncontrolled,
The conqueror of all things — save himself.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Digitized by Google

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A Test of Character.

IN the State of New York especially, but in other States as well, there has been of late a great shaking among the political dry bones. In various sections both of the leading parties have been making efforts to purge themselves of disreputable elements, and to reorganize on lines of principle instead of those of plunder. In addition to these movements of reform inside of political parties, good men of both parties have been endeavoring to reform municipal governments by means of combinations free from the entanglements of national politics.

These movements have been, and will continue to be, tests of character and of patriotism for many who little suspect the ordeal as applied to themselves. For the timid and time-serving it is a veritable day of judgment. Some good-natured, easy-going "respectables," who greatly deprecate "trouble in the party," or who hesitate to antagonize "machines" not yet stripped of their power to injure the too loudly protesting citizen — some of these may yet be surprised to find that by doing nothing they have done much more than they intended; namely, have ranged themselves, virtually, on the side of corrupt and discredited "organizations," alliance with which must mean suspicion and may mean dishonor.

The Rights of "Unknown Authors."

A DISCUSSION of the rights of unknown authors as contributors to the periodicals has been in progress lately, if indeed there has ever been a time when such a discussion has not been in progress. As a large part of our population consists of actual or would-be authors, and as every one of these is, or has been at some time, unknown, naturally great numbers of persons are interested in such a discussion; and most of them not from the point of view of the editors, who are supposed to be inimical to the unknown author, and even perhaps to be in league to "keep him out."

When an editor does take part in the discussion it is usually to declare it to be a singular mistake to suppose him a natural enemy of the unknown writer. He explains that the "unknown" is in fact the very apple of his eye; that he spends weary days and sleepless nights in search of the hidden jewel; and that there is no prouder moment of his life than when the great discovery is made, and the shining splendor is forever set in the editorial crown of rejoicing. He also intimates that as every author must have been at the beginning unknown, in sad obscurity he probably would have remained had it not been for the editorial patience, insight, and prescience. He continues his argument by showing, too, that the known author cannot in the nature of things last forever, and that a succession of geniuses is necessary in order that the life of the periodical may be maintained, as well as the spice of variety which is requisite to that life. He may insist, also, that nothing might be more discouraging to an unknown author than to suppose that after he had made himself known he would receive no more consideration from the editor than he did before. The editor, cajoled into argument and explication, is likely even to divulge secrets of the prison-house, and to give lists, it may be, of certain of his most noted reclamations from the great flood of manuscripts pouring daily through his desk. He may hint darkly, too, at the fact that a great name is not quite the open sesame it is presumed to be, though he may not venture to publish to the world the names of supposed "favorite" and "regular" contributors from whom his conscience, editorial exigencies, and whims, have led him respectfully to decline manuscripts. The modern editor can and does, moreover, when driven to discussion, puncture various bubblish superstitions still attaching to the mysterious *sanctum sanctorum* of his official duties — not the least of these that favorite bogy, "the waste-paper basket," which, as everybody ought to know, no well-regulated magazine sanctum, alas! any more possesses; indeed the type-writer has divested that legendary trap for the unwary of most of its terrors.

We confess that we have a good deal of sympathy with the editor thus driven to bay. No one should wish him to show less combativeness when attacked, no one should be deceived by his earnest and deprecatory eloquence to suppose that he is completely contented. If he insists upon his desire to be fair, and endeavors to make clear the absolute compulsion upon him to be honest and unprejudiced, and if he makes much of his occasional strokes of sympathetic comprehension and good luck, and too fondly displays the list of his successes — be assured that he is nevertheless haunted daily by the long and ever increasing list of his mistakes of judgment, lapses in good taste, and failures generally; be assured that the hell of even the so-called "successful" editor is paved with good manuscripts rejected, alike from authors known and unknown.

Then it should not be forgotten that the editor himself is to be sympathized with on account of the false position in which he is often placed, being forced to sit in judgment upon his fellow-workers when he would much rather be in all respects like unto them. Many an editor must have said to himself, "Why has my love for literature and the literary life led me into this unlovely predicament: compelled me to criticize when I would enjoy; constrained me to administer disappointment when I would so deeply prefer to convey only messages of help and hope; made me the unwilling means of bringing defeat and anguish to so many eager and yearning ambitions?" Sometimes, indeed, there is the reward of knowing that good has been done to the individual and to the world; but the rod of "refusal" must, in the very nature of things, be much more frequently employed than the benison of "acceptance."

Digitized by Google

On the other hand, we wonder if any editor has ever seriously endeavored to turn the tables upon the innumerable, and sometimes protesting, band of the unknown, by contending that he has actually wasted a good part of his editorial existence in unavailing, and possibly unwise, attempts to fan into a flame the feeble spark of unknown talent, by means of sympathetic suggestion, and minute and laborious editorial criticism. Has any editor ever confessed even to himself that perhaps over-conscientiousness and a morbid anxiety have led him to wade for hopeless hours through manuscripts that really should not have been read beyond the first miserable page or chapter, any more than (to use Colonel Higginson's simile) one should eat a whole turkey in order to find out whether the turkey is fit to eat!

Has any editor ever carefully set to work to inquire into the consequences of too much editorial attention to unknown writers in the direction of wasted energies,—both of editors and contributors,—of false hopes, of injured careers? How many literary beggars-on-horseback have been started out in life by this means? How many men and women have been deflected from the natural, home-keeping exercise of their faculties, and have been propelled along paths of failure and disappointment — perhaps even of public injury?

Furthermore, has any editor ever endeavored to ascertain what is the general effect upon literature of the modern feverish editorial quest for unknown and evasive "genius," resulting, as it so constantly, does in the public introduction of the hopeless amateur, rather than of the artist by conviction? Does the multiplicity of names brought to the public attention lessen the impression upon that public of the small number that truly stand for art? Nowadays many can once or twice rise to a certain pitch of excellence,—not very high, but sufficiently high for publication,—perhaps never again reaching the same plane. The conscientious editor is alert for quality from whatever source; the names of contributors are legion; and because of all this miscellaneous scramble, is not the man whose talent is strong and steady,—who is bound upon a career and not upon an excursion,—is he not less distinguished in the great mass of producers; has he not really less room and less public attention than should be his?

Is there not much food for reflection here? The unknown author, in conjunction with the anxious editor,—forever in terror lest he let a new Keats or Charlotte Brontë slip through his tired and careless fingers,—perhaps these two together are in danger of doing harm to current literature, the former by his insistence, the latter by his timidity. And yet who shall dare warn the unknown author not to be insistent? Surely not the editor, anxious or otherwise; for he knows too well that he can make no greater mistake than to suppose that insistence is a sign of any lack of original genius.

Perhaps one of these days some editor or author (or both in one), some man or woman of great experience and unearthly wisdom, will be able, by wise counsel, to settle this ancient and entertaining feud; but we doubt it. Mr. Howells seemed to come near it lately, in some candid expressions on the subject, but his views evidently have not been taken as final by all the parties concerned. Meantime the editor can console himself with the reflection that, so long as he is unprejudiced and hospitably minded, a reasonable world will never deny to him the privilege of simple, downright human error; and he can comfort himself with the recollection that all literature is full of the honestly held, erroneous opinions of one another entertained by the highest literary lights. And again the unknown author should be reconciled to the situation by the knowledge that in these days of numerous periodicals and easy access to the public, the stupidity or brutality of one editor, or corps of editors, can easily be canceled by the wisdom, or foolishness, of another. And furthermore, he can rest in the assurance that whatever any editor may say, what he will do is to go plodding on in very much the same old fashion — hospitably considering every manuscript and every suggestion brought to his attention; constantly amazed at the increasing amount of good literary material produced; always touched by genuine literary ambition; and very often indeed stifling a pang at the hard necessity of returning many and many a piece of worthy work for the identical reason that a quart measure will not hold a barrel of apples.

One editor, we remember, was very much pleased with an illustration even better than this of the apples, one perhaps fragrant enough to close this screed on the unknown author. When the gardener goes out into the garden to cull and arrange in his vase, with such poor skill as may be his, such flowers as seem then best fitted for the purpose, he cannot gather all the buds and blossoms: the single vase will not harbor the whole garden's flowery wealth. One rose is taken and another left, but it does not follow that to be unchosen is to be unworthy.

First Step toward Municipal Reform.

No more important proposition will be laid before the New York Constitutional Convention, when it shall assemble in May next, than that for an amendment providing for separate National, State, and municipal elections. It will not be a new proposition, for it has been under discussion in the press for ten years or more, and has been laid before the legislature, only to be rejected on two successive occasions. The machine politicians of both parties have joined hands against it, perceiving with unerring instinct that it aims a deadly blow at their trade.

Under the present constitution, the governor and lieutenant-governor are elected for three years, the other State officers for two years, State senators for two years, and assemblymen for one year. It is proposed that the terms of all State officers be lengthened to the uniform period of four years, and that all be elected at the same time; that the term of senators be extended to four years (though this would not be essential), and that of assemblymen to two years. All State officials and members of the Senate could then be chosen at elections midway between Presidential elections, on even years. Members of the Assembly would have to be chosen on the even years when Presidential elections occurred, but no other State candidates would be in the field at that time. The odd years would thus be reserved exclusively for municipal elections, and the voters would be asked to consider municipal issues alone.

The advantages of this complete separation would be very great. No municipal election could come nearer to a Presidential or a State election than one year.

Digitized by Google

Consequently, no voter could be influenced in his course in regard to city matters either by the partizan prejudices of a preceding election, or by the supposed moral effect of his vote upon his party's prospects in the State or National election a year hence. He could concentrate all his attention upon city matters, and vote solely with a view to the city's interests. By having the election occur on the regular November date, there would be no difficulty in arousing sufficient public interest in it, as has been shown to be the case when municipal elections are held in the spring.

Experience in the cities of Massachusetts and other New England States has demonstrated conclusively that the interval of only a month between a State or National election and a municipal election has been sufficient to make it possible for voters to ignore the questions and issues of National and State politics in deciding about city matters. It has happened in repeated instances that Massachusetts cities which were carried by one political party in November turned about in December and elected the candidates of the opposite party to municipal offices, solely on the ground of fitness. If this could be accomplished after so brief an interval, it could certainly be done after a full year had elapsed.

If the Constitutional Convention, as is not improbable, were to decide upon an amendment in favor of biennial sessions of the legislature, it would not be necessary to lengthen the terms of the assemblymen, who would then be elected, as now, to serve one year, but only every other year. Biennial legislative sessions are the rule now in all except six States of the Union — Massachusetts, Montana, New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and South Carolina, and in none of the thirty-eight States which have adopted that system is any popular demand heard for a return to annual sessions, though the politicians in some States evade the law by means of adjourned sessions, their conduct in so doing meeting with strong popular condemnation.

In regard to the proposed lengthening of the terms of State officers, if it should be objected that four years constitute too long a term, it is to be said that in twenty States of the Union four years is the period at present, and has been found to be, in every case, a decided benefit to the commonwealth, in giving it stability of administration and freedom from the disturbing influences attendant upon more frequent elections.

But the great point in favor of the proposed change is the complete separation of municipal elections from all confusing, entangling, and demoralizing questions of National and State politics. Until this shall have been done, it will be impossible to secure any permanent improvement in municipal government. So long as National issues can be lugged in to persuade the voter that he must stand by his party, right or wrong, in order to make more certain its success in National affairs, we cannot hope to obtain that non-partizan and public-spirited action in municipal politics which is essential to honest and intelligent city government. That the voters in all our large cities are in an unusually favorable condition of mind on this subject was shown by the elections in New York, Brooklyn, Buffalo, and other cities, last November. The absence of National issues in that election contributed largely to the independent action which thousands of party voters took at that time. They welcomed the opportunity to vote directly, and without extraneous political influences, upon the question of good government. This would certainly be the case if complete separation were made, and were to become the permanent rather than the occasional practice.

Municipal Reform Suggestions.

IT is encouraging to note that while municipal reform makes slow progress, its advocates are not disheartened, but are seeking constantly for new ways by which to make their exertions more effective. In New York State, as we have pointed out in the preceding article, the advocates of reform are at present devoting their energies to the securing of separate municipal elections, in the belief that with them a keener public interest in city affairs can be aroused. This is the end sought by similar movements everywhere, for in all quarters the most serious obstacle to progress is found in the lack of public spirit among the people who ought to exercise the controlling influence in municipal affairs. In a recent number of THE CENTURY we discussed the experiment which is under way in a small Western city to cultivate this healthier public spirit or civic pride. Recently some other suggestions have been made which are worthy of consideration.

One of the best of these originated, we believe, with Mr. Herbert Welsh of the Municipal League of Philadelphia, an organization which has been working intelligently and untiringly for several years for better local government in that city. Mr. Welsh suggests that, inasmuch as he and his fellow-reformers in Philadelphia are working on the same line with good citizens in all the other large cities of the country, who are encountering the same discouraging obstacles, and have the same intricate problems to solve, it would be helpful to all concerned if they could be brought together into a national organization. This could be called a National Municipal League, or some such appropriate name. In that way all municipal-reform advocates and workers could be brought together at least once a year, when they could compare ideas and plans and be mutually helpful in many ways. As Mr. Welsh says, a clear perception of the fact that they were working in the same direction, and under the same difficulties, would enable them to continue their struggle with a sense of generous rivalry, of enthusiasm, of careful thought and patience far greater than that which marks their efforts now.

Such a national organization would not only be helpful to the active reformers, but would be very useful in arousing public interest, and thus bringing to the work of municipal reform the thing of which it stands most in need. The annual conventions of the organization would attract public attention, and could not fail to increase the number of persons who would be willing to aid in the work. What is needed, before we can have in this country a genuine reform spirit, is a wide-spread and deep dissatisfaction with existing municipal rule. So far as our largest cities are concerned, the feeling ought to be something more than dissatisfaction — disgust rather, and a sense of degradation that as Americans we allow such travesties and libels upon popular government to continue. Before this is printed the first conference of this character may have taken place.

A more specific suggestion than Mr. Welsh's comes from Mr. Daniel S. Remsen of New York, and is to be found in a pamphlet upon "Suffrage and the Bal-

Digitized by Google

lot," written by him, and published by D. Appleton & Co. Mr. Remsen takes the view, which is shared by most observers, that the real source of bad rulers and bad government is the political "boss," who dictates absolutely the nominations; and that the surest way to secure reform is to aim at the point where nominations are made. In support of this view he quotes the following remark made to him by a prominent politician:

It 's great sport to see people go to the polls in herds and vote like cattle for the ticket we prepare. Reformers don't begin at the right point. They should begin at the place where nominations are made. The people think they make the nominations, but we do that business for them.

Mr. Remsen suggests, in order that a direct attack may be made upon the political boss in his stronghold, that the primary-election laws be so amended that, first, in order to entitle a party to file a certificate of nomination, it shall be required to proceed according to the law governing primary elections, and to make proper proof of that fact; second, that nominations to office shall be made by a direct vote within the party under the Australian system, with the additional feature that the voters be given the benefit of a second choice. He adds:

The idea of making nominations by a direct vote within the party is not new. It has been in use many years in some parts of Ohio, where it is known as the Crawford County system. It has generally worked well. I am informed, however, that the greatest difficulty is that several candidates for the nomination have sometimes received almost an equal number of votes. On that point there has been some discussion in Ohio about adopting the system to which I have already alluded, whereby a voter is allowed to express his second choice. By the adoption of that system of election at the primaries in connection with the Australian system, I have no doubt that the evil complained of would be overcome.

This plan would work well undoubtedly if there were sufficient public interest to induce respectable and intelligent voters as a whole to attend the primaries. If there were not sufficient interest of this kind, the nominations would be no better than they were before the plan was adopted. Every improvement, in fact, depends for its success upon this question of public interest. The ballot laws of thirty-six States give the people who are dissatisfied with regular party nominations the opportunity to make nominations of their own on petition; but while this has been availed of in some instances, there has not been enough public interest to make the practice so general in cases of bad nominations as to exert an appreciable influence upon the character of the regular nominees. What is absolutely necessary, if we are to have any lasting improvement in municipal government, is the creation of a public spirit which will not merely encourage, but will insist upon better government. Until we can create and foster that, not as a mere passing emotion aroused to meet a particular emergency, but as a permanent state of mind, we are seeking to construct our municipal-reform tower by placing the top brick first.

The Anti-Spoils League.

IN the January CENTURY, in an editorial on the spoils system (entitled "The New Abolition"), we took occasion strongly to recommend the new movement under the auspices of "The National Civil Service Reform League," intended to concentrate and make more immediately effective the popular sentiment against the iniquitous spoils system. The declaration and petition of the new League are as follows:

Carl Schurz, President. *William Potts*, Secretary. *Silas W. Burt*, Treasurer.

We hereby declare ourselves in favor of the complete abolition of the spoils system from the public service, believing that system to be unjust, undemocratic, injurious to political parties, fruitful of corruption, a burden to legislative and executive officers, and in every way opposed to the principles of good government.

We call upon all in authority to extend to the utmost the operation of the present reform laws; and, by additional legislation, to carry the benefits of the merit system to the farthest possible limits under our National, State, and municipal governments.

Name .....

Address .....

All who desire to take part in the movement should apply for cards directly to the secretary, Mr. William Potts, No. 54 William Street, New York. The plan is to obtain a national enrollment of those willing to declare themselves opposed to the spoils system on principle. The new League exacts no dues, and is to be officered and managed by the officers and managers of the present League.

In the letter of explanation accompanying the cards for signatures, the following succinct statement of the whole subject is made:

By the Reform of the Civil Service it is meant that every competent citizen of the United States shall have an equal chance to enter the service, and that it shall no longer be kept for the support of the party politicians: that in order to enter the service a man must show that he is competent; that when he has entered the service he shall be kept there as long as he faithfully and efficiently performs the duties of his office, and not be compelled to give up his position because it is wanted for a party hack or the henchman of a boss; that a citizen shall be able to go freely to the primary meeting and to the polls, and not have his political action controlled by a body of office-holders; that office-holders shall not be assessed by party politicians for political purposes; that if salaries are so large as to admit of such assessment, they should be reduced.

A poor man has a personal interest in the abolition of the spoils system, because he is not incompetent in consequence of being *poor*, and he has a right to a chance for appointment if he wishes it; because, if not competent himself, his son or daughter, educated in the public school, may readily become so; because the spoils system wastes the public money, and the poor man pays his full share of taxes in house rent, and food, and clothing, and everything that he uses; because it is the interest of every citizen that the business of the government shall be honestly managed; because the politician who is trying to feather his own nest is always the worst enemy of the citizen, while pretending to be his friend, and the abolition of the spoils system means the destruction of the boss, whose power rests on the distribution of offices as spoils; because no other reform is safe or can even be successfully prosecuted until the abolition of the spoils system has been secured.

The last phrase in this statement touches upon an aspect of the question that will be keenly appreciated by all who are interested in the carrying out of needed reforms under the National and local governments. The spoils system always stands in the way of the fair and honest settlement of public questions. It interferes with the effective expression of public opinion. Like slavery, it is a relic of the feudal system; it must be altogether abolished.

Digitized by Google

So far as the Federal offices are concerned, the merit system is firmly and successfully intrenched in that part of the service now under its operation. Successive administrations of different parties have upheld and extended it; and the Civil Service Commission has recently borne emphatic witness to the fact of the faithful observance of the laws, and of their spirit, as applied to the offices now covered. Meantime, the President has greatly strengthened the *personnel* of the Commission, and thus made it a better instrument for the prosecution of its labors, and several of the Secretaries are moving in the direction of reform. Postmaster-General Bissell has made emphatic declarations which will win friends for the merit system wherever its efficacy may have been doubted.

We are not unmindful of the danger of precipitate reform, but public opinion will heartily welcome any extension of the merit system by well considered executive and legislative action.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Current Criticism of Foot-ball.

FIFTEEN years ago, when some of the American colleges were endeavoring against great odds to establish the sport of foot-ball, I undertook the then extremely unpleasant task of begging for space in daily papers, weekly periodicals, and magazines in which to exploit the advantages of the sport. It was hard and thankless work, for the real devotees of the game were few in number, and gibes were many. It took the most zealous efforts of those of us who really cared for the sport to persuade editors occasionally to allow a game to be written up by an actual player. In a few years the parents and the general public learned that the game was not barbarous, brutal, or demoralizing. Then for a time it enjoyed comparative immunity from such criticism. During the last two or three years it has become over-popular with the public, and this craze has led it to assume an importance and prominence wholly unsought, and has afforded a pretext for a new arraignment.

My own personal experience leads me to believe that the injuries which are the principal basis of these exaggerated criticisms occur in teams that are neither regular school nor college organizations, and in many cases are attributable to the entirely unfit condition of the contestants. An untrained person could not, without injury, merely run once around the track outside the field at the pace which, after careful and systematic training, these youngsters maintain throughout the game.

Foot-ball necessarily involves personal contact. To play it successfully a man must be above all things cool, and this requires severe training. Victory depends upon the effectiveness with which each individual of the team, at a given signal, performs during its own attack a certain small but necessary portion of the work, and, during the period when the opponents have the ball, divines their play and frustrates their attack. No man can lose his temper and keep his place on the team, and the training necessary for self-control in this personal contact is the best of discipline for any youth. During the last six years four of the Yale foot-ball captains have been prominent members of the Young Men's Christian Association. A sport which can strongly attract such an element in university life needs no defense against charges of brutality. In order to become a foot-ball captain a man must have made a practical study of the game in all its aspects; otherwise his fellows would never select him for the position. But, unfortunately for the status of the sport among those who read the newspapers, a foot-ball critic need have made no study either of the theory or of the practice. Unless his strictures are based upon some knowledge of the sport, reasonable people can afford to take them with the usual grain of salt. The Boston "Medical and Surgical Journal," which has recently been engaged in an investigation of the sport, after reviewing every injury received at Cambridge during the last four years, concludes with the statement, "We do not hesitate to say that there is a better physical condition among college students with foot-ball than without it, with out-door games than if their place were taken by compulsory calisthenics and gymnastics." A similar investigation, covering colleges in many parts of the country, which was undertaken by Caspar W. Whitney, the results of which were printed in the Christmas number of "Harper's Weekly," strongly confirms these conclusions.

One point may be conceded to the critics. Doubtless, of late, in the opinion of the best coaches, certain features of the sport have become over-developed; viz., those involving the principle of bringing a rapidly moving mass of men in contact with one or two standing still. Although injuries from this source have not been many, it is probable that the play will be barred out or modified before another season. Such legislation will add to the attraction of the sport, for the Princeton-Yale game on last Thanksgiving day gave evidence both of the rather slow character of mass-playing as well as of the brilliant and exciting features of a more open game. All that is necessary to bring back the old days of no off-side interference is to drop out a few words in one of the rules. If this seems too severe, a rule can be enacted against players changing position, in order to interfere, until the ball is in play. A third way would be to insist upon a kick or a long pass every third down. In fact, almost any legislation rendering the possession of the ball less valuable would accomplish the desired end. At the same time the game should be shortened to two half-hours of actual play.

As to the amount of time taken by a foot-ball player from his studies: in the first place, the early practice of some three weeks is taken not from his studies, but from his summer vacation. October and November are the only months wherein he is both playing foot-ball and studying. During the first of these his practice usually consists of two half-hours in the afternoon. In November he may be required, in addition to this, to go through signals for a half-hour in the morning, and,

Digitized by Google

toward the end, in the evening also. It is easy to see that the actual time occupied is, therefore, far from excessive. But during the last fortnight before the great game the foot-ball man will become more or less wrapped up in his fancies of victory or defeat. Up to this time the player, in distinction from the captain, has had few worries. He has been coached, but has not been required to study out problems of attack and defense, tricks and strategies, plays for emergencies, and plans of operation. This has become the duty of the coaches and the captain. The coach is usually a graduate who has sacrificed a vacation at some other period of the year to assist in the fall work. Thus the coaches answer an excellent purpose in taking from the shoulders of the players the too fascinating and engrossing study of tactics. There is no doubt that when team play really begins in earnest, as it does at the end of October, the captain thinks of foot-ball more than of lessons; but that very man has usually been selected on account of his mental ability, and I have never known a foot-ball captain at Yale who did not keep up with his class and pass satisfactory examinations. The "bummer" gets dropped, the exceedingly bright but dissipated collegian falls by the wayside, sometimes even the plodding but stupid worker has to give it up, but a man whose mental attributes and moral qualities win him the captaincy of a foot-ball team is sure to pull through in spite of the demands made upon his time.

The reason that college authorities are so little moved by the clamor against athletics is that they know from the results of their previous and continuing investigations that the good far overbalances the evil, and that no better example could be placed before the college of the value of sustained self-control. Professor Richards, from an exhaustive study of the facts, and with tabulated statistics to prove his statements, concludes as follows:

> The system is conducive to the good order of the college. Before the days of athletics these men of superabundant animal life supplied the class bullies in fights between town and gown, were busy at night gate-stealing, and other pranks now gone out of fashion. Such now find occupation for all their activity in regular training. Any instructor who has kept track of the ways of college during the past fifteen years cannot fail to be struck by the decreasing number of the really great disorders, by the mildness of those which remain, and by the increasing regard for college authority, college property, and for the rights of fellow-students.

His accompanying statistics show that although in three years in the sixties the record of dismissals for these disorders was eleven, twenty-one, and thirteen, that for the next decade after the sports became prominent, it was less than an average of three a year. Nor can I forbear quoting his reply to the complaint that there is more talk of foot-ball than of Greek.

> Does any one suppose that if there were no athletics, members of the college who meet one another on the campus would fall into conversation on the absorbing questions of science and knowledge? The college world is like the world in general in that its inhabitants when off duty find their recreation in talking of other subjects than those of regular business. Their manly contests supply these, and prevent many a man from looking to dissipation and disorder as reliefs from the daily drudgery of the study and the class-room.

The question of a game in New York and upon Thanksgiving day is one upon which I must confess there is room for a wide difference of opinion. Against such a game is the fact, among others, that at present, while it is a fashionable fad, the increased importance of the game itself and of the players tends to exaggerated ideas of all kinds, while it may be urged in its favor that it gathers together as does no other event, not even commencement, the old and young graduates, and affords a particularly favorable opportunity for reunions. I have seen in the hotels the most pleasant meetings of the parents with the son's chums and companions, the old graduates with the young players and supporters — meetings improbable, almost impossible, under other conditions. A dozen years ago it was commonly remarked to the college foot-ball managers by their friends, the public, "Why do you have the game on Thanksgiving day, when everybody is engaged with family dinners or family reunions? If you must have it on Thanksgiving day, at any rate have it in the morning, and then you 'll have a crowd; but you will never get New Yorkers to give up their Thanksgiving dinner for a foot-ball game." To this the college managers replied that they did not care for a crowd, and they would not be induced to change the day or hour of this match, because, they said, "Our own fellows have this holiday, and can come to the game." To-day the very same advisers are crying out against Thanksgiving day, accusing the college managers of selecting that day in order to make more money. The fact is that the colleges alone have been consistent. They began by selecting Thanksgiving day because it was a holiday, and their men could therefore see the contest. They selected New York or its vicinity as the place *par excellence* for a neutral ground and a fair field. The public have come to regard the game as one of the important "sporting events" of the year, and have attached to it many attributes in themselves undesirable. Such attributes come not from the collegian, and it is rather unjust to hold him responsible when one knows that his position is the same that it was twelve years ago, and realizes also that the present furore will exhaust itself, and leave him that for which he selected the spot — a fair and accessible neutral field. But the collegian will not rebel against altering this date if his own people desire it upon religious grounds. Would it not be rather hard to say that because all London turns out to the Oxford-Cambridge race the contest should be given up or taken away from the Thames? Why is it that college contests are so attractive? Because — and here is as high a compliment as the collegian is likely to receive at any point in his later career — because the spectator knows that every man will do his best to win, that there will be no sold contests, no cheating, and no cowardice.

The gate receipts amount to a large sum. Are they too large? That must depend entirely upon the object to which they are devoted. Of course not one cent goes to the players. They are neither richer nor poorer for their connection with the team. The money goes to pay for improvements in the gymnasiums or the athletic fields, or for the erection of suitable houses upon these fields. In other words, the popularity of the moment is being made to provide for a more permanent establishment of college sports and athletics.

Walter Camp.

NEW HAVEN, December 6.

Digitized by Google

Palmistry.

As in an age of faith every crude imagination of things unknown, and every corrupting ceremony, steal the name of religion, so in an age of rational investigation every puerile superstition based upon imaginary correspondences and subtle relations masquerades in the character of science.

The "gipsies' palmistry" has now, forsooth, become a science, and is defined by one, in a volume found in many drawing-rooms, as "the science which enables us to divine character, past events, and destiny, from the shape, the mounds, and the lines of the hands."

Anciently palmistry was known as chiromancy. Now some of its votaries write of it by that name, others as chirology. Its tide has ebbed and flowed in the course of ages, but within a few years it has become a fashionable craze, two Frenchmen of some ability and social standing having written upon it — M. le Capitaine D'Arpentigny, who wrote on chirognomy, and Desbarrolles, who grafted upon it palmistry.

Chirognomy claims to find the disposition, tendencies, characters, and trades or professions of men by studying the shape and appearance of the hands, and the sensations they excite when looked upon or touched. In this system hands are divided into large-palmed, spatulate, conical, square, knotty, pointed, and mixed. Whatever may be said of hands or fingers, however, the conclusions to be drawn are modified by the size, shape, and direction of the thumb.

The palmists attach great importance to the palm, the mounds, and especially to the lines. But these may be modified by "stars," "circles," "points," "triangles," "crosses," "branches," "chain-like formations," "breaks," "parallels," "grating marks," "cross rays," "upward proceeding lines" (which have different significations according as there are one, two, or three of them), and the "tortuous lines."

After many experiments with those considered most successful, and a study of the subject in the light of anatomy, physiology, and natural coincidences, I regard palmistry as without basis in science or sense.

That no two hands have ever been absolutely similar is indisputable. When critically examined, no two leaves or flowers, though of the same species, appear exactly alike; much less would such complex organizations as human hands be found without difference.

General conclusions can therefore be drawn from the shape and size of the hands as to strength, suppleness, circulation of blood, temperament, and the size of the form to which they belong. But even here a large margin must be allowed for departures from general rules. Huge hands are sometimes the mortification of small and otherwise beautiful women, while giants are found with small feet and hands. Sometimes large feet and diminutive hands are possessed by the same persons. Walker and Darwin observed that the hands of the children of laboring men are larger from birth than those of persons whose ancestors have lived idle lives, or have been engaged in vocations not requiring the use of the hands. Though such children might become renowned for intellectuality or proficiency in art, the large hand might be transmitted to several generations.

What is justly allowed to chirognomy is true of every other part of the body, in its proportionate relation to the sum of human activity. With these rational conclusions the votary of palmistry will not be content. It is mystery he seeks, and a power to read the past, present, and future, which nature has denied to man.

To the lines, mounds, stars, etc., the signification attached is wholly imaginary, and the hedging to which the professors resort is more absurd and ludicrous than that which has brought astrology into contempt.

The student of anatomy,— who finds in the hand more than fifty muscles and ligaments of great strength; especially one who dissects it, and, as he does so, tests each muscle, and traces the function of each ligament; or even one who owns an imitation hand, with wires, springs, and false skin, stuffed with cotton at the proper places, the best substitute for an anatomical examination,— will have no difficulty in explaining the existence of every line and mound.

Ages ago the Talmud affirmed that "man is *born* with his hands *clenched*." Science, with the microscope, traces the manifestation of the hand from its genesis; and in every stage it is found bent into a position necessitating the lines and developing the mounds. The muscular life of the infant, until it begins to creep, consists chiefly of contractions of the hand. Generally speaking, the flexors of the human body are much stronger than the extensors. No species of work is done by human beings with the back of the hand; all that it carries or clings to is held by contractions, and the fist is formed and maintained in the same manner, and, when in repose, the hand never hangs straight with the fingers extended. Thus the various marks of the skin are accounted for, and are perpetuated from age to age.

A further proof of these statements can be found in the fact that the marks on the hand are continually increasing or becoming less distinct, forming new combinations. A similar pseudo-science could be constructed in relation to the feet, especially if applied to that large proportion of mankind who are shoeless. Indeed, one form of ancient divination was known as pedomancy.

There are generally marked differences between the left and the right hand, so that the books on chiromancy instruct the student to examine the left hand first, and to modify or correct it by what is found in the right.

The "Language of the Hand" affirms "that the qualities indicated by the lines will always be more or less present in the individual, even though they will not be evident to the ordinary observer, nor *even observable at all.* In that case they may be kept in subjection by self-denial." A sign of death is indicated when the three lines of life, head, and heart unite beneath the index finger; but "they may only indicate danger unless they are duplicated on the other hand." "If the line of the head divides beneath the middle finger upon a generally unlucky hand, that may predict the execution of the individual, which, unless Providence order otherwise [!], will surely take place." If the hand is otherwise generally fortunate, "we can fearlessly modify the sad prediction, and predict a broken head or a scalp wound."

The sole and sufficient cause of different lines in different persons is the difference in the shape and size of the hands, elasticity of skin, strength and use of the muscles, and external pressure. Therefore hands of different persons are not alike, nor both hands of the

Digitized by Google

same person. Mr. Francis Galton's remarks, in his work "Finger Prints," are to the point:

> The palms of the hands and the soles of the feet are covered with two totally distinct classes of marks. The most conspicuous are the creases or folds of the skin, which interest the followers of palmistry, but which are no more significant to others than the creases in old clothes; they show the lines of most frequent flexure, and nothing more.

Another statement in the same work is pertinent:

> The fact of the creases of the hand being strongly marked in the newly-born child has been considered by some to testify to the archaic and therefore important character of their origin. The crumpled condition of the hand of the infant, during some months before its birth, seems to me, however, quite sufficient to account for the creases.

For lines to be an indication of anything mental, moral, or emotional, it would be necessary for them to be evolved under the influence of nerves connected with the brain centers, in which the said intellectual and moral qualities inhere; but superinduced from the periphery, they can mean nothing except more or less of different motions and use.

The palmist should never be allowed to hear of or see the persons who are testing his pretensions, for the eye, the changing lights and shades of the countenance, the voice, the general bearing, abound with indications which, though often delusive, are direct; and the conclusions of the palmist are read into instead of from the marks on the hand. In testing palmists of repute, I found differences among them, amounting to flat contradictions, concerning the indications of the same hands, and marked divergencies from the facts where anything more than general characteristics were under consideration.

Of the puerility of the evidence adduced one instance may suffice:

> A young lady, a few weeks ago, hearing our name mentioned at the country house where we were staying, came up merrily, and, holding out her hand, said: "Can you tell me anything?" She was a perfect stranger to us until we sat down to luncheon. We looked at her hand, and said, "I see you were engaged to be married, but your pride interfered; you dissolved the engagement a year or two ago, and your health suffered in consequence." She at once withdrew her hand, saying, with a vivid blush, "Quite right; and I *have* suffered; no one but my sister ever knew the real cause. You have told the truth. It *was* pride."

This might be safely said to many intelligent, unmarried ladies; and no remark more likely to be acquiesced in than that "pride interfered" could be made.

Running over the whole field of human nature in his descriptions, the palmist can make many apparent hits; and if he appeals to vanity, the subject will be likely to think "there is more in palmistry than the skeptics believe," of which a conspicuous instance has recently been publicly displayed by the subject.

As an amusement for those who find pleasure in holding each other's hands, and talking airy nothings, or for the uses of writers of fiction, palmistry has great possibilities; but for anything beyond, respect for it indicates a mind either uninformed or unbalanced.

J. M. Buckley.

Variations in the Reports of the Gettysburg Address.[1]

THE variations between the several contemporary reports of the dedicatory address delivered by President Lincoln at Gettysburg on the 19th of November, 1863, and the innumerable versions since published, are remarkable, especially because of the brevity of the address, its importance alike in subject and matter, the circumstances under which it was spoken, and the character and office of the orator. Attention has more than once been attracted to these variations, and because of the differences between the earlier reports and the version published in autographic facsimile in 1864, it has been assumed that the discrepancies are due either to the blunders of the reporters or to their attempts to improve its rhetorical composition. Somewhat careful examination of a number of versions justifies the conclusion that while reporters, telegraphers, and printers are doubtless responsible for some minor variations, they are not accountable for the rhetorical differences, because these are due to Mr. Lincoln's own revision.

All authorities agree that the address was read from manuscript; if, therefore, that could be produced, any discussion as to its original form would be needless.

In Arnold's "Lincoln and Slavery" (1866) the version of the address there given is said, in a foot-note on page 424, to have been "copied from the original," but as it differs in several particulars from the words upon which contemporary and independent reports agree, it is questionable whether it was so copied. Probably it is a transcript from the autograph copy made by Mr. Lincoln in 1864, with which it verbally agrees, except in the insertion of "and" in the clause "by the people and for the people."

Curiously enough, in his later book, "Life of Abraham Lincoln" (1885), Arnold gives another version agreeing verbally, except in a single word, with the New York "Tribune" report, November 20, 1863, but without reference to its source, or explanation why he selected that in preference to the one he had previously quoted.

In 1875 it was stated by "The Congregationalist" that the original manuscript was then in possession of Mrs. Carlos Pierce of Boston, being bound in the same volume with the manuscript of Mr. Everett's oration, which, with the address, had been presented to the New York Sanitary Fair to be disposed of. A copy of this so-called original manuscript of the address was printed by "The Congregationalist," but comparison with contemporary reports warrants the belief that the manuscript, if an autograph and not a facsimile of the 1864 revision, was an autograph of later date than the original address. [See page 605.]

In view of the doubts which have been expressed concerning the existence of the original manuscript, it would be remarkable that, if it is extant, no facsimile reproduction has been made, or that the fact of its existence has not otherwise been fully established.

In the absence of the original manuscript, we are relegated to the contemporary reports for the form of

[1] Major W. H. Lambert prepared the manuscript of which this article is a condensation as "A Plea for a Standard Version of President Lincoln's Gettysburg Address." Mr. Nicolay, on page 606, supplies the "standard version," but part of Major Lambert's paper is interesting as explaining the confusion of statements that has obtained in regard to the address.—EDITOR.

Digitized by Google

the address as it was delivered; but unfortunately, these differ verbally to such an extent as to make it uncertain which, if any, is absolutely correct.

Opinions differ as to the place and circumstances of the composition of the address. Arnold, in his "Life of Abraham Lincoln" (page 328), asserts that the President, "while in the cars on his way from the White House to the battle-field, was notified that he would be expected to make some remarks also"; that, "asking for some paper, a rough sheet of foolscap was handed to him, and, retiring to a seat by himself, with a pencil he wrote the address." So late a notice is inherently improbable, and it is not consistent with the statements made by others who had equal or greater opportunity for acquaintance with the facts. Similarly, Ben Perley Poore says ("Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," page 228) that "his remarks at Gettysburg . . . were written in the car on his way from Washington to the battle-field, upon a piece of pasteboard held on his knee."

On the contrary, General James B. Fry in the same book (page 403) declares that he is confident that the statement that the Gettysburg speech was written in the car *en route* to that place is an error. He was in the car as an escort to the President, and had therefore opportunity to know whereof he speaks. He says: "I have no recollection of seeing him writing or even reading his speech during the journey; in fact, there was hardly any opportunity for him to read or write."

The Hon. Edward McPherson and Judge Wills of Gettysburg are of the opinion that the address was written in Mr. Lincoln's room at Judge Wills's house, where he was a guest during his stay in Gettysburg. There appears to be no doubt of the correctness of Mr. McPherson's assertion that before retiring on the night of the 18th the President inquired the order of the exercises of the next day, and wrote out his remarks there, and it is probable that what he wrote was the final draft of his address before its delivery.

Noah Brooks, in his "Life of Lincoln" (page 394), and with still more detail in his "Personal Reminiscences of Lincoln," published in this magazine for February, 1878, declares that a few days prior to the 19th of November, 1863, the President told him that Mr. Everett had kindly sent him a copy of his address in order that the same ground might not be gone over by both, and he added: "There is no danger that I shall. My speech is all blocked out. It is very short." In answer to Mr. Brooks's question whether the speech was written, Mr. Lincoln replied, "Not exactly written; it is not finished, anyway."

Mr. Brooks states that the speech was written and rewritten a great many times, and was revised somewhat after Mr. Lincoln reached Gettysburg. "As he read it from the manuscript he made a few verbal changes. These changes did not appear in the report printed at the time by the newspapers, but they were embodied in the draft" afterward made for publication. Mr. Brooks in his "Life" gives a facsimile of this draft, repeating it in print, but with the fatality that has attended the publication of this address his printed version is not a literal transcript of his facsimile.[1]

The introductory phrase, "The President then delivered the following dedicatory speech," is practically identical in all the Associated Press reports, as are also the locations of the bracketed words denoting applause. There are verbal differences between the several reports, but there appears to be no doubt of the common origin.

The reports printed in the Philadelphia papers agree, except that those in the "Ledger," "Press," and "Bulletin" differ each in a single instance from one another, and from the report in the "North American," the differences being obviously misprints. The reports in the New York papers also agree with one another save in a single instance, probably due to a typographical error. The Boston papers also agree substantially, with only three verbal variations. But the Boston, Springfield, New York, and Philadelphia versions differ from one another in a number of details, probably due to errors in telegraphing, but which are correct and which erroneous is not easily determined.

The "Philadelphia Inquirer," November 20, 1863, and the Cincinnati "Daily Gazette," November 21, published reports of the address which differ materially from each other and from the Associated Press reports, and, while apparently independent in source, are rather paraphrases than literal reports. They are, however, probably free renderings of stenographic notes made at the time of delivery.

Henry Edwards, George William Bond, and Charles Hale, commissioners appointed by Governor Andrew to represent Massachusetts at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, appended to their report, printed with the governor's address to the legislature, January 8, 1864 (Senate Document No. 1), a copy of President Lincoln's speech. They assert that this speech "has not generally been printed rightly, having been marred from errors in telegraphing," and that it "is appended, . . . in the correct form, as the words actually spoken by the President, with great deliberation, were taken down by one of the undersigned."[2]

But because of the possibility of doubt concerning the exact verbal accuracy of the commissioners' report, and of the eminent desirability that there should be an absolutely standard version of the immortal production, and because of the impossibility so to reconcile all of the discrepancies in the newspaper reports as to obtain the standard from them, as well also in respect to the evident desire of President Lincoln that by the "final form he gave the address . . . he intended it should be judged" (McPherson, in the "Nation," September 9, 1875), and to his rights as an author, there should be no hesitancy to accept the words as with his own pen he transcribed them when asked for an autograph for the benefit of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair in Baltimore, in 1864, and as in facsimile they were reproduced in "Autograph Leaves of our Country's Authors" (Baltimore: Cushings & Bailey, 1864), published for the benefit of the fair.

In an address so brief but so momentous every syllable tells, and though the differences between this version and the earlier reports are few and seemingly immaterial, the changes intensify the strength and pathos of the speech, and add to its beauty, and as so written these words cannot be too jealously perpetuated as the final expression of the sublime thought of the immortal author.

[1] In Stoddard's "Life of Lincoln," pages 413–15, the facsimile is also given, with a printed copy, which likewise differs from the facsimile.

[2] Mr. Charles Hale of the "Boston Advertiser."

Digitized by Google

Increasing appreciation of the grandeur of Lincoln's character, and of his preëminent fitness for the great work to which in the providence of God he was called, enhances the value of his every word, and emphasizes the judgment of the "Nation," uttered fifteen years ago, "that what promises to be the most classic and most enduring of American orations ought to be as carefully preserved without alteration or abridgment as a standard of weight and measure."

William H. Lambert.

Abraham Lincoln as an Advocate.

IN the summer of 1881 I spent some time at Saratoga Springs, and had many conversations with the Hon. David Davis, then one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. He related to me some of his early experiences as a judge, and one of them made a very deep impression. I asked him the secret of Lincoln's success as a lawyer. He said that when he was a young man he was judge of a circuit court in Illinois, and one time, while holding that court, two men came up for trial on the charge of murder. They had rich relatives, and one of them employed Abraham Lincoln to defend him, and the other employed Leonard Swett, afterward an eminent criminal lawyer, who lived in Chicago and died a few years ago.

Judge Davis said that one evening, as it was the custom, Lincoln and Swett came to his room in the hotel, and during the conversation Lincoln spoke about as follows: "Swett, Davis, and I are old friends, and what we say here will never be repeated to our injury. Now, we have been engaged in this trial for two days, and I am satisfied that our clients are guilty, and that the witnesses for the State have told the truth. It is my opinion that the best thing we can do for our clients is to have them come in to-morrow morning, and plead guilty to manslaughter, and let Davis give them the lowest punishment." Mr. Swett said he would do nothing of the kind. He said, "Mr. Lincoln, you don't know what evidence I have got in reserve to combat the witnesses for the State." Mr. Lincoln replied, "I don't care what evidence you have got, Swett; the witnesses for the State have told the truth, and the jury will believe them." Mr. Swett said, "Mr. Lincoln, I shall never agree to your proposition, and propose to carry on our defense to the end." Mr. Lincoln replied, "All right."

They went on with the trial. The defendants put their witnesses on the stand, and the time came for the arguments. Then Mr. Lincoln said to Mr. Swett, "Now, Swett, I cannot argue this case, because our witnesses have been lying, and I don't believe them. You go on and make an argument." Swett made the argument, the case went to the jury, and the men were acquitted.

The next day Mr. Lincoln went to Mr. Swett and said: "Swett, here is the $500 which I have received for defending one of these men. It all belongs to you; take it."

Of course Mr. Swett did not take the money, but it showed, as Judge Davis said, that Mr. Lincoln felt he had done nothing to earn the money.

Judge Davis told this story as illustrating the honesty and integrity of Abraham Lincoln as a lawyer.

Ratcliffe Hicks.

NEW YORK, November 10, 1893.

American Artist Series.

LOUIS LOEB. (SEE PAGE 527.)

LOUIS LOEB is a good example of what, in an unfriendly environment, a patient, direct purpose may accomplish when pushed to its development by a man of artistic taste and impulse.

He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1866. When only fourteen years of age he was apprenticed to a lithographer of that day, and his next nine years were spent as a lithographic draftsman. While yet an apprentice, feeling his need of art instruction, and the lack of facilities for it in Cleveland, he conceived the idea that by the aid of a friend, a former student of L'École des Beaux Arts, an evening life-class might be established. By dint of energy and enthusiasm this was done, and the school was open four evenings of each week for two seasons. When its affairs were wound up there remained one cent in the treasury.

In 1885 Mr. Loeb accepted an engagement in a lithographic house in New York, and became an evening student at the Art Students' League, and in 1889 was elected its vice-president. In that year, feeling that he had outgrown lithography, he abandoned it. In 1890 he went to Paris, and became, under Lefebvre and Constant, a student at the Julian Academy, and, under Gérôme, at the Beaux Arts, where he gained the Premier Prix d'Atelier. In 1891 and 1892 his pictures were accepted at the Salon.

It is not an easy matter to gage Mr. Loeb's status as a painter, for he is too new a recruit in our art ranks. The only pictures of his with which I have any acquaintance are a portrait of his mother, shown at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists in 1890, the portrait on page 527, shown at the same society's exhibition two years later, and some studies and sketches. The 1890 portrait is a literal bit of representation — so literal as to be almost photographic. It is well constructed, well drawn, shows earnestness of purpose and conscientious study, but nothing of the artistic quality apparent in the later portrait.

His black-and-whites, of which he has made many for THE CENTURY since his return from Europe a year or so ago, possess in an eminent degree the blending of the artistic and the realistic. Taken with the paintings, they display a true artistic temperament, and a tender, sympathetic intuition, an accomplished though not a powerful draftsmanship. In addition to these qualities his types are always well chosen, and his composition is good.

W. Lewis Fraser.

Digitized by Google

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Antitheses.

ETHEL'S eyes are evening,
In their vaporous blue;
Mabel's eyes are morning,
Diamonded with dew.

Ethel's hair hath lusters
Like a midnight sea's;
Mabel's daffodil tresses
Might delude the bees.

Ethel's voice flows golden,
Like her calm, wise words;
Mabel's treble of laughter
Stills the envious birds.

Ethel's brows are sculpture,
And a lily her lips;
Mabel's mouth is rosier
Than dawn's finger-tips.

Ethel's air shines candor
Unto all she meets;
Mabel's varying dimples
Are divine deceits.

Ethel has one sweetheart,
Held in holiest thrall;
Mabel, alas! has legions,
And she mocks them all.

Edgar Fawcett.

Accidents of the Tragic Stage.

THE dramatic artist, be he comedian or tragedian, has need of a considerable mastery of the scenic art to escape being taken unawares, and injured in consequence, by the various strange accidents which constantly attend the exercise of his calling; and one who counts forty-five years of activity in the profession must necessarily have met, occasionally, with an adventure the disagreeable character of which is relieved by an incongruity almost comic. I shall recount several such scenes in which I barely escaped the mischance of destroying in my audience the due impression received from the character that I was playing.

At the age of seventeen I was a member of the Compagnia Romana, and was filling an engagement at the Teatro Cocomero (at present known as the Niccolini) in Florence. One evening we were giving a comedy of the Duke of Ventignano, entitled "Twenty-seven Years After." The third act was a modern society scene in a brightly lighted room, in the course of which the artists of the company sang canzoni, arias, and duets, with pianoforte accompaniment. At the very moment when I was singing my first note, a candle of the chandelier which hung in the middle of the room tipped over against a loose edge of the light cloth that wrapped the cord by which the chandelier was suspended, and the fire instantly enveloped this, and ran up to the loft, in which were stored a number of rolls of paper scenery. The danger of a conflagration was imminent, both audience and actors were panic-stricken, and cries of "Fire!" "Fire!" filled the house. In a flash I jumped on a chair, leaped in the air, and caught the chandelier, which the weight of my body brought down, bringing with it the flaming tissue. I was somewhat scorched about the wrists and hands, despite the protection of my gloves; but the danger was averted, tranquillity and security were restored, and I was able to resume my romance, which was entitled "La Settimana d'Amore" (The Week of Love)—though from the burns which I had suffered, it might appropriately have been renamed "La Settimana *d'Ardore*." I was modest enough to believe that the boisterous applause given me had for its object more the fireman than the singer.

In the same year, at the old Teatro Re (now Manzoni) in Milan, I was playing the part of *Mortimer* in Schiller's "Marie Stuart." In the first scene of the fourth act *Mortimer*, perceiving himself discovered and betrayed, kills himself with a stroke of his poniard to the heart. The weapon which I used had neither edge nor point, but the blow which I gave myself was so violent that besides piercing my velvet coat, a shirt made in small folds, and the vest of silk next the skin, the dagger penetrated my body between the fourth and fifth ribs for an inch, and escaped the heart by no more than the thickness of a silver dollar. At that moment the scene is shifted before *Mortimer*, and the act proceeds. I lay as I had fallen, without strength to call for help; and seeing that I did not rise, some of the scene-shifters came to lift me up, and found me in a pool of blood. The rumor that I was in danger of my life soon spread throughout the theater, and the spectators refused to allow the play to go on. Almost unconscious I was carried to my lodgings in an arm-chair, and for seven days there was grave doubt whether I was to be or not to be. I breathed with great difficulty, and suffered severely from the wound, which I owed to my excessive enthusiasm.

Another incident which disturbed me much happened at the Théâtre des Italiens in Paris, during my representation of *Othello*. The actor who had the part of *Iago* was Lorenzo Piccinini, an artist of much distinction, conscientious, and physically well endowed; and in this rôle he received well-merited praise from both the press and the public of Paris. He was by nature impatient of restraint, and perhaps it would not be too much to say refractory, although he acknowledged the necessity of subordinating himself to the exigencies of scenic effect. At the point where *Othello*, in the violence of his rage and passionate jealousy, throws *Iago* down, Piccinini's natural instincts rebelled. I was playing the part for the first time in Paris, before a public prepossessed in my favor, indeed, but exacting and critical. To score a success as *Othello* in Paris was to establish my artistic reputation on firm grounds. The reader can imagine the tension of my nerves throughout that evening. *Iago* was bound to fall at a given moment; of that there was no question—he must fall. But at that precise moment I felt that I inclosed in my arms a rebellious soul, who, instead of obeying his cue and allowing him-

Digitized by Google

self to be thrown down, sought to resist me and to rise! That would never do. The effect would be utterly lost; so I had to exert my whole strength to obtain the result. Piccinini fell, but in what a manner! His body rebounded from the floor of the stage, and then lay quite motionless. I thought he was dead, and while the audience leaped on their feet, as one man, with a tremendous burst of applause, at that minute I thought myself an involuntary homicide. I drew near to his motionless body, and, lifting him up, asked him, under my breath, whether he had hurt himself. He answered in a feeble voice, "Not I; but you have hurt me!" The remainder of the scene was gotten through with difficulty, and at the end of the act I poured forth a torrent of excuses and regrets in my effort to mitigate, for my colleague in art, the bruises on his unlucky shoulders. I felt the deepest regret over the affair; but, by way of compensation, in the repetitions of the play which followed I had a most submissive and obedient *Iago*.

The strangest mishaps sometimes befall an actor upon the presentation for the first time of a part over which he has worked most carefully. There had recently died at Bologna an illustrious tragedian, Lombardi by name, who in the part of *Orestes*, as well as in that of *Orosmane* in Voltaire's tragedy "Zaïre," had left with the public an ideal which could not be effaced. For some time I had studied the latter of these parts with real enthusiasm; and, after repeated urging, I allowed myself to be persuaded to play it on the very boards of my deceased rival. *Orosmane*, at Bologna, in that theater, became for me my passage of the Rubicon. The great night came, and, armed with courage, upheld by a thorough knowledge of my part, and clothed in a genuine, rich, and elegant Oriental costume, I presented myself before my judges — not implacable, indeed, but disposed to be sternly just. Gradually, as the action unfolded, the interest of the audience grew, until at last spectators and artists reached the height of enthusiasm. We were all quite carried away. The happiness of having won so hard a fight made my nerves quiver and my blood boil in my veins; I felt in myself strength to surpass the labors of Hercules and of Samson! In a word, I was drunk with joy. In such triumph I reached the fourth act, in which *Orosmane*, believing himself betrayed, orders his confidant *Corasmin* to go and slay on the spot the unfaithful *Zaïre*, with these words:

"Go, my friend! Rush upon her! Fly, Corasmin! Show her this accursed writing. . . . Let her shudder, . . . and in that instant whelm the traitress with a hundred dagger-strokes! Let her die! . . . But [he adds], before striking, . . . Ah, my friend, stop! [*Corasmin* does not listen.] . . . Stop!"

This "Stop," pronounced with excitement and with all the strength of my voice, occasioned the bursting of the belt which held my flowing trousers to my body, and slowly, slowly, I felt these outer garments slipping down, down, until they rested on my feet! What is left to say? I was lost! Because of the encumbrance, I could not move; and yet I must in some way finish the fourth act. If the theater had at that moment fallen down about my ears, it would have been less of a grief to me. What could I do? I shuffled over, with little steps, and as best I might, to the divan in the middle of the stage, sat down, and catching up a tiger-skin which was spread on the floor as a rug, I drew it over my body. The audience said not a word, uttered not the faintest murmur, did not give the slightest sign of hilarity. I could have kissed them all for gratitude! Constrained to remain seated all the time, I finally got through with the fourth act. I have repeated this tragedy; but there are some who maintain that I could never again give that scene with so great intensity of rage and fury.

Tommaso Salvini.

Country and Town.

A RHYME OF TYRINGHAM.

DOWN in the meadow and up on the height
The breezes are blowing the willows white.
In the elms and maples the robins call,
And the great black crows sail over all
In Tyringham, Tyringham Valley.

The river winds through the trees and the brake
And the meadow-grass like a shining snake;
And low in the summer and loud in the spring
The rapids and reaches murmur and sing
In Tyringham, Tyringham Valley.

In the shadowy pools the trout are shy,
So creep to the bank and cast the fly!
What thrills and tremors the tense cords stir
When the trout it strikes with a tug and whir
In Tyringham, Tyringham Valley!

At dark of the day the mist spreads white,
Like a magic lake in the glimmering light;
Or the winds from the meadow the white mists blow,
And the fireflies glitter,— a sky below,—
In Tyringham, Tyringham Valley.

And oh, in the windy days of the fall
The maples and elms are scarlet all,
And the world that was green is gold and red,
And with huskings and cider they 're late to bed
In Tyringham, Tyringham Valley!

Now squirrel and partridge and hawk and hare
And wild-cat and woodchuck and fox beware!
The three days' hunt is waxing warm
For the count up dinner at Riverside Farm
In Tyringham, Tyringham Valley.

The meadow-ice will be freezing soon,
And then for a skate by the light of the moon.
So pile the wood on the hearth, my boy!
Winter is coming! I wish you joy
By the light of the hearth and the moon, my boy,
In Tyringham, Tyringham Valley!

THE BERKSHIRES, 1893.

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

THIS is the end of the town that I love the best.
Oh, lovely the hour of light from the burning west—
Of light that lingers and fades in the shadowy square
Where the solemn fountain lifts a shaft in the air
To catch the skyey colors, and fling them down
In a wild-wood torrent that drowns the noise of the town.
And lovely the hour of the still and dreamy night
When, lifted against the blue, stands the arch of white
With one clear planet above, and the sickle moon,
In curve reversed from the arch's marble round,
Silvers the sapphire sky. Now soon, ah soon,
Shall the city square be turned to holy ground
Through the light of the moon and the stars and the glowing flower—
The Cross of Light — that looms from the sacred tower.

R. W. Gilder.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVII. MARCH, 1894. NO. 5.

THE TUILERIES UNDER THE SECOND EMPIRE.

BY AN INMATE OF THE PALACE.

THE storm of the French revolution of 1848 came so suddenly that the royal family fled from the breakfast-table without even the most trifling preparation. The mob was at the gates of the Tuileries, and all was panic and confusion. In the general bewilderment the Queen alone was calm, and strongly opposed the abdication, which, however, Louis Philippe was persuaded to sign in favor of the Comte de Paris, just as in 1830 Charles X. had abdicated in favor of the Duke of Bordeaux, afterward known as the Comte de Chambord. The royal party fled through the garden, while the Duchess of Orleans made a brave but ineffectual attempt to save her son's crown by going with her children to the Chamber of Deputies. But all was over. The mob broke into the assembly; the young princes and their noble mother were saved with difficulty, and returned no more to the Tuileries, where the mob had now the mastery. The royal apartments were pillaged; the throne, carried in triumph by the populace, was burned. All was riot and confusion. Happily, the improvised government prevented further destruction by declaring the Tuileries national property.

From this time the Tuileries remained uninhabited till the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon, then President of the French Republic. But in January, 1852, Napoleon removed from the Elysée to the Royal Palace, which, a few months later, on December 2, 1852, he solemnly reëntered as emperor, passing under the triumphal arch of the principal entrance, adorned with the inscriptions: "Vox Populi Vox Dei!" "Ave Cæsar, Imperator!" And yet people will talk seriously of the "will of the nation"! Could any one who witnessed the wild enthusiasm of the first days of the Second Empire doubt its sincerity? And then — what a fall!

Nearly two months later, on January 22, 1853, the Emperor convened all the great functionaries of the state in the throne-room of the Tuileries. There he announced his intended marriage — a marriage in opposition to all the traditions of his predecessors, a circumstance which, with his characteristic adroitness, he presented at a great advantage. All were astonished. No one, however, had any time for opposition, if any had been intended; for only a week after the announcement the civil marriage took place at the Tuileries, preceding, according to custom, the religious ceremony, which was celebrated on the following day at Notre Dame. The young Empress, who had remained at the Elysée during the interval, then returned in state to the Tuileries, and appeared in her white robe and veil on the fated balcony of the Salle des Maréchaux — the last royal bride who would ever stand there.

The splendor of the First Empire now reappeared at the Tuileries. The etiquette of that period was restored as far as possible — less stately than that of the time of the Bourbons, but more royal than the excessive simplicity of the court of Louis Philippe. The household of both Emperor and Empress was appointed, and the principal functionaries were given apartments in the palace. These were furnished with

Copyright, 1894, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

Digitized by Google

somewhat bare and dreary magnificence; the rooms looked stately, but empty and uncomfortable, and many small articles of modern upholstery had to be purchased by the occupants to adapt the majestic rooms to the habits of the day.

It must be acknowledged that the Tuileries, built at different periods, and arranged for various necessities, was not a convenient habitation. Several of the large galleries had been cut up into apartments for the use of the numerous members of Louis Philippe's family; these were separated by passages having no means of external light or ventilation, so that lamps burned day and night, and the air was close and heavy. The different floors communicated in the interior by narrow winding staircases, also lighted at all times; so that the first impression to visitors was strangely lugubrious and funereal. Two floors had also often been made out of one, so that the ceilings were low, and the deep windows prevented the free transmission of light, especially darkening the rooms situated toward the north. The conveniences of modern life were very imperfect. During the greater part of the Emperor's reign there was not even water put in, and the daily supply of the inmates was brought up in pails to the various apartments. The sanitary arrangements and drainage were very bad; in the regions inhabited by the servants, the air was absolutely pestilential.

The Empress occupied the first floor, communicating by a small private staircase with the apartments of the Emperor, which were on the ground floor, near those afterward devoted to the use of the Prince Imperial. In the first years of the empire the furniture of the private apartments was not remarkable; but at a later period the rooms used by the Empress were arranged with exquisite taste and elegance.

The first salon, furnished in two shades of pale green with gold tracings, contained an immense mirror, which reflected the whole view of the gardens, and of the Champs Elysées as far as the Arc de l'Etoile. Above the doors were painted tropical birds with bright plumage. This delightful and charming room was used by the chamberlains and ladies-in-waiting. It opened into the Salon Rose, furnished and decorated in different shades of rose color. The chimneypiece was of white marble, adorned with lapis lazuli and gold; the doors were decorated with paintings of flowers; the ceiling represented the Arts paying homage to the Empress, and a genius carrying the Prince Imperial in the midst of flowers.

It was there that visitors admitted to the honor of a private audience awaited her Majesty's pleasure. Thence they were ushered into the Salon Bleu, which was decorated with medallion portraits of the Duchesses de Cadore, de Persigny, de Morny, the Princess Anna Murat (afterward the Duchesse de Mouchy), and the Countess Walewska. Here, in the midst of flowers and rare gems of art, the Empress received her guests with such grace and kindness that all felt immediately at home, and all stiffness soon disappeared. The only trying moment was that of taking leave, etiquette forbidding visitors to retire till a gesture or a gracious bend of the head authorized them to do so, while the good-nature of the Empress, shrinking from what seemed to her an unkind proceeding, often prolonged the interview to an extent which was embarrassing to both sides.

Beyond the Salon Bleu was a small room with a writing-table used by the Empress, opposite to which hung a portrait of the Prince Imperial as an infant, wearing the broad red ribbon of the Legion of Honor on his little white frock. About the walls, in glazed cases, were autographs and various historical relics.

A small boudoir, protected against drafts by a folding-screen with glass panels, divided this room from a library surrounded with book-cases of ebony and gold.

Then came a dressing-room, an oratory in which was an altar concealed by folding-doors, and the bedroom of the Empress.

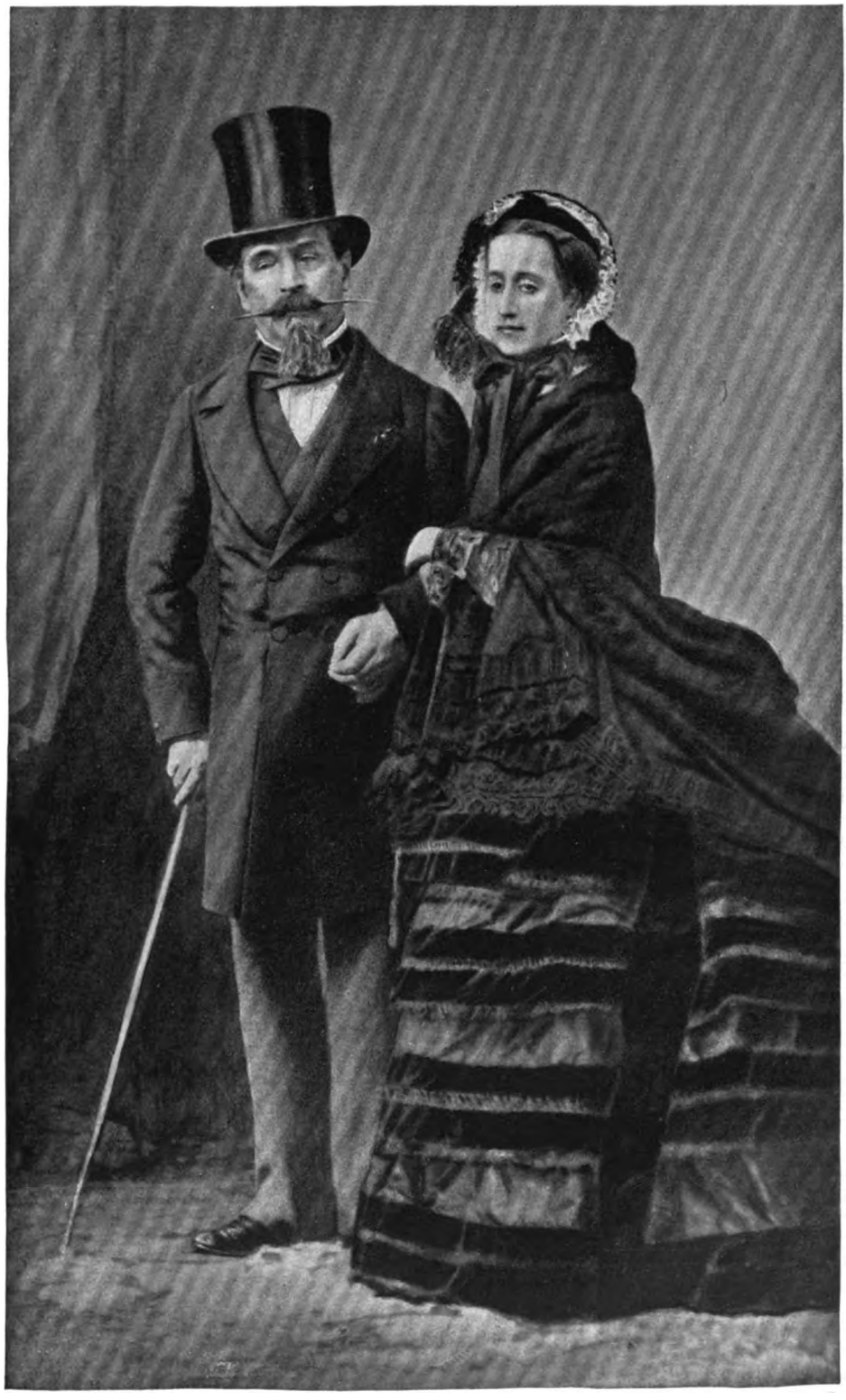
The Emperor and Empress took their lunch together in their private apartments; but they dined with the suite, or, according to technical phrase, "le service d'honneur," all wearing evening dress. On Sundays, immediately after the lunch, was the mass, which the Emperor and Empress attended with some ceremonial, accompanied by all the service d'honneur, the gentlemen in full court uniform, and the ladies in elegant morning dresses.

On ordinary Sundays the royal party were in a gallery facing the altar; but during Lent they came into the lower part of the chapel, where prie-dieux and arm-chairs covered with crimson velvet were prepared for the Emperor and Empress, who were received in state by the clergy at the door, when the deep-voiced official announced in a loud tone, "L'Empereur!"

The Emperor always wore the uniform of a general with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor; the Empress, exquisitely dressed, moved by his side with a grace and dignity which none present could forget. The Emperor's grave countenance and manner impressed the bystanders with a sort of awe; but his figure was ungainly and ill proportioned, and his swaying gait was unpleasing.

The sermon, to the great annoyance of the preachers, was timed to last exactly half an hour, and began immediately after the gospel

Digitized by Google



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DISDERI.

NAPOLEON III. AND EUGÉNIE.

Digitized by Google

of the mass, when the gentlemen in attendance turned the chairs of the Emperor and Empress so as to place them exactly in front of the pulpit. The preacher began his address with a low bow, saying, "Sire — Madame," instead of the usual "Mes frères." The Emperor sat motionless, his clasped hands before him; but his peculiar habit of incessantly twirling his thumbs often disconcerted the preacher, who was further disquieted by the limited time granted to him, and by the presence of an official who stepped forward and stood before the altar as a warning to conclude the discourse, which was often wound up with evident haste.

The imperial chairs were then turned toward the altar, and the service was continued with exquisite singing, and a seemingly angelic accompaniment of harps. Immediately after mass, the Empress gave audience to those who had obtained that privilege.

On Thursday of Holy Week the "Stabat Mater" was sung in the chapel by the first artists; all the ladies were then dressed in black, with black veils, the effect of which was very solemn.

All the inmates of the palace were subjected to a sort of military discipline. The gates, always guarded by sentinels, were closed at midnight; any one returning after that hour was noted by the officer in command, and reported the next morning. Every day the picket of guards was changed, and a fresh password was given.

No strange workmen were admitted. All the repairs and changes in the internal arrangements of the palace were managed by the upholstery department,—called "La Régie,"—whose rule was supreme and often very inconvenient, as the men employed by La Régie had skeleton keys, and asked leave of no one before entering their private apartments.

"We have orders from La Régie," was the reply to every remonstrance.

"But why did you not execute these repairs during our absence, instead of removing all our chairs and tables just when we absolutely require them?"

"We had not received orders."

It was necessary, on temporarily leaving the palace for any time, to put away carefully in private receptacles all valuables or papers; for, if left in the imperial articles of furniture, the slightest apparent flaw would cause everything to be turned out and given over to the mercy of servants while repairs were executed. No parcel could be removed from the palace without the authorization of La Régie—perhaps a necessary measure of precaution to prevent imperial or national property from being disposed of by some unscrupulous official.

With regard to the proceedings of La Régie, I can quote my own experience, having literally had all my furniture removed, and being left to stand in the empty room without a chair, till I went and begged two chairs from my neighbor in the palace, the Archbishop of Bourges! I remember once going through a complete siege for three days, when I was alone at the Tuileries, being determined to keep out La Régie till the day of my departure for the summer. I remained with locked doors, and parleyed with the servant who attended on me, before opening to allow him to bring in my meals. Once, when I went to complain to the Duchesse de Bassano of the petty annoyances of the administration of the palace, she told me that she was not more privileged than I was myself, and quoted instances of what she had to endure in the way of such provoking measures.

Besides the military guards of the palace, there was a strong force of detectives always standing about the principal doors, in groups, conversing together carelessly, with apparent indifference, while their sharp eyes watched keenly all those who came and went. Every inmate of the palace was of course well known to these men, who were dressed to look as much like ordinary gentlemen as they could, although a practised eye quickly recognized the scowling, sinister glance and a sort of disreputable look which made the contact of these men what the Scotch would call "uncanny." The ladies of the palace were often surprised to receive bows in the street from unknown individuals, who, also, would often spring forward to help them in any difficulty, on which occasions the rule was to receive their advances most graciously. They were not men whom it would have been prudent to offend in any way by misplaced haughtiness, and it was often really convenient to hear from some stranger the authoritative and unexpected "Laissez passer madame," when any uninitiated ordinary policeman or sentinel was troublesome.

The Emperor usually went out in a phaëton or brake, which he drove himself, attended only by one gentleman, and two grooms in livery. When the peculiar beat of the drums announced the passage of any member of the imperial family, a crowd, always sprinkled with detectives, gathered before the gates, and, as the drums beat the salute, "One-two—one two-three — one-two — one-two-three," the Emperor passed out, slightly touching his hat in acknowledgment of the cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" The expression of his face, especially in the last years of the empire, was always grave and care-worn, but impenetrable, and as expressionless as a mask.

The Empress went out in an open carriage and

Digitized by Google

four, with outriders and postilions in green-and-gold liveries; she was always smiling, graciously bowing, and invariably putting on a pair of apparently tight-fitting new gloves, a slight dereliction from imperial etiquette which was often remarked.

The young Prince Imperial, attended by his governess, and afterward by his tutor, was always accompanied by a military escort, which was considered necessary for his safety; but all hearts warmed to the pretty boy who so gracefully raised his little cap and smiled so confidingly and so happily. The Parisians, even those of the lower orders, always spoke with tearful affection and regret of "le petit Prince."

When the Emperor thus left the palace, without any apparent state, an unpretending little coupé or brougham was always seen to follow at a short distance; this contained the chief of the police attached to the Emperor's person, whose myrmidons were scattered along the way. There was one, especially, a Corsican named Alessandri, who was devoted to the Emperor with a sort of canine fidelity, and was always near him when he went out; so that to the initiated the presence of Alessandri was symptomatic of the approach of the sovereign. It was Alessandri who arrested the would-be assassin Pianori, and who disabled him by the ready use of his Corsican stiletto. It was Alessandri who, on the terrible night of the Orsini explosions, forcibly drew the Emperor and Empress from the shattered carriage, in the midst of the darkness and confusion, the cries of the wounded, and the struggles of the fallen horses of the escort, crying:

"Sire, madame, descendez!"

There was no time for ceremony; the strong hand of the faithful Corsican disengaged them from the wreck, and dragged them into the opera-house, where at least they were safe.

Many persons thoughtlessly criticized as unfeeling the presence of the imperial party at the opera after such a terrible catastrophe. But it should be remembered that the explosion had torn up the pavement and extinguished the gas, and that there were many victims to be cared for, and many precautions to be taken, before the Emperor and Empress could safely return to the imperial home, where on that eventful night all was anxiety and terror.

What a triumphant return it was! All the houses on the way were lighted up to the very skylights. In the street a dense crowd was swelling and surging about the carriage; and, as it slowly advanced at a footpace, the prolonged roar of the multitude was heard like the sound of ocean waves coming from afar, and getting louder and louder as the carriage drew near—"Vive l'Empereur!"

All the attendants and ladies were grouped at the door to receive those who had borne the trial so bravely; but as the Empress crossed the threshold, for the first time her undaunted spirit failed her, and, throwing herself into the arms of the Duchesse de Bassano, she burst into tears.

When a ball took place in the private apartments of the dignitaries of the household, and it was announced that the Emperor and Empress would be present, great precautions were taken for their safety, especially in the case of costume balls, where masks were tolerated, and of course constituted a serious danger. All guests wearing masks were required to remove them before entering the ball-rooms, to allow their features to be examined; detectives stood about the entrance, and mingled with the guests. Many of them were dressed as attendants, and carried trays of refreshments through the rooms.

The police force of the empire was a curious and complicated institution, but it cannot be denied that in those days life and property enjoyed a degree of security which afterward did not exist. A remarkable instance of the acuteness shown was related to the writer by a personage concerned in it, the Comte de G—— F——, well known in the highest Parisian society of that time.

The Comte de G—— F—— was intimate with an old marquise of the aristocratic Faubourg Saint-Germain; he had known her for many years, and even had the habit of addressing her by the affectionate term of "maman."

One day, on paying "maman" a visit, he found her in a state of great agitation; she had just discovered that she had been robbed of a large sum of money, which she had placed in her bureau pending its investment by her *agent de change*.

The count soothed her as well as he could, and, having ascertained that she had not yet mentioned what she had just discovered to any one but himself, he urged her to keep the matter secret, and to leave the management of it in his hands, which she consented to do.

The count then went at once to the chief of the police, who listened attentively, and merely remarking that the theft must have been committed by some one well acquainted with the house, asked carelessly what were the habits of the marquise. The count answered that she led the quiet life of an elderly lady, only varied by a dinner-party every week, on that very day; but that she was so disturbed by her loss that probably on this occasion the guests would be put off.

"On no account!" cried the prefect of police. "Tell your friend, above all things, to make no change; she must give her dinner-

Digitized by Google



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DISDERI.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

Digitized by Google

party as usual — but she must allow me to send her a guest."

The count started. "What — a detective? My friend will not like the idea at all."

"If she wishes to recover her money, she must let me manage this matter in my own way. Be so kind as to go to the Passage Delorme, opposite the Tuileries Palace, at five o'clock this evening. You will find there a young man who will address you by name, and who will call himself M. de Saint-Julien. You will take him to your friend, and he will join her party. Leave the rest to me."

A good deal disturbed, the count returned to the marquise, who at first was horrified at the idea of a detective for a guest; but she yielded at length, and the count went, as agreed, to the Passage Delorme. The gallery was empty, and the count was beginning to look into the shop-windows to beguile the time, when he saw a young man, fashionably dressed and of remarkably elegant and gentlemanly appearance, who also began to look at the toys. After a short pause, he accosted the count.

"Monsieur, you are, I believe, waiting for some one."

"Monsieur," answered the count, "I am, indeed, expecting some one to meet me; but I should be greatly surprised if that individual were yourself."

"I have the pleasure of addressing the Comte de G —— F ——?"

"Yes."

"I am M. de Saint-Julien."

Greatly astonished, the count bowed, and at once began to pace the gallery with the newcomer, who questioned him with astute quickness as to the circumstances of the robbery, and, after quietly stating his opinion that the thief must be some one well acquainted with the ways of the marquise, he added:

"Now take me to your friend's house."

"But," said the count, "how shall I know if you have discovered any clue?"

"I will make this gesture," and the detective made a rapid circular motion with his right hand, holding the forefinger extended.

This point being settled, "M. de Saint-Julien" was duly introduced to the marquise. Soon he had charmed every one present by his perfect ease of manner and brilliancy of conversation.

The count sat gravely watching the strange guest, little pleased at his apparent forgetfulness of the only motive which explained his presence in such society. But at the close of the dinner M. de Saint-Julien, still carelessly talking and laughing, looked toward the count and rapidly passed his hand, with the forefinger extended, round the wire of the finger-glass before him, but in such a manner that it seemed the natural accompaniment to what he was saying.

On leaving the dinner-table the count eagerly approached him, and whispered:

"You made the sign?"

"Certainly."

"You are on the track?"

"I know who it is."

"Who?" cried the count.

"The servant who was behind your chair. He is the man."

"How can you possibly know?" exclaimed the count, greatly astonished.

"I suspected that the robbery has been committed by a professional thief, so I used words and expressions which, although they would not attract your notice, yet, as I employed them, had another meaning in the thieves' dialect, or *argot*. The man at once recognized in me a police officer, and turned pale. He is the thief."

"But," cried the count, "of course he will now try to escape."

"Do you take me for a fool?" said M. de Saint-Julien. "The house is guarded at every door." The man really did try to escape, and was immediately stopped. His sleeping-chamber was then searched, and the whole sum was found except a few francs, spent probably at some café. A few months later the count was walking on the Terrasse des Feuillants in the gardens of the Tuileries, when he met a policeman in the usual dress of his class, with a good-humored but very ordinary expression of countenance, wearing the small mustache and pointed beard of the *sergent de ville*. The man accosted him, and was not recognized until he revealed himself as M. de Saint-Julien.

The splendor of the state balls will be well remembered by all those admitted to them, and the charm of the more valued private balls called "the Empress's Mondays," at which her gracious kindness could more easily be appreciated.

It was a period of luxury and magnificence such as will not soon return; and the apparent prosperity of the empire continued to increase without interruption till the year of the great Exposition in 1867, when all the sovereigns of Europe came to Paris to be the guests of Napoleon III., as their fathers had done during 1811, in the reign of the founder of the dynasty. But, as in 1811, this culminating point of prosperity was not to be reached with impunity; there was nothing beyond, and the terrible downfall was at hand.

The first note of the knell was rung by the death of Maximilian, the news of which reached the Emperor on the very day when, in all his glory, he distributed the prizes of the

Digitized by Google

great Exposition. Then came political complications, physical weakness, entailing moral torpor, and at last the fatal war of 1870, to which the Emperor went with the worst forebodings, and with the despairing resignation of a doomed victim. Let those who accuse him of having presumptuously and rashly undertaken the task under which he fell read the sad proclamation of the beginning of the campaign, and compare it with the spirited resolution which announced the Italian war — that war which was a triumphant march through Lombardy, crowned by the glorious victory of Solferino. What a departure from the Tuileries was that, and what a return! Alas! that magnificent success had taught the French nation to believe itself invincible, and led to the fatal delusion of 1870 — a delusion which, however, was not shared by the Emperor, who seemed to feel that his day was come.

Who can forget that war? — the bewildering succession of defeats, the astonishment and fury of the French nation as each telegram came! The unfortunate Empress had remained at the Tuileries, where she had established a field-hospital, and there she received, day by day, the war-bulletins, which became more and more appalling, till at last one day a telegram was given to her: "The army is vanquished and in captivity — I am myself a prisoner. Napoleon."

What the suffering of the following night must have been to the Empress is beyond imagination. She was alone, in front of an unprecedented calamity. Here was a wife and mother in the responsible position of regent, left to face the hatred of an exasperated nation, which, alas! not unjustly attributed the disastrous war to her influence. She had said, "This is *my* war," and those unfortunate words will never be forgotten or forgiven in France. The constant prosperity of the empire had deluded her into the belief that it would always continue; she had looked forward to glory, to increase of territory, to the gratitude of the nation, and she had only provoked a series of calamities such as the French had never yet seen. Now all hope was gone; but still she could not immediately realize the consequences of the Emperor's position, and she could not imagine that, in the very presence of the conquerors, the nation would reject its unhappy sovereign. Her first words on hearing the terrible news had been, "Do not think of me — think of France"; but France and the empire still seemed to her inseparable.

She rose at six o'clock on the morning of September 4, and at seven heard mass in her private oratory for the last time. Then she received the ministers, and General Trochu, who was profuse in his protestations.

"Madame, I am a Catholic and a Breton, and I will die at your feet sooner than harm shall reach you!" A few hours later General Trochu was at the head of the provisional government at the Hôtel de Ville, and the Empress Eugénie was left to her fate. And yet the man was no traitor. He was a talker, saying more than he meant; full of good intentions, but also full of vanity; considering himself indispensable to the safety of the nation, and sincerely convinced that all, including his promised allegiance to the Empress, must be sacrificed to the general good.

Meanwhile the progress of events was fearfully rapid. Every half-hour brought more disastrous news. The Chamber of Deputies had been invaded by the mob; the downfall of the empire had been decreed; the republic had been proclaimed. The cries of the popular fury were heard in the very gardens of the Tuileries, and the enraged populace was coming nearer and nearer. The crowd reached the reserved garden in front of the palace, and tore down the emblematic imperial eagles. It was then a quarter past three in the afternoon.

The Austrian and Italian ambassadors now entreated the Empress to leave the palace, but she warmly rejected the proposal. The daughter of a noble race, with the heroic blood of the Germans flowing in her veins, she could not but consider flight as an act of cowardice. She was a sentinel left to defend a post, and she would die there. The roar of the mob became louder and louder; the cries of "Vive la République!" were distinctly heard.

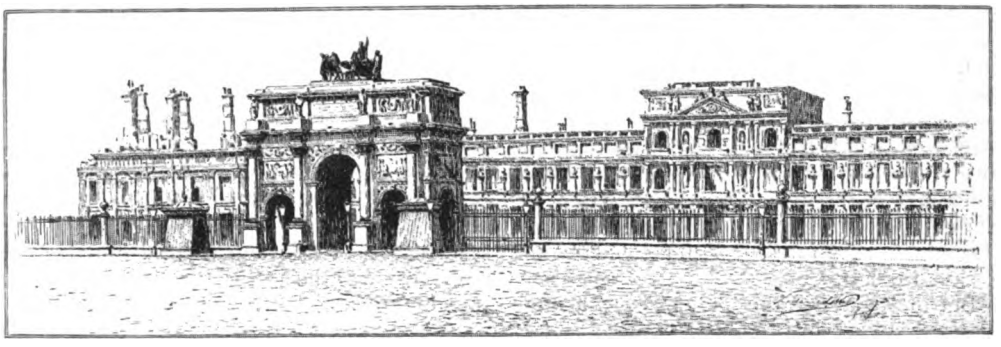
"Madame," then said her faithful secretary Pietri, "by remaining here you will cause a general massacre of your attendants." She seemed struck by this, and, turning to General Mellinet, she said, "Can you defend the palace without bloodshed?" "Madame, I fear not." "Then all is over," said the Empress. She turned to those present. "Gentlemen, can you bear witness that I have done my duty to the last?" They hastily answered, "Yes," again urging her to leave.

All her usual attendants of the service d'honneur were assembled in the rose-colored room, a fairy bower, ill-suited as a frame for such a tragic picture, and which she was never to see again. She bade farewell to all. Strange to say — and the inexplicable fact has never been denied nor excused — not one of those present offered to follow her; not one asked her where she was seeking a refuge. Let us hasten to add that her ever-faithful friend and follower, the Duc de Bassano, was not there; he was at the senate-house, vainly trying to stem the flood. But there were others who could have filled his place. All were bewildered and absorbed by selfish fears. One lady, who filled a secondary

Digitized by Google

though confidential post in the household, Madame Lebreton, sister to General Bourbaki, followed her unhappy mistress into exile. With one faithful attendant, Pietri, and the two ambassadors, the Empress threaded the galleries communicating with the Louvre, while the mob broke into the Tuileries on the other side. There was a door of communication which was found locked, and for one brief moment anxiety was intense; but the key was was shown on this occasion by Dr. and Mrs. Evans. Nothing that could be done for her comfort was neglected, and Dr. Evans never left his imperial guest till he had safely landed her on the English shore. Here, at least, there was neither ingratitude nor selfish fear, and the conduct of Dr. Evans on this memorable occasion will be remembered as a title of honor to his name and his country.

The last days of the Tuileries were at hand.



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

RUINS OF THE TUILERIES, FROM THE PLACE DU CARROUSEL.

happily found, and, crossing the splendid Gallery of Apollo in the Louvre, the fugitives found their way into the *place* opposite the church of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois.

Two columns of insurgents were coming in different directions; the danger was great, and the Austrian ambassador, Prince Metternich, went in haste to seek his carriage. Meanwhile a street boy called out, "There is the Empress!" Much alarmed, the Italian ambassador, Chevalier Nigra, hastily thrust the Empress and Madame Lebreton into a hackney-carriage, and turned to silence the boy. The driver, frightened at the approach of the mob, drove off in violent haste, and the two ambassadors immediately lost sight of the vehicle.

The Empress had no money about her, and when, on reaching a quieter region, the driver asked her where he was to take her, she knew not whither to go. Several calls were made at the houses of friends; none were at home, and the Empress, utterly exhausted, and not knowing where to find a refuge, suddenly remembered that Dr. Evans, the American dentist, lived near, and to him she went. Dr. Evans was about to go to dinner, and at first refused to see the unknown lady who came at such an unpropitious time; but as she insisted upon speaking to him, he came out, and was struck with astonishment on finding himself in the presence of the fugitive Empress. To his honor be it said that never in the days of imperial prosperity could she have met with more respect or more devoted zeal in her service than

The sovereign people, proud of entering the palace of kings, went there for dreary fêtes during the siege and the commune, while the Marseillaise was recited by the tragic actress Mlle. Agar, and a virago sang a street song glorifying "*La canaille*"—"C'est la canaille! Eh bien, j'en suis!" a proposition which none felt inclined to deny.

But the Tuileries was soon to perish in a catastrophe recalling memories of Nineveh and Babylon. Bergeret, the communist leader, had declared that the Tuileries would be in ashes before he left it, and he kept his word. On May 21, 1871, the Versailles troops entered Paris, and on the 23d, Bergeret, in a war-council, decreed the destruction of the palace. In this dreadful task he was assisted by a butcher named Bénot. During the afternoon of that fatal day, omnibuses and carts loaded with gunpowder and petroleum repeatedly crossed the court of the Louvre and the Place du Carrousel, while their contents were thrown into the central pavilion of the Tuileries, called "Pavillon de l'Horloge." Bénot collected petroleum in buckets, with candles and brushes, and led his associates through the splendid galleries, where they dashed petroleum over the hangings, the floors, doors, and walls. Here and there they placed jars of petroleum, a barrel of gunpowder on the ground floor, and a heap of combustible matter in the magnificent Salle des Maréchaux. All was connected by trains of gunpowder.

When all was ready, with the delight of a

Digitized by Google

madman, Bénot set fire to the building. At a few minutes to nine the great clock stopped, under the influence of the fire. At ten o'clock the conflagration was raging in all its fury, while Bergeret and his so-called "officers" went quietly to dinner at the Louvre barracks, and then came out on the terrace to enjoy the sight of their fiendish work.

It was an awful but magnificent spectacle. At eleven o'clock, there was a terrific explosion, and the central cupola, the chef-d'œuvre of Philibert Delorme, fell in. At four o'clock in the morning the Communists, wishing to complete their work of destruction, set fire to the priceless library of the Louvre, despite the earnest entreaties of the keepers, who shed tears as they saw treasures which were impossible to replace utterly destroyed. The whole building was threatened with destruction, including the picture-galleries and the museums. Happily, MacMahon's troops arrived in time to save the latter.

But the palace of the Tuileries was a mere wreck, though beautiful still. The graceful outlines yet remained; the stones were not blackened, but reddened, by the flames, and seemed to bear a strange, lurid glow. The fire had done its work with strange caprice; here and there amid the crumbling ruins a wooden shutter or a piece of drapery had escaped. The hand of the clock-dial still pointed to the fatal hour. Fragments of the green velvet curtains, embroidered with golden bees, the imperial emblem, could still be seen in the Salle des Maréchaux, and also the crimson hangings of the canopy belonging to the Empress's bed. Nothing but the mere front remained, however, in any shapely form, and the internal destruction could easily be discerned from the exterior. Still, this sad memento of civil war and savage passions was worthy of preservation; it was beautiful, with the sad beauty of the ruins of Heidelberg. The halo of its glorious past seemed still to surround it; but greater than its beauty was the lesson that it conveyed of the consequences of revolutionary anarchy.

Anna L. Bicknell.

THE GREAT SYMPATHETIC STRIKE.

FOR two weeks John Skelly had been without work. Every morning at daybreak he left the tenement-house in which he lived, and walked about the city looking for employment. At first he had tried the stone-yards, for he was a granite-cutter by trade. Failing in this, he had wandered along the streets facing on the North and East rivers, hoping to find a position on the wharves or in the shipping-houses. He had struck into the heart of the great city, and had applied to the contractors of the new buildings. In several instances he had been referred to the foremen of the granite-cutters, but in each case they refused to employ him on the ground that he was a non-union man.

As a matter of fact, business was at a very low ebb throughout the whole city. New York was full of men who had been idle all summer — men who had lived in the city all their lives, who had friends, and who knew where work was to be found, if, indeed, it was to be found at all. Skelly was a stranger; he had no friends and little money — nothing but a crumpled letter from his last employer in Maine, and a family in a Harlem flat.

Every evening he climbed up the narrow, dirty stairs of the tenement-house, and greeted his wife with a face that told of his ill-success better than any words could have done. In return, his wife, who had never wished to leave the little town in Maine where she had married and always lived, never spoke of their trouble, and her silence hurt Skelly much more than if she had abused him. He saw her face becoming more colorless, and the heavy rings under her eyes growing darker every day. The little boys were doing well enough, but his girl was ill, and needed medicine and good food. She had always been delicate, and the stifling air of the tenement had broken her down, and now she lay all day in her bed, except for a few hours every fair day, when she was carried out on the landing of the iron fire-escape. It was a poor substitute for the fresh air and the green fields of her country home. The rent was paid until the end of the month. There were two weeks to run, and Skelly had ten dollars in his pockets. He knew how helpless his position was, and he wished to send the child to the hospital; but the mother was hopeful, and would not have it that way. She believed that she could nurse it back to strength and health without money better than the doctors could with all their science. Skelly sat on the side of the girl's bed one night, and read her to sleep. As her eyes closed, he made a vow that at whatever cost he would find work, and at once. The next morning found him at the New At-

Digitized by Google

lantic Hotel, of which the walls had reached only the third story. In reply to the usual question from the foreman whether he was a union man, he answered in the affirmative, and was promptly engaged. If not a member himself, he had worked side by side with too many who were, not to be able to keep up the deception.

For the first time in many days the Skellys had all they wanted to eat that night, and the father believed that at last he had been justified in coming to New York. Of his deception to the foreman of the granite-cutters he said nothing to his wife. She had had trouble enough already.

For a week there was a marked improvement in the life of the family in the top flat. There was enough to eat; there was a change in the little girl for the better. Skelly was happy in the fact that he was once more able to support his family, and already imagined he saw brilliant prospects ahead when the fall came, and business brightened up a little.

The trouble came again just one week after he had been employed. Skelly was working over a piece of granite with a man whom he knew belonged to the union.

"Here comes Betts, one of the walking-delegates," said the union man.

Skelly looked up from his work, and saw the walking-delegate stopping and conversing with each of the workmen in turn. At last he came to Skelly himself.

"Are you a union man?" asked the walking-delegate.

"That 's my own business," said Skelly, and then he wished he had said something else. If the walking-delegate had objected to the remark at the time, Skelly would not have cared, but Betts only laughed at him curiously, and continued his rounds.

The next morning, when Skelly reported for work, he was told that the granite-cutters had been ordered out because one of them, who was not a union man, had insulted the walking-delegate. The latter had applied to the builder of the hotel to have the workman discharged, but the builder was of an independent nature, and had refused. Hence the strike.

Skelly returned to his home with a hatred for unions in general, and especially for the walking-delegate Betts, which he had never before borne for any living soul. To the union men it was bad enough, for they would be reduced to the half pay allowed them by the brotherhood; but he belonged to no brotherhood, and would probably starve. It was perhaps just as well for Betts that Skelly did not meet him on his way home that day. The granite-cutter believed that Betts was trying to exterminate the Skelly family, and it is quite probable that had they met, the consequences would have been serious.

Hoping that the strikers might give in, Skelly returned the next day to the hotel to see if he could resume work. The walls of the hotel were deserted. Not a man was to be seen on the scaffolding, and the only workmen visible were not working at all, but were talking and gesticulating wildly in the unfinished corridor. Skelly mixed with the crowd, and learned that the carpenters had been ordered out on a sympathetic strike. Wallace, the builder of the new hotel, in which he had invested all his earnings, sat at a table in an unfinished room, and received various committees and ultimatums from the local lodges of the brotherhoods of granite-cutters and carpenters. The wires in the immediate vicinity were kept busy transmitting despatches to the chiefs of the different brotherhoods who had men employed in the building of the hotel. The proprietor still refused to discharge the non-union man who had insulted the walking-delegate. It was quite impossible for the non-union man to cut and lay large pieces of granite weighing several tons each, all by himself; but the builder of the hotel insisted that when the union men returned to work, Skelly should return with them. The crowd of workmen in the corridor was augmented later in the day by the walking-delegates of the painters' and the gas-fitters' union. A hurried council was held in a hotel across the way, and half an hour later the walking-delegates returned to the hotel and said the painters and gas-fitters might work until the following morning, when the grand councils of the several brotherhoods would probably order a sympathetic strike. Some of the men who were painting the ceiling of the corridor grinned at the crowd below; others who had been on a strike before, and knew that the benefits supposed to accrue to striking members were usually on paper only, continued painting, and under their breath cursed the walking-delegates for meddling mischief-makers.

Skelly had so far succeeded in keeping on the outskirts of the crowd, and had escaped any bodily injury, although he had been badly hustled about the corridor by the strikers several times during the day. This did not affect him to any great extent, however, and he waited until the last workmen and strikers had left the hotel. Then he went to Wallace's office and asked for a few minutes' audience with the builder and proprietor. Mr. Wallace, with his feet on the desk, was chewing violently on a cigar, but in other respects appeared to Skelly, at least, quite calm.

"I am the man," said Skelly, frankly, "who has made this trouble, Mr. Wallace. I did it to save my family from hunger, and if—"

Mr. Wallace apparently took very little interest in Skelly's remarks as to his starving

Digitized by Google

family, and declined to hear just why Skelly had honored him with a call, when it was natural to suppose any one else would have been more welcome.

"What you want to do," said the builder, "is to go to my superintendent, and help him look up non-union men. I 'm going to start work to-morrow with men who control their own actions. You 'll find the superintendent at the hotel across the way."

All that evening and all the next morning Skelly looked for men to fill the places of the strikers. When he returned to the hotel at noon with about a dozen, he found the place deserted. It was as the walking-delegate had predicted — every man in the hotel had been ordered out on the sympathetic strike. As a result, Skelly found himself a master workman, having at least twenty men under him. None of them knew very much about cutting or laying stone, but there were enough of them to show the strikers the new position of Mr. Wallace. At the end of the day Skelly received his wages and returned to his home. On the way he stopped at a market, and that night the Skellys once more had enough to eat.

But the hopes which were raised in the breasts of the Skelly family were crushed on the following day. The supply of granite had given out, and none was expected from Maine for several days. The non-union men were tried at all sorts of work, but as none of them were either skilled carpenters, gas-fitters, or painters, they were asked at the end of the day not to return until the fresh supply of granite should arrive. Skelly, having nothing else to do, stopped in the almost deserted hotel the next day, and was told by the superintendent that the granite-cutters in the works from which the granite came had been called out, and that he had ordered the stone from another firm. This meant another delay of a week, and Skelly's funds consisted of a ten-dollar note and a few pieces of silver. His rent would soon be due, and he and his family would be thrown out into the street. Even after a week of enforced idleness and hopeless waiting the end of all his troubles was further off than ever. Wallace had been careful to make the new contract with a firm that employed non-union men, but the granite was shipped from the firm's yards by a private railroad connecting with one of the great trunk-lines to New York. The chief of the stone-cutters could not order out the men in the granite-yards, but after a conference with the grand master of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, the crews on the private railroad were ordered off, and the train was temporarily stopped. Men were taken from the stone-yards to fill their places, and the Grand Master of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association ordered out the switchmen. A day later the sympathetic strike spread to the conductors of the same road. Until this time the sympathetic strike had been confined to a hotel in New York and a small private railroad in Maine. The owners of the road called in non-union men to take the place of the strikers, and then the trainmen of the great road that connected with the small private road struck until the members of their brotherhood should be reinstated.

In a week the Brotherhood of Railroad Conductors, the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association, and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, had called out all their men from Portland, Maine, to New York city, and business between these two places was virtually suspended. The newspapers had given the original strike on the Atlantic Hotel little attention, and the name of Skelly had never appeared in print, and yet his answer to the question of the walking-delegate had caused one of the most serious strikes of the century. From a small misunderstanding between the proprietor of an unfinished hotel and the local lodges of workmen, it had spread into a great national calamity. It is probable that this, the original cause of the strike, had passed out of the minds of every one but Skelly. He knew the disaster he had brought upon his country, and yet he never gave this view of the question a thought. Day after day the little money he had dwindled away from him. Day after day he sat by the bed of his daughter, and saw her grow weaker and nearer the end. Work was now impossible. The streets were filled with men out of employment. Every night Skelly slipped into the bar-room on the lower floor of the tenement-house. From what he heard from the men who now thronged the saloon at all hours, and from an occasional paper, he learned of the progress of the strike from day to day. Railroads throughout the whole country were being tied up. Hundreds of cars of perishable freight were being wasted every day. Half the militia in the State had been called out to protect public life and property. So many men were on strike that there were not enough of the different brotherhoods left working to supply the benefits. The surplus funds were fast being exhausted, and the condition of the strikers was desperate. But from past experience they knew that violence would be fatal to their cause. They were sure that to a certain extent they held the good opinion of many citizens, and they knew they could not afford to lose it.

The most serious blow to the country at large was when the Brotherhood of Telegraphers was called out. This brought all railroad service virtually to an end, and paralyzed the commercial business throughout the country. From

Digitized by Google

the railroad telegraphers the strike spread to the telephone operators, and all means of communication from one point to another, except on horseback, was thus stopped. It was absurd for capitalists to employ the non-union men. For the first time the workmen showed what the possibilities of organized labor could accomplish, and they believed that their day had come. With the strike of the Brotherhood of Telegraphers the operators in the different newspaper- and cable-offices went out, and all foreign news was at an end. The business men of the different cities refused to continue their advertisements, as none had money to buy anything but the necessaries of life; and the newspapers were therefore compelled to fill their columns with the local news of the strike. Of course the papers sold better than ever before; but not a week after the telegraphers had gone out, the International Typographical Union ordered its men to join the sympathetic strike, and the papers ceased to exist. Supplies were cut off from the young men who formed the militia, so they became refractory, and in some instances joined the strikers, with whom they had always been more or less in sympathy.

The country soon was in the hands of the workmen, and the great sympathetic strike extended from Maine to Texas and from Florida to Alaska. The regular army was still standing, but the President did not wish to bring on another civil war, and from the general feeling he feared that, if called out, the regular army itself might side with the strikers. A special session of Congress was called, but as the members had to travel on horseback, and as they were usually gently but securely detained by the strikers, it was impossible to obtain a quorum. Property-owners and non-strikers generally throughout the country raised the cry against the President that his lack of action was to make sure of the next election. As a matter of fact, the President understood the power and backing of the strikers, and knew that a war between the militia and the regular army would mean the extermination of the greater part of the men of the United States. An occasional senator or congressman and several members of the Cabinet finally arrived at Washington, and held daily conferences with the President; but without the use of the wires and railroads the result of their deliberations had little effect on the country at large.

As the monetary center of the United States, the strikers flocked to New York, and all the great conferences of the different brotherhoods, as well as those of the capitalists, were held there. Perhaps the greatest suffering and inconvenience took place in the suburbs. The few well-to-do people who were in New York at the outbreak of the strike had at once moved to the country in an effort to secure their bodily safety. The summer hotels had been filled to overflowing. The negro waiters believed that the strike had been brought on by the Irish element, and, objecting to extra work precipitated by their "natural enemies," withdrew from the hotels, and the guests were compelled to do their own cooking and waiting. The hotel servants were followed by the domestics of the cottages, and English servants, maintaining a historical grudge against the United States, withdrew from their respective households. Mrs. Jones — who had been jealous all summer of Mrs. Brown, because Mr. Brown took a later train in and an earlier train out than Mr. Jones — was compelled to ask her enemy in to assist in running one common household. Of course there were no trains now, so both Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown had to eat a six-o'clock breakfast, and then had to ride over to the ferry-station, where they took row-boats to reach their respective offices. Conveyances and horses of all kinds were in the greatest demand. Even the man with a bicycle rose in public esteem. The strikers in number and sentiment gained strength every day. Monopolists and property-owners for their own security were constantly going over to the strikers. Every employer in the country was trying to come to terms with the workmen; but as the position of the strikers improved, their demands increased. The question of arbitration was now in the hands of the Government. Mail could be carried only by relays of horses, and the tidings from Washington were limited and unsatisfactory. Grave rumors as to the stand taken by officials high in the Government were current, and several senators and one member of the Cabinet had gone so far as to express sympathy for the working-men.

Every day Skelly looked out of his window and saw the mob in the streets increase in strength and violence. The police were in sympathy with the mob, and would do nothing. Shops were pillaged, and the great houses of many of the rich men of New York, who were spending the summer at their country homes, had been razed to the ground. In the later outrages Skelly had taken no part. Several times he had been one of a crowd to break into a bakery to steal bread for his wife and children, but that was all. His girl was growing worse each succeeding day, and the end could not be far off. Unless there was a radical change in affairs, he knew that she would die, and he would not have even the money to bury her. The rent was overdue, and the few dollars he had owned at the beginning of the strike had long since been spent for food, which could with difficulty be bought at any price.

Digitized by Google

And then there came a day when everything stopped. The whole country was tied up in a hard knot. Slowly the machinery of a great nation had been clogged, and the few workmen who would have again set it in motion were compelled to stand listlessly by. It was a hot day in midsummer — a day that deprived a mob of the strength to plunder and destroy, and a day that took many a weak child away from its mother, when the wheels of the ambulances were rusting in their stables. It was a day when United States currency had lost its value — a day without action, and yet one which will always stand out among the blackest days of history.

The latest messages from Washington told of a call for a cabinet meeting to which only two of the five members then at the capital had responded. The strikers felt that the end was near, and the universal lockout was approaching the end.

The night after this message reached New York, Skelly returned to his flat after an unsuccessful pillaging tour. He went to his little girl's room, and gently ran his hand through the long strands of yellow hair on the pillow. The end was a question of only a few days at best, and he knew it. He passed out of the bedroom to the kitchen, where his wife and boys sat listening to the low murmur of the passing mob on the street below. Skelly went to the window and looked down on the hungry, frenzied crowd. In the distance he saw a man riding furiously toward the mob. When the rider reached the edge of the crowd, he dismounted, ran up a flight of steps, and read a message from a paper he held in his hand. The exultant cry from a thousand dry, dust-parched throats had hardly reached the high windows of the tenement-house before Skelly was leaping down the stairs three steps at a time. A few minutes later he broke into the room where his wife sat.

"It 's all right, Mary!" he cried; "it 's all right! The worst is over. The President has joined the strike!"

Charles Belmont Davis.

OLD DUTCH MASTERS.

GERARD DOU (1613–1675).



It was the practice of the Dutch painters, in depicting candle-light effects, to arrange what they wished to represent in a room artificially illuminated, and, retiring to an adjoining room, in daylight, to view their subject through a small aperture cut in the door for that purpose, thus painting the candle-light from nature. Seen, however, in this way, the effect of candle-light would undoubtedly appear darker and redder from contrast with the daylight than otherwise. Nevertheless, Gerard Dou's candle-lights, though showing the influence of this method, are by no means as dark or as red as one might suppose from the foregoing. He evidently modified the ill effect of the sensation received from peering through the aperture, by the impression natural to one when in and surrounded by candle-light at night. His pictures of such effects, though darkened by time, are yet very delightful things to look at. Their effect of light is remarkable. I well remember, on seeing for the first time "The Night School" at the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam, how I put up my hand to shut out the light of the candles of the foreground, that I might the better discern the objects in the background, forgetting for the moment that they were not real, but painted, lights. There are five lights in this picture, the furthermost being only dimly perceived in the extreme distance, as though held by some one ascending a staircase. The picture measures twenty and one half inches high, by a trifle less than sixteen inches wide, which is a large-sized one for the artist, whose works are usually much smaller. It cost the museum 17,500 francs ($3500).

Dou was born, in 1613, at Leyden, the same town that has the honor of claiming Rembrandt as a citizen. He was Rembrandt's first pupil, and entered that master's studio in 1628. This was when he had attained the age of fifteen years, and had already studied drawing for six years under two other masters. Such was his rapid progress under Rembrandt that three years sufficed to make of him an independent artist. Distinct from his great master in his individuality, he followed the bent of his genius. He began by painting portraits, but his manner of procedure was too slow to suit the patience of his sitters, and he chose the path of genre painting — that of representing familiar scenes of every-day life. He had an instrument made in which a diminishing-glass was placed, which enabled him to see what he was copying on the same scale as the picture on which he was at work. He made his own brushes, ground his own colors, prepared his

Digitized by Google



THE NIGHT SCHOOL, BY GERARD DOU.

Digitized by Google

varnishes, panels, and canvas with his own hands. He was an enemy to dust, and took every precaution to prevent it from settling upon his brushes or canvas, and with a view to this end he chose a studio opening upon a ditch of water, which in Holland, the land of canals, was doubtless an easy matter to do. He resided principally at his native city, Leyden, where the novelty of his style soon gained him fame and wealth. He received high prices for his works, as all men seem to have fallen in love with them. It is recorded that when Charles II. returned to England, the States-General could think of no more precious gift to present to his Majesty than one of Dou's works, the price of which is said to have been 4000 florins. Such was the demand for his paintings that a wealthy connoisseur named Van Spiring gave him an annual donation of 1000 florins merely for the privilege of the first choice of the pictures that he completed at the close of every year, at the same time paying him the price of the picture he chose like any other purchaser. Such were the pains he bestowed on his subjects that he would spend as much as three days on so minor an accessory as a broomstick. It is said that he greatly impaired his eyesight by the minute finish of his painting, and was consequently obliged to wear spectacles when only thirty years old. Indeed, the perfection of finish and beauty of workmanship displayed in all his pictures is such that it is a pleasure and an advantage to use a magnifying-glass in the examination of them, for then one can mark the breathless touch and exquisite delicacy of handling.

I certainly cannot agree with Sir Joshua Reynolds in saying of his paintings that "one looks at them with admiration on the lips, but indifference in the heart." To have before our minds continually the stupendous creations of Michelangelo, Titian, Rembrandt, etc., is to debar ourselves of much of the delight which comes from contemplating the works of humbler, though not less faithful, artists. In Dou we see an innocent simplicity that imitates what is, yet makes what is imitated charming. He bathes his forms in a refined and subtle mellowness of light and shade that gives a warmth of sentiment to his creations. Then, too, one feels in his tenderness for the true, and his cordiality for the real, a certain loftiness and goodness of soul that place him far above the rank of the mere "near-sighted copyist." His charming interior, "The Young Housewife," at The Hague is a poem, and must touch the heart and live in the memory of all who have seen it, and realized its pure and homely sentiment. His famous "Dropsical Woman" of the Louvre is not so well preserved, though a marvelously fine thing. Dou is said to have been an incessant worker, beginning at the age of fifteen, and ending only with death in 1675, at the age of sixty-two. There are only two hundred of his pictures known in the various public and private galleries of Europe, thus making an average of four or five paintings for each year of his life; yet, considering their microscopic execution, it is remarkable that he should have finished so many. He was buried at Leyden, in Saint Peter's Church, four years before his famous contemporary Jan Steen, who rests in the same place. Of his pupils, Metsu and Mieris are of high renown in Dutch art.

T. Cole.

THE FORTUNATE ONE.

BESIDE her ashen hearth she sate her down,
Whence he she loved had fled;
His children plucking at her somber gown,
And calling for the dead.

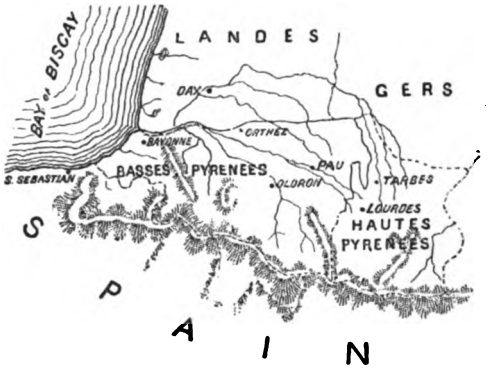
One came to her clad in the robes of May,
And said sweet words of cheer,
Bidding her bear her burden in God's way,
And feel her loved one near.

And she who spake thus would have given, thrice blest,
Long lives of happy years
To clasp his children to a mother's breast,
And weep his widow's tears.

Harriet Monroe.

Digitized by Google

A PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES.



MAP OF LOURDES AND VICINITY.

AS we jogged slowly down the Pau Valley in a pilgrim-train on our way to Lourdes, I could not help thinking how much better the English Pilgrims of whom Chaucer writes had it than we poor palmers of the end of the nineteenth century. They cantered down to the great Saxon shrine in the plain, bestriding well-fed palfreys and sleek, ambling mules; but the Midi railway of France to-day takes the pilgrim to Lourdes only at a rough dog-trot. The Basques with whom I have come from across the Bidassoa added to the misery of my situation by consuming huge slices of cold codfish, a fish which the Norsemen bring in quantities across the Bay of Biscay. It was impossible not to partake in a measure of their repast so long as one breathed, so I opened the door, and, walking along the platform, took refuge in another carriage. The only occupants I noticed were a woman in widow's weeds, and a bright-eyed little girl, who, as I entered, was saying:

"And, *petite mère*, how did Lourdes become such a holy place?"

"A great many years ago," began the mother, "a good little girl was gathering fagots on the banks of the river at Lourdes. Not finding any wood, and remembering that at home her people were freezing for want of a fire, she entered a dark cave on the river-bank because she thought to find wood in it—"

"And instead she found a band of robbers, I am sure," interrupted the little girl, triumphantly.

"Not at all; but inside she saw a beautiful vision. She knew at once it must be that of an angel, and very properly fell down on her knees. And the beautiful vision said, 'Bernadette,'—for Bernadette was the little girl's name,—'I want you to come here every day for fifteen days. I have much to say to you.' So Bernadette went there every day."

"But, *petite mère*, how did she get out of school, *petite mère?*"

"Bernadette obeyed the command of the vision," continued *petite mère*, evasively, "and went there every morning, carrying her beads, and praying before the beautiful lady, who smiled so sweetly that she knew she must be an angel. One day the vision said, 'Bernadette, I am the Immaculate Conception. I want you to go and tell the curé of Lourdes that I wish him to build me a great temple on these rocks.' But the curé said to the little girl when she came, 'Bernadette, go home and count your beads, and learn your catechism, and do not bother about these things.'"

"What a horrid curé!"

"But Bernadette went back to the grotto, and prayed there every day in the smile of the heavenly vision until the people wondered, and many came out to the grotto with her; but they, not having her simple faith, saw nothing. Yet they did not scoff at the child, so earnest and convincing was she in what she said.

"And at last, one day, the Virgin (for it was Our Lady of Lourdes who had chosen this innocent little girl to be the agent of her divine will on earth) said, 'Bernadette, in the world to come I will make thee eternally happy.' Then she added, 'My child, drink of the well at my feet, and wash.'

"Bernadette hesitated a moment, bewildered, for the ground at her feet was dry; none the less did she obey Our Lady, and, stooping down, made passes with her hands as though to wash them in water, and, lo! as she did so, out of the heart of the rock and through the dry sand there sprang a tiny stream of ice-cold water. When Bernadette, blessed among children, looked up, Our Lady of Lourdes smiled approvingly, and said, 'I wish that there may come many people, pilgrims from all over the world, to drink and wash in these waters.' Then Our Lady disappeared.

"And Bernadette again went home, and told her story, and many laughed; but some went back to the grotto with her, and when they saw how true were the things she said, they

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.

BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS.

Digitized by Google

fell down on their knees and gave thanks. Then they brought the sick and the bedridden, and many who bathed in the waters were instantly cured. When the prefect heard this story he was very angry, and said that Bernadette was crazy, and placed her in a madhouse; but when the good curé of Lourdes heard the story of what had happened, and saw the wonders that were wrought every day in the grotto by the waters of the miraculous fountain, he wrote to Napoleon III., who was then at Biarritz, and told him the true story; and the good emperor ordered that Bernadette be set at liberty. And the prefect was punished, and since then millions and millions of sufferers from all over the world have come and drunk the waters, and sent up their petitions and prayers at the shrine which would never have been built had it not been for the simple faith of a little girl who was good.

"And when she was set at liberty, the good archbishop came down from Tarbes, and formed a commission of all the wise and good men of the country, and, after deliberating many months, they said that the vision could have been no other than Our Blessed Lady, for who else could have worked such wonders and miracles? Then the archbishop ordered that the church should be built, and the Holy Father in Rome sent his blessing upon the work, and the pious gave money, and soon the church was built; then they sent an exact image of the grotto to the Holy Father in Rome, and he sent his apostolic blessing to the shrine, and every day he prays in the grotto, and drinks of the blessed waters which the curé of Lourdes never fails to send him once a week."

As the mother concluded her simple story, the last intervening hill that had obstructed the view was passed, and in the twilight the holy places of Lourdes rose dimly before us, and above them all—the glorious crown—was the great church perched high up above the town upon a mass of rugged rocks. Right and left, as far as the eye could see, there rose the outlines of many convents, schools, and hospitals, which, though of solid masonry, had been built with remarkable rapidity about the grotto.

It was several hours after dark on the eve of Our Lady's day when I finally succeeded in extricating myself and my baggage from the seething sea of humanity that twenty pilgrim-trains had poured into the station with scant ceremony. As I stepped out of the station a quick-eyed porter, who saw the foreign labels on my bag, and in consequence chose to regard me as a "prize," fiercely grabbed it.

Guided by him, I took my way to the Hôtel de la Solitude, which I pictured to myself as a quiet family hotel with a garden, a fountain, and a tree or two — an oasis in a wilderness of dirty streets and commonplace houses. I will pass over the stages of my disillusion in the Hôtel de la Solitude, where I was sternly informed that I could not dine until the following afternoon. There were pilgrims sleeping in piles in the offices and corridors, and even the stairs were barricaded with human barriers. After many wanderings through the passageways, my conductor led me to a room already occupied by five weary Walloon pilgrims. I am not actuated by anything so petty as race prejudice, and I have no other purpose than the reader's well-being and comfort, when I beg him to remember when he goes to Lourdes that for dormitory purposes each Walloon should be counted twice. So that night we slept eleven — the five Walloon pilgrims and I — in a room ten by ten.

For once the morning could not come too soon for me, and the sun was just rising as I emerged from a labyrinth of dirty streets and squalid alleys, and, entering upon an avenue of poplars, reached the holy places. The mist of the morning lifted, and the Church of the Basilica rose to a towering height in the clouds above and before me. It is built upon rocks which rise to a height of a hundred feet on the banks of the Gave de Pau. One look at it is enough to show that the same mystic influences that have fired a spark of the old medieval crusading spirit in our very modern breasts, as shown by the pilgrimage to Lourdes, have not at the same time revived the lost art of building cathedrals.

We ascended to the entrance of the Basilica by gently rising causeways of solid granite masonry. I found, to my surprise, that though the town was yet sleeping, the church was alive with early worshipers. These were for the most part representatives of that very large class of pilgrims who come to Lourdes with little or no money, not knowing well where they are to lay their heads when night comes on. In consequence, they have to lay them very often in hard, unpleasant places, such as the stone steps of the church and the wooden benches that line the banks of the river. Above the main entrance to the Basilica, let into the white stone of the façade, is a large enamel portrait of Pope Pius IX., who proclaimed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception many years before the story of the heavenly vision was published to the world. It would perhaps be well to say here that though the present Pope has sent his papal benediction to the shrine, and though very many cardinals visit it yearly, there are many princes of the Church who warmly dispute the authenticity of the vision and the conversations and occurrences which Bernadette reported. As a general thing, the pilgrimages to Lourdes are encouraged, but the

Digitized by Google

acceptance of implicit belief in the apparition and in the miraculous origin of the fountain is not enforced as an article of faith.

As I entered the church, I heard a strange noise like the flapping of the wings of many great birds, and, looking up, saw suspended from the ceiling hundreds and hundreds of many-colored banners waving in the breeze that blew through the church. As with never-resting motion they waved with a weird sound over my head, with their many colors and crossings of arms, they gave the church a splendid and barbaric appearance which I had never seen equaled. The altar-boys were hurrying about the high altar with many genuflections, lighting the candles and preparing for early mass. By the side of the altar burns a lamp which is never extinguished. Like the vestal fires, it is as jealously guarded as though upon its steady yet feeble flame depended the destiny of the Church throughout the world. It is called the "Lamp of Ireland," because its anonymous donor was a native of the "ever-faithful isle"; and there it will burn as long as the church stands, near the sacred shrine by the holy places in the far-away valley of the Pyrenees.

But far stranger and more distinctive signs and symbols are those which we see laid down by repentant sinners at the feet of the image of the Virgin, so that all men may see that there have lived strong men who put away those things that seemed hurtful to their spiritual life and growth. There is a grand cordon of the Legion of Honor, and a battered bronze medal, the Victoria Cross, for which so many thousand of England's sons have died; and there are swords that are now sheathed and left to rust in this court of peace. What most interested me was a strangely shaped miniature in a jeweled case, closed forever to the world — the face of some darling sin or worldly desire.

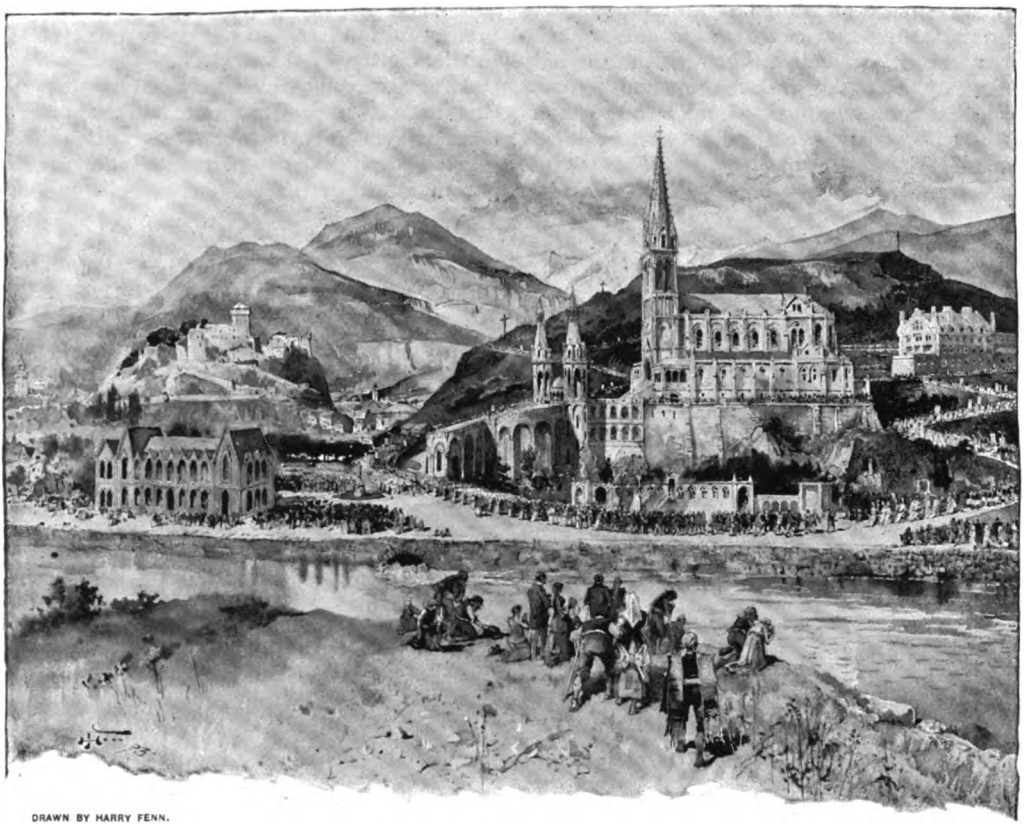
I turned away from this shrine and depository of relics and the emblems of sacrifice with a burning blush on my face. I felt as though I had been eavesdropping, and holding up to the careless scrutiny of the world the secrets of dead men.

I walked away from the altar, and surveyed the banners of Christendom that form a canopy above it. There are magnificent silken banners, woven and embroidered in every country and every clime by the daughters of the Church. I gave a little start of pleasure and recognition as I saw among them the familiar Stars and Stripes. But the universality of the cult of Our Lady of Lourdes is best shown by the many hundreds of tablets, inscribed in various languages, which line the walls of the church as far up the sides as the eye can decipher. They are thank-offerings from grateful sinners, and are, as they should be, written large and in letters of gold.

Doubtless I left the Basilica with many of its wonders unexplored. Once again out on the square, I was attracted by a great door which seemed to lead into a crypt under the Basilica. To my surprise, however, on pushing open the heavy postern in the great gate I found myself in another church, and one, indeed, that seemed to be even larger than the temple above. It is called the "Church of the Rosary," and at an expense of many millions of francs has been blasted out of the solid rock upon which the Basilica is built. It is the strangest, most uncommon-looking church that I have ever entered. Indeed, running counter as it does to the ecclesiastic traditions of the Church as preserved in stone and mortar in every land, one is inclined for a moment to doubt its orthodoxy. To begin with, the Church of the Rosary is as round as an orange, and has no windows, light and air being admitted through the cupola, which opens out upon a little inclosure in front of the Basilica, which is carefully railed off to prevent pilgrims from falling into the church below. A certain apprehension creeps over one as, on looking about, one sees that not a single pillar supports the massive roof and arch — an apprehension which is dissipated when one remembers that the church is hewn out of solid rock.

Emerging again on the square before the aërial temple of the Basilica and the subterranean Church of the Rosary, and passing to the left of a gigantic statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, I turned down the narrow road by the river to the left of the churches. I could hardly restrain my eagerness to hasten my first glimpse of the grotto which I was fast approaching. The roadway grew narrower and narrower as the frowning rocks approached the river-bank. Suddenly, on the moment when it seemed as if a continuance of the path would bring us into the river, the high rocks which had been so threatening receded, and the path debouched into an open space between the river and the rocks, well shaded, and large enough to contain many thousands. Yawning before us was the famous grotto. It is a deep, dark, natural cave about one hundred and fifty feet directly under the main altar of the Basilica. Thirty-five years ago, the story runs, the little barefooted peasant child crept trembling into the dreary cave in search of fagots to warm her cheerless home; last year over three hundred thousand people of many countries and climes followed in her footsteps. The roof and the sides of the cave are incrusted with the soot of the many candles which night and day burn before the little improvised altar just inside the grotto. As I drew closer, I saw suspended about the entrance to

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

LOURDES DURING A PILGRIMAGE.—THE GROTTO IS SEEN BELOW THE APSE OF THE CHURCH.

the cave, and standing about it, hundreds and hundreds of crutches, surgical bandages, and artificial supports, left by those cripples who have bathed in the waters, and have arisen and walked!

As my eyes again turned to the grotto that yawned before me, I caught sight of still another grotto, and for a moment I was startled, for there seemed to be produced before me the scene of the apparition: a little peasant girl, shoeless and hatless, was kneeling before the grotto counting her beads, and in a simple childish treble was reciting the chaplet of her faith. As I followed her steadfast gaze, which was not directed into the darkness of the grotto, but up the sheer perpendicular of the cliff, I perceived, hidden from the casual glance and plain only to those who seek it, the image of Our Lady as she appeared to Bernadette. About her head are the words she spoke to the simple peasant child, and upon which the cult of Our Lady of Lourdes is founded: "I am the Immaculate Conception."

The water that sprang so suddenly out of the rock no longer trickles down the mossy bank, for the great rush of pilgrims and the absolute impossibility of restraining their impatience and putting a curb upon their rapture, which led them into such indiscretions as throwing themselves headlong into the waters, years ago rendered primitive arrangements impossible. The waters from the grotto are now received in a reservoir covered with steel plate, and only through perforated holes in the covering can the pilgrims see them. From this reservoir the water is carried in pipes some thirty yards to the left, where a score of spigots are running night and day. Here the pilgrims drink, and lave their travel-stained foreheads. Through other conduits, and perhaps from the overflow of the spigots and the laving operations, the water is carried to the baths, which are situated twenty yards farther to the left.

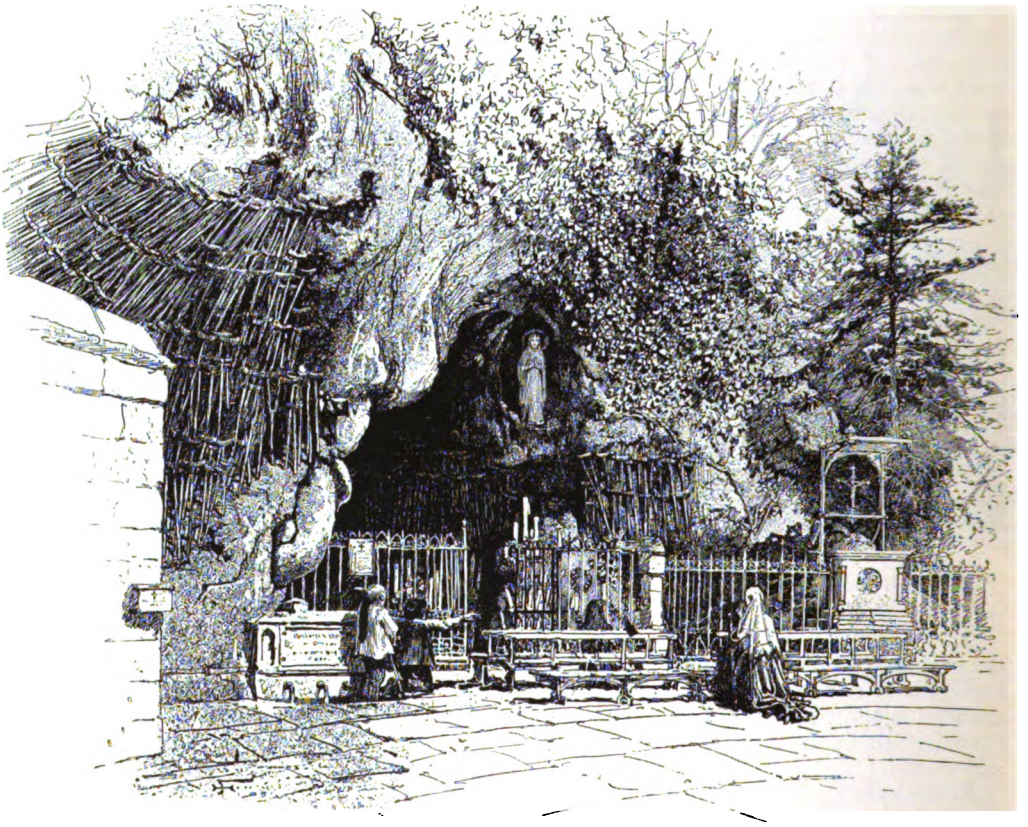
As I watched, the rural postman came walking down the road to the grotto, staggering under the weight of two heavy mail-bags. In front of the altar a young priest met him with a great basket, into which the postman emptied the mail that had that day come addressed to Our Lady of Lourdes. There could not have been fewer than five hundred letters, in many strange handwritings and bearing many a distant postmark. The letters contain petitions and prayers from

Digitized by Google

those who are prevented from making the pilgrimage, and thank-offerings from those who have been benefited by their visit to the holy places. The letters are never opened, yet they will tell you at Lourdes — and I daresay elsewhere; for why else should so many letters come? — that many of these unread prayers are granted.

with their becoming head-dress. Of course there were the rich and the poor, who are not provincial, but of the world.

Most interesting of all the strange types that passed before me were three heavily bearded Franciscan missionaries, who marched slowly up and down in their sandals and rough horsehair gowns. They had come, I heard,



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE GROTTO OF LOURDES.

It was nearly eight o'clock, and thousands and thousands of pilgrims thronged the roads to the holy places. They came in great bands, marshaled under their several banners. Some came singing the Miserere, some the Te Deum, and there were silent and pensive stragglers who were preparing the petition they were about to offer to Our Lady of the Grotto. One saw strange or unusual costumes, and heard uncouth tongues on every side, the Basque and the Pyrenean patois predominating. There were thousands of Spaniards from Aragon who had walked from Jaca, the railway terminus, through the passes of the Pyrenees to the shrine. There were Belgians, Rhinelanders, and Burgundians, and flat-faced men and women from Brittany, the latter strongly resembling Sioux squaws; and also Arlésiennes,

from a distant mission-station in the interior of China to erect a memorial tablet in the Basilica, which, some months before, while their mission was besieged by the insurgent Chinese, they had vowed to offer to Our Lady of the Grotto should they be spared. On the paths along the hillside beyond the grotto were scores of priests who walked up and down singly, reciting their offices for the day. Some of them had voluntarily entered upon a retreat in the monasteries of Lourdes to strengthen the fiber of their faith by the sight of the holy places and the inspiring scenes enacted before them, and some there were among them whose retreat was an ecclesiastical punishment.

The thousands who were now assembled before the grotto sent up one cry: "Our Lady

Digitized by Google

of Lourdes, cure us! Our Lady of Lourdes, shrive us clean!" I heard it in French, Spanish, English, German, Flemish, Italian, Basque, and patois. During these early morning hours half a dozen masses had been said in the Basilica and the Church of the Rosary, and thousands of pilgrims had partaken of the blessed sacrament. By the grotto the services were of a simpler character. Here, hour after hour, the same prescribed prayers are said, the same canticles in praise of Our Lady are sung.

At two o'clock the great square in front of the churches, the open space in front of the grotto, and all the roads and places commanding a view of the holy places, were black with dense masses of humanity. Suddenly the main door of the Church of the Rosary was thrown wide open, and an imposing procession appeared, and passed across the square, where every head was uncovered and every knee was bent. The altar-boys, with swinging censors, and the acolytes preceded; then, borne under a silken canopy by the Cardinal Archbishop of Rodez, appeared the blessed sacrament. The Host was carried down to the grotto, and the Swiss of the Basilica, the priests of the grotto, and the pilgrim curés, rushed wildly about, forming the procession which was to pass in review before the holy places. Though the pilgrims seemed to fall naturally into parishes and associations, there was much confusion before the start was finally arranged; for it is no easy task to get twenty thousand men, women, and children in line, especially if there are also weighty questions of precedence to be solved.

Shortly after two, however, the first brigade of the pilgrims started away from the grotto, and in two long single columns marched slowly along the bank of the river. Each parish and band of pilgrims marched under the banner of some particular saint,—their patron,—and also under a banner with the image of Our Lady of Lourdes. The banners are generally carried by young girls chosen for their maidenly beauty. Decked out with wild flowers, and attired in their white communion robes, they present an altogether charming picture. Several of the banners were carried by tottering old men, who clung to the honor of carrying the sacred emblem though, as was the case in several instances, they had to be supported on each side by stalwart sons or able-bodied friends. Each division was under the command of its particular curés. The curés were surrounded by a flock of choristers and a chosen cohort of parishioners, who, having practised the canticles for months, were charged with the special duty of keeping the great majority of unmusical but fervent pilgrims on speaking terms with the tune. The canticles sung have been written expressly for the functions at Lourdes by well-known writers of church music, and the words are a rythmic recital of Bernadette's story. The grand chorus and refrain, in which many thousand voices blended, was most impressive.

To-day the pilgrims were so numerous that two parallel columns were formed to make the circuit of the holy places. As the columns returned to the square in front of the church, they diverged, one bearing to the right, the other to the left, and performed the circuit of the great square. They continued these circuits, smaller and smaller as they proceeded, until the columns of twenty thousand pilgrims were wound up in serpentine coils like twine around a spool, moving to the music of the simple canticle, which the blending of the many voices clothed with indescribable majesty.

In the long line of sufferers drawn up in the open square there were over a hundred litters and ambulances. It was a panorama of our heritage of woe. With pale, haggard faces the suppliants recited the act of contrition, and told and retold their beads, while those who were able now and then raised their yellow faces from pillows of pain, and riveted their gaze on the great image of the Virgin. While the end of the interminable column was yet a great way off there came in view something shining, glistening. Under a silken canopy of richly embroidered satin the venerable cardinal-archbishop was bringing from the secluded recesses of the sanctuary the consecrated Host. Little wonder, then, as the procession advanced and neared the Healer of the incurable — little wonder that there were blanched faces in the litters, and on some a look of abject terror. As there arose in thought the shadows of long-forgotten sins, some among the many wept hysterically, and recited in feverish haste the unsaid prayers.

My acute sympathy for several of the sufferers in the long sad line was so great that I had really little power of feeling left for the masses. So, as the Host approached, and as the crucial moment drew near when the miracles at Lourdes are generally reported to take place, I could not refrain from running down the line and having one last look at my favorites. First came one of those tremendously powerful hucksters that one sees in Paris in long blouses and great broad-brimmed felt hats. They dissipate any foolish impressions one may have gathered from Captain Marryat and Peter Simple that all Frenchmen must be physically weak. Though of almost gigantic proportions, and still of ruddy complexion, this man could not move a finger or lift his head. The doctors said it was a rheumatic affection,

Digitized by Google

but had been able in no way to relieve him. Seated near him was a young lady of pale, drawn features, severely gowned as though for a classical matinée at the Française. She was apparently endeavoring to ignore the strangeness of the situation, and every now and then would elevate her lorgnette and concentrate her attention upon vacancy and space; again she would break down completely, and sob.

I took up my post behind the litter of a little blue-eyed girl with golden ringlets and such an airy smile that one expected her every minute to extend her wings and to fly away. But she never would. An affection of the spine pinned the gay butterfly to her litter.

Now, over and above the great din of many voices, was heard the clank of the massive gold chains which the score of gorgeous altar-boys who preceded the Host swung incessantly to and fro, and the masks fell away, and all artificiality vanished, and there were presented to me scenes that Dante might have described or Da Vinci painted. At the clanking sound of the great gold chains, on the faces of the waiting sufferers one saw pictured the secrets of their innermost hearts and the magnified shadows of their long-suppressed fears. Only the little blue-eyed girl, the bright butterfly who would never spread her wings again, smiled as the majestic procession approached, and, placing her forefinger upon her lip, endeavored to hush the idiot boy who sat in the litter beside her.

The altar-boys passed, and clouds of incense obscured the view, and filled the atmosphere with a strange, sweet perfume. Before the gorgeous canopy marched the priest of the grotto. "Hosanna to the Son of David!" he cried, and the multitude fell in the dust.

Nearer and nearer the herald drew, and sharper and yet more insistent were the tones of his commanding prayer; a tremor, almost a shudder, ran through the column of the afflicted, so true is it that hope is akin to fear. The lips of thousands were moving in prayer, and in the great square where thousands were assembled one could have heard a pin drop.

The priest who led walked as one in a trance; his face wore an expression of ecstatic rapture, and was turned heavenward. Suddenly we were blinded by a glare of light, and saw no more; we could hear only the strident, imperative tones of the priests and the clanking sound of the massive gold chains. For a moment we were dazzled by the reflected rays from the holy vessel; but then, as the blinding light was projected beyond our station, with eyes that still blinked we looked up, and caught a glimpse of the ostensorium, the sacred vessel of gold, silver, and precious stones in which the Host was displayed.

The gorgeous canopy borne by the acolytes was now abreast of the line of cripples. The archbishop elevated the Host, moving it now up and down, now to the right and to the left, describing the sacred symbol.

"Hosanna to the Son of David!" cried the priest, and the cripples who had not been able to move stretched out feebly their arms toward the sacred vessel, and uttered the yearning cry, "Our Lady of Lourdes, cure us if it be thy will and his!"

Slowly the clanking sound of the golden chains grew softer, as the canopy moved farther and farther down the line, and the brilliant light of the sacred vessel grew fainter, until at last it disappeared suddenly, as the sun dips at evening into the sea.

The nervous tension had been almost too much for creatures of flesh and blood, and the cripples and the bedridden lay exhausted, pallid, and still. Behind the long row of litters still knelt and prayed those who loved and cherished their unfortunates, those whose suffering is often greater than the actual pain of the afflicted.

Twice the mother of the little blue-eyed girl half arose from her position of meek and humble prayer, and twice she fell back upon her knees again. She longed, she feared, to look around the concealing canopy to see what change the passing of the Host had wrought. At last she drew herself forward, leaning heavily upon the litter, and after another moment of hesitation and acute suffering gazed down tenderly upon the mass of golden curls that concealed the beloved face.

"And, Angèle, how do you feel?"

"Better, much better."

"And, my angel, do you feel as if—"

"No, mama dear; I do not feel as if—I cannot walk; I cannot move; I have tried, but—was n't Jean"—Jean was the idiot boy—"good not to laugh once while the Host was passing? You must give Jean a bonbon out of my box." The mother gave the bonbon, while hot tears rolled down her withered cheeks. The father of the idiot child grasped her suddenly, almost convulsively, by the hand, and whispered: "My sister, many are called, but few are chosen. It is his will."

This sad recognition of the limitations of our destiny still rang in my ears, when I saw a great commotion among the litters and litter-bearers at the other end of the line, and my heart almost ceased to beat as I saw standing half upright in the midst of the crowd the huckster who for the last three days had lain like a slaughtered ox. After the passing of the Host he was discovered by his attendant hospitaler sitting upright on his couch. He rushed to detain him, but the strong man roughly threw

Digitized by Google

off the restraining arm, and jumped down from his bed, and stood in the midst of the affrighted crowd. A moment later he placed his hand sharply to his side, swayed, and fell heavily to the ground. The hospitalers placed him upon the litter, and carried him to the medical bureau.

Now strange scenes were enacted. Pilgrims hastened in great crowds to the spot where for a moment the bedridden man had stood. Some wept hysterically, and gazed wildly about them; some prostrated themselves in prayer, and kissed the ground. A great change was apparent in the demeanor of all; it was as though they were pervaded by the consciousness that the Healer had been among them, and that they were face to face with him.

The next morning as I walked about the outskirts of the holy places, I was confronted by a great sign in huge blue letters over a low granite building, which read, "Hospitalité de Notre Dame de Lourdes," and on the moment I felt impelled to participate at least physically in the strange scenes that were enacted on every side. I hesitated in the vestibule, and grave doubts assailed me as to the wisdom of my course. But it was only for a moment, and, pushing open the door, I found myself in what appeared to be the outer counting-room of a bank. A great iron grille ran round the room, and I soon became aware that a rather stern and elderly gentleman was regarding me somewhat scrutinizingly from behind the iron bars. However, I stammered out my story as best I could: that I was in Lourdes for a few days, that I had noticed that the sick and the disabled were many, the litter-carriers, the hospitalers, few.

"*À merveille!*" he cried; "you come most opportunely — if monsieur will allow me, like a messenger from heaven." We both bowed. "Even now," continued the old man, gently, with a touch of infinite pity in his voice, "there is lying at the Hôtel Soubirous a poor cripple who, for want of a carrier, cannot come to the grotto to benefit by the benediction of the cardinal, or to bathe his limbs in the blessed water."

There was not a word about the articles of faith, and while I was congratulating myself upon being relieved of the many apprehensions that had possessed me, the kindly old gentleman was pinning the red badge to my coat that made me, for the day at least, a successor to the Hospitalers of St. John of Jerusalem.

At the same time a servant bound about my neck, shoulders, and waist a curious leather contrivance which is thought to be of assistance to the litter-carriers, but which I found most embarrassing to movement and to breathing. In a moment I was out of the door, and rushing up the steep hill that leads into the town.

The push-cart to which I was to lend the propelling power stood before the Hôtel Soubirous, and a porter with clamoring sabots shoved rather than ushered me into the darkened room where I was awaited.

I could at first see but dimly about me; then I caught sight of the form of a man dressed but lying prostrate on the bed, and the figure of a woman standing beside it.

"*Salut, mon frère!*" — it was she who gave the fraternal greeting — "I am glad, so glad, you have come, for we were afraid that perhaps to-day we should not be able to go down to the blessed grotto."

"Do not complain, Marie. How often, now, have the good brothers carried these shriveled limbs down to the holy places, and laved them in the blessed waters, and then — perhaps they may have thought as I have thought, that it was not her will."

We propped the paralytic in the litter, where he lay as one without consciousness, only now and again raising his left hand in a strange awkward gesture that startled and affrighted. We pushed rapidly on through the crowded streets, for the time for the immersions of the sick in the waters of the grotto was nearly past.

It was late when we reached the bathing-places to the left of the miraculous grotto. Some five or six thousand pilgrims were gathered there, and the services which were held during the immersions of the sick were in progress. The hospitalers on duty soon made a path for us through the throngs of those who were engaged in prayer.

While the mighty echoes of the many prayers were still reverberating through the valley, the hospitalers carried into the small and gloomy bath-houses those whose turn it was to be immersed in the miraculous waters. As they disappeared from view through the dark doorways, a tall priest with a Raphael-like face fell upon his knees in the open space, and the multitude followed his example. It was a silent prayer, but even more impressive than the great volume of sound that yet lingered in the ear. Thousands and thousands of lips were moving, but not a sound was heard. The multitude, uncovered, knelt and prayed in the glare of the almost tropical sun while the immersions were taking place. Then, at a signal from the priest, all arose, and again the same invocations were uttered, the same songs were sung, the same prayers were said, and the same scenes enacted.

Now it came the turn to bathe my patient. With a trepidation which she could not conceal, the wife followed her palsied husband as we removed him from the litter and carried

Digitized by Google

him through the dark and narrow entrance to the baths. It was a gloomy place, despite the lofty ceilings. Above the baths were gaudy and inartistic stained-glass windows representing the scene of the apparition and other episodes in the legend of the grotto. Beneath each window hung a huge crucifix and other sacred relics and reminders. There were two hospitalers in constant attendance, and together we disrobed the paralytic, whose eyes were now fixed steadfastly upon the crucifix, now turned toward the little alcove whence we heard the sobs of his wife. A friendly little doctor stood beside the bath and felt the pulse-beat of the patient. "Sixteen to the minute," he said to me in a low whisper; "and yet there are some people who say that this grotto has never been the scene of a miracle. Immersed anywhere but in these strange, ice-cold waters, whose medicinal qualities we cannot detect, the patient would never rally; the heart would cease to beat at the shock."

After wrapping him in a sheet, and fastening about him the leather straps which I had carried all the morning, we carried him from the disrobing-alcove across the room to the bath, which was low and deep-sunken in the floor. We lengthened the straps, and gradually let the patient down until, despite all our care, he struck the water with a great splash. I held my breath as I saw that our patient lay as one dead, enveloped in his wet shroud. But with quick, energetic movements my better-trained brothers submerged him to the chin, and then sponged his head with the ice-cold water. Not a sound came from the sufferer. His glassy eyes were riveted upon the crucifix, and his lips, purple with cold, trembled in prayer. Only as some dark clouds that had obscured the sun rolled away, and a bright ray of sunshine crept timidly, then boldly, into the dark and grewsome place, a strange light filled his eyes, as though it were a ray of hope that he had received with the sunbeam, and his face, which had been so green, so cold, now flushed, and there came a deep muffled cry from his submerged chest.

"Our Lady of Lourdes, cure me if it be thy will and his!"

Three minutes, the usual time of immersion, had now elapsed, and at a nod from the doctor we drew our patient from the water, and carried him to a bench. As we dried his wasted limbs, the doctor applied a stethoscope to his heart, and then muttered as though at his wits' end with perplexity: "Another miracle, my brother! He still lives, and is no worse! Miraculous waters indeed!"

Poor little Marie rushed out from behind the curtains, where during these three short minutes she had been a prey to a thousand anxieties and fears. She covered his face with kisses, and he stretched out his left arm vaguely as though to caress her.

While we were drying his limbs and dressing him, still another patient was brought in and prepared for the bath. The water in the great stone tub is not changed very often, for the output of the spring is limited. It is emptied only twice a day, and so it happens that about fifty cripples are bathed in the same water. When I recall the number of contagious diseases that are among them, and remember that, as the doctor assured me, there was not a single case on record where a patient had contracted disease in the unclean waters, my skepticism as to the wonderful properties of the waters are almost put to shame. "If we permitted such an unsanitary proceeding in one of our great hospitals in Paris," said the doctor, "we should soon have an epidemic of contagious disease upon our hands."

My patient was now dressed, and made a brave attempt to look better and more cheerful. We soon bore him to the litter, and, after joining in another service of song and prayer, I pushed it out of the circle of ambulances that were still drawn up in a never-ending line, and started for home.

The slow and arduous journey under the merciless sun, and up the steep road to the town, did my patient no good, and as I placed him on his bed in the darkened room of the Hôtel Soubirous, so cold and clammy was his touch that for a moment I felt sure that he was dead; but he revived a little, and whispered for a moment to his wife. As I rose to go, she followed me to the door, and said gently: "My brother, Henri asks thee for thy prayers. We will always remember thee, my brother, in ours."

It will be noticed that I express no opinion as to the cures of the diseased which are reported as taking place in such great numbers every summer in Lourdes. Justice could not be done either to the believers in the miracles, or to the skeptics who denounce them, in the limited dimensions of this article.

Those, however, who maintain that the people who claim to be cured, and the priests who are in charge of the grotto, are equally rogues and scoundrels appear to me to be very prone to credit ill reports concerning their fellow-men, and if they have been to Lourdes, and still maintain these charges, they will in my opinion have refused to credit the evidence of their own eyes. Speaking for myself, indeed, I went to Lourdes in the belief that there are taking place around us daily, hourly, things which will not be explained away by man's poor philosophy. I was strengthened in this belief by what I saw in Lourdes.

Digitized by Google

There were two green-eyed Irish girls at Lourdes who told me of their many adventures since the proud day when on the village-green at Boyle, in the county of Roscommon, they, owing to the superior excellence of their maidenly deportment, had been chosen by Father O'Brien from a class of thirty-eight to come to Lourdes to bring back to Boyle jugs of the holy water and great bundles of rosaries, chaplets, and beads that had been blessed by the priest of the grotto, and rendered sacred by being rubbed up and down against the sooty walls of the cave.

They had had some very sad adventures in Paris, and had nearly cried their eyes out. Finally, after many misadventures, their cup was filled by their taking the express for Brussels instead of the *rapide* for Bordeaux. They had many lonely hours in their travels, and suffered many inconveniences from the — as they put it — astonishing ignorance of English which the French invariably displayed.

How these selected pilgrims from Boyle ever did reach Lourdes, though I spent most agreeably many hours in listening to their adventures, still remains a mystery to me. However, they finally reached Bordeaux, and from there drifted down into the valley of the Pyrenees, as they said, "with the crowd of pilgrims."

Early in the morning and late in the evening I saw them drawing water from the miracle spring, and carrying it up the hillside and into the city in earthenware jars. In their lodgings they had placed a score or more of mammoth milk-cans in which they intended to transport the waters back to Boyle. It was weary, slow work. One afternoon I found a brave piece of news in the secular column of "La Croix," the church organ which was our only channel of communication with the outside world. The Home Rule Bill had passed the House of Commons! So we made merry as best we might in the shadow of the holy places. But on the part of the colleens the gaiety was forced and far from real. Tears came to their eyes as they thought of what they were missing, in being absent from Ireland on such a memorable day.

"There will be many a bonfire around Boyle to-night," said Bridget, regretfully.

"And maybe there will be a little fighting down in the market-place," added Mary Anne, right ruefully.

After eating one meal at the Hôtel de la Solitude, I made a firm determination not to eat there again, but to go to the Angleterre instead. After this latter experience, however, I gave up meals at regular hours entirely, and survived on fox-grapes and bread bought of the street-venders, eked out by furious and uninterrupted smoking.

Now, this is how it happened that while the hungry and fatigued pilgrims, who from dawn, on their knees or standing, had been going through their endless rounds of services in and about the holy places, were on their way to the town for their midday meal, I had taken up my position in the low meadow-lands by the banks of the river, and, comfortably stretched out on my Basque mantle, was smoking peaceably, and in my imagination making out the menu of the dinner I purposed to have set before me on the following day at Pau, at Biarritz, or wherever the train might land me, or time, money, and the occasion serve. As I went over again the strange scenes of the morning, there came through the meadow the strangest of strange old women. Her face was wizened, her spine crooked and knobbed like a dwarf-oak. She seemed a creature of Andersen, and involuntarily I looked about me for the hobgoblin. Bobbing up and down, now disappearing altogether from sight behind a clump of low bushes, she came on her zigzag path steadily toward me, singing, or rather humming to herself, and plucking the wild carnations and the clover blossoms that grew in her path. Her clothes were very wretched and patched, but on her head she wore a mob-cap as white as snow and stiffly starched. Catching sight of my badge as hospitaler she courtesied, and, with a kindly smile and a "Bon repos," continued her zigzag path across the sweet-smelling meadow-lands until at last, with her apron filled with flowers, she disappeared behind a clump of bushes. But soon I caught sight of her again. She was climbing with feeble steps the circuitous path which leads up the rocks to the cathedral. To my surprise, a moment later I saw her slowly but with determination continuing her ascent up the steep mountain-side upon crags that rise boldly into the heavens. In and out among the rocks by paths which seemed only goat-tracks she toiled on until at last she sank down exhausted at the foot of a huge cross, with the image of Christ crucified standing out in startling relief against the background of black rock and deep-green bushes. For a moment she lay there as though completely prostrated; then, rising, she took off her shoes, and with her feet exposed to the sharp cutting of the pointed rocks, wearily, with a supreme effort, continued her climb upward. Then I saw before her in a zigzag line a path that wound about the mountain-peak, and this path was studded with crosses. Now I grasped the situation, and understood the purpose of her journey to the stations of this Calvary, a terrible penance and humiliation that the poor woman had imposed upon her weak frame. Fascinated by the scene, I watched her toilsome climb until at last she reached the last station on the sum-

Digitized by Google

mit of the lonely hill. There, at the base of the great cross of the crucifixion, I saw her fall.

Now and again a low-lying storm-cloud enveloped the mountain-top, and for a moment my eyes searched in vain for the strange figure at the foot of the cross. At last, however, I saw her no more. An hour later, all danger of interrupting her by my curiosity having, as I thought, passed, I too struck the pilgrim path, and toiled painfully up the mountain-side. At the base of each station of the cross I found a carpet of flowers, and when, after much toil and fatigue and many halts, I reached the cross of the crucifixion, I found the base of the symbol covered with the wild flowers that the old woman had gathered in the meadow. As I looked down I saw that the black rock was spotted with blood, the footprints of the poor weak woman.

I chose to view from a distance the last ceremony during my stay in Lourdes — the torch-light procession in which over fifteen thousand pilgrims took part; so, after my frugal meal of hard bread and grapes, I climbed the steep path leading to the castle.

Suddenly, as I peered out into the darkness, my eyes were dazzled by a circle of flame which, shooting out from the shadow of the valley, circled around the steeple of the Basilica like a ring of fire. Then there followed another and still another fiery trail, until the steeple became a tower of flame.

Now, slowly advancing, the procession of pilgrims appeared over the hillside that concealed the miraculous grotto from my sight. As the procession approached the image of the Virgin, thousands of *veilleuses*, hung on invisible wires, were ignited as though by an electric spark, and in this new blaze of flame, above the majestic image, and as a halo about it, one read in startling characters of red, mystic flame, "I am the Immaculate Conception." The lines of fire grew longer and more extended as the pilgrims, bearing aloft their torches, crept through the valley in and out among the holy places. Having completed the tour, they entered the great square, and, in circles growing ever smaller and smaller, thronged the place, which in the darkness of the night appeared like a lake covered with a sheet of burning oil. From the top of the causeway a commanding figure stretched out an arm heavenward, and as one man the fifteen thousand pilgrims sank to the ground in prayer. The benediction was bestowed, and as the people rose, cheers were given for Our Lady of the Grotto, Our Lady of Lourdes, Pope Pius IX., His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., and the curé of Lourdes. Then, as one by one the torches burned out, the weary pilgrims dispersed to their resting-places. But far on into the night were to be seen those pilgrims who had come to the shrine with an extraordinary petition, or with a special penance to perform, as in straggling groups of ten or twelve they breasted the steep hillside, counting their beads under the shadow of the crosses that marked the stations, until finally they swarmed about the apex of the mountain, and fell exhausted to the ground in the shadow of the cross of the crucifixion. Hundreds and hundreds of prostrate human forms were lying in various attitudes about the grotto. Though the night was cold, the steps of the Church of the Rosary were thronged with many hundreds who were there taking their rest, with the heavens for canopy, and the rough-hewn granite stones for couch. Inside the Church of the Rosary I discovered still another multitude of sleepers strewn about on the cold marble tilings; for the doors of this church are never closed, and the holy place is the free dormitory at night of those who have not the wherewithal to pay for a lodging. Following the archway of chestnuts that border the murmuring, tireless river, in a few moments I reached a great granite building the purpose of which had already excited my curiosity. As I approached it now, however, I read in luminous letters over the doorway, "The Pilgrim's Refuge." I entered, and with the guardian walked through the place, which even at this late hour was lighted up with ghastly brilliancy. The refuge is about two hundred feet long. The wall is surrounded by a continuous row of wooden shelves jutting out about four feet above the ground. In the middle of the dormitory there are also two long rows of wooden shelves. These rough beds were crowded with sleeping men and women in indescribable confusion. The sleepers wore all their clothes, even to their heavy wooden sabots.

"It is the Liège pilgrimage," said the watcher. "There are about twenty-five hundred of them sleeping here to-night. They came in here at eleven o'clock, after having traveled some sixty hours from Liège cooped up in third-class carriages. They were delayed for twelve hours, and so have come too late for the ceremonies of Our Lady's day. But the curé came down to tell them that special services will be held for them to-morrow."

Stephen Bonsal.

Digitized by Google

THE TIMBER-CRUISER.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

THE hills and forests surrounding Lake Itasca and the other smaller lakes that form the sources of the Mississippi unite in creating some of the wildest scenery in the United States. It is necessary to traverse such a region to know how intimately can be combined hills and valleys, forests and deserts, grassy meadows and sterile wastes, lakes and swamps and floating bog.

Such a district of almost unexplored territory is found in Minnesota, a State the western and southern portions of which are a rich agricultural tract. The fertile valleys of the Red River of the North and of the Missouri interpose between this desolate region and the beautiful Yellowstone. The Itasca highlands, named by the French missionaries "Hauteur des terres," are guarded by so many girdles of tornado tracks, and hidden amid such uninhabitable forests, that they repel the intrusion of man.

On the frontier of advancing civilization there is a species of livelihood called "cruising for timber." The simile is an apt one, for the woodsman who seeks new timber-regions amid the trackless wilderness, in which the sun is hidden by day and the stars by night, is as bold a navigator as his brother who toils on the pathless waste of the sea.

The timber-cruiser is even more a child of the forest than the native he succeeds. He is the precursor of the lumberman and the sawmill, two important factors in our progressive civilization. He is untaught. Generally, he knows nothing of astronomy but the sun's course and the polar star, because the heavens are so often wholly out of sight in the tangled forest that he relies on other guides. The mysterious secrets of terrestrial nature, handed down to him by generations of pathfinders gone before, keep him informed.

On the prairie he knows that the tips of the grass always incline toward the south, and that they are less green on the northward side. In the forest the slender twigs on the boughs bend southward so slightly, it may be, that only the trained eye can detect the deflection; yet it is there. The moss on the tree-trunks is always on the north side, the bark is smoother and more supple on the east than toward the west, and southward the mildew never comes.

Thus does this unlettered savant box the compass in the wilderness.

The timber-cruiser is a hero. He is a forest-king. The wealth of the woods is his. He always travels alone. His acts of courage, endurance, and skill are never witnessed by others and are never boasted of by himself. Indeed, his successes or failures are never talked about, save to the directors of the lumber companies who employ him, and to whom he makes a minutely detailed report. He has probably the best memory known to man, for he will return from a two-months' "cruise," and be able to locate accurately every tract of valuable hemlock timber in a hundred square miles of worthless woods and tamarack.

He undertakes the most arduous journeys without providing more than a blanket and a few days' provisions; he confronts all kinds of dangers, mindful of their inconvenience, but fearing them not, because he studies nature on a commercial basis. In brief, he is a true philosopher, always prepared for the unexpected; happy, because ignorant of the relative values of comfort and discomfort, and brave, because he is an egotist who believes thoroughly in his own abilities.

His is the task of locating the land-scrip that capitalists and large corporations have purchased from the Government. He precedes the woodsman, the ax, and the saw, just as the post-trader precedes the teacher and the preacher. He is to the advancing lumbermen what the Don Cossack is to the Russian hosts.

The location of a choice tract of timber is a secret to be guarded with his life. Weeks, even months, may intervene before the lands can be "taken up" and entered upon the records at Washington. The pathless forest is his home, solitude his companion, and, like his brother on "the multitudinous seas," he often dies alone, and his unburied body becomes part of the elements of nature he so intimately courts. He is new to literature, unknown to song and story.

I visited the White Earth Chippewa reservation *en route* for the sources of the Mississippi. A month before my arrival one of the most famous timber-cruisers of the Northwest, Peter Kelly, had started alone to locate land-scrip in the Itasca region.

That tract of country was new to him. The few white men and natives who had pushed their hunting excursions into its hills, quaking bogs, and fallen forests, had opposed his going. This opposition only fired his ambition. They did n't want him to go, eh? He grew suspi-

Digitized by Google

cious. Was there a great "find" of hemlock awaiting him? Was there, in the depths of this *terra incognita*, timber that would feed the saws of Minneapolis for years? He could not rest until he had explored the country.

Pokegama Falls was the northward limit of the lumberman at that time. Kelly was resolved: go he would. With a parting kiss to his sweetheart at the reservation, he sallied forth with scarcely a word of good-by to his comrades. He simply said, "I will return."

But he had not kept his promise. That almost romantic brotherhood which unites men in common danger exists in a high degree among frontiersmen. The people at the mission could not consent to allow this man, though a comparative stranger and an invader in the interest of unknown capitalists, to perish miserably and unsought in the woods. They had followed his track earnestly and with heroism. On the day of my arrival at the reservation the second search-party had returned hopeless and despondent. The burden of their words was:

"If Kelly had avoided the Itasca wilderness he would have returned safely; but in that waste, so early in the season, he faced inevitable death."

It was generally believed that he had been maimed in a "windfall" (the track of a tornado), or, equally dreadful fate, had lost his gun or ammunition in a bog. Starvation was certain in any case.

When it was learned at the mission that I was about to enter the woods, *en route* to Itasca Lake, I had the best wishes of the whites and natives. We would make earnest efforts to discover traces of the lost man. That went without saying.

A professional guide, Henry Boleau of Mackinaw, and several Chippewa packmen accompanied me. We got through to the Mississippi —not majestic in any sense in its swampy wanderings —after a week's toil among fallen timber, quagmires, and pathless forests filled with brambles.

At the end of the Oza-we-we-sa-ta-gen portage, which brought us to the river's banks, we were overtaken by a young man and woman, brother and sister. The girl was Kelly's affianced wife, just such a woman as one would expect to find in a cruiser's mate. They had started a day after us, but, less encumbered, had traveled faster. Seeing that her neighbors had failed, she had compelled her brother to join her in the search for her lover by threatening to come alone if he did not accompany her. There was no romance about that girl's devotion. It was sincere and practical. When, on the following morning, she and her brother separated from us, she held out her soft, browned little hand, and said:

"You 'll look for him, I 'm sure. We go down-stream a bit first, then we return and do up these hills. One thing is certain, I won't go back until I find him, or know that he 's beyond help."

I did not see her again for three weeks. We made the final tiresome climb of about twenty-five miles up the gurgling stream to Lake Itasca. The creek was too shallow and too rocky to float a canoe, and the journey was made by tedious, toilsome tramping.

During the ascent a Chippewa who had once before made the trip laid out a new trail through what had probably been an old bed of the stream, carrying it around a fallen timber tract, across a strip of tamarack swamp, and through a densely grown forest. This "cut-off" was a tramp of about two miles, but it saved a long detour of the rock-and-log-gorged stream. The guide was an experienced one, and understood his business. Trees were plentifully blazed with his ax, and it seemed as plain a road as Broadway. The dark defile at which this trail leaves the river-bank is about twelve miles down-stream (that is, northward, at that point) from Itasca.

We spent almost a week at the sources of the great river, during which I made a sketch-map, and first described Elk Lake, now conceded by the United States engineers to be the headwaters of the Mississippi.

We left early one afternoon, determined to make a rapid descent from the highlands. We made six miles by noon, and about four more before supper. As it was still daylight, the guide was anxious to push on after supper to the packing-place below the "cut-off" spoken of above, where we had left some of our stores and provisions to await our return. I was so tired with the day's work that I wished to rest a few minutes longer. Confident of my ability, unencumbered by luggage, to overtake the guide and packmen, I bade them go on, and sank down against a tree to rest. Almost immediately I fell asleep. It was twilight when I awoke with a cold shiver, and realized that I had fully four miles to walk to reach camp, over the worst footing imaginable.

The trip through the forest tract was safely accomplished at a fair rate of speed, until the point was reached where the imaginary trail blazed out by us diverged from the bank of the stream across the windfall. It was too dark to find any of the marked trees or logs, and after fully an hour's patient struggle through the fallen timber, I knew that I had gone completely astray. Instead of emerging again at the river's bank, I escaped from the tangled mass of logs and boughs only to find myself in a wilderness of tamaracks and scrubby pines, which I could plainly detect by feeling the trees and stamping upon the spongy, mossy sod under my feet.

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

"WE FOUND HIM."

Digitized by Google

Thoroughly alarmed by this time, I at once, as I supposed, turned my face eastward. I hurried stumblingly on in that direction, at one moment falling over a rotten log and at the next sinking into a bog-hole. Overhead was inky blackness. Progress soon became impossible. I felt about the ground for some birch bark or dry sticks to light a fire. Everything was as damp and dark as a moldering grave. Hastily and tremblingly I fingered every part of my clothing, but could find no match. I shouted lustily, but not even the slightest echo returned. I drew my navy revolver, intending to fire a signal of distress, but instantly remembered that I had wasted several shots early in the day firing at some fish in a pool. Running my finger over the front of the cartridge-chamber, I discovered that only one load remained.

On the upward journey the guide had pointed out some birch-trees marked by a bear's claws. At that time, with three of us in the party, all armed, the incident had appeared interesting; now, however, there was nothing attractive about the thought.

A shower of rain suddenly began to fall, accompanied by thunder and lightning. When the second flash came, the compass was in my hands; but as I could not take any bearings, it was impossible to decide in what direction I had traveled. I was able, however, to fix approximately the locality of the camp. It lay north-northeast, anywhere between two and six miles, depending entirely on the extent of my wanderings. Clearly, the safest thing for me to do was to retrace my steps around a hill that formed the northern boundary of the defile, and to regain the Mississippi river-bank. Tedious as we had found the walking along its shores, I now asked for no greater boon than to be placed upon its boulder-strewn banks.

Wet through and greatly disheartened, I struggled slowly ahead for half an hour. Several times the treacherous floating sod that hides the bog-holes in the tamarack gave way under me. I began to fear that I was doubling on my course. It was absolutely dangerous to go farther, yet it was anything but safe to stay where I was. What ought I do?

Exhausted with anxiety, without blanket or tarpaulin to protect me from the dripping boughs, I sat down on a slippery log to think. The longer I pondered the more gloomy the situation became. Then I began to realize how cold and stiff I was. I shivered. How indescribably still and lonely the place was! How chilly the air!

Then I remembered the missing timber-cruiser.

What if I should meet him here and alone! Suppose I should stumble over his corpse, or that, wild with the delirium of hunger, he should attack me! I thought of death for the first time; was my fate to be his?

Benumbed with cold as I was I got on my feet with difficulty. Unable to shake off the dread inspired by my thoughts, *I was afraid to shout.* I did the only other thing possible—peered into the surrounding darkness and listened intently. No torch or friendly camp-fire was to be seen; but I heard something. Was it rain? No; the shower had passed. Still I could hear a noise. It might be the movement of a man or animal through the swampy forest; it might be the rustling of leaves blown along the ground, only there was neither breeze nor leaves; it might—saved, thank Heaven! it was running water. It pointed the way to the river.

A few rods' climbing brought me to the tiniest of brooklets, hardly a foot wide. Its voice was very low at the brush-formed cascade whence it had hailed me, but to my ears it spoke in trumpet tones the one word—THOROUGHFARE!

I sprang into its narrow bed, and, after an hour's struggle through tangled boughs and over logs, reached the main stream. The Mississippi is there fully ten feet wide. This I followed with the current, wading most of the time, falling over boulders and plunging into holes waist-deep, until a sharp bend in the stream showed me the glare of a camp-fire ahead. Even at this late day, to write it makes me glad.

In the renewed strength of the moment I rushed forward, and, though the distance was greater than I expected, soon reached camp. I had shouted several times, but had received no answer. The camp was deserted. My guide and packmen were seeking me. It was only the work of a moment to reload the revolver and discharge it. An answer came from a gun far up-stream, and, at the end of a considerable interval, during which they shouted and were answered by me, the men rushed into camp. Their unmistakable joy at my return was evidence of the anxiety they had suffered.

Two weeks later I reached the lumber-camp at Pokegama Falls. The great lakes Pemidji, Winnebecoshish, and Cass had been passed. More dangerous still, the miasmatic and trackless "Big Savanna," above White Oak Point, had been traversed without losing our way among its gigantic grass stalks. The lumbermen at Pokegama Falls, who are mostly from Maine, greeted me warmly, and at their solicitation I rested with them a few days.

On the second night, word was brought that a man and woman had arrived from the Leach Lake country. With the curiosity that one human being feels toward another in trackless

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

THE FINDING OF PETER KELLY.

regions, I walked out of the cook-shanty where the men had gathered, and recognized the brother and sister from whom we had separated on the banks of the river at the foot-hills of the Itasca highlands.

The young woman knew me at once, though three weeks' beard encumbered my face. She appeared glad to see me, and took both my hands.

"We found him," she said. I was about to express my delight, when she added, "Dead."

Then she told how they had pushed rapidly down the stream, after leaving us, to a tract of hemlock that the natives had told of, in the hope that Kelly was there. Then they had portaged to the Marquette River (the first fork of the Mississippi of any importance), and ascended it to the region between Leach Lake and Itasca. Then they had climbed the hills to Itasca and descended the rocky ravine, as we had. She told how she and her brother had encountered my mark blazed on numberless birch- and maple-trees (it was a Greek delta, for "Delta, Kappa, Epsilon"), and what a companionship even these signs of our former presence had been to her. She finally came to the dark gorge. Not finding any of our "triangles" leading into it, she urged her brother onward. They penetrated its darkest recesses, and there at the foot of a tree they found the moldering body, gun, and hat of Peter Kelly, the timber-cruiser. He had performed his services bravely and successfully, and had met death while making his way back to White Earth.

Just as this brother and sister had done, Kelly had entered the dark cleft in the hills, confidently believing that it gave easy access to the country to the westward. The girl told me the story boldly and unmovedly, as women talk who have learned to suppress their emotions, and into whose lives, as daily occurrences, have entered tragedies that would drive a city woman into nervous exaltation. With women of the wilderness, terror-inspiring events become commonplaces, life and death only a game of lightest chance.

The bones were buried. The brother showed me the rust-covered gun. Kelly's valuable papers, which, in his last moments, he had crowded into a rubber tobacco-pouch, had been secured, and the young woman was on her way to Minneapolis to deliver them to her dead lover's former employers. His work was finished in death.

Julius Chambers.

Digitized by Google

DROWSY KENT.

WITH PICTURES BY JOHN A. FRASER.



ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

THE VILLAGE STREET, CHIDDINGSTONE.

CHIDDINGSTONE and Truggers — names that sound to some Americans sweeter than Tunbridge Wells, redolent of gay society in a bygone age. The Weald of Kent — name that has I know not what of grandeur; perhaps because it stirs obscure memories of British tribes, of Cæsar and his patient legionaries, of Saxon swarms, of many a war between provincial kings with British and Saxon names, of reckless hordes of Danes, and of prudent Normans, hard as the iron of their helmets, steadfast in getting and keeping as ever the Romans were. Chiddingstone and Truggers — theirs are no memories of the heroic past, but of the lovely rural life of England, bathed in an atmosphere like cream and unsalted butter, smelling of hay and hops, leisurely and smooth as the foam on beakers of brown ale.

In a hamlet of southern England like Chiddingstone the people are a constant pleasure to Americans who move too fast and have nerves. Their voices are as smooth as the landscape, and their manners are restful — like the rounded outlines of the huge trees they have guarded for centuries with jealous care. Not the least pleasing is their historical perspective. What a delightful jumble is the view of the past, as it presents itself to Kentish men, wherein the primitive inhabitants who spoke we know not exactly what, and lived in cyclopean structures like Kits Coty (which means in the tongues of their Russian cousins just simply "stone house"), or in burrows under the chalk, are confused with the early British of Keltic speech, the latter again with Saxons and Danes, and all the foregoing with Norman invader and Flemish immigrant.

Chiddingstone, for instance, is essentially

Digitized by Google

Saxon; but the Druids, whose Brahminical iniquities have left a deep stamp on the minds of the people of the British isles, are pressed into service, and a stone on the calm fields behind the village has been erected by popular fancy into an altar from which Druids "chode" those who violated their wicked laws. At the most, we can suppose that this stone was the rally-place of a Saxon family called the Chiddings, but in Chiddingstone itself that explanation were far too prosaic to be accepted without scorn.



ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

IGTHAM MOTE.

Truggers, too. The name is a contraction of Trug-hurst, the haunt or home or nest of trugs, deceivers, ladies of light behavior. But generations of most decent and moral folk have happily forgotten the meaning of that word, and are glad to believe that Truggers signifies the bottom or foot of the wood.

Chiddingstone and Truggers are off the track of the tourist, known only to hop-pickers who at harvest-time pour in squalid thousands from London, and to half a dozen artists who have discovered their many charms. The castle at Hever where Anne Boleyn captivated Henry VIII; Sir Philip Sidney's Penshurst, with its baronial hall and exquisite rose-gardens; Knole, with its Elizabethan gables; and Igtham Mote, with its girdle of water, and gray walls mirrored far beneath the swans floating at their foot, are too near to permit of travelers bestowing much attention on such humble spots as these. Yet here one absorbs the best that England has to give. Here are inns not yet ruined beyond recall, where overhanging upper stories and queer, bare tap-rooms still exist, and a cleanliness and a decorum, probably not very ancient, supply the modern touch without detriment to the general air of antiquity. Here at dawn the tall trees and the coppices ring and trill with the fairy babble of small birds; the low-hanging clouds tinkle with the voices of larks; if you are in great luck, the cuckoo sounds from some place you cannot indicate, or the nightingale — but then you must be a veritable child of fortune — witches the night with its rare song.

Kent in its relation to Britain to the north is like Munster in its relation to the rest of Ireland, a rich agricultural land of rolling hills,

Digitized by Google

fine woods, and quiet streams. With less striking natural beauties than some parts of Munster, such as Killarney, the Suir valley, and the Kerry hills, it has far more historical places and a much higher grade of cultivation. The inland farms have a picturesque feature in their red-tilted roofs and their singular conical towers, one of which may be seen in the illustration on this page. These quaint towers are locally known as "oasts," and are as important to the economies of Kent as to the landscape. The word may have to do with *oogst*, Dutch for "harvest," but more likely with *ostu*, *osto*, Finnish and Esthonian for "barter" and "sale." They are part of the great Kent harvest, and are intricately bound up with the prosperity, not of Kent alone, nor of the hordes who journey down to Kent to win wages in the harvest, but of the annual budget of England. These hop-kilns with picturesque smoke-stacks, where the hop-harvest is sold, are mighty factors in the payment of those sums which keep the British empire powerful all the globe over — that empire which the Cinque Ports of Kent and Sussex did so much to found.

When the lovely hop-vines have been torn from their poles, and the hop-fields, far more beautiful than the Rhenish vineyards, are despoiled and hideous, the hops are cured in the buildings crowned by these towers. Then from the drying fires and sulphury fumigations in the oasts rises that pungent smell of hops, which is so pleasant in the open and so hateful in cabin or store. The hop, which comes down from antiquity, was mightily encouraged in this fair land of Kent when monasteries were strewn thickly over the country. Here in Kent it was that St. Augustine landed and baptized. As in Irish Munster, so in English Kent the monks chose well the sites of their buildings, and proved good stewards for the farms they laid out or gathered in by gift or craft. The Saxon love of ale found them no laggards, and if the special monastery brews have disappeared, yet the hop-farms remain, just as the farmer stays long after Druids, pagan conquerors, Norman sea-lawyers, and haughty prelates have vanished and left few traces of their pomps behind. Not alone in delightful old Canterbury, but in many other parts of Kent, ruins and portions of buildings still in use testify to the wealth and taste of the old monks, whose pride and haughtiness seem to have made almost as deep an impression on the rustic mind as the cruelties of the Druids.

At first blush Kent might seem to mean the promontory or headland, like the "pen" in Penzance, the "ness" in Dungeness, the "corn" in Cornwall. In many names about the British and Irish coasts Ken and Cann mean that. But the fact that the Romans found the name Cant and not Can points away from that meaning. Philologists solve it offhand by noting the Germanic word *kante*, corner, and observing how nicely Kent balances Cornwall on the west corner of Britain. But such a name smacks of the person who knows all about the shape of Great Britain, has maps before him, and is, in fine, a modern bookman. Places rarely get their names in that way. Kent retains a name given it before the Kelts entered Great Britain, when the populace were not Aryan in speech at all. In the tongues like Finnish that survive from this period in the north and center of Europe Kent would mean an untilled plateau, and Kant would mean the people, folk, race — simplest of meanings, one which underlies a majority of the terms for old peoples and old lands.

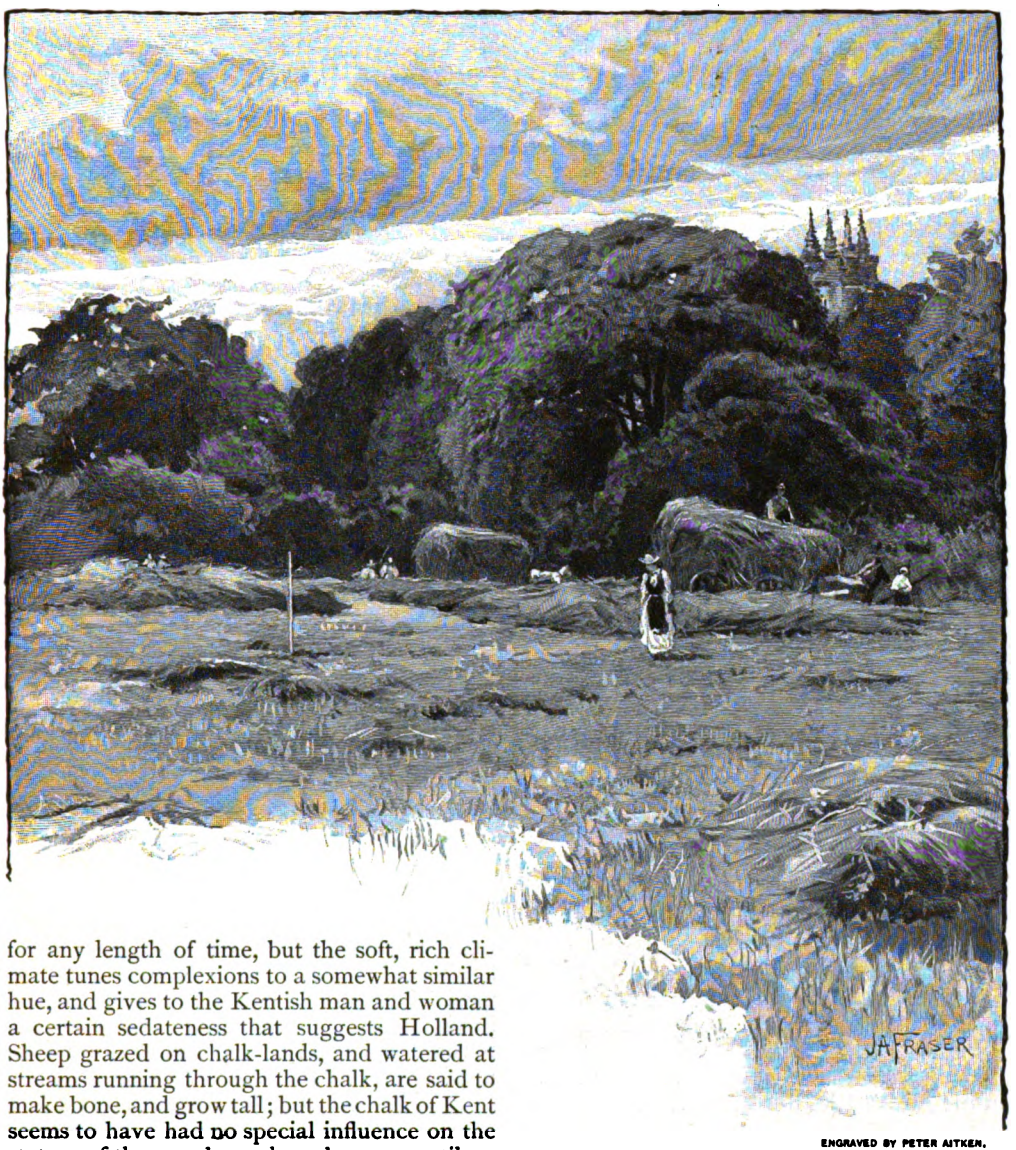
Thrust out eastward toward France and the Netherlands, Kent has been the natural objective of conquerors and streams of immigration, so that its population has always been more disturbed and mixed with various strains than that of any other part of the British isles. There is no Kentish type now, if indeed one ever existed



ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

THE DUCK-POND AND OLD OAST-HOUSE AT TRUGGERS.

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

BACK OF THE VILLAGE — CHIDDINGSTONE.

for any length of time, but the soft, rich climate tunes complexions to a somewhat similar hue, and gives to the Kentish man and woman a certain sedateness that suggests Holland. Sheep grazed on chalk-lands, and watered at streams running through the chalk, are said to make bone, and grow tall; but the chalk of Kent seems to have had no special influence on the stature of the people, perhaps because until recent years nobody dreamed of drinking water when there was such a flood of good ale in the land. In later centuries Kent has been a favorite ground for the rich from London belonging to every race and nation under heaven; hence its many cathedrals, castles, Norman keeps, monasteries, and granges; hence also a further complication of the race. As a rule the stranger is well treated at the show-places, although the proximity of London, and occasional acts of lawlessness on the part of cyclers, Sunday tourists, and hop-pickers, render the rustic less urbane than he is by nature. I say urbane advisedly, for the city to the north is so gigantic that one often feels that Kent is nothing more than a suburb of London.

Especially is this so at the berry-picking and at the hop-harvest, for then the lower, though not the lowest, ranks of London march on Kent as the hordes of Jack Cade once marched from Kent on London—"some in jags and some in rags, and some in 'fairly decent gowns.'" It is a mistake to suppose that the annual exodus from London is rowdy or beggarly. In such a concourse there are black sheep, but a stranger who does not seek them is not likely to know of their existence.

On such occasions Americans cannot fail to note the difference between the people of England—that is, the commons—and the educated, well-to-do classes. The term "merry

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE.

A KENTISH BY-WAY.

England" is a puzzle to foreigners until they mix with the common folk. There they find what the American masses lack, and the British upper classes are at great pains to suppress—jollity and good cheer, a happy spirit making light of hardships, a fraternal warmth that seems like a breath from Utopia. The upper classes in the British Isles are a prey to the disease of self-consciousness. They seem to be forever taking the measure of one another's right to live, and this unfortunate habit of mind readily leads them unconsciously to a feeling that other people, native or foreign, who are not in the ranks they approve, really have no adequate excuse to exist at all. To see Englishmen unaffectedly merry without recourse to spirits or beer one needs but to visit the hop-fields of Kent in the harvest, and observe the families in their camps or their cheap lodgings enjoying a picnic, yet laying by a small wage for the winter's coal. It is a delightful sight, and I need not say that Royal Academicians, not to speak of Associates, or of thousands of artists beyond their narrow pale, have drawn, engraved, carved, washed, and painted the scene more times than there are words on this page. But note that they have done this with a certain air of genteel condescension, a turning of the jolly, chaffing Britisher into a Greekish figure, and his "gal" into a conventional type of English rural beauty. This has been done to make the lower classes palatable to the self-conscious upper.

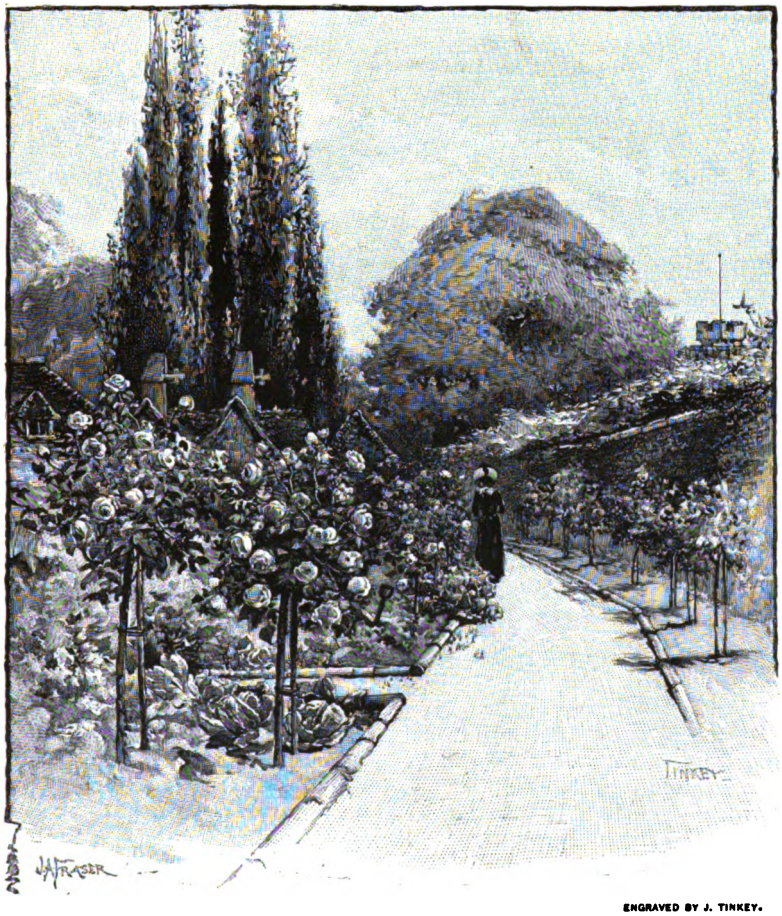
Frankly, one great attraction of places like Chiddingstone and Truggers is the absence of the perverted Briton who is thinking about himself and trying to gage your position in life. Until he mends his wits the world will be too small for him and sensible folk. An edict might be tacitly enforced to segregate him and his kind at certain watering-places in special hotels, whither the not unknown American, too like him, may be recommended to resort. Pray Heaven that he continue to stay superior to Chiddingstone and Truggers! Let him be told that only common people go there, artists and stray Americans, and some poor clergy and verse-makers of even less account. His own station in life will be distinctly lowered if he be known to resort to Chiddingstone and Truggers. He may drive rapidly through Chiddingstone's only street, and gaze upon the Weald

Digitized by Google

from the high road near the Rock Tavern; but it should be firmly represented to him that yonder towers are those of Penshurst, where lives the Lord de Lisle, and that there is a railway station and a good modern hotel at the village, while at Seven Oaks there is a show hostelry and the famous seat of the dukes of Dorset. *Procul, O procul!*

The Weald, or wild, of Kent has traces of its pristine savagery only when seen from afar. Then, when seen through the thick air, there is something in its crumbly cliffs, and a moorland aspect to its dales and plains, which justify its name. Spenser had the scenery of Munster in mind when he wrote the "Faery Queen," but if he had not been in Ireland when he wrote, he might well have restocked the Weald in imagination with its old forests (it was still the place for ship-timber in his day), and sent his knights and damsels traveling through its haunted shades. A debatable land it must have been as late as the Danish invasions; even under Elizabeth it was not for slight cause, or a mere fashion, that such residences as Igtham Mote were carefully encircled with water, and defended by a drawbridge now no more to be seen.

The Mote is a classic example of the dwelling of a country gentleman or rich farmer in the north of Europe before gunpowder became the arbiter of local feuds. If a raiding party could hope to take Igtham Mote save by surprise, there was need of special men-at-arms and no small science of war. But as soon as cannon came in, its position in a hollow made it quite untenable, and the stone arch took the place of the drawbridge. At a very early period it may well have been the site of a British family, whose round houses and huts, each house or hut representing a separate room in the buildings of ages which succeeded them, stood huddled together within a fringe of trees, the whole settlement surrounded by water or marsh. To complete that early picture, let us imagine the good roads, far and wide, blotted out, and mere cattle-paths and horse-trails the



ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN, CHIDDINGSTONE CASTLE.

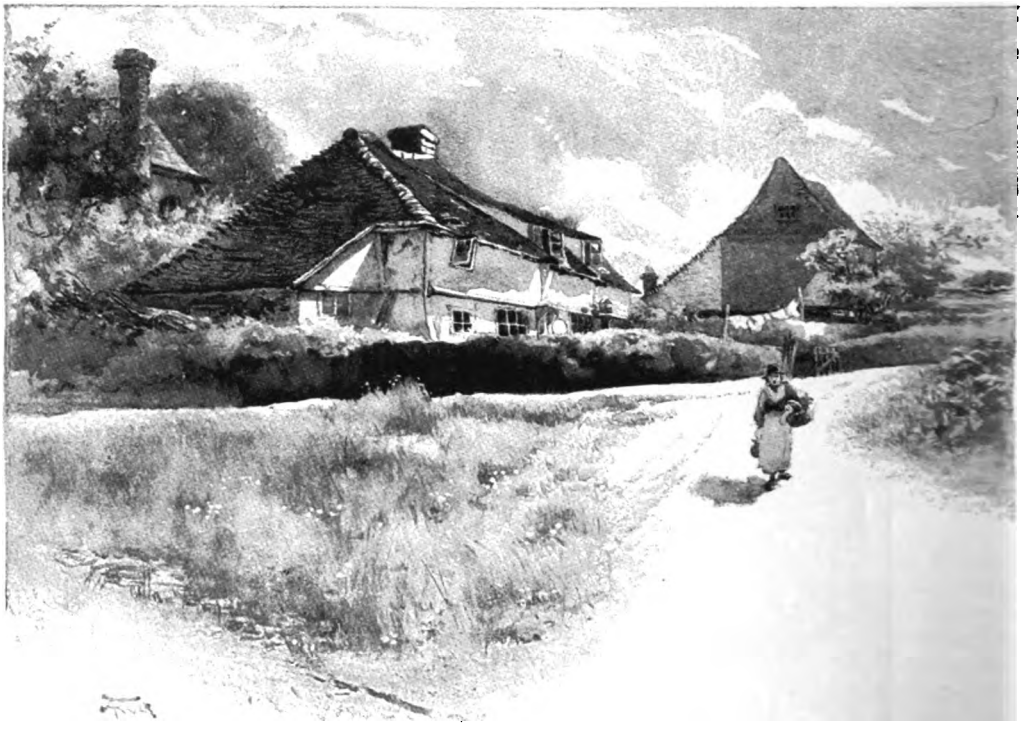
Digitized by Google

only indication that human beings lived on this edge of the Weald.

There is a fascination in a primeval landscape. No one wonders if a man brought up in the backwoods has homesickness for the rude life of his boyhood. But homesickness for landscapes like those of Kent must be just as violent. It is the half and half land, the country neither wild and abounding in wild beasts and wild men, nor cropped and savory with hay and apples, nor charming with the abundant flowers following agriculture on a small

find the right moment to make the doubtful attempt.

Rambling about these fields and poking along these neglected hedge-rows, at imminent danger of being suspected of designs on a rabbit, and haled before a pitiless country magistrate, it is hard to remember that the sea is not far off. Yet, as the crow flies, it is scarce twenty miles southerly to the Channel, and half as much again to the North Sea and the estuary of the Thames. No wonder the old philologists explained Kent by German *kante*, point



THE CORNER OF THE ROADS AT TRUGGERS.

scale, that strains the love of one's native place. Kent is one of the parts of England without grand natural features that seem most likely to keep a firm hold deep in the hearts of men and women who have made their homes in India, Australia, or America. Perhaps the extreme complexity of their blood makes them stay abroad. As a matter of fact, comparatively few do return to pass their closing years in these delightful villages. Those who attempt it often repent of their romance, because the big horizons to which they have become used pursue them home, and make the English landscape seem small and feeble. But all of them cherish somewhere in their minds the purpose of returning at some period. For the most part old age overtakes them before they

or corner. It is a corner of England over which many clouds fly. The magical disappearance of a landscape some fine day disabuses one of the belief that sea influences do not penetrate so far inland. It is preceded by sights like the paintings of the latter-day impressionists, a lovely vagueness of everything without loss of color, when the sea-fog sweeps up and shuts you in, and suddenly things are not. Singularly enough, the fog seems to muffle most small sounds, like the twitter of birds; but there are others, like loud shouts or the sounding of a horn, which appear to travel farther, or at any rate seem louder against that background of hush.

Then it is easier to realize that a good day's march will bring one to Winchelsea, once a great

Digitized by Google

member of the Cinque Ports, and the bearer of the brunt of many inroads from the Continent, and many valiant sea-fights in the Channel, before it was overwhelmed by water and blotted from the land. In 1616 a map shows a wide estuary where no land exists, and in the mouth of the estuary a shoal marked, "Old Winchelsey Drowned." New Winchelsea, built back on higher land, fared hardly better, for its harbor silted up, and its trade, even to its smuggling ventures, vanished into thin air. Noting this, and listening to the tale of the Cinque Ports and their vicissitudes, Kent and Sussex no longer seem a land of stable country joys. Verily it appears that the violent currents of the Channel may some day carry off piecemeal the whole peninsula, and deposit it bit by bit in the North Sea. Such a record of towns overwhelmed and ports left wastes of sand, of great marshes turned into terra firma, and leagues of arable farms utterly washed away! Only last year the sea ruined the greater part of one town on this coast. As one thinks it over, and notes how little the outpouring of money and labor for eight centuries has availed to stop the ocean from using this seaboard as a plaything, one gets to feel that these peaceful acres are hardly as secure as the low-lying farms and towns of Holland.

But I do not know that this specter of the future makes Kent any the less enjoyable. Whenever and wherever within its borders one escapes the London smoke, Kent, barring few spots, is a restful, dreamy country. The white cliffs on the Channel, the flat lands of Romney Marsh, the views from the North and the South Foreland, the queer old towns paralyzed by the retreat of the sea, and the loud new towns built to accommodate the modern millions who want sea-air or sea-bathing, have each and all special attractions. But the contemplative man who loves his Spenser and his Gray, and sometimes dips gravely into Cowper and Crabbe for a certain pleasing monotony, a certain level line in their intellectual horizons — such a man had better give up the giddy sights at the watering-places, and the rush of historical reminiscence at the dead towns which once belonged to that great civic family called the Cinque Ports. Let such as he slip down to Chiddingstone, and visit the old churchyard, or seek some retired garden where the roses, grafted on hardy brier stocks, grow to the size of trees, and there absorb the brief but delicious British summer in commune with his favorite poet.

Charles de Kay.



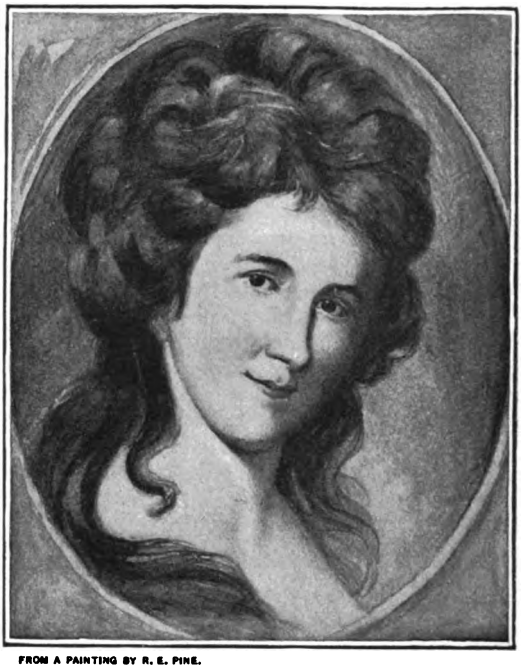
ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

LOOKING OVER THE WEALD OF KENT.

Digitized by Google

MAJOR ANDRE'S STORY OF THE "MISCHIANZA."

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT.



FROM A PAINTING BY R. E. PINE.

MRS. JOHN EAGER HOWARD.— (PEGGY CHEW.)

PREFACE.

MOST of us know by heart the story of Major André,—his brilliant life, his tragic death,—which has been told and told again; and for most of us, I think, there lingers always a sort of romance, a halo of pity and pathos, about the young heroic figure doomed to so sad a fate. And so it seems to me that perhaps this little pamphlet, written by his hand more than one hundred years ago, and presented by him to my great-grandmother, Margaret Oswald Chew, or "Peggy" Chew, as she was called in the fashion of the day, whose knight he was in the "Mischianza," may have a wider interest than that of mere family record.

It is an account of the "Mischianza," of which we have heard much of late — the famous farewell banquet given in Philadelphia, May 18, 1778, in honor of Sir William Howe, who was then commander-in-chief of the British armies in America.

Mr. Fiske tells us in his "History of the American Revolution":

> It was a strange medley, combining the modern parade with the medieval tournament, and was interesting on account of the prominent parts having been taken by the ill-starred Major André, and the beautiful Margaret Shippen, who so soon afterward became the wife of Benedict Arnold.

Strangely enough, Mr. Fiske was unaware of the fact that for some reason Chief Justice Shippen had forbidden his daughters to appear, and that, although their dresses were prepared, they were not allowed to be present.

Faded and yellow with age, the little parchment vividly calls up before us the gallant young English officer, eager and full of keen interest, throwing himself with youthful ardor, with light-hearted seriousness, into this bit of superb frivolity. On the cover he has outlined a wreath of leaves around the initials "P. C.," and he has made a water-color sketch to show the design and colors of his costume as a knight of the "Blended Rose," and that of his brother, Lieutenant William Lewis André, who acted as his esquire and bore his shield, with its quaint motto, "No rival." The device, "Two game cocks fighting," must have proved too difficult to draw, for he uses in his picture that of Captain Watson — a heart and a wreath of laurel, "Love and Glory."

Digitized by Google

In this description André is careful to omit the names of the Shippen girls, leaving a blank before the name of Mr. Sloper, who was to ride for Margaret Shippen, and Mr. Winiard, who should have been the knight of her sister. This confirms the story, which Mrs. Wharton tells us has come from the Shippen family, that although in "a dancing fury," they were not in the "Mischianza." As André includes them in his only other description until now printed, which appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine," August, 1778, we must accept Mrs. Wharton's suggestion "that, like the modern reporter, André sent off his copy before the ball had taken place." It is amusing to note his reference to the banquet-room as being large enough to seat the now classic "four hundred," and to see the Latin inscriptions, all in such a heroic tone that the men of our troops, insisting that he was familiar with every part of the house, he mistook for English intrenchments an addition which had been put up since his last visit, and ordered his men to fire into the house, shattering the windows and doors. These old doors are still preserved, the ones replacing them being the only change made in Cliveden since those days. It is very interesting to see how faithfully this beautiful home has been kept in order, and without any modern contrivances to mar the effect, which is architecturally still entirely in keeping with the time in which it was built (1761). The front door is still closed by an enormous iron bar, which impressed me greatly when I visited this house of my great-grandmother, four years ago, for the first time.

I was welcomed by Miss Chew, a niece of Peggy Chew, who was then the owner of Cliveden. Although over eighty years old, Miss Chew made a perfect picture of colonial times, with her stately bearing and gracious manners; and I felt as though I were reading a chapter out of an old book, when she spoke of her father's portrait, and said, "He had the finest legs of any man of his day," and told me with enthusiasm of Major André's admiration for my great-grandmother, and how, nine years after the "Mischianza," when she had married Colonel John Eager Howard, the hero of Cowpens, she still loved to dwell upon Major André's charms, which frequently irritated her



MAJOR JOHN ANDRÉ. PEN PORTRAIT DRAWN BY HIMSELF THE MORNING OF THE DAY BEFORE HIS EXECUTION. (IN POSSESSION OF YALE UNIVERSITY.)

matter-of-fact day may smile; but what woman will not wish that she had lived when men spoke and wrote with such earnestness these charming trifles?

In the days of the "Mischianza," Peggy Chew's father, Chief Justice Benjamin Chew, welcomed to "Cliveden" the most cultivated among the English officers, and his clever and charming daughters naturally drew about them the prominent men of our country. General Washington was an intimate friend of the family, and at the battle of Germantown, when Cliveden was occupied by a detachment of British

Digitized by Google

patriotic husband. Once, sitting at the head of her table at Belvidere, her home in Baltimore, entertaining some distinguished foreigners, she said, "Major André was a most witty and cultivated gentleman"; whereupon Colonel Howard interrupted sternly, "He was a —— spy, sir; nothing but a —— spy!"

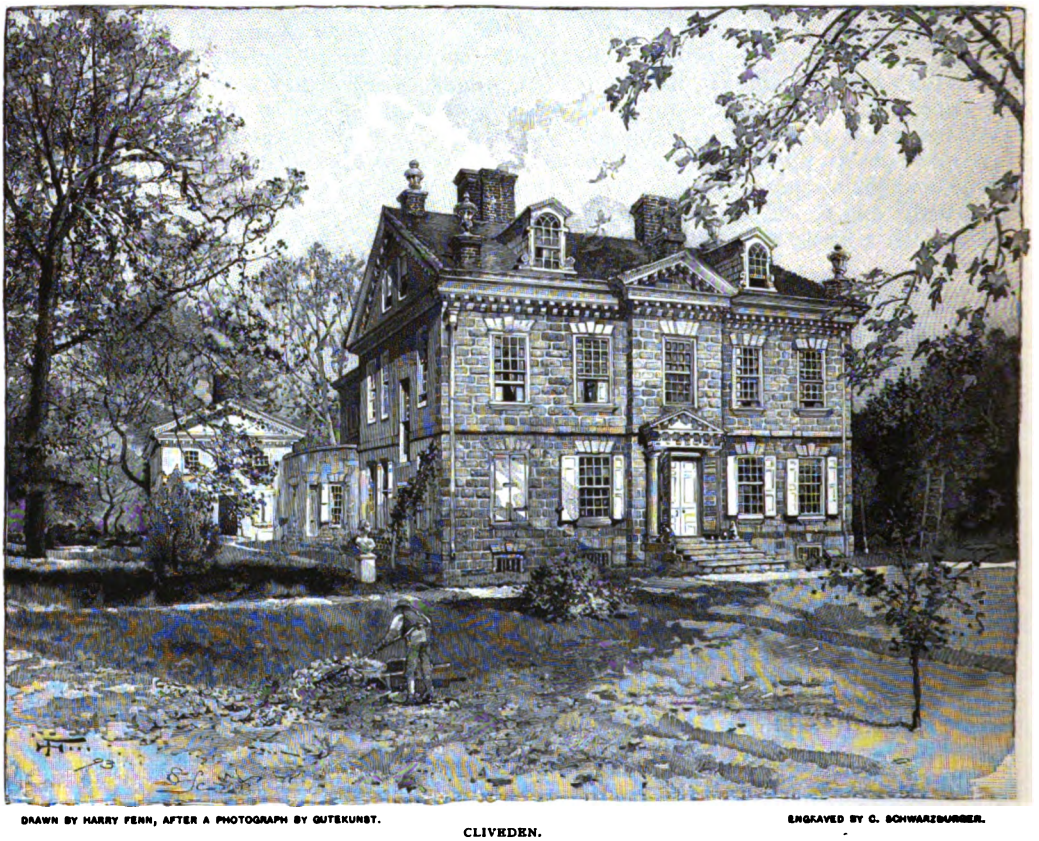
We find still at Cliveden many remembrances of André and his merry moods and light badinage, including "An Epigram," written by him when he had seen "Peggy" Chew in the garden of Cliveden, among the branches of a tree:

The Hebrews write and those who can
Believe an apple tempted man
To touch the tree exempt;
Tho' tasted at a vast expense,
'T was too delicious to the sense,
Not mortally to tempt.

But had the tree of knowledge bloomed,
Its branches by much fruit perfumed,
As here enchants my view —
What mortal Adam's taste could blame,
Who would not die to eat the same,
When gods might wish a *Chew?*

And these playful verses telling of social gaieties, "written to Miss Peggy Chew, when returning a bow of ribbon belonging to her, and found after a dance":

As some rude tower, with moss or ivy crown
Seems as if pining o'er its past renown,
O'er days when to the skies its turrets rose,
And seemed to scorn all elemental foes;



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST. ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

CLIVEDEN.

Or as in Westminster of ancient fame,
The marble monuments around proclaim
The passing glories of successive reigns,
Whose only remnants now its earth contains:
So this sad vestige, only emblem left
To soothe the mind of latest joy bereft,
Serves but to show how pleasures pass away
Like morning dew, before Apollo's ray.
If I mistake not, 't is the accomplished *Chew*,
To whom this ornamental bow is due;
It 's taste like hers, so neat, so void of art,
Just as her mind, and gentle as her heart;
I haste to send it, to resume its place,
For beauty should sorrow o'er a bow's disgrace.

Youth and good spirits were taking their natural course regardless of the serious historic events which were impending — events which doomed André, a character so full of charm and grace, so fitted for social and family life, to the

Digitized by Google

most terrible of human tragedies. In 1779, when bidding farewell to Cliveden, he writes these lines to "Peggy" Chew:

If at the close of war and strife
My destiny once more
Should in the varied paths of life
Conduct me to this shore;

Should British banners guard the land,
And factions be restrained;
And Cliveden's mansion peaceful stand,
No more with blood be stained—

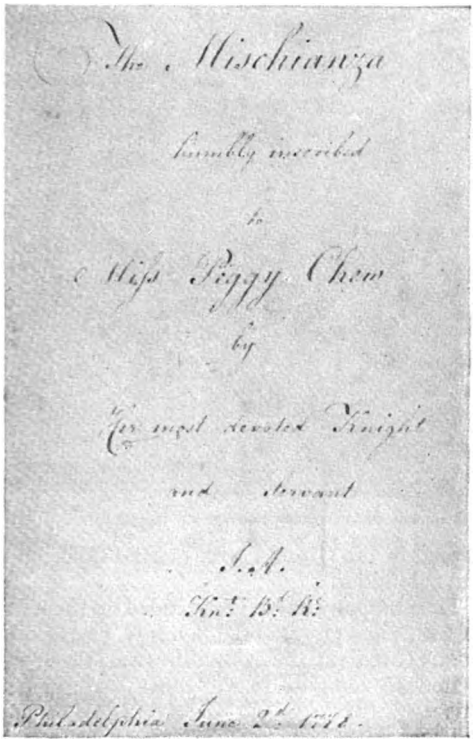
Say! Wilt thou then receive again,
And welcome to thy sight,
The youth who bids with stifled pain
His sad farewell to-night?

How great must have been the sufferings of this young girl through the deep gloom which from that time followed Major André! and how precious, almost sacred to her, must have been this small pamphlet! It was treasured by her until her death, when she left it to her daughter.[1] Even at this distance of time our sympathies are deeply stirred for the unfortunate young man.

André was only twenty-nine years old when he was hanged, October 1, 1780. He was "serene and brave to the end." His last words were, "All I request of you, gentlemen, is to bear witness to the world that I died like a brave man." Englishmen have honored him by placing him in Westminster Abbey, with all their greatest heroes; may we not, as true and loyal Americans, while recognizing the justice of his sentence, feel the deepest sympathy and pity for his tragic death?

Sophie Howard Ward.

MAJOR ANDRE'S ACCOUNT.[2]


The Mischianza
Humbly inscribed
to
Miss Peggy Chew
by
Her most devoted Knight
and Servant
J. A.
Philadelphia June 2d 1778.

FACSIMILE OF FIRST PAGE OF ANDRÉ'S NARRATIVE.

THE Festival given in honour of Sr Wm Howe on the 18th of May and stiled the Misquianza began by a Regatta upon the Delaware; Four hundred persons were invited, for all of whom the most convenient Accommodations were provided in Galleys and Flat Boats: These were on the Occasion lined with Cloth, covered with Awnings, and dressed out with Colours and Streamers in full naval pomp.

The Embarkation took place at Knight's wharf at the upper end of the City at 4 oClock in the afternoon and the Weather was as favourable as the preparations were magnificent.

The *Ferret* Galley in which were several General Officers and Ladies led the Way. Three flat boats with Musick followed, The *Hussar* allotted to Sir William Howe rowed next and the *Cornwallis* with Gen: Knyphausen closed the rear. The Boats in three Divisions, one attached to each Galley swarmed around them.

The Gaudy Fleet, freighted with all that was distinguished by Rank Beauty and Gallantry was conveyed down the River, along the whole length of the City, whilst every Ship at the wharfs or in the Stream was decked in all her maritime Ornaments and covered with Spectators. Opposite to the Fanny (an Armed Ship of the Frigate Build) the whole lay on their Oars; The Fanny was from the water's edge to the Mast Head covered with Streamers and Ensigns.

The Shore now became doubly crowded with lookers on, full of Curiosity and admiration. The musick Boats drew somewhat nearer and the loyal and inspiring ode "God save the King" was played and Chorussed. After this Ceremony the Boats and Galleys proceeded on their way down the River and

1 Mrs. William G. Read, of Baltimore.

2 The original manuscript has been followed in every respect.—EDITOR.

Digitized by Google

the *Roebuck* as they passed, firing a Royal Salute, The Musick, the number of Spectators & the Brilliancy of the gay tribe which peopled the River made the whole uncommonly solemn and striking.

The General and the whole Company who had attended the Regatta landed opposite Mr Whartons House at 6 oClock. Here the preparations had been made for the remaining amusements of the Evening. The House stands at about 600 yards from the Water, at the bottom of the Garden a Triumphal Arch was erected of the Doric Order decorated with military Emblems and Devices and inscribed

"I bone 'quo Virtus tua te vocat I pedé fausto." 150 yards farther towards the water stood another Arch of the same Order but decorated with naval Ornaments. Its inscription on the Freeze was "Laus illi debetur, et a me gratia major"

under the military arch stood in Niches two Grenadiers, under the naval one two Sailors. The Ground between the last Edifice and the Delaware was the Spot fixed upon for the Carousel, and at the upper end near the naval Arch were erected two small Amphitheatres; the Approach to the Arch was between these. The Company was conducted to the lower end of the Carousel ground opposite the Center of the Arches and House, whilst Spectators not to be numbered darked the whole plain around: a very strong guard controuled their Curiosity and with the Colours of the Army waving at different intervals framed-in the Ground with martial uniformity and splendour.



FRONTISPIECE OF ANDRÉ'S NARRATIVE. FROM THE ORIGINAL WATER-COLOR SKETCH BY HIMSELF.

The company having proceeded up the Center with some Order and Solemnity The Ladies were Seated on the Amphitheatres, those attached to Knights in the most conspicuous places.

The Ladies selected from the foremost in youth, beauty and fashion were habited in fancy dresses. They wore gauze Turbans spangled and edged with gold or Silver, on the right Side a veil of the same kind hung as low as the waist and the left side of the Turban was enriched with pearl and tassels of gold or Silver & crested with a feather. The dress was of the polonaise Kind and of white Silk with

Digitized by Google

long sleeves, the Sashes which were worn round the waist and were tied with a large bow on the left side hung very low and were trimmed spangled and fringed according to the Colours of the Knight. The Ladies of the black Champions were on the right, those of the white on the left.

The combined Bands of musick of the Army

other Knights one were in a pink Spanish dress with white mantles and sashes: they wore high crowned pink hats with a white and a black feather and carried the lance and Shield of their Knight. The lance was fluted pink and white with a little banner of the same Colours, and the Shield was silvered and painted with the Knights device.

THE KNIGHTS WERE:

Knights.	*Shield.*	*Motto.*	*Lady.*
Chf Knt: LORD CATHCART, 17th Drns.	Cupid on a Lion	"Surmounted by Love"	Miss Achmuty
Esqres { CAPT. HAZARD, 44th / CAPT. BROUNLOW 57th }			
HBLE MR CATHCART 23d.....	A Heart and a Sword.....	"Love & Honour".....	
Esq: CAPT: PETERS dsd			
MR BYGRAVE 16th Dra.....	Cupid tracing a Circle ...	"Without End".....	Miss. J: Craig
Esq: MR. NICHOLAS			
CAPTN ANDRÉ 26th.....	Two game cocks fighting	"No Rival"	Miss P. Chew
Esq: MR. ANDRÉ 7th			
CAPT: HORNECK, Guds	A Burning Heart.....	"Absence Cannot Extinguish It"	Miss N. Redmond
Esq: MR. TALBOT 16th Drag:			
CAPTN MATHEWS 41st.....	A Winged Heart.....	"Each Fair by Turns"	Miss Bond
Esq: MR. HAMILTON 15th			
MR. SLOPER, 17th Dra	A Heart and Sword	Honour & the Fair.....	
MR. BROWN, 15th			

having taken their Station behind the general and attendants, a very loud and animated march gave the Signal for beginning the Ceremony of the Carousel.

Seven white Knights on Horses of that Colour entered the Quadrangle from the left proceeded by a Herald and three Trumpets. Their device which the Herald bore on his Coat and with which the Trumpet banners were blazon'd was a white and red rose with their Stalks entwined. The motto was "we droop when separate" and the Knights stiled themselves "Of the blended Rose."

Their dress was that worn in the time of Henry the 4th of France: The Vest was of white Sattin, the upper part of the Sleeves made very full but of pink confined within a row of straps of white sattin laced with Silver upon a black edging. The Trunk Hose were exceeding wide and of the same kind with the shoulder-part of the Sleeves. A large pink scarf fastened on the right shoulder with a white bow crossed the Breast and back and hung in an ample loose Knot with Silver fringes very low under the left hip, a pink and white Sword belt laced with black and Silver girded the waist, Pink bows with fringe were fastened to the Knees, and a wide buff leather boot hung carelessly round the ankles: The Hat of white sattin with a narrow brim and high crown, was turned up in front and enlivened by red white and black plumes, and the Hair tied with the Contrasted Colours of the dress hung in flowing curls upon the back. The Horses were caparisoned with the same Colours, with trimmings and bows hanging very low from either ham and tied round their Chest. The Esquires of which the chief Knights had two and the

The Knights of the blended rose each preceeded by his Esquire passed singly at equal Intervals in procession round the Field and saluted the General and Ladies, being returned to their ground on the left, they drew up, the chief Knight a little advanced in front and the others equally divided on either Side, the Herald moved to the Center of the Area, three trumpets preceeding him, to summon attention. The first defiance was then pronounced in the following Words

The Knights of the Blended Rose, by me their Herald proclaim and assert, that the Ladies of the Blended Rose, excell in Wit, Beauty and every Accomplishment, those of the whole world, and, should any Knight, or Knights, be so hardy as to dispute or deny it, they are ready to enter the lists with them and maintain their assertions, by deeds of Arms, according to the laws of ancient Chivalry.

The Herald then approached the Company at the upper end of the Field and repeated the defiance and afterwards moving to the right, pronounced it with the same Solemnity on the opposite part of the Field to the White Knights.

Seven Black Knights now appeared within the Quadrangle. They were in black Sattin contrasted with orange and laced with gold according to the stile of dress of the White Knights; Their Horses were black and likewise ornamented with black and orange. The Esquires were in orange coloured silk with black mantles and Trimmings: They stiled themselves Knights of the Burning Mountain, and their Herald had that device on his Coat with the motto "I burn for ever."

Digitized by Google

THE KNIGHTS WERE:

Knights.	*Shield.*	*Motto.*	*Lady.*
Chief Knight, CAPTN WATSON Guds.	A Heart and a Wreath of Laurel	"Love and Glory"	Miss Franks
Esqrs: CAPT. SCOTT 17th / MR LYTTLETON 5th			
MR. UNDERWOOD 10th	A Pelican Feeding Her Young	"For Those I Love"	Miss N. White
Esq: MR. HAVERCAM			
MR WINIARD 64th	A Bay leaf	"Unchang'd	Miss ——
Esq: MR BOSCAWEN Guards			
MR DELAVAL 4th	A Heart aimed at by several Arrows and struck by one.	"One only pierces me"	Miss B. Bond
Esq: CAPT THORNE 4th			
MONSR DE MONTLUIRANT Chasseurs	A Sunflower turning to the Sun	"Je vise a vous	Miss B. Redman
Esq: CAPT: CAMPBELL 55th			
MR HOBART 7th	A Mariner's Compass	"To the Fairest"	Miss S. Chew
Esq: MR BRISCOE			
MR OF BR TARLTON	A Light Dragoon ...	"Swift, Vigilant & bold"	Miss Smith
Esq: MR HART 46th.			

They shewed themselves to contend for the superior Worth of the Ladies of the burning Mountain and to disprove the Assertion of the White Knights in favour of their Ladies.

After having moved in procession round the Quadrangle, exchanged a Salute with their Antagonists, and paid their Compliment to the distinguished group of Spectators, they took their place opposite to the White Knights and their Herald was sent with the same ceremonies as that of the blended Rose, to defy the Knights of that device to make good their Assertion: Their defiance was nearly in the following words.—

The Knights of the Burning Mountain enter these lists not to contend with words, but to disprove by deeds of Arms the vainglorious assertions of the Knights of the blended Rose and to shew that the Ladies of the burning Mountn as far excell all others in Charms as the Knights themselves surpass all others in prowess

On a parley being sounded the two Lines of Knights having sheathed their Swords, met midway, and the White Chief throwing down his glove in defiance towards his adversarys Feet, an Esquire from the Black took it up and returned it to him as accepting the Challenge. The Esquires now presented the Knights with their Shields and Lances, and the whole after saluting with the Lance, returned to resume their places.

The Signal for the Charge was next sounded when the Tilt took place with great rapidity and dexterity, each Knights Spear appearing to be shivered against his Antagonist, the Charge back again was immediate and with the pistol, which was fired in passing, the other pistol being produced, a third Charge was made; The Knights then drew their Swords and rode again at each other striking as they passed. The Whole now advanced against each other at once and closed, each Knight to his adversary, fighting hand to hand, and circling round, to direct their blow, till on a Signal they desisted to admit of a Single Combat between the Chiefs. These whilst fighting furiously, were parted by the interposition of the Judges of the Field, who doubtless deemed the Ladies so fair and the Knights so brave that it wou'd have been impious to decide in favour of either.

The Knights of both colours thus reconciled by a happy compromise formed in one Line at the bottom of the Field, alternately a black and a white champion, and advanced in Line to salute the witnesses of their Feats, they then filed so as each to ride by his Opponent, and being preceeded by their Trumpets and Heralds and attended by their Esquires moved in procession to martial musick thro the first Arch, on the other side of which they formed themselves on either side the avenue leading to the next; The Company passed between them towards the house & were saluted by Each Knight as they came opposite to him.

The House was lighted and ornamented with much Brilliancy and Taste: a great number of looking glasses multiplied every object, These were festooned over with Flowers Knots and scarves of pink and green silk and the walls were decorated with ornamental paintings in Fresco in a very elegant Stile. The Ladies sat down to Tea whilst the Knights dismounted. The latter soon entered arm in arm and repaired to pay homage to their fair ones by whom they were each presented with a favour.

The ball now began: The Knights only and their Ladies standing up in the first dance; The second dance The Knights' Ladies danced with the Esquires. By this time it was about 9 oClock and quite dark and the Fireworks which were prepared in the garden and on the Arch next the House were announced. The Company distributed themselves at the windows and doors, and were entertained with an Exhibition which besides its real merit, had that of Novelty to recommend it to the greatest number. The Fireworks closed with a grand illumination of the Arch, on the summit of which was a figure of Fame, from whose Trumpet issued in Letters of fire "Tes Lauriers sont immortels"

The Ladies returned again to the Ball Room,

Digitized by Google

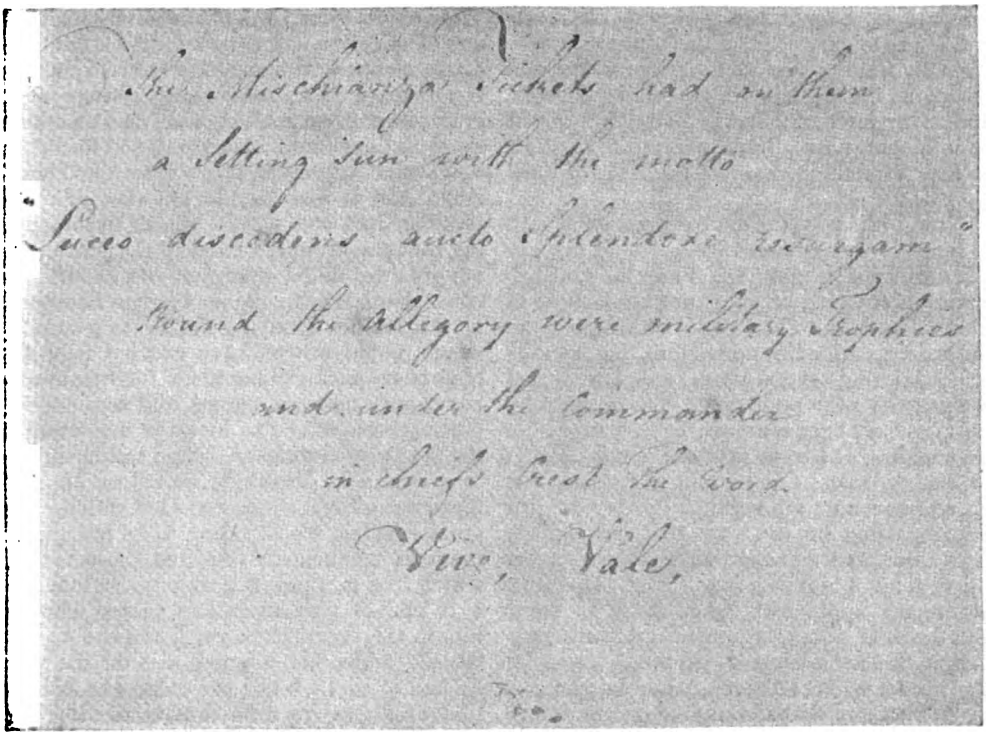
and another dance had scarce been led down, when they were summoned to Supper; Thus was one pleasure ever substituted to another throughout this various evening, long before satiety could take place.

Behind and adjoining to the house a Saloon 180 feet long had been erected, it was arched with Frame work and lined with Canvass painted and decorated in the manner of Scenes. A great number of Lustres hung from the roof along the whole length of the building, Looking Glasses, Chandeliers and Girandoles covered the Sides, the whole enlivened by garlands of flowers and festoons of Silk and Ribbon: At different intervals were large Niches for buffets and several doors render'd the attendance convenient. The Tables decked profusely and with a great deal of Taste, held 400 people. There was some Appearance of Enchantment on entering the Room, when such a perspective of Ornament and illumination caught the Eye unexpectedly, when at the upper End were discovered 24 negroes in blue and white Turbans and sashes with bright bracelets & Collars bowing profoundly together, as the company journeyed thro' the prodigious length of the Saloon, and when the most pathetic musick was performed by a concealed band, Every one seemed to hesitate if they shoud proceed, whether the objects before them appeared sacred or whether they involuntarily stopped to gratify their Surprise.

After Supper the Herald by sound of Trumpet proclaimed the Kings Health and the Band of Musick played God save the King, which was chorussed by all present. The Healths of the Commander in chief The Founders of the Feast, The Ladies of each Device were next drank—Very loud acclamations were given when the General and Admirals Healths were pronounced and persons who were near both, could perceive a generous Emotion, answer the undissembled Testimony of our Love and Admiration.

Freighted with new Strength and Spirits the whole repaired again to the Ball room and day Light overtook them in all the festive Mirth with which a youthfull band coud be annimated.

From the Manuscript of John André.


The Mischianza Tickets had on them
a Setting Sun with the motto
Succo discedens aucto splendore recurram
Round the Allegory were military Trophies
and under the Commander
in chief's Crest the Word
Vive, Vale,

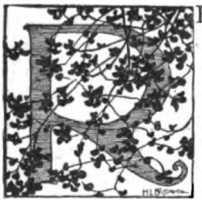
LAST PAGE OF THE NARRATIVE.

Digitized by Google

ISAM AND THE MAJOR.

By the Author of "Two Runaways," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.



READERS of THE CENTURY may possibly recall an introduction, several years ago, to Major Crawford Worthington and his "vade mecum" Isam, in a story entitled "Two Runaways," wherein was related how the eccentric bachelor cotton-planter was induced to run away one summer with his sly old negro; how they lived the somewhat lawless life of marooners in the swamp, reveling in fish chowders, green corn, poultry, melons, and fruits, to say nothing of mint juleps and corncob pipes; how they fought the deer, and their providential rescue; and how for the time being their social relations were suspended and they were boys again, "loose and free." Many sympathetic people tied down to the desks and the sedentary occupations of the city, who annually feel the impulse to savagery beat afar off among the mysteries of inherited memories, and many interested in the plantation life of ante-bellum times, have expressed a desire to hear something more of the lives of these worthies.

Now, ordinarily, the mere expression of such a desire, however unanimously, would not justify an intrusion upon the home life and privacies of any one, certainly not upon those of a man like Major Crawford Worthington, and the writer, under this conviction, has steadily refused during several years to violate further the sanctity of Woodhaven; but recently his scruples have been removed by very ingenious arguments. It is said that the major belongs to history, that he is part of the times, that no one else now will write his history, for fear of trespassing on the work that has already been done, and that the public is as much entitled to all of him as it is to a part. The same arguments apply with equal force to Isam. But the most potent argument is that the public has rather underestimated the character of the master of Woodhaven, while laughing at his foibles, and that a complete picture is now due him.

These conclusions have induced the writer to undertake, with much careful labor, to secure subsequent facts in the lives of Major Crawford Worthington and Isam, and to place them on record. The first chapters describe a great change in the *personnel* at Woodhaven, and probably the most momentous fact in its daily history for many a long year.

I.

MAJOR WORTHINGTON sat upon his broad back porch some three months after his runaway with Isam, his fat left leg across the seat of a second chair that he had drawn into service, his left arm resting upon its back. This was his favorite posture, and when he assumed it he was prepared to receive, if not always with composure, still without trepidation, the developments of the day in their regular order. Today he ought to have been moderately content and serene, for there was in reflection and about him much suggestive of peace and quiet. The year had been a prosperous one for planters. The cotton had done well; the great cornfields, stripped of their fodder, waited only the last round of the wagons to yield up the ripened grain; no unusual amount of sickness had fallen upon his three hundred negroes; and the Whigs had scored an important point on the Democrats. But it was easy to see that all these blessings had not sufficed to shut out disturbing thoughts from the mind of the gentleman, nor was the direct source of the disturbance concealed. A letter lay in his free hand, and he was intently studying the Texas postmark, which, could frowns have effected it, would have been quickly obliterated. But frowns cannot change inanimate forms, and so the Texas postmark continued to look the major full in the face with composure, while setting in motion a train of disturbing thoughts. In some mysterious way it connected itself with the previous evening, when, sitting as he was at that moment, an incident occurred the details of which rose in mind with singular vividness.

A pile of pine-knots had blazed beneath him in the broad back yard, and the negroes danced under his laughing eye for the prize he had offered. While the scene was still animated with leaping forms, and vocal with songs and shouts, out of the shadow into the red glare of the firelight had come an old negress, tall and straight indeed, but tremulous with the weight of nearly a century, and faced him at the foot of the steps. With her presence came a sudden silence, for she possessed an

Digitized by Google

influence over the rude people assembled there, rooted in fear and trust. Living alone on a distant part of the plantation, yet, as may be readily understood, in absolute security, she healed and cured the sick with her secret herbs, and warded off invisible evils with the magic of potent charms, for the faith-cure is



AUNT SILVY.

older than civilization. Filling an important position in the economy of the place, an inheritance herself, she possessed, by custom, rights that even the master recognized as vested, and a liberty as complete as his own. The significance of her appearance in the yard lay in the extreme rarity of its occurrence, and in the superstition common among the slaves that it foretold always an important change for good or evil in the family. That Major Worthington credited this common belief cannot be affirmed. He was aware of the fact that coincidences in the past somewhat justified it, but the question lay among those undebated ones that every mind carries indifferently. He would have hooted at such a belief, and if charged with it by any one, the rash person would undoubtedly have heard himself denounced as a fool of the species *condemnatus*. Yet family traditions never altogether fade from the memory of any member, and they exert to some degree an influence upon the mind, unconscious though it be. So it was that as the dancers paused, and the dim and murky eyes of the old woman were turned upon him, he said kindly:

"Come in, Aunt Silvy; I 'm glad to see you."

She stood silent, turning her head about slowly upon the crowd, face after face averting itself uneasily as it met her gaze, her failing mind gradually connecting the incidents necessary to comprehension. Seeing that the sport was spoiled by her presence, the major ordered Isam to bring some sugar, coffee, tobacco, and whisky for the old creature. Taking them from the steps where Isam had placed them, and from which he had precipitately retired, she began to retrace the way toward her lonely cabin; but remembering her art, she turned slowly and looked back, nodding her head.

"Let the win' pass," she said grandly, and with startling energy. "When hit is gone—" The rest of the sentence sank into an unintelligible mumble.

It was impossible to lift the spell of her visit from the superstitious spirits about him, and so, after one or two vain attempts, Major Worthington dismissed them with an explosion of several of his expressive anathemas, and relighted his pipe. For an hour he sat and smoked, smiling occasionally when he remembered Isam's hurried retreat up the steps. But he noticed from time to time that the wind blew steadily, and his mind drifted back into other days. Once in the night he awoke; the wind was still blowing.

To-day, as he sat holding the unopened letter, these events came back to memory with a persistence that annoyed him. Before breaking the seal he cast a glance about him. The yellowed leaves of the china-tree, yielding to the still active breeze, swarmed outward and downward into the cotton, which, beginning just outside the yard fence, stretched away in nodding ranks to the distant woodland. Where the negro pickers bent over the white staple, a bright turban here and there gave back flashes of color, and the regular cadence of their song rose and fell as the breeze freshened or died away under the melodious sounds. The single sweet-gum-tree in the fence corner, its high lifted crest and widely extended branches bending and dipping slowly in the haze of the fading day, was crimson, scarlet, and yellow. Under it, upon the top rail, a red-and-yellow rooster, in pleasing harmony with his surroundings, was resisting the pressure of the wind

Digitized by Google

upon his broad tail, and calling to his family to follow him into the shadowy branches above. On the very top of the gin-house beyond, his brush spread against the darkened roof, stood the stately pea-fowl, and ever and anon his unequaled plumage, lifted as by an unseen hand, received the slanting sunbeams, and made a glory against the sky.

The man was not given to the study of these things. His eye embraced rather than sought out the details of the picture as he lifted it from the letter responsive to a sudden thought. There was motion everywhere, for the wind still blew; and drawing forth his penknife, he inserted it in the corner of the envelop. Just at that moment, as though no longer meeting a resisting pressure in the air, the refrain of the picker floated in clear and distinct,

> Ring dem sweet shinin' bells,
> Ring dem sweet bells,

and a single petal from the Lamarque rose-bush at the end of the porch, planted many years ago by a little sister, forsaken in mid-air by its fickle lover, fluttered down and lay upon his hand. Looking up quickly, he saw that absolute stillness lay upon every object. The wind had passed. He drew his knife blade along the envelop, and read the inclosure.

As Isam came and went noiselessly across the porch, his wrinkled face and grizzly-gray beard were often turned toward his master without attracting attention. Something in the calm, unbroken mood there revealed began to impress him as remarkable. His comings, from one excuse or another, grew more frequent, and presently an anxious look began to creep into his own face. Finally he ceased to go, and stood watching his master, more and more puzzled. He drew nearer, and his soft, insinuating voice broke the silence.



"IT WAS ISAM'S WAY OF MEETING GRIEF."

"Mas' Craffud?" There was no reply. "Mas' Craffud, is yer sick, honey?" Still no reply. The old negro's eye caught a glimpse of the letter that had slipped to the floor. He took it up, and examined it critically. It was plain to his mind that the key to this new, strange mood lay in the lines of that sheet. He withdrew softly to the dining-room, and put on his silver-rimmed spectacles for a better examination. An hour before he had brought the semi-weekly mail from Milledgeville, and evidently this was one of the letters. But Isam's education was not equal to the unraveling of the mystery hidden in the few words there recorded. He went quickly through the hall, and found old Hebe in the sewing-room busy with the rough garments of the slaves, the unending labor of a lifetime, now grown to be necessary to her happiness.

"What dat paper say, mammy?" he asked anxiously, thrusting the message into her hand, and seating himself beside her. The old woman looked at him indignantly.

"Git off dem clothes, boy! Ain't yer got no better manners den ter come drop down on folks's things like dat?" Her great age gave her authority, and even Isam was a boy in her memory.

"Hit 's done come! hit 's done come!" he cried, excitedly drawing the garments from beneath him, and throwing them aside. A presentiment was strengthening in his keen mind. "Read hit, mammy! read hit!" She looked at him over her glasses in wonder.

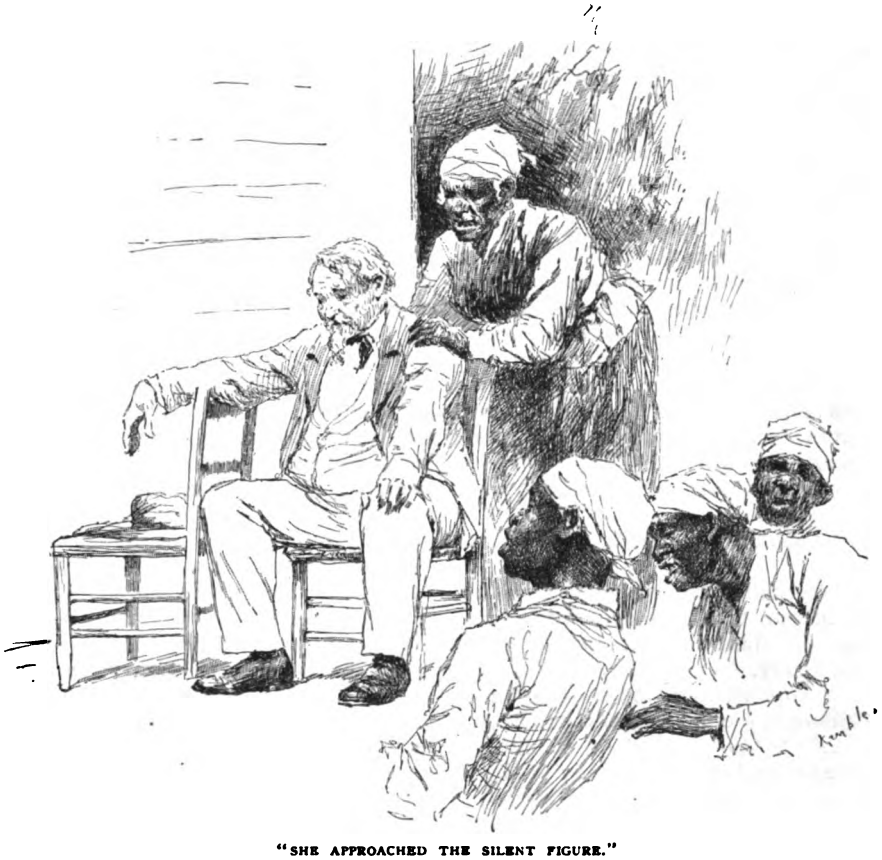
"What business you got readin' young marster's letters, you black rascal?"

"'T ain't no time to talk, mammy," he said earnestly, his features working nervously; "Mas' Craffud down in de low-grounds out yonder, all tore up 'bout dat letter." He looked around cautiously, and lowered his voice. "Aunt Silvy hyah las' night—" He paused to watch Hebe's face. She began to read, exercising an accomplishment that dated back to childhood and the kindness of a long dead mistress. Her progress was slow, for her practice had been confined chiefly to the open print of her Bible; but she gathered the sense of the message surely, for, as she contemplated it in silence, her face grew agitated, and her hand began to tremble. Then clutching the letter tightly, and moaning, she stood up.

"Who dead?" Isam grasped her arm. At the sound of the word she broke into a wail that rang through the house.

"Dead! dead! dead! She won't come back no more now! she won't come back no more!" The old man understood. He threw both hands to his head, and rushed from the house.

Digitized by Google



"SHE APPROACHED THE SILENT FIGURE."

Straight he went across the yard, behind the smoke-house, and crouched upon the wash-bench there. It was Isam's way of meeting grief.

But Hebe went upon the porch, her wail growing louder as her excitement increased. She approached the silent figure, and placed her hand upon his shoulder. The cook and several of the washerwomen came to the foot of the steps, and added their voices to hers, clapping hands and bending bodies in rhythmical unison. But the tumult did not change the mood of the silent man. He had heard it too often sounded about those steps, or out in the quarters, when, one by one, members of the family lay dead in the darkened parlors.

"All gone now! all gone but one!" It was Hebe's voice. Something in the words drew his attention for the first time, and his eyes sought her face. Animated by a memory, with the recollection of an enforced silence extending through long years, and a never-dying love tugging at her heart-strings, she turned from wailing to passionate reproach, and poured condemnation upon him. Louder and louder rang her voice until she was in a frenzy of excitement. Even one not familiar with the romance of the young and only sister, her flight from home, her marriage with a family enemy, the succeeding years of estrangement, could have gathered all from the broken sentences that rushed from the woman's lips as the pent-up emotions burst through at last. The death notice was the first news from the girl she had raised. And how many years had passed? She could not remember.

"Give me the letter." There was no excitement or resentment in the tones of Major Worthington's voice as he extended his hand. His calmness brought back her self-possession. She gave him the letter, and very gently, as though to a wayward child, he read it aloud, including the closing lines, which she had not stopped to decipher. It was from a minister.

The duty devolves on me to inform you that the soul of Katharine Ridgewood has returned to its God, and that to-day we have laid her body beside her husband's at this place, in obedience to her directions. She left no letter, but this message, which you will doubtless understand: "I send my child with confidence that her future will be brighter because of her mother's unchanging love for you."

Digitized by Google

The voice of the man grew very gentle as he read. There was a tone in it no one had ever heard before. Hebe gazed upon him in astonishment.

"Her chile!"

"So it seems. Now let there be no more of this." His voice had resumed its wonted positiveness. "Put her mother's room in order," he said, drawing a bunch of keys from his pocket and selecting one, which he detached. He was apparently calm, but his hand trembled a little, and his movements betrayed something of nervousness. At the door, for he had turned to go in, he stopped again.

"Isam! *Isam! Isam!*"

"Yes, sir; I 'm er-comin'." The little old man darted from behind the smoke-house, and started across the yard:

"What are you doing back there, you black rascal?"

"Ruminatin', Mas' Craffud; des er-ruminatin'."

"Well, you ruminate the saddle on my horse, and be quick about it." Then he went inside, and though the night was warm they heard his door close loudly.

Major Worthington sent to the Texas minister next morning the following despatch:

Send Katharine Ridgewood's child at once. How old is she? Answer.

The query was an after-thought. An exceedingly pompous young fellow, grown mighty by association with the members of the legislature and the handling of State business, took the despatch, and as he tapped with his long-pointed pencil upon the counter, and curled his slender mustache with his free hand, he said airily:

"Relative, I suppose, major. Hope it is a young lady."

"Sir!"

The feeble smile died from the young man's lips under the fierce stare of the major, and the thunderous reply. He retired precipitately to his instrument. That afternoon the answer came over the wires, while he, surrounded by a group of admiring and tributary companions was explaining an invention his vast mind had conceived for the transmission of six messages simultaneously over a single wire. The answer he handed to the major read:

Katharine Ridgewood will start to-day. She is six years old.

II.

THE succeeding few days were busy ones for Major Worthington. He personally superintended the preparation of the long closed room that fronted his in the great hall. The moldering furniture was removed; the moth-eaten carpet and the stained curtains gave place to new and elegant substitutes which he purchased in person. Whenever anything needed was suggested, out came the great roan saddle-horse, and off went the major to Milledgeville. Another person would have prepared a list; but that was not the Worthington method, and the results were a dozen trips. As the time approached when the little traveler might be expected, he grew more restless. Finally, all the arrangements were complete. That night he slept but little. Twice he called Isam, and made him hold the lamp while he studied the situation in the child's room. Its furniture was elegant; its appointments were perfect. The smiles came and went upon the face of the old negro with more than usual rapidity, and when at length he was permitted to retire for a final nap, he muttered to himself:

"Dat chile ain't goin' ter want fer nuthin'. He goin' ter mek up fer two."

Just before daybreak, Major Worthington arose and sought the room again — this time alone. Seated upon the edge of the bed in the less than twilight of the place, he lived over many of the years that were gone. Slowly as he sat there, out of the gloom, as the gray dawn brightened, grew a fair young face on the wall opposite him. The eyes, frank and smiling, were full of love, and were bent steadily upon him. He carefully wiped the dust of slumber from his lower lids, flourished his red handkerchief vigorously an instant, and went upon the back porch to call Isam.

That morning he had not more than half finished his pipe when he suddenly struggled to his feet, under the stimulus of an important idea. He went at once to the room, and soon all the new furniture was dragged out. The great mahogany bed gave place to a tiny, carved affair, resurrected in the lumber room, and off he posted to town, Isam following soon after in a great wagon, not surprised, but merely wondering what was coming next. He found the major at a furniture store, deep in the mysteries of furnishings. He had selected a tiny bed-room set — bureau, chairs, rockers, wash-stand, fire-dogs, and rugs. Leaving directions for Isam to load these, and to follow to the drug-store, he went away as fast as the peculiar style of his own anatomical architecture, and his more than usual excitement, could carry him. The furniture-dealer asked Isam the question he dared not put to the major.

"Yes, sir," replied that worthy, with dignity; "little miss's chile comin' ter stay wid us. Nothin' but de bes' good enough fer her."

"Why, I thought the major had sworn never

Digitized by Google

to recognize his sister. Did n't suppose he ever knew where she lived."

"Who tell yer dat? Some folks mighty pesterin'. Mas' Craffud know 'bout 'er all de time —all de time, an' beg 'er ter come back, but dat man she marry say no, an' she warn't de woman ter go back on de man she marry. Las' thing she did was ter send us her chile. Don't look much like dey was n't rec'nizin' one ernuther!" Isam gave the off mule the full benefit of his indignation.

"Strange how these old negroes will lie when it comes to a matter of family pride," laughed the furniture-dealer to his clerk.

When Isam reached the drug-store, the major had secured a downy little brush, intended for the first hair of childhood, and a diminutive comb. Now Isam had been ignored in these matters until his pride was suffering, and as the major was about to withdraw, he said, after searching the show-case with his keen little eyes:

"Mas' Craffud, I disremember what dey calls 'em, but de chile's ma used ter set pow'ful store by dem deir t'ings what woman folks jab powder in deir face wid." The major started back toward the druggist.

"Let me have the best one you 've got."

"An' de powder too," said Isam, suggestively, rubbing his chin and smiling.

"How much powder?" asked the dealer, his voice falling into the musical tones of the negro's. Isam bent his brow, and screwed his lips together reflectively.

"'Bout five pounds 'll do, I reck'n, Mas' Craffud—'bout five pounds. Hit ain't goin' ter tek long to get mo' ef dat don't hold out."

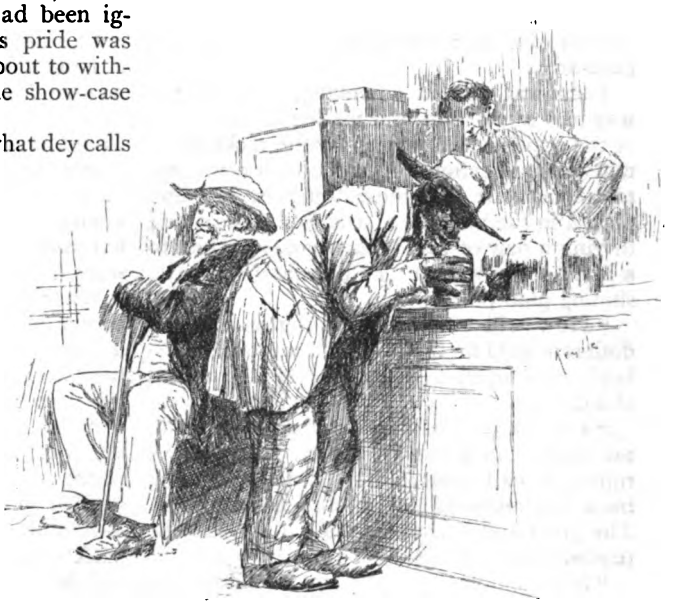
"Make it ten," the major said, and full of laughter the druggist withdrew behind his desk to fill the order. Isam was now thoroughly happy, but he was intently studying the show-case. He began again with dignity and deliberation.

"Den deir 's de c'logne bottles at home all done empty. Her ma never go nowhar dout she flip er little c'logne on er hank'ch'ef." The smiling druggist drew down a great bottle of golden fluid. A child requiring ten pounds of powder would certainly need a gallon of cologne; but Isam shook his head. "Dat ain't gwine ter do. Hits got ter smell er pertic'lar kind er way." The puzzled druggist looked toward the major, who had sunk into a chair, and with twinkling eyes was regarding the old negro's attitude.

"Let him smell all you 've got," he said, hitting the floor with his cane. So Isam gravely smelled sample after sample, shaking his head over each. But suddenly the faint, fine odor of violets floated out.

"Deir 't is! deir 't is!" he exclaimed, joyously. "Lord, Lord! but hit looks like I kin see dat lace hank'ch'ef right fo' my eyes, an' her des shakin' hit in de win'." Major Worthington started up suddenly, and stood in the doorway with his back to them; but Isam calmly gathered up the purchases, and loaded them in the wagon.

"All dis mighty good," said he, sententiously, as the major was moving off—"mighty good, but er chile is er chile, an' her ma used ter tek



"ISAM GRAVELY SMELLED SAMPLE AFTER SAMPLE."

pow'ful kind ter candy." His master looked at him in genuine admiration.

"The nigger 'll be running for the legislature," he said, chuckling. Isam gave expression to his childish laugh of happiness as they hurried off.

"Ten pounds of mixed candy," said the major, entering a store, and startling the bald-headed little old proprietor almost out of his wits.

"Certainly, sir; certainly," and he was already journeying from jar to jar when Isam, recognizing his newly acquired rights, knocked on the show-case. He had become transformed into a fine gentleman. No lord of the admiralty ever bore himself more grandly. He extended his left hand toward the shopkeeper,

Digitized by Google

motioning downward rapidly with his long black fingers.

"Don't want none er dat stuff — don't want none er dat stuff!" The proprietor, astonished, and swelling with mimic rage, paused and looked at the negro and then at the major, who was almost exploding with laughter.

"What have you got to do with it?" he snapped out.

"Everything!" roared the major, interposing. "Take the gentleman's order, sir. What is it, Mr. Dewberry?" Isam pointed coolly to a box of chocolate-drops.

"Deir 't is. Her ma would n' tech nuthin' but dem. I seen her tried too many times." So the box of chocolate was wrapped up. As they went out, the fiery little confectioner kicked the astonished cat across the shop, and boxed the ear of a little boy who begged him for a gum-drop.

Isam was now in command. He led the way into a toy-shop, and made glad the heart of the patient little woman by the reckless extent of his selections. But the major was not to be outdone. As these things were being placed in the vehicle, a little boy came along driving a pair of well-broken goats hitched to a home-made wagon. To him he displayed a shining gold-piece.

"How will you swap, young man — ten dollars in gold for the goats and wagon?" The boy's eyes opened wide, and Isam laughed aloud.

"I 'll ask pa," said the youngster, and with the money in hand he darted away. "All right!" he called out from the distance, coming back with beaming face and full of excitement. The goats and wagon were lifted in before he reached the scene.

"Now go home." This was said to Isam, but he only laughed and looked down.

"Mas' Craffud," he said, "hits er long ways home."

"Well, sir?"

"An' hits mighty hot day."

"Well, sir?"

"Spec' fo' yer start out, better git somebody ter mek yer up one dem ole-fashion' julips." And the smiles filled his face.

"Ponder," said the major, turning to a grocer who stood looking on, "give the negro a drink." Isam took the shining dime, and, still laughing, disappeared into the store.

III.

THE Worthington family carriage in those days saw but little service, as the saying is. Half a dozen times, perhaps, during the sitting of the legislature the blacks were harnessed to it, and with a dignity befitting their score of years they trotted off to town, the length of their stride varying not one inch in a decade, the methodical switching of their tails never changing, winter or summer, as it was timed to the swing of their bodies, and sufficiently rapid to afford an ample defense against flies. At such times they drew back and forth some choice spirits for a game of cards by lamplight on the broad back porch; or if the weather demanded, in front of the log fire within doors, gun-wads serving for chips, and Isam concocting the famous Worthington mint-julep, which, while it lacked the handful of hail that Jupiter first added, nevertheless lost nothing thereby, for the deep well registered sixty even in August. Occasionally the old vehicle attended a neighborhood funeral, its ponderous dignity and evident aristocratic aspect affording always not a little comfort to mourning relatives. Once a year it went to Milledgeville to meet a maiden Worthington aunt, who swooped down at stated intervals on the major's rooms and waged bitter war with the spirit of disorder there. And once a year it carried her back to the train, a defeated and embittered woman, Isam on the box above, laughing softly to himself, and Hebe at home heaving ponderous sighs of relief.

War buried the bolts and irons of that lumbering old carriage in an ash-heap, but had it survived, it would greatly amuse the new generation with its stage-like body much given to rolling, its broad receptacle in the rear for baggage, its airy driver's box, and the vast expanse of cushions within. No young person of this age could fail to be startled to see, when the door was flung open — a door almost as ponderous as that of a bank safe — the unfolding steps come tumbling down tumultuously to the ground, and the cavernous recess exposed. Poor old carriage! It was an object very familiar to the neighborhood, for in the course of its long career nearly everybody between Woodhaven and Milledgeville had, at various times, assisted to extract it from the ditches, while the major stood upon the nearest elevation, and swore at Isam, horses, coaches, luck, and the world in general.

This was the vehicle that rolled from Woodhaven on one eventful Thursday morning, with Hebe inside as a grand lady reclining on the cushions, and Isam presiding above. Major Worthington had prepared to accompany them, but at the last moment turned back.

"Go on," he said to Isam, abruptly; "she 'll have her nurse with her, I reckon. I 'm not going to ride in a carriage with two niggers and a baby." He climbed the steps, and resumed his favorite seat, filling his corn-cob pipe, and paying no further attention to the departure of the vehicle. But Isam shrewdly suspected that

Digitized by Google

the major feared to face the crowd around the depot.

The major's chair occupied a commanding position. He never troubled to send for any one who happened to be within a quarter of a mile of him and visible. He could reach that distance with his voice without shaking the ashes from his pipe. He was particularly restless and irritable that morning, and his demands on first one and then another of the passers-by were numerous, and took such shapes as this: "Here — Aleck! Oh, run here and shut that garden gate! Don't you see the goats going in there?" Or: "You, Tom! *Tom!* TOM-M-M! Run that peacock away from those chickens! You going to stand there and let him kill the last one of them?" Or: "Billy! *Billy!* BILLY! HERE! Run here and get some corn for this hen! No; not that one — the setting hen. Tut! tut! tut! Now look at you, you black rascal! Don't let that turkey get it!" And so on. I need hardly say that these sentences were garnished with certain other phrases that had become familiar at Woodhaven.

As the day wore away he loosened his collar, — one of those old-fashioned collars that were sewed upon the garment beneath, — and drew the soft, puffy cambric shirt away from his flesh, nodded a little, and thought a great deal. In the afternoon there was heard the rumble of wheels, and presently the familiar outlines of the old carriage blocked the view at the side gate. Major Worthington maintained his position of dignity and repose, his left leg extended across the chair in front, over the back of which his arm was also thrown, his slouch hat tilted a little against the reflection shed upon him from the pale blue sky.

But Isam's chin was down between his shoulders, and his head wagged strangely, while in the shadowy interior of the vehicle Hebe's teeth shone like a gigantic ivory brooch in a doublet of black velvet.

Isam threw open the coach door, the steps rattled down, and the lithe form of a young lady in black, with face heavily veiled, descended to the ground and came across the yard. Paralyzed with astonishment, Major Worthington moved neither hand nor foot. Then she came up the steps



"SHE BEGAN TO LAUGH AND CRY BY TURNS."

quickly, throwing back her veil. A fair young face, pale with emotion, was turned to his, and soft blue eyes swept down into the past which lay buried within his heart's silence these long years. Something like a great fear seized him. It was as though out of the old times his little sister had come, a fair ghost to bless and forgive.

She dropped beside him, and twined her arms over his shoulders; her composure vanished, and, sobbing, she let her fair head fall upon his breast. A tremor shook his form, then two or three great soundless, tearless sobs. Raising her face hurriedly, he kissed her once upon the forehead, and struggled to his feet. Then he awkwardly lifted and supported her along the hall to her room, for her emotion was now beyond control, and he was altogether

Digitized by Google

confused. But at the door of her room he paused in consternation. There were the little trundle-bed, the tiny bureau and furniture, the toys arranged to attract attention, the little baby-brush and comb, and — the candy.

"That scoundrel in town told me it was a baby!" he thundered, his excitement by easy transition running to rage. The incongruity of the arrangements turned the tide of her emotion also. She began to laugh and cry by turns. Putting her arms around his neck impulsively, she kissed him on the lips.

"Hebe told me — it was a mistake — sixteen instead of six — and how good of you, Uncle Crawford; how good of you!"

"I 'll horsewhip the fellow within an inch of his life —"

"Oh no, uncle; it was only a mistake — and I am glad of it. Don't you see it makes me feel at home already."

Here they heard the scampering of feet in the hall, and the rattle of wheels, and, guided by Isam, who was bending double with laughter, ducking his head right and left as the animals pulled upon their bits, which they champed excitedly, the goats and wagon came full into the room.

"Deir dey is, little miss; deir dey is. When yer goin' ter town, hyah yo' team. Ef yer feared ter drive 'em, Mas' Craffud he git in and hold de lines."

The major seized a chair and swung it aloft, but Isam fled, and a scream of laughter from Hebe outside mingled with the echoes of his flying feet.

Helen, smiling through her tears, soon after guided the team out with her own hands, and the old twinkle was visible in the major's eye that shone over her shoulder.

The charm of youth enveloped the old house again, and that night a mocking-bird came and sang for hours in the rose-bush at the end of the porch. If Hebe is to be believed, none ever sang there before.

Harry Stillwell Edwards.

WE CAMPED WITH BURNS.

WE camped with Burns upon the mountain-height;
We read his poems by the pine-knot's light.

The wind roared in the spruce-tops overhead;
The snow blew through the doorway as we read.

The night was wild, and we had wandered far
Ere darkness came without a guiding star.

But though our limbs were worn, no breath of care
Could dull the soul in that pure mountain air.

And he, beset with lifelong toil and wrong,
Who broke the bonds that bound the feet of song,

And made toil glorious his plow behind,
Seemed to draw near upon that winter wind.

We felt his deep gaze burning through the storm,
His voice the blast, the wavering shade his form;

And "Highland Mary," "Tam o' Shanter's" lines,
Were mingled with the murmur of the pines.

There are some days in life so full and free
With self-reliant youth and prophecy,

That in all after-time, when we look back,
They stand like mountain-ranges in the track;

And when life's sun is setting, long they keep
His splendor lingering on slope and steep.

So seems that day to me, so shines that night
We camped with Burns upon the mountain-height.

W. P. Foster.

Digitized by Google

EDVARD GRIEG.

EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG —he omits the middle name in his published compositions, and in his private correspondence — was born at Bergen, Norway, June 15, 1843. His grandfather was a Scotchman, and his father was Consul Hagerup of Bergen. His first musical training was from his mother, a woman of great accomplishments, and a fine musician and pianist. He began his musical studies at the age of six, and composed his first piece when nine years old. It is related that he carried this for examination to the teacher who at that time had charge of his studies. This man must have been of a non-progressive and pedantic disposition, for he had nothing but fault to find with the boy's work, and emphatically advised him not to waste his time on "such trash." By the advice of Ole Bull, Grieg was sent in 1858 to the Leipsic Conservatory, where he received instruction in composition, orchestration, and pianoforte playing from Moscheles, Hauptmann, Richter, Reinecke, and Wenzel. Moscheles, at that time somewhat advanced in years, was very conservative, and held tenaciously to old ideas. He was deservedly one of the most celebrated pianists of his day, and was especially admirable in his Bach playing, although he held exclusively to the old up-and-down, hammer-like finger-stroke, and stiff, rigid-wrist style of playing. He was distrustful of modern tendencies and innovations, and especially did he look with disfavor on the compositions of Chopin, which he regarded as bizarre, affected, and anomalous, and his advice to his pupils was to let such music severely alone, lest they might be led away from the path of musical rectitude. He would not permit the playing of Chopin's music by members of his family; but after a while one of his daughters married and removed to London, where she could play the works of her favorite author to her heart's content. In this she was perhaps unwittingly following the example which her father had given her some forty years before, when he was a lad of about fourteen, studying in Prague under the direction of Dionys Weber, the well-known theoretician, composer, and music-teacher. This was about the year 1810, at which time Beethoven was actively engaged in composing, and new and fresh works of his were being published from time to time. Dionys Weber seems to have resembled Moscheles in his tendency to consider novel and fresh notions as unwarrantable innovations, inasmuch as, regarding Beethoven's compositions as wholly unorthodox, he forbade his pupils, Moscheles among the number, to play them; but Moscheles — who, by the way, was fond of telling this story — avowed in a spirited way that his fondness for Beethoven's music was so great that whenever he could get a chance, he played nothing else.

It is easy to conceive that Grieg did not sympathize with the unprogressive views of his Leipsic teacher, and doubtless he too devoted a large part of his time to the music of Schumann and Chopin. The antiquated and old-fogy atmosphere of Leipsic was distasteful to him, and he became depressed and discouraged. He was graduated from the conservatory in 1862, and the following year he went to Copenhagen, and began his studies under Gade, who was more congenial to him, and who was not without influence in his further development. While in Copenhagen, however, he became acquainted with Rikard Nordraak, a young, enthusiastic, and genial Norwegian composer, and this event exercised the strongest influence in bringing out his personality and revealing to him his true nature. The two young men met, talked of patriotism, of folk-lore, and swore an oath of fealty to Norwegian art. Grieg says: "It was as though scales fell from my eyes; for the first time I learned through him the northern folk-songs and to understand my own nature. We abjured the Gade-Mendelssohn insipid and diluted Skandinavismus, and bound ourselves with enthusiasm to the new path which the northern school is now following." In this way Grieg became the exponent of the musical side of Norwegian art.

While original and spontaneous, his music is imbued with the old Norse melodies and folk-songs, which are distinguished from those of other Scandinavian nations by a certain robustness, ruggedness, and abruptness in harmonic changes, that are for the most part in the minor key, and abound in peculiar rhythms so irregular as to be almost without periodicity, or, in other words, almost without rhythm. Some of the older melodies are crude, harsh, and barbarous. Many of them present such a succession of rough and abrupt rhythms, without appreciable melody, as almost to prevent

Digitized by Google

faithful and accurate notation. Grieg is always true to the Norwegian coloring, and the freedom of gesture and motion characteristic of peasant life is in his music. The strong contrast produced by marked emphasis and rhythm combined with syncopation, the constant recurring effects of light and shade through proper attention to dynamics, are very marked. He is, however, always within the bounds of good taste, and is never excessive or extravagant.

Grieg has been likened to Chopin—indeed, he has been called the "Chopin of the North"; but if this designation is intended to suggest the idea that he is in any sense an imitator, the comparison is unjust. Both composers belong in general to the same type and genius, and both have written exclusively in the smaller art-forms; but the individuality and personality of each is as distinct as his nationality. As writers for the pianoforte pure and simple, who thoroughly understand the nature and the possibilities of the instrument, and invariably conform to its idiomatic requirements, they both, with Schumann, stand at the head; but Grieg, like Schumann, is more than a pianist-composer, and is far ahead of Chopin in the matter of instrumentation for the orchestra. He understands the art of musical polyphony, and thus his treatment of the orchestra is euphonic and harmonious, as well in accompaniments for pianoforte pieces as in compositions exclusively for the orchestra. In this respect the work of most pianist-composers is unsatisfactory and disappointing—so much so that it is the opinion of many musicians that the concertos of Chopin and Henselt, for example, are more euphonious and satisfying with a second piano accompaniment than with that of an orchestra. For this reason, doubtless, as well as for the purpose of shortening the long and tiresome orchestral *tuttis*, Tausig was influenced to reinstrument the accompaniments of Chopin's E minor Concerto. Arthur Friedheim has just completed a similar service for the Henselt Concerto in F minor.

Neither Chopin nor Grieg has written any large grand dramatic work in symphonic form. The nearest approach to this in Grieg's case is perhaps the Peer Gynt Suite, and the Pianoforte Concerto Op. 16, in which the composer shows an originality which is especially attractive because it is unconscious, natural, and spontaneous. This composition is justly entitled to a place among the seven or eight representative and most celebrated concertos written by pianist-composers, as, for instance, those of Chopin, Schumann, Rubinstein, Henselt, Saint-Saëns, and latterly Paderewski. The concertos of Beethoven are not here included because they are more in the nature of symphonies in conception, design, and treatment than in the nature of pianoforte solos with accompaniment. Chopin recognized the fact that the pianoforte is an instrument which lacks the power of tone-prolongation, and so constructed a series of charming sequences, arabesques, and dainty musical embroideries on a basis of scales and arpeggios, the effects of which are charming and delightful in the extreme. Grieg, on the other hand, while conforming equally to the nature of the instrument, is fonder of polyphony and part-writing, and so gets his effects in a different, but just as legitimate, way.

It used to be said of Chopin that he always seemed to be listening to the wind blowing over the strings of an Æolian harp, and that he constantly endeavored to produce similar effects in his music by means of the prolonged and, indeed, almost never-ending dominant, or minor seventh chord, characteristic of that instrument.[1] There is some color of reason in this assertion, as will be seen on reference to his Berceuse, Op. 57, and the Nocturne, Op. 62, No. 1, near the close of both compositions, the passages in each case being in the nature of an organ point.[2] In one instance Chopin closes a prelude, Op. 28, No. 23, with an unresolved dominant seventh chord, leaving the hearer in the expectation of something yet to come, viz.:



The composer has indicated a special emphasis on the minor seventh, E flat.

While Chopin is so partial to the effect produced by a long-delayed resolution of the dominant seventh chord,[3] Grieg is no less fond

[1] "Dominant, the fifth tone in the modern scales or modes, so called because of its importance in relation to the key-note, or tonic."—CENTURY DICTIONARY.

[2] Organ-point, *i. e.*, organ-note: a single tone sustained by one part in the harmony, while the other parts progress freely without reference to it except at the beginning and end of the passage. It is usually sustained by a pedal in organ playing, and hence called "pedal-point." Its use has sometimes been traced to the drone of a bagpipe. The bagpipe in France is known as the *cornemuse*, or the *musette*. Pianists will recall the "musette" which forms the second number of the gavotte—usually written over an organ-point.—EDITOR.

[3] The following incident related in Ferdinand Hiller's "Mendelssohn" illustrates the force of the unresolved seventh: "A large number of friends had been invited to hear Mendelssohn, Clara Schumann among them. He played Beethoven's great F minor Sonata ("Appassionata"); at the end of the andante he let

Digitized by Google

of some of the old ecclesiastical modes, in which the leading tone, characteristic of our modern scale, is lacking, and its place supplied by a minor instead of a major seventh. He frequently uses harmonic and melodic progressions based upon the tones of the mixolydian and hypodorian forms,[4] viz.:



The hypodorian mode conforms note for note to the descending series of tones of our modern so-called melodic minor scale.

The following examples from Grieg's works, taken offhand as they occur to the writer, afford good illustrations.

From the Concerto Op. 16, last movement:



This passage, as it occurs in the concerto, produces, in contrast with what has preceded it, a somewhat vague and dreamy effect, which is extremely beautiful, and suggestive of perfect repose. If the harmonies upon which it is constructed are presented in their simplest form, together with the chord progressions, the effect is harsh indeed, viz.:



The consecutive fifths, occurring in the outer voices of the last two chords, are bald in the extreme.

The following are illustrations of similar progressions. Observe that in examples from Op. 28, No. 4, and Op. 38, No. 1, Grieg has, for the sake of precaution, placed accidentals before certain notes, although they are not really necessary, because already indicated in the key signature.



the final chord of the diminished seventh ring on for a long time as if he wanted to impress it very forcibly on all present; then he quietly got up, and, turning to Madame Schumann, said, 'You must play the finale.' She strongly protested. Meanwhile all were awaiting the issue with the utmost tension, the chord of the diminished seventh hovering over our heads all the time like the sword of Damocles. I think it was chiefly the nervous, uncomfortable feeling of this unresolved discord which at last moved Madame Schumann to yield to Mendelssohn's entreaties and give us the finale."— EDITOR.

[4] These names are inherited from Greek music. Each of its several modes, like the major and minor of modern music, possessed its own peculiar emotional character. For example, the Spartans directed that their youth should be educated exclusively in the use of the Doric (E to E), as the only one calculated to inspire self-respect and courage. The Phrygian, in which the familiar church tune "Windom" was originally written, was supposed to confer inspiration; while the Lydian, our major mode, was considered enervating and sensuous (*vide* Milton's reference in "L'Allegro" to "soft Lydian airs"). The ecclesiastical scales, the development of which, associated with the names of Ambrose and Gregory, was the work of the early Christian Church, do not correspond exactly to the Greek originals whose names they borrow, but possess characters equally energetic. Since harmony and modulation have displaced polyphony, many of them have dropped out of popular use, except in the service of the Church, where they survive in the chants.— EDITOR.

Digitized by Google



Grieg's works abound with such progressions, but these will suffice to illustrate.

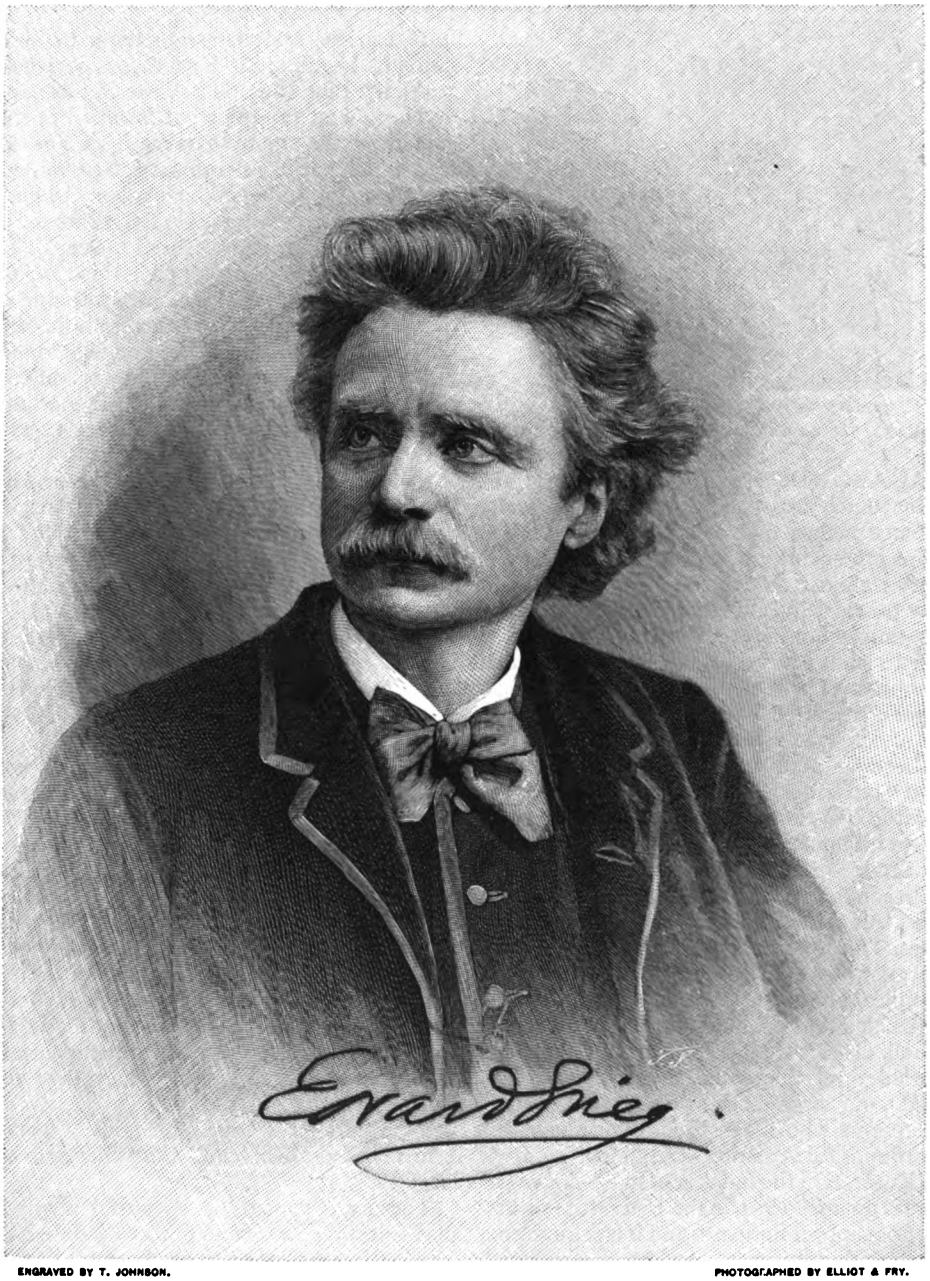
Both Chopin and Grieg have written cradle songs, each characteristic of his individual style, and a comparison of the two is interesting. Chopin's Berceuse, Op. 57, suggests a blue-blood baby of aristocratic heredity and tendency, exceedingly well-bred and proper in behavior, who passes through her existence in a passive, ladylike way, without encountering any obstacle to her desires. She is an unruffled, quiet, peaceable, sweet-dispositioned baby, without a touch of restlessness. Her cradle is rocked in a conventional way throughout, and with an unvarying uniformity of rhythm. Grieg's baby,— Berceuse, Op. 38, No. 1,—a robust little fellow, with a touch of temper, and a pair of healthy lungs which he does not hesitate to use upon occasion, is evidently at home in the cottage of a peasant. He may or may not have a more lovely and unselfish spirit than the other baby, but is of rougher externals, and somewhat more subject to the vicissitudes of life. In the beginning his slumber is quiet enough, but presently there are signs of approaching disturbance, which gradually increase until they finally culminate in a nightmare, as evidenced by a shriek of pain from the baby, who, however, recovers himself in a very short time, ceases his misbehavior, and falls again into quiet and peaceful slumber. The cradle is rocked here in a different manner. Binary and ternary rhythms combined, and strong melodic and harmonic contrasts of sudden occurrence, bear the impress of Grieg's personality.

Grieg's revolt against German classicism was the healthy instinct of a man who has a message to deliver, and seeks for it the most natural means of expression. His esteem for the highest and best in German music was none the less, and he would doubtless be among the first to acknowledge how much he has profited by its influence; but his imagination and feeling were imbued with the legends, the traditions, the folk-songs, and poetry of the peasant, and the scenery of Norway. He has expressed and translated these into music, and thus has directed the attention of the outside world to his native land, and brought its distinguishing characteristics more clearly into view. There are other Scandinavian composers of great talent and merit who have contributed to this result, but, as Norway is bolder and more rugged than Sweden and Denmark, so Grieg in his music discloses corresponding qualities to a greater degree than do his Scandinavian confrères. This is his special mission, and well has he accomplished it, or rather is in the process of accomplishing it, for he is yet in the prime of life, and, being still engaged in composing, there is reasonable expectation that the world may continue to be enriched by the productions of his genius.

On the afternoon of July 1, 1890, having received an invitation from Grieg, I made him a short visit at Villa Troldhangen, his summer home, situated on the borders of the Nordsvand, a drive of about an hour and a half from Bergen. His house is of hard wood throughout, very substantial, and at the same time cozy and comfortable. The front door opens from the sitting- or music-room directly upon the lawn without any intermediate hallway. The grounds are beautiful, and in many places are thick with forest trees and shrubs, while here and there a clearing brings to view the waters of the fjord. The wild flowers, with their bright, rich colors, were especially attractive. Mrs. Grieg, a very charming woman of bright and cheerful disposition, entertains in a genial way. She is an excellent musician and singer, and has accompanied her husband on most of his concert tours. Her earnest and heartful singing, enhanced and supplemented by her husband's exquisite accompaniments on the pianoforte, has an effect of spontaneity as though improvised, and the result is in every way a genuine musical delight. Grieg himself is genial, cultured, and unaffected. He has a keen intelligence, and a cheerful disposition, which he retains notwithstanding the necessity of constant care of his health occasioned by a serious pulmonary affection contracted while studying at Leipsic. He is short in stature, and has a large and imposing head. His expression is serious, earnest, and artless, and he is by nature repugnant to anything like posing. He leads a very retired life, rarely going out, and then only on extraordinary occasions. He is patriotic and public-spirited, takes a constant interest in whatever affects the welfare of his country, and he has felt much concerned about the political changes now going on in Norway. His intense nationality, as well as his marked individuality, find constant expression in his music, the originality and style of which are unmistakable.

William Mason.

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELLIOT & FRY.

Digitized by Google

THE CITY TRAMP.



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

MIDNIGHT: HAPPY ALLEY IN MULBERRY BEND, NEW YORK.

VAGABONDS specialize nowadays quite as much as other people. The fight for existence makes them do it. Although a few tramps are such all-round men that they can succeed almost anywhere, there are a great many others who find that they must devote their time to one distinct line of begging in order to succeed. So to-day we have all sorts of hoboes. There are house-beggars, office-beggars, street-beggars, old-clothes-beggars, and of late years still another specialization has become popular in vagabondage. It is called "land-squatting," which means that the beggar in question has chosen a particular district for his operations. Of course a large number of tramps still go over all the country, but it is becoming quite customary for vagabonds to pick out certain States and counties for their homes. The country, as a whole, is so large that no beggar can ever really know it on business principles, and some clever beggars not long ago decided that it is better to know thoroughly a small district than to have only a general knowledge of the entire continent. Consequently, our large cities have become overrun with tramps who make them their homes the year round, till America can almost compete with England in the number of her "city vags." There is no large town in the United States that does not support its share, and it is seldom that these tramps are natives of the towns in which they beg. In New York, for example, there are scores of beggars who were born in Chicago, and *vice versâ*. They have simply picked out the city which pleases them most and gone there. After a certain number of years they become so numerous that it is found necessary to specialize still further, and even to divide the town itself into districts, and to assign them to distinct kinds of begging. It is of these specialists in vagrancy that I intend to write in this paper.

The lowest type is what is called in tramp parlance "the tomato-can vag." In New York city, which has its full quota of these miserable creatures, they live in boxes, barrels, cellars, and nooks and corners of all sorts, where they can curl up and have a "doss" (sleep). They get their food, if it can be called that, by picking over the refuse in the slop-barrels and cans of the dirty alleys. They beg very little, asking usually for the stale beer they find now and then in the kegs near saloons. Money is something that they seldom touch, and yet a good many of them have been first-class criminals and hoboes in their day.

I used to know a tomato-can tramp who lived for several months in a hogshead near the east-side docks of New York. I visited him one night when on a stroll in that part of the city, and had a talk about his life. After he had reeled off a fine lot of yarns, he said:

"Why, I remember jes lots o' things. I 's been a crook, I 's been a moocher, an' now I 's shatin' on me uppers. Why, what I 's seen would keep them blokes up there in Cooper Union readin' all winter, I guess."

This was probably true. He had been everywhere, and had seen and done nearly everything which the usual outcast can, and he wound up his life simply "shatin' on his uppers." No one will have any dealings with such a tramp except the men and women in his own class. He is hated by all the beggars above him, and they "do" him every chance they get.

A fair example of this class hatred came under my notice not very long ago in the city of London, England. I was walking along Holborn one night when I was suddenly accosted by an old man who wanted me to give him a drink.

"I would n't ask ye," he said, "'cept that I 'm nearly dyin' o' cold. Can' cher help a feller out?"

There was something so pitiful about him that I decided to take him into a public-house. I picked out the lowest one in the neighborhood, and walked in. The place was filled with beggars and semi-criminals, but they were all of a higher class than my friend. However, I called for his gin, and told him to sit down. It was soon evident that the old man was an unwelcome guest, for even the bartender looked at him crossly. He noticed this, and began to

Digitized by Google

grumble a little, and in a few minutes was in a quarrel with some of the men. The bartender told him to be quiet, but he claimed that he had as good a right to talk as any one else. This angered a few of the men, and they put him out,

"Why is that?" I asked.

"Why, don' cher know that 'e ain't o' our class? 'E 's a' ole can-moocher. 'E ain't got no right 'ere."

"Well, do you mean to say that you own this



DRAWN BY F. C. MARTIN.

TOMATO-CAN TRAMPS.

although I made all the remonstrance I dared. I started to go out too, but was prevented. This made me angry, and I turned on the men and said:

"What right have you fellows to treat me this way? I came in with the old man respectably enough."

"Oh, come up 'n' 'ave a drink," said one of the men. "Don't get 'uffy. Come up 'n' 'ave a bitter." Then another said:

"Say, was that old feller any relation o' yourn? 'Cause ef 'e was, we 'll fetch 'im back; but ef 'e wa' n't, 'e kin stay where 'e is. 'E don't belong in 'ere."

place, and no one can come in who is not of your choosing?"

"The case is jes this, 'n' you know it: it 's our biz to do anybody out o' our class."

"Would you 'do' me if you had a chance?"

"Bet cher life!"

I got out safely soon after this, and had gained knowledge for the future.

But, hated as he is by the more successful vagabonds, the tomato-can tramp is just as kind-hearted and jovial as any of them. And for fair treatment I will risk him every time. As a rule, he is an old man, sometimes over seventy years of age. He dresses most outland-

Digitized by Google

ishly, seldom having any two garments of the same color, and what he has are tattered and torn. His beard and hair are allowed to grow as long as they can, and usually give him the appearance of a hermit. Indeed, that is just what he is. He has exiled himself from all that is good and refined, and is like a leper to his brethren. It is just such a life as his, however, to which all tramps that drink, as most outcasts do, are tending. I do not care how clever a criminal or beggar a man may be, if he is a victim of liquor, and lives long enough, he is sure to end as a tomato-can tramp. There is a suction in low life which draws men continually lower. It is an Inferno of various little worlds, and each has its own pitch of degradation.

The next higher type of the town tramp is the two-cent dosser — the man who lives in stale-beer shops. In New York he is usually to be found about Mulberry Bend, the last resort of metropolitan outcasts before dropping down into "the-barrel-and-box kentry." This district supports a queer kind of lodging-house called by the men who use it "the two-cent doss." It is really a makeshift for a restaurant, and is occasionally kept by an Italian. The lodgers come in late in the evening, pay two cents for some stale beer or coffee, and then scramble for "spots" on the benches or floor. All nationalities are represented. I have found in one of these places Chinamen, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Poles, negroes, Irishmen, Englishmen, and "'Mer'cans," and they were all as happy as could be. They beg just enough to keep them in "booze," their food being found mainly at "free lunches." Like the tomato-can tramp, they have little intercourse with beggars above them. By this I mean of course that they know they will not be treated very sociably outside their class, and decide very wisely to remain where they belong. They rarely leave a town which they have picked out as a home, and some of them never even get out of their small district.

In Chicago, for instance, there is a "joint" near Madison street in which some men simply live day and night, excepting the few hours they spend in looking for the pennies they need. In the daytime they sit on the benches and talk shop, and at night they lie on the floor. There is a watchman who cares for them at night; he sleeps near the door in order to let in any belated beggar. But he first lights his candle, and commands the beggar to show how much money he has. If it is five cents, the price of a mug of beer, he is allowed to enter.

In New Orleans I once saw a place somewhat similar, the only difference being that at night ropes were stretched across the bar-room for the men to lean on while sleeping. Some persons fail to note much difference in the lives of the two-cent dossers and the tomato-can tramps, but I can assure them that the two-cent dossers make a sharp class distinction out of their greater privilege. Personally, I should rather live in a barrel or box than in a "joint," if only for the sake of cleanliness. The "joint" is simply a nest of vermin, and cannot be kept clean; whereas, if a man is careful and works hard, he can keep a barrel fairly habitable for himself, and with no other occupants. Still, I am sorry to say that few men who do live in barrels achieve this success. To my mind, the most unique feature of the two-cent dosser class is its apparent happiness. The men are always funny, and crack a joke as easily as they tell a lie. I remember most vividly a night in one of their "joints" in St. Louis. All night long some one was laughing and joking, and my questions always met a witty reply. I noticed, for instance, that several of the men were blind in one eye, and I asked the meaning of this.

"Ha! ha! Don'cher know? Why, it's 'cause we 're lookin' fer work so hard."

Another man wanted to know whether I could tell him where he could get a "kid." I asked him what use he had for one.

"Oh, prushuns [kids] is val'able; when you 've got 'em, you 're treasurer of a company."

Nevertheless, these men very seldom have boys, because their life is too unexciting, and the lads will not stay with them. A "prushun," as a rule, wants something livelier than loafing around saloons and corners, and consequently is rarely found in these two classes.

The other types of city vagabondage can be classified as "the lodgin'-house gang," with the exception of the room-beggar. I must therefore consider them in relation to their different styles of begging rather than living; for when once a beggar can live in any sort of lodging-house, he has a right to belong to the general crowd, no matter what he pays for his bed. The "seven-center" house, for instance, is considerably lower than the "ten-center," but its being a lodging-house is sufficient to separate its inmates entirely from the two classes who live in boxes and beer-shops. And to make the classifying feature more intelligible, I shall give first a short account of the lodging-house in all its grades, omitting only those that are carried on by charity.

Beginning with the lowest, there is the "seven-center," in which hammocks of a bad order are used as beds. The covering is very often the lodger's coat, unless he happens to have a blanket of his own. In winter there is a large stove in the middle of the sleeping-room, and this keeps things fairly warm. The usual

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

MIDNIGHT IN A TWO-CENT DOSS.

Digitized by Google

—that is, taken from its shell—when removed from the cob or ear.

When once Indian corn was cooked, English analogues were not sufficient, and Indian names were given to dishes prepared after the method of the Indians. Hominy, samp, pone, succotash, and supawn are Indian names, but some of them are cut down from their polysyllabled aboriginal resonance. Only people with a great deal of leisure to be used up can afford to speak languages so high-stepping as those that flourished in the days of savage oratory and ceremony. The English split "wampumpeak" in twain, using here one section, and there another, for the Indian money. We use three fourths of an aboriginal word in "hickory," and one fourth of another in "squash," and our hominy is from the Indian *ustatahamen*. We have very naturally substituted "musk-rat" for *musquash*. Many of the old writers say "musk-cat," and our frontiermen will have it "mush-rat," as an early Virginian naturalist wrote it. "Aroughcun"—to spell it in the form used by Captain John Smith (1624)—had already got to "rackoon" in the writings of Roger Williams (1643), though at a later period I find it called "aroughena, a sort of badger." It is "roscone," "roacoon," "arocoun," "racoune," and I know not what besides. It appears as "raccon" in "Josselyn" (1675), and as "raccoon" in Beverly's "Virginia" (1705); while Clayton says, "Rackoon I take to be a species of monkey." In folk-speech it is universally further cut down to "coon." I may be pardoned a wicked delight at finding that so austere an etymologer as Mr. Skeat considers "raccoon" "merely a singular corruption of the French *raton*," and cites his earliest example from a translation of Buffon, in 1792. But it is not to be expected that an English scholar would know anything about our early literature so long as professed philologists on this side of the sea manifest a remarkable ignorance of the origin of our indigenous words. Both Worcester and Webster trace raccoon to *raton*, in the face of Captain Smith's express declaration that *aroughcun* is the Indian name, and in this Smith is supported by Strachey. In view of the overwhelming evidence for its aboriginal origin, I can afford to give the advocates of the opposite opinion the benefit of the spelling "ratoon," which I find in Wilson's "Account of Carolina" (1682), and which only suggests that a mistake in its etymology may have been made very early.

American-English has been somewhat reluctant to borrow from the heathen. Even after maize is in the kitchen, we have the Virginia batter-head and ash-cake, the New England hasty-pudding, the mush of the country at large, besides other adaptations of old English words, or new compounds. The cake which the Indians baked on a hot stone was cooked in New England on a pewter plate, set half on edge before the fire; but the Southern pioneer's wife baked it on a hoe kept for the purpose, calling it a "hoe-cake." The name remained when the four-legged skillet had supplanted the hoe. "Corn-dodger" is a word whose origin is plain enough to any one who has seen a Kentucky cook toss a mass of dough rapidly from hand to hand to give it shape before dropping it into the skillet standing on the coals by the wide fireplace. In parts of North Carolina, however, the word is applied to a dumpling of Indian corn, which dodges up and down in boiling. At most, maize brought only about half a dozen Indian words into permanent use; tobacco none from North American dialects, for the name is West Indian, and was civilized before the English colonies had their beginning. When Raleigh introduced the practice of "sucking the smoke" of it, it was called *uppowoc*, a word brought from North Carolina; but this soon gave way to tobacco, known to the English by the translation of Monardes, before the plant had even been seen in England. With certain Indian articles, such as the tomahawk, the moccasin, and the wigwam, we have taken the names. The almost invisible but fierce little gnat that bedevils all travelers in Northern woods was called by the Lenni-Lenape *ponk*, which Loskiel renders "living ashes." Its bite is much like the stinging of a spark of fire, but the Indians, who were not less ingenious than white men in inventions to make etymology easy, had a pretty and marvelous fable to account for the name. From this Indian name it came that we call the creature a "punky"; the Algonkin word for ashes in Virginia was *punguy*, according to Strachey. The French softened the word to *pugin*. English race pride perhaps made the newcomers call the women and children of the savages by words out of their own tongues,—"squaws" and "pappooses,"—much as they called a young bear a "cub" and not a baby; as they called a negro child a "piccaninny," from the Spanish *pequeño nino*, now shortened in South Carolina to "pickney." But the few Indian words that linger among us are all of the Algonkin stock, the family of Indian languages that skirted almost the whole coast, and that thus became known to the English before any others. No Indian words have come permanently into our speech for two hundred years—there are not so many now as there were in the seventeenth century. "Netop," for a friend, or crony, lingered locally in New England until a generation or two ago, as did "mugwump," in a sense different from its present application. In Virginia and Maryland "cockerouse," for captain,

Digitized by Google

or leader, long remained, and in many places Indian salutations were often used by white people after the Indians had disappeared. In Minnesota, in 1856, we called a moccasin a *hompo*, and sometimes a house was a *teepee;* but the Dakota words have long since departed from the land of Minnehaha. Except in place-names, and in some generic geographical terms like *pokeloken*, *pocoson*, and *sepoose*, the Indian tongues vanished as utterly as the races that spoke them.

Considering its situation in a new world, American-English has been very conservative. It borrows almost nothing from the avalanche of European immigrants. The forerunners, when our communities were small, got in a few words, as names of things, such as *kraut* and *lager*. There are other German words, like *pretzel*, that linger in Pennsylvania, and some that survive in the States to the west of it. In parts of Indiana the cheese made by straining the whey from bonnyclabber is called "smear-case"; it is German, *Schmierkäse*, come in by way of Pennsylvania. So I have often heard a loose flannel or linsey-woolsey jacket called, on the Ohio River, a "wawmus," with a notion that it had something to do with "warm us." It is the German *wamms*, a doublet, without doubt. And the word "kittern," for a coat, used in one region of New Jersey, is no doubt akin to the German *kittel*, a smock-frock. "Delicatessen-store" is a hybrid used about New York city only. But our speech at large has hardly accepted from the millions of immigrant Germans so many words as it would require the fingers of one hand to count.

The Dutch, having the first chance at the metropolis, have left us hardly more words than the Germans. It is not quite certain that "stoop," for a porch and steps to a house, is of New York Dutch origin. In Stow's "Survey of London" (1633) one finds that it is forbidden to encroach on the public grounds "by land or water, as in walls, pales, stoopes, grieces, doores or cellers." It is of course possible that "stoopes" may here be used in a sense very different from our New York word, for in the humorous old ballad of "Our Gudeman," the wife, sheltering a rebel, affects to deceive her husband, whose suspicions are aroused by the sight of a pair of jack-boots. She declares:

> It 's but a pair o' water-stoups
> The cooper sent to me.
> "Water-stoups!" quo' he;
> "Ay, water-stoups," quo' she.

That many so-called Americanisms are but survivals of old or provincial English was pointed out by Dr. Belknap in 1792. Later writers on the subject have traced still further the ancient and respectable character of words now forgotten in England, and regarded as interlopers in the home from which they came. But few know how many old English and provincial words brought to this country by our ancestors went down in the struggle for existence under new conditions. The second generation of English colonists were naturally inferior to the first-comers in education, and their vocabulary grew smaller. But the chief loss in colloquial words came from the falling out of use of the things represented by them. The "peale" and the "slyce" appear in early Connecticut inventories; the words have many meanings, and so eminent an authority as Dr. Trumbull explains both of them by fire-shovel. I am inclined to think, however, that the Connecticut "peale" was the oven-peel, the *pelle à four* of the French, a shovel for putting bread into the ancient oven. Miege's folio "Great French-English Dictionary" of 1788, which is valuable because it is a non-literary work — a veritable "dictionary of the vulgar tongue," and often a dictionary of the vulgarest tongue — so defines peel, and it gives "slice" the sense of *friquet*, "a kind of square skimmer for taking things from a frying-pan." More than one writer of local history, from lack of acquaintance with kitchen-civilization in the fireplace stage, has missed the mark in trying to explain the ancient use of trivet, and the lexicographers are equally astray. In the Southwest, no doubt, one might find the article itself to-day just as I remember it — a little three-legged iron stand on the hearth to uphold the coffee-boiler or the pipkin while live coals were underneath.

Perhaps no word in the old inventories, accounts, and statutes of the colonial age has made more confusion than the word "plate." Taxes were levied in "ounces of plate," accounts were kept in "plate," the value of paper money was specified in "plate," the salaries of royal governors were sometimes fixed in "ounces of plate," and the word is used by governors in their reports to the Lords of Trade, and it appears in royal proclamations and acts of parliament. Yet no general dictionary, English or American, that I have seen gives any definition that makes clear this use of the word. The first light upon it came to me in a phrase in a New York law of 1720, which fixes the value of currency bills in "Sevil, Pillar or Mexico plate." These designations belong to coins of Spain and her dependencies. Further collation made it pretty clear that in the reign of Queen Anne plate was used generally for Spanish coined silver. In one provincial act "coined plate" is specified. One reads of "round plate-silver buttons" in England at the same time; the buttons may have been made of Spanish coins, or perhaps it is intended to designate them as of the fineness of these coins — "coin

Digitized by Google

silver," as we should say. "Plate" was usually, but not always, of the same fineness. Sir Isaac Newton, in the computation on which Queen Anne's money proclamation of 1704 is based, assigns two values to "Sevill" pieces of eight, according to whether they were "old plate" or "new plate." Halliwell gives "plate" among his "archaic and provincial words," but defines it by "illegal silver money, but often applied to money generally." This definition would give no sense to Sir Isaac Newton's "old plate" and "new plate" for Spanish coins of varying fineness; nor do I find in American documents that any but Spanish silver is ever intended by it; the "Lyon dollars" of Holland, called in ancient slang "dog dollars," are separately named in the same sentences with plate, and their value relative to plate specified. I think Halliwell has confused this sense of plate with a kindred one, which I find in no dictionary but the "Imperial" and its successor, the "Century." Both quote from Marlowe:

Belike he has some new trick for a purse;
And if he has, he 's worth three hundred *plates*.

Marlowe had in mind not coins generally, but some coin of a value well understood; it was no doubt the Spanish "piece of eight"— the once familiar large round dollars of "Seville, Mexico, Peru and Flanders." It is to this that Judge Sewell refers in his diary in 1710, where he sets down the cost of a child's coffin at "10 plates." I remember looking on in boyish wonder while some hundreds of these old dollars were counted in columnar piles about the floor and upon the chairs. The word was too picturesque for Shakspere to miss; Cleopatra, in her exaggeration of Antony's imperial glory, says:

Realms and islands
Were as plates dropt from his pocket.

Richardson quotes these very lines without suspecting the true sense and derivation of the word. The double sense of the word plate necessitated the use of an adjective, and the widow of Hull, the first Massachusetts mint-master, was allowed one half of all the "wearing plate"; by which I suppose the household plate, in distinction from Spanish coin, was intended.

In Increase Mather's "Illustrious Providences"—a magazine of perils and horrors— a thunderbolt is described, "that brake one of the needles of the katted or wooden chimney." Here are words unknown to the dictionary. I suppose this wooden chimney to be what exists yet, in many belated regions, as the "stick chimney," built up of split sticks and daubed with clay; the "needles" were, perhaps, props or stakes to support it, or the sticks of which it was built, for in the east of England a needle is "a piece of wood put by the side of a post to strengthen it," says Halliwell. But why katted? We might cheaply derive it, as other words with this sound are derived, from the French *quatre*, four, because it is four-cornered, or four-sided, if other chimneys were not also usually four-sided. None of our lexicographers give "cat-a-cornered" (sometimes, "cat-a-corner-ways"). "Cāter-cornered" is given as "local English and United States." But does anybody in this country say cāter-cornered? Worcester gives "catty-cornered" in a bashful note in small type. Halliwell derives "cāter-cornered" from *quatre*, through the provincial "cāter," to cut diagonally. But why go so far? Might not "catter-cornered" be only a corrupt "quarter-cornered"— that is, quartered by lines through the corners instead of in the more usual way, by lines at right angles to the sides? This etymology seems to be confirmed by a curious bit of folk-speech in the upper-Hudson country. Our people, in sawing or nailing anything at an angle other than a right angle, do not place it or cut it "quartering," — which is the recognized technical term,— but "cattering." I am told that in parts of Vermont "cātering" is used in the sense of bias. For "cattering" there is a ludicrous diminutive much oftener used in my neighborhood — namely, "kittering"— that is, somewhat cattering; for is not a kit a little cat?

Before leaving this litter of cat-words, let me suggest that the "cat-stick" noted by Mr. Lowell as meaning a small stick, may have come from the "needles" of the katted chimney, and not from the game of "cat-stick." There is a game of ball played with bats called simply "cat"— sometimes "two-hole cat," "three-hole cat," and so on; or, "two old cat," "three old cat," in the East, according to the number of holes, or bases. A passage in "Thalia's Banquet," by Henry Peacham (1620), which Halliwell refers to cat-stick, I have no doubt marks the antiquity of the game of "cat."

"Take them who dares at nine-holes, cardes, or cat." I do not know that "nine-holes" is ever played in America, but Lake George people say of a lucky man, "He has got into the nine-hole."

To come back to cats once more, why should the dictionaries give the go-by to the child's structure of "cat-stairs"? And why *cat*-stairs, and not dog-stairs? Because a cat climbs, or from the French *quatre* because four-sided? Why not rather because each of the three-cornered steps, or stairs, is made "kattering," as a Lake George carpenter would say. And this may throw light on the cater-cup spoken of by a writer in the Marprelate controversy.

Digitized by Google

Think it trifling, if you will, but let me note that the play which I knew in Indiana half a century ago as "Pussy wants a corner," is played differently here in northern New York: the players in the corners calling to one another, "Kit catty-corner, you run, and I 'll go." This may be but a corruption of "Kit catch a corner," for the play is known in England, if I am not mistaken, as "catch corner." There are people who think that catter-corner, or catty-corner, comes from the play; but it would grieve an etymologist to confess a derivation so simple; and it is more likely that the game itself has become corrupted by the familiar phrase "catty-cornered," or that the "pussy," in one form, and the "catch-corner" in another, is a misapprehension of the sense of "catty-corner" in the third.

Writers of a non-literary character are much more likely to betray the secrets of the mother-tongue than those who adhere to the conventions recognized by men of letters. Colonial records and books, and the writings of travelers and others about the colonies, would furnish us many curious words if etymologists did not contemn such American sources. "Gripe," a drain or ditch, is in the records of Newark; "most-an-end," for chiefly, I find in Lechford and Josselyn; "towing-sheets," that is, *towen* sheets, or sheets of linen, in the Connecticut records. "Store" for a great quantity is used by many old writers, but "store-hogs" for hogs kept for stock I find only in the Connecticut records. It is in common use in northern New York, and, I doubt not, in parts of New England, and is used in Australia in the phrase "store-cattle," that is, cattle for breeding, not for fattening, as in "The Century Dictionary" —the only one in which I find the word.

In one of the witch stories by which Increase Mather unwittingly sowed seed for his son's Salem harvest, "the feeting of cattle," that is, cattle-tracks, are found between the corn-rows where no cattle have been. But in parts of New Hampshire the women speak of "selling feeting," that is, of disposing of the stockings they have knitted.

"Lean-to" is given as provincial in England; I have seen it in a circular printed in London in 1886. In New England and the whole Northern region, the sloping, shed-like addition to a main building, whether house or barn, is in rustic speech called the "linter," or "lenter," and the pronunciation is as old as the settlement of the Northern colonies. I find it in the earliest writings "linter," "lenter," and "leantor," as well as "lenetoe." So prevalent and ancient is "linter," that if there were any very reasonable way of deducing it from the root of our lintel and the French *linteau*, I should be inclined to think "lean-to" a form growing out of a mistake in derivation. "Reach," or "reaches," was anciently applied to the isthmus connecting a peninsula with the mainland, or "fast-land," as it was sometimes termed—as the "reaches of Nahant." An entire peninsula was commonly called a "neck," and this along the whole coast, from Lynn Neck in Massachusetts, past Cow Neck on Long Island, down to the Northern Neck of Virginia, and farther yet to Charleston Neck in South Carolina. A similar use of the word exists in the Mississippi valley: a peninsula almost inclosed by the meandering of a stream is pretty sure to be named "Horseshoe Neck," and any neighborhood is referred to in proverbial slang as "this neck of woods."

I suspect the attraction of a false etymology in the name of the great vulture of our Southern country. The buzzards familiar to the English were of the falcon family, and it could hardly have been easy to transfer the name to a great raven-colored carrion-eater, as "robin" was transferred to the red-breasted thrush. But the French explorer called our great vulture *dindon bâtard*, the "bastard turkey-cock," as some bird was called a "bastard plover" in the Regulations for Henry VIII.'s household. *Dindon bâtard* was a very descriptive name, since no doubt newcomers often mistook the vulture for the wild turkey. I have myself innocently carried home a pair of its eggs to hatch wild turkeys from. It would be very easy for an English explorer familiar with the name "buzzard" to misrender the French name into "turkey-buzzard," especially if the *s* still lingered in the word *bâtard* as pronounced by the *voyageur* of the seventeenth century. It is remarkable that Coxe in his "Carolana" (1722) appears to call this bird "bustard," and Clayton called it "turkey-bustard," a name sometimes given to the European bustard. But as early as 1676 Glover, in the "Transactions of the Royal Society," speaks of "turkie buzzards."

It will be interesting if, in scanning the writings of our forefathers, we can catch some word in process of change — a caterpillar butterflying himself. There are ornaments of the bead family worn by ladies down to our own time which are called "bugles." Some etymologists derive this from *bugolus*, or *bugulus*, a Low Latin word of similar meaning. In 1705 Beverly of Virginia described the Indian wampum beads as "commonly much resembling the English *buglas*, but not so transparent, nor so brittle." If we may accept the Low Latin origin of the word, we should here have *bugulus* half way to bugles. But why *buglas*, and not *buglus*? Probably because people two hundred years ago thought that the termination had to do with the glass of which they were then coming to be made. "Sparrow-grass" for asparagus is at least as old

Digitized by Google

as the time of Queen Anne, and I find it called "sparragras" in Bullock's "Virginia" in 1649, and "sparagus" is used by Hammond about the same period.

There is a vegetable mentioned as existing in Pennsylvania in 1682 which puzzles me. "Gallivances and potatoes" are there coupled together. In "A Complete Discovery of the State of Carolina" (1682) a list is made of several sorts of "pulse," of kinds known in Europe that were grown in the colony, to wit: "Beans, Pease, Callavance, Figdlaes, and Bonavist." "Callavance" in Carolina is doubtless the "gallivances" of Pennsylvania. "Pulse" was, in olden time, a vague word. Bailey defines it: "All sorts of grain contained in hoods, husks, or shells," while Richardson, mistaking the derivation, says that it was any kind of fruit that was pulled, and not cut; but its ancient meaning was probably pottage, and it included at length all herbs used in making pottage. "Callavance" may have been a polite name for pumpkin, from the Spanish *calabaza*. (I suppose it would be as hard to say why the Spanish woman who jilts a lover "gives him pumpkins," or gourds (*calabazas*), as to tell why young men in this country get the "mitten," or, as our country people often say, "the sack," whence also they have a verb, as "she sacked him.") After considerable search, I have concluded not to deprive the reader of the pleasure of guessing out for himself the meaning of "figdlaes and bonavist." I will not, however, intimate that "every school-boy" knows what they are.

Nor, perhaps, would even Macaulay's schoolboy be able to tell us who were the "common coasters" put under the ban in Massachusetts in 1633. That they "spent their time idly" is evident from the records, and they are coupled with such vagrants as unsuccessful bird-hunters and reprobates who smoked pipes, or, as the records put it, "Unprofitable fowlers and tobacco takers." The "common coasters" may have been, but probably were not, men who practised sliding down snowy hills; they probably were aquatic vagrants who lived where the Indian was born, "at Cape Cod, Nantucket and all along the shore." "To coast" in flat-boatman's phrase is to peddle a cargo to the French planters on the lower Mississippi, a region always called "the coast," — no doubt a corruption of the French *côte*. And what shall I say in exegesis of the Connecticut settler's will, which directs that whatever is lacking to pay a certain debt may be made up "out of the Loder"? As a small vessel is a principal article of property in this will, I think "loder" is here the same as "lodeship," a small fishing-craft. In this use, whatever its root, it had perhaps come to have a sense the converse of our "lighter." It was, I suppose, a boat that, running into shallow water, brought down, little by little, a cargo for the sea-going vessel, and thus was a "loader," and perhaps the same that I find elsewhere styled "roader." I doubt if the old word "lodeship" were not, also, from the verb to load instead of from the "Anglo-Saxon" parentage to which it has been assigned, and which makes it sister to lodestar and lodestone.

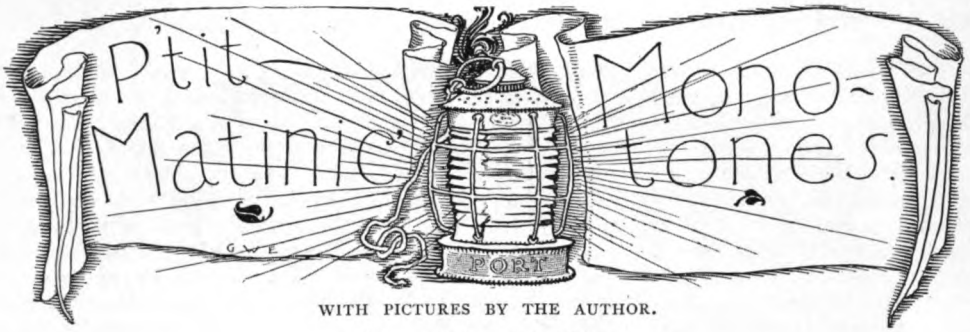
This recreation of word-hunting is something more than mere mental play, since it gives us glimpses into the life of other times, and even helps us now and then to "peek"— an Americanism akin to the old English "pike" in the same sense — through the chinking at the human mind in its mysterious workshop. But no recreation will bear pushing too far at one time, and though hundreds of curious examples of word-usage among our "fore-elders," as they call them in Yorkshire, remain behind, and though I have hardly touched the folk-speech of to-day, it is time to desist: only a vulgar pot-hunter would bag all the game in one excursion.

But if any reader, enjoying this study of the evolution of words, will have more, let me commend him to my master in the sport, who many years ago gave the heartiest encouragement to my earliest essays in this direction. From Mr. Lowell the reader will get better than I can give. In the preface to the second series of Biglow Papers one finds a rare combination of linguistic knowledge with careful observation of living speech, the humor indispensable to the study of popular usage united to a clairvoyant intellect. And nowhere does Lowell's prose show to better advantage than in that essay in which it manages to retain a characteristic vivacity while playing packhorse to so much lore.

Edward Eggleston.



Digitized by Google



WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

II. THE WRECK.

THROUGH the window at the foot of my bed I had a glimpse of a long stretch of hillside with mottled patches of sunburned grass, and gray rock upon which blazed a peculiar orange moss that I have never seen elsewhere. Over this hillside filed long lines of figures black against the grass, and bearing rolled-up sail, kegs, and various marine impedimenta. Against the sky and the sea beyond appeared the masts of a schooner, with black figures at work. Dreamily watching, I awoke to the fact that something unusual was going on.

The figures were men chopping and cutting away the rigging. I now saw women and children sitting in a row on the hillside; and hastily dressing, I passed through the kitchen, where the remains of a meal were strewn in disorder on the table, and made my way over the hill.

There lay a schooner of, say, eighty tons, high and dry on the rocks, with the men swarming over it like ants, stripping it of every article of value. I made out the figure of mine host coming toward me, with his arms full of crockery.

"Schooner come ashore larst night after ye'd got to bed; thought ye was fagged, or I 'd 'a' wakened ye. Heaow? Oh, no; they wa' n't any one lost his life; all got off clear.

"Heaow? Where be they? Oh, they cal'lated 't wa' n't comfortable for 'em here, so they jest sot off. Heaow? Oh, no, we don't drive no one off, but we just kind o' p'inted out the way for 'em to git clear o' the peenalties of comin' ashore 'thout bein' arsked; and they cal'lated 't was more healthy for 'em over to the main. Hed your breakfast? No? Well, now, jest step along up to the house 'th me, and we 'll have a bite. Or hed you druther stop and see 'em parsel off the goods? All right; stop it is."

The men had arranged along the hillside the sails, rigging, galley stove, pots and pans, two chests and several barrels, and the general wreckage; and mine host, who was still dressed in yellow tarpaulins and high boots, and the character of whose beard suggested the idea that he had dipped his chin in a can of black paint, prepared a number of straws of unequal lengths, which he offered to one after the other of the line of stolid-looking men who had arranged themselves in a row. "Long straw, first choice," he announced.

"Got her," cried out a singular-looking squattily built individual, who seemed all boots and hat, stepping forward and critically eying the piles of wreckage. There were murmurs among the men. "Take the gear, Jim," said one. "Gear's wuth thutty dollars, if it's wuth a cent." "Don't ye, Jim," called out another; and then ensued a pandemonium of suggestions, until he who had offered the straws bawled out, "Cain't ye luff Jim make hees own choice?" Jim finally, after critically scrutinizing each pile,



"JIM."

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

THE WRECK.

acknowledged the superiority of feminine judgment by referring the matter to his "woman," who promptly selected the cooking-stove, the china, and two green chests, contents unknown. Then selection went on until all was apportioned, and nothing was left but the hull, over which an unfortunate dog that had been left by the crew ran frantically up and down as if in protest against the looting.

The sea was rising, and long rollers began to come in, beating against the side of the ill-fated schooner, which trembled and groaned with every shock.

"Heaow? Oh, she missed stays. The captain allowed he made the point, but did n't know where she was: said the horn wa' n't agoin'; but I know better. Made the point, tried to come around, and she would n't mind the rudder, and the sea jest hove her up on the ledge. Launched her boat, but the sea stove it, and ye can see the pieces over there in the cove. Heaow? Oh, yes; the mate he swum ashore with a line, and we hauled 'em all off. There 's her log there; ye can read it if ye like. B'longed down St. John's way. Heaow? Oh, no, they wun't no one bother her now; we has wracks — but hol' on; who be ye, and what be ye?

"Painter, eh! What kind? Oh, picters! Where be ye from? Ye don't say! York, eh? Well, now — say, I want ye ter paint me *and* Maria Liz. Kin ye do it? And heave on plenty of rings and gold chains and fixin's, and, say, you need n't git on this pimpil 'side the nose; that 's kind of aggravatin' to Maria Liz. Sho! Picterman, eh! You don't say! Well, now, should n't wonder if you made a good thing of it on here!"

George Wharton Edwards.

Digitized by Google

A SUMMER MONTH IN A WELSH VILLAGE.

IT was early in August that my companion and I, accompanied by her French maid, left London for Wales by the limited Holyhead train.

From Chester to Bangor we followed the beach of the north coast of Wales, and the white tongues of surf broke close to the railway at Rhyl and Llandudno. We watched the long, pale, yellow sands stretching well off toward Liverpool, and saw beyond them the blue line of the Irish Sea, sharply cut on the horizon. Long-legged water-birds and long-winged gulls disputed the beach with bathers and pleasure-seekers from Rhyl to Bangor. Summer hotels as showy as our own were mixed in among the low, thatched stone cottages of the Welsh peasants, the latter scarcely to be distinguished from the masses of blue slate which stood near them. This seaside looked pleasant and festive enough, with women in big hats, and protected by red umbrellas, strolling about; while little bathing-houses were slowly trundled along the shore, drawn by a horse or a mule, or maybe pushed into the surf by man or boy. We alighted from the train at Carnarvon, a small town on the northwest side of the Welsh coast. A few minutes later we were seated in one of the little cars of a narrow-gage railroad that leads from the sea-coast for ten miles into the heart of the mountain region of north Wales, and soon found ourselves meandering in and out among the hills.

A great change had taken place in the vegetation of the country since we left England. Though we had traveled only two or three hours from Chester, the full-leafed and softly rounded elms and beeches had given place to stunted, weather-beaten firs, larches, and oaks. The velvet-like grass of the flat English meadows was replaced by a scant verdure which clung close to the thin soil, and lay in patches on the blue and red slate of the Welsh landscape. The grass was intensely green, however, and its vivid tints brought into fine contrast the various shades of rock, to which the bloom of the heather added still another set of hues. Our tiny train pursued its way, the small engine struggling over the irregular surface of country. On each hand were rugged pastures where the whitest of white sheep and lambs were grazing. The naked hills were bare of trees, but little brooks in great number ran down their sides, and lost themselves in small lakes. These in their turn fed rushing streams, which, after leaping in white cascades, or spreading out in quiet pools, at length buried themselves in some cove of the Irish Sea. Sometimes the land dipped to a level valley, and again our engine puffed and struggled to reach a higher eminence. A dark slate-colored station, as windowless and simple as a barn, showed itself occasionally by the side of the track.

Americans scarcely realize that Great Britain is so heterogeneous, and can hardly fancy that within an hour's ride of Liverpool a race distinct from the English talk a dialect so different from our mother-tongue that a traveler conversant with German can more readily interpret the Dutch market-woman at Amsterdam or Ghent than an American can comprehend the Welsh of Conway or Bangor; yet such is the fact. Black-headed Welshmen were loafing about the railway stations, and chatting with our guard in their Welsh dialect, as we stopped for mail-bags and perhaps a few passengers.

As the sea was gradually hidden by higher hills, the view became continually wilder and more romantic. The scud from the ocean clung closely to the mountains, and the deep indigo-colored sides of the Snowdon range served as a wall to support the pale masses of mist which hid their summits, and stretched in an unbroken veil across the deep gorges of the valleys.

Hitherto there had been little sunshine, but as we emerged at length upon the shore of a small lake, sunbeams pierced through the vapor, and streamed down upon upland meadows. Purple and pink masses of heather assumed more than their local beauty of hue, where they grew in the crevices of the blue rock; small, thatched cottages, which resembled cromlechs, clung as closely to the sod as the rock itself, and showed in the slanting rays of the sun a narrow door here or a little low chimney. Now and again we saw a hayrick, or a shed beneath which cows or sheep were huddled. The color of the meadows was soft and rich with shades of brown, green, purple, and blue, which melted into misty haze where a wreath of vapor caught in some little projection of rock; or they stood out in bold relief with the varying shapes of the slate formation in this exquisite landscape.

At length the train struck the edge of a river which rushed wildly and tumultuously by the roadside, and while we watched this stream tumble over rocks, or widen between low banks, or narrow its bed in a gorge of the hills, we reached Rhyd Dhu, the terminus of the rail-

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

BETHGELERT.

road, where we expected a trap to convey us to our journey's end.

Like the roads generally in Great Britain, that from Rhyd Dhu to Bethgelert was a good one, smooth and hard; so, though our conveyance was heavily loaded with our luggage, and the country was as uneven as the waves of the sea, we drove along in tolerable comfort.

Bethgelert is a closely grouped cluster of stone houses, most of them with small door-yards, and with trees waving above their roofs. Our trap, dashing along the smooth street of the village, rumbled over an ancient, arched, ivy-covered stone bridge, and, a moment after, the driver got down from the box, and led his horses carefully along a narrow path by the river, and across another bridge, and finally stopped before one of the small garden gates which opened on a low block of dwellings, where we found a hearty welcome in unintelligible Welsh.

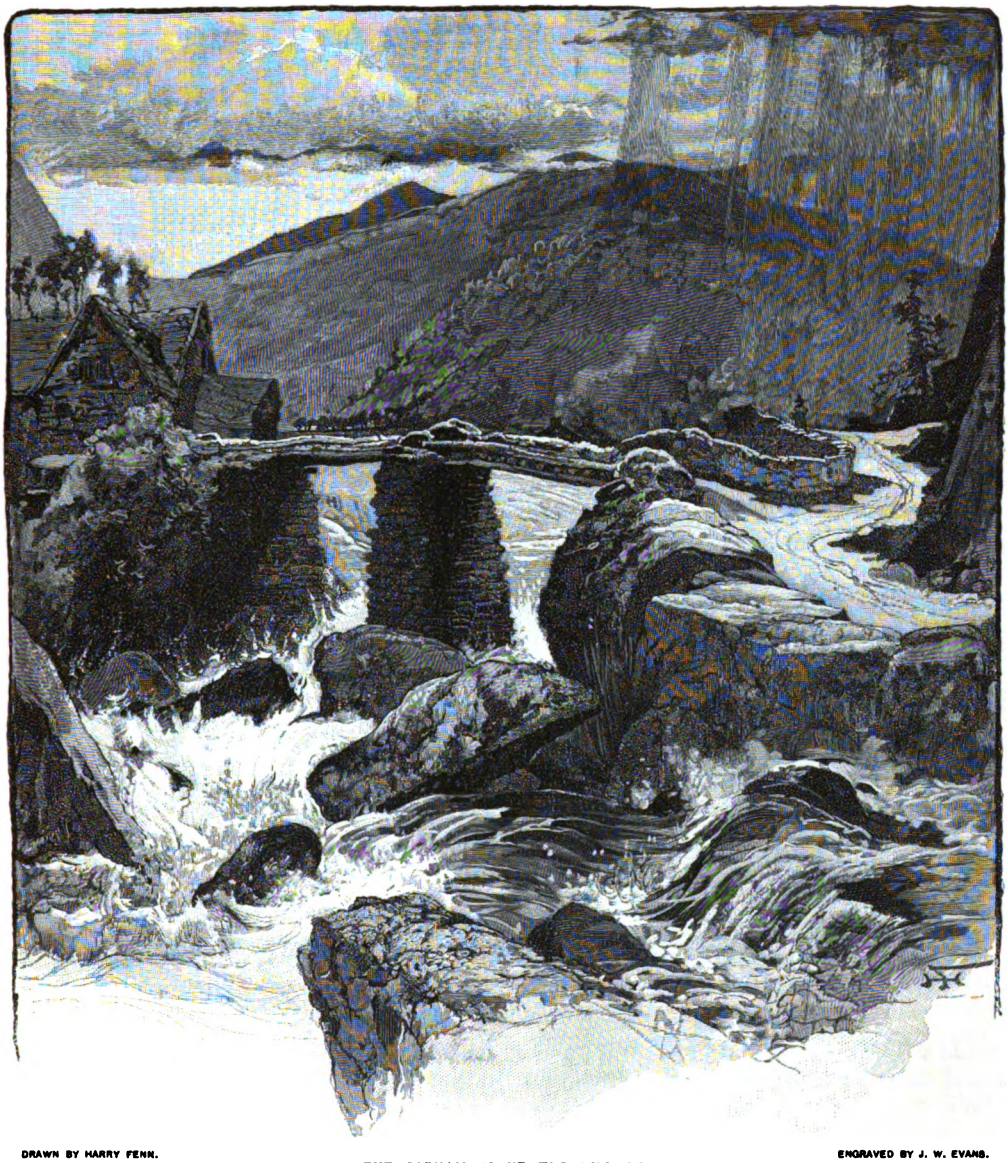
The people of Wales have remarkably clear and rosy skins even for Great Britain, and the cheeks of the women and children look like pink wax. I was so occupied with the appearance of the bright assemblage that greeted us that I almost forgot to go into the house, which stood behind flowering-shrubs and trellises, which half hid the lower story of all these dwellings. In the windows of every house on the block, between white lace curtains, I saw garden boxes blooming with scarlet geraniums and yellow musk flowers, while the bedrooms above were curtained with white drapery.

Alice, the daughter of our hostess, a pretty girl of about fifteen, was ordered by her mother in Welsh to take some of our umbrellas and bags, and her companions caught up our wraps, while we followed them in-doors.

The door was level with the garden-path, and not even a sill raised the little hall above the garden. What can be neater and more shining than a British kitchen? And the kitchens of Wales are the most shining of them all. That of our hostess was a small room with a floor of big slabs of slate; the two windows were gay with flowers, while the soft-coal fire that blazed in the open range was reflected in the brightest of copper kettles, pots, and candlesticks, which nearly covered the wall around it. Dark, high-backed oaken chairs that would be the delight of antiquarians, and a dresser filled with shining glass, and with curious pottery figured with animals, bright-colored flowers, and bands of bronze-color, helped to fill the room. On one side stood a high kitchen-clock with a sun and a moon on its big face, while a glazed bookcase, with volumes in Welsh, completed the furniture of this little apartment.

The parlor on the opposite side of the hall

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

THE STREAM ABOVE THE VILLAGE.

was to be ours; we had also engaged three bedrooms up-stairs. When I ascended to examine the sleeping-apartments, they were so neat, so fresh,—and to me, accustomed to the bareness of American country boarding-houses, they looked so luxurious, with small bath-tubs in each room, and white dimity hangings to the beds,—that a home-like cheer at once filled my heart.

The Glasllyn and Colwyn rivers, which are really mountain torrents, form a junction in Bethgelert, and came tumbling down toward our house through their rocky channels, foaming and leaping under the bridges. Looking toward the opposite shore from our cottage, I saw a row of queer old stone houses backed close upon the stream, while their odd holes of windows, and their roofs covered with brilliant green moss, formed a charming combination of color and broken shadow with the yellows and blues and red shades of the slate. The mountains on the other side of the valley —Moel Hebog and Craig-y-Llan, as I came afterward to know them—were blue and hazy in the lovely distance, but on the near hillside I could see white sheep and lambs grazing among the crags.

Our hostess furnished the rooms and service, as in British lodgings usually, but the food we were obliged to get for ourselves. This we were

Digitized by Google

glad to do, since possibly our own ingenuity might make up for the lack of variety in the simple resources of the town.

The market at Bethgelert was very stinted, and to me, accustomed to the luxury of New York, there seemed next to nothing to supply our table. Little Alice told us that she could get bread from the grocer, and that a neighbor



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A SKETCH BY SUSAN N. CARTER. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

LOOKING TOWARD THE PASS OF LLANBERIS.

would sell us potatoes and green peas; and I found sweet butter, fresh eggs, and good milk. Our lingual intercourse with Alice and her mother was so limited, however, that it was of little use to inquire much from them, for "yes" and "no" appeared to be used indiscriminately. So the first night we ordered our evening meal of the simplest kind, and it proved to be so frugal that we were glad to supplement it with the remains of our lunch-basket, on a table set with fresh white linen, bright china and glass, and a jar of flowers.

That night I slept well under my dimity bed-hangings, and when I occasionally stirred, nothing more rude disturbed my slumbers than the murmuring of the two rivers uniting before our domicile. The next morning Alice brought the jug of hot water, inevitable here as it is everywhere in Great Britain; and we had a blazing fire, which proved a necessity every day of our month's visit in Bethgelert.

This first day began with a fine mist, which none of the villagers seemed to mind at all; women on the other side of the river were washing clothes and dipping up water; boys rode their horses into the stream to drink; and the village life went on irrespective of the weather. As nobody else appeared to regard the soft rain as a hindrance, I concluded it was the proper way to behave, and so with waterproof and umbrella I prepared to take the gage of Bethgelert in the housekeeping line.

I chose the path by the riverside that had brought us to our lodgings the day before, and, following across the ivied bridge, in a moment was in the center of the quiet town.

As I stood on the ancient bridge and looked about me I saw, nestled in the two little valleys along the banks of the streams, fifty small stone houses or thereabouts, dominated, close to the beginning of the bridge, by four or five buildings larger than the rest, which included the post-office, the Prince Llewellyn hotel, the house of the English clergyman, and one or two other abodes. Immediately off the village street, the wild pasture-land came directly down to the dooryards, while on every side rose blue mountains. Some youths — the native fishermen — were hanging over the stone parapet of the bridge, dangling flies from the end of their long poles. I watched them a few minutes, and gazed about for shops at the same time; but

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE REPUTED RESIDENCE OF PRINCE LLEWELLYN.

none of any importance were to be seen. The dwellings all looked very tiny, and the doors and small windows, sunk deep in their thick stone walls, were scarcely higher than my head. I saw the sign of the Prince Llewellyn on the inn, and concluded to enter and find out, if possible, a little about the town.

From what I could discover I supposed that Bethgelert depended principally on the sheep and lambs of the hillsides for its supply of food. They, I could see, must be largely at the mercy of chance winds and storms, for rain, which in level country would have no significance whatever, here chases the flocks into the caves on the mountain-sides and under cover in the valleys; and the very flesh of the poor things seems to grow thin and watery in the nearly incessant mist by which their wool is moistened. The valleys are so narrow as to give little opportunity to raise vegetables, and, as a permanent resource, salmon and trout are always in demand.

I was impressed by the absence of men about the town. Women and children were visible everywhere, but only now and then an old man or a young lad appeared. I met "our baby" toddling along with half a dozen little creatures of her own age, who trudged with their arms about one another's shoulders and necks in the most affectionate manner. The girls wore queer, long petticoats, and on their heads were hats and caps of every shape. The little assemblage occupied the middle of the road, and they could safely do so, for except for tourists' carriages and the coach which departed daily for Port Madoc and Bettys-y-coed, scarcely a vehicle but the postman's wagon ever disturbed the quiet of Bethgelert. When they met me the entire row of little girls dropped a deep courtesy, and the boys touched their caps in a military salute.

The houses of Bethgelert are built in small blocks, or at any rate very near together, and it is in one of the front rooms that business is usually carried on. The entrance to these houses is low and narrow, and the heavy wall in which it is sunk would be thick enough for a fortress.

In small places one often is amused to observe how some presiding hero holds a traditional importance in the imagination of the inhabitants. The household god of Bethgelert is Prince Llewellyn, and the doings of this last native prince of Wales are as familiar now as when he roamed over his wild dominion with hounds and followers at his back.

The most important tradition of Llewellyn connects an act of his with the name of the village. The story — a very old one, and familiarly known through literature — is of the faithful-

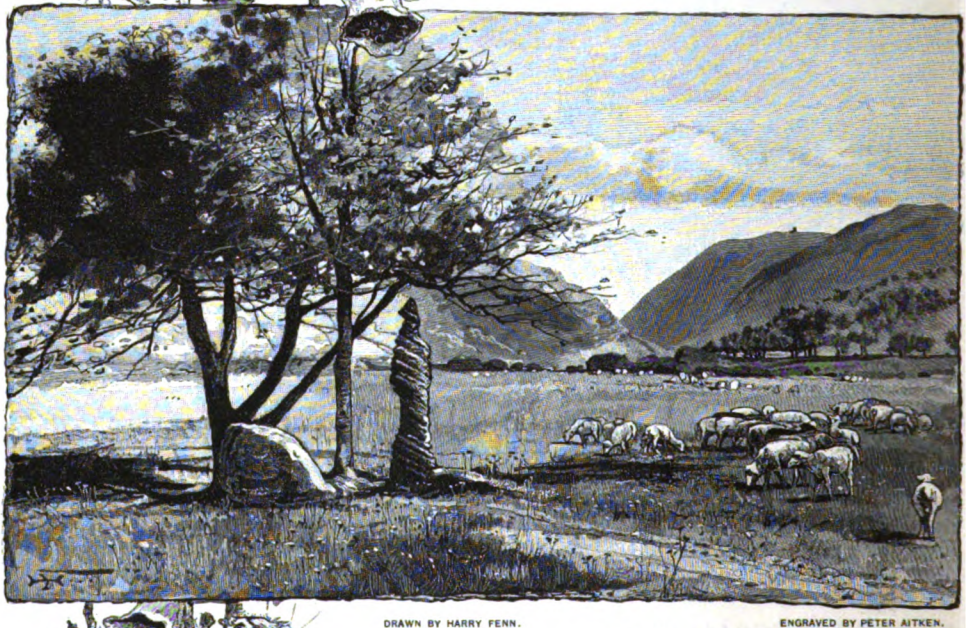
Digitized by Google



FOXGLOVE.

ness of a hound belonging to the prince, and the details about him have been carefully cherished by the inhabitants of Bethgelert from generation to generation.

Prince Llewellyn, so the story runs, went out for a hunt one day, but, contrary to habit, Gelert, the hound, did not accompany him. On returning home, the prince found Gelert covered with gore, and his child's cradle vacant. Grief for the child, and anger at the dog, which, he supposed, had murdered the little one, seized upon him, and in an instant he plunged his sword into the side of poor Gelert. But presently came the wail of his baby from another spot, and at the same time, lifting the coverlet of the cradle, the prince discovered the body of a gaunt wolf. All was now clear, and great was the despair of the



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

GELERT'S GRAVE.

prince at his impetuous act. He had murdered the dog which had saved the life of his infant. A grave —Bethgelert it was called in Welsh—was prepared for the faithful hound, and visitors to the little hamlet do their part to preserve the ancient and well-worn foot-path that leads to it.

Following the example of every other stranger in Bethgelert, one morning I scaled a stone wall by means of heavy iron clamps and slate steps, and took the little foot-path to Gelert's grave. The way led through a soft meadow, by the riverbank, and beside it grew harebells and foxglove with their purple and pink flowers, while delicate ferns and a sprinkling of daisies were scattered about. Groups of the black cows of this region quietly browsed in the meadows, and scarcely raised their noses as I passed. Occasionally some angler was seen on the river-bank, patiently holding his line over the water. Far down upon the green sward,

Digitized by Google

nearly half a mile off, I came to a tiny inclosure, and within it two old gnarled yew-trees had so welded and flattened their branches together that it was impossible to distinguish between them, after their arms quitted the main trunk of the tree. Beneath these trees stood two stone posts, but so worn by time and weather that the hard surface of the stone looked as smooth and abraded as worm-eaten wood. No words or epitaph marked the spot, but for five hundred years the tradition that this was the grave of Gelert has been handed down from sire to son.

At the side of the river, between our house and the old stone bridge, stood a long rambling group of very ancient buildings, now occupied for dwellings, a chapel, and shops. The walls are perhaps two feet high from the ground to where the sloping roof joins them. A tiny church, once an old abbey, now much in ruins, rose behind, in the midst of a graveyard fresh with green turf; while heavy masses of chimneys covered with ivy, diamond-paned windows among the eaves, and deeply embrasured doors, give an interesting and picturesque variety of outline. This cluster of buildings, a hundred or more feet long, had constituted an ancient Augustine monastery.

On one side of the monastery walls is a building which is believed to be the old palace of Prince Llewellyn; and fancy, groping its way back into the twilight of history, fills out the picture of the rude life of that early period, when a prince could live in so poor an abode. The house is so tiny that it scarcely affords space for a family of three, who devote one room to a little book-store and photograph-shop. This shop formed the literary emporium of the village, and though not more than a dozen feet square and seven feet high, it was an attractive spot. Above its low doorway, on a level with the river-bank, was a picture of Prince Llewellyn and his dog Gelert, while an inscription stated that this had been his palace.

Nearly everybody I saw in Wales had a great respect and affection for books. The children at our house often had them in their hands, and I was surprised and pleased to observe with what care they fondled them, and how clean they were kept. The young mistress of the book-shop, a gentle, patient-looking girl, brightened up when we spoke of some volume familiar to her, and she delighted to repeat phrases and poems to us out of her Welsh library, and then to translate them into English.

Back in the mountains I was told that a Welsh costume is still worn by the peasants, and the red Welsh cloak is a familiar object in pictures of Wales; but in Bethgelert the people were usually habited in sober colors. The younger women appeared at church in ordinary hats and sacks, while their mothers retained the dresses which had served them during the last thirty years. About four o'clock on a Sunday afternoon, when the small church bell was tolling, wandering down the village street, and emerging from every narrow doorway, appeared women in large black silk poke-bonnets, dark shawls, and untrimmed stuff skirts falling to their heels, each one holding her Bible or prayer-book in her hand. The young damsels, especially Miss Jones, who kept the grocery, and Miss Owens, who had a sort of fancy-shop, wore beaded capes and feathers in their hats, which apparently had come but recently from Conway or Bangor.

The men of the village were at home for Sunday, and they too, as well as the women, went religiously to church or to "meeting." With the people of the hamlet, my companion and I sought the low porch of the chapel in the old monastery on Sunday morning, where, after an early Welsh service had been performed for such of the villagers as preferred it, later in the day an English service was held. The remainder of the townsfolk and the English visitors to Bethgelert came to the latter; besides a few old squires who had places in the neighborhood, and who attended with their families to listen to the clergyman in English.

The chapel had a low groined roof, a high pulpit with a sounding-board above it, a small transept and nave, which were lighted by narrow, high windows with tiny panes of coarse greenish or white glass. In the front pews in the transept names of "Honorable This" or "That" marked the distinctions of rank among the parishioners, while behind these pews, which clustered about the pulpit, narrow slips of seats were filled by the lower class of the villagers. The clergyman was a very old man with a snowy beard; but his face was full and rosy, and his voice, as he uttered "sixthly" and "seventhly" in his sermon, was deep and sonorous. When the "eighthly" was pronounced, the only liveried servant in the congregation rose from his place, put on his white overcoat ornamented with many big brass buttons, and stole out on tiptoe. The object of his early departure was apparent when we left the church, for he was the footman of a lumbering family-coach, into which climbed a red-faced squire and his burly wife and daughters.

But another branch of the villagers do not worship in the Church of England, for, in fact, a majority of the people of Wales belong to the Presbyterians or other dissenting sects, and you may see many thin-lipped, worn-looking miners leading their children by the hand to the "meeting-house," a plain, barn-like structure not far off.

I had early remarked the nearly total absence

Digitized by Google

of young and middle-aged men in Bethgelert. The occupation of the place was almost entirely mining or work in the slate-quarries of the country, which kept them away from Monday until Saturday. Our own landlord was a quarryman, and when Saturday afternoon arrived, I saw from my window a pale, drooping, slight laborer about forty years old come up the garden-path toward the house. The master of the house had walked ten miles over the mountains to spend Sunday with his wife and children. His little girls were on the watch for him, the "baby" in a fresh dress and frizzed fore-locks; Alice had put on her best frock, and our landlady had smoothed down with a superlative shine her own dark locks, which were adorned with artificial flowers. The poor husband came in wearily, and afterward I saw him in the kitchen holding the baby, and showing her and her little brother the pictures in a book he was tenderly handling. He gave me a gentle smile, but the wan, half-hungry look on his pale face struck to my heart. His wife told me afterward that the miners met with many accidents; one of them was the cause of her husband's delicate health.

Sunday morning the master, smartly dressed, was off to "meeting," taking all the children with him. I fancied I saw in his mien a hopeless dejection with his lot, mingled with pride and love for his pretty brood. To walk in the paths of the little garden, with the baby holding to his finger, was his sole amusement. That night when I woke up at three o'clock, and heard the water of the river roaring, and the wind and rain beating on the windows, I also heard our landlord starting off on his lonely ten-mile tramp across the mountains, to get to his work by daylight.

While everywhere the "weather" is a matter of a certain interest, at Bethgelert the interest in it became peculiar and intense. The wind had been blowing harder than usual one evening, and, looking out, I saw great masses of gray wrack tearing across the sky above our little valley. No hard rain had fallen since our arrival, and it had not occurred to me that any important consequences were likely to ensue from such an event. That night after I had gone to bed, however, as the hours wore slowly away, and I heard the storm raging in the valley, all at once it crossed my mind as to what might be the consequences to our household should the river overflow its banks.

I listened, and the roar of the two rivers seemed constantly to grow louder, and when at daybreak I raised my window-curtain to look out, an inundation was imminent. The clouds had settled low on the mountain-sides, but beneath them a hundred white rivulets had sprung into existence, and banded the hills like ribbons.

The arches of the stone bridge, which usually stood many feet above the pebbly bed of the river, were now so nearly full that the foam of the flood as it dashed through them flew thick into the air. Just below our own yard, and in the one beyond it, a little pond had already formed itself, and the water had risen so nearly to the level of the river-bank that it leaped over in tongues as it dashed past. The wind was blowing a hurricane, and roared in our chimneys as loud as thunder. "If this continues," I thought, "what is to keep the water from coming into the parlor and kitchen?" Truly there was nothing; for as I remarked when we first arrived, the garden-paths and the hall were paved on the same level. The prospect was dreary, yet there was nothing to do but wait. We *could* go off to the hotel if we were fairly drowned out; but it was not cheerful to think of facing the storm under such conditions. After a while the children in the next house came out, and on boards or tubs paddled about in their own dooryard; while in the row of houses that backed upon the stream opposite to us, the tide had already risen half-way up the lower story, and trees and bushes were partly submerged.

That night I listened to the storm again in the darkness, and when I looked out of my window fancied that others were keeping watch as well as I, for many were the lights that burned in the small houses in the valley, and occasionally I saw a man come out to the riverbank, and hold his lantern up till its light caught the white waves as they dashed swiftly along. By degrees the wind died away, and before the next noon the weeds and bushes by our garden-wall again appeared, though much bedraggled by the torrent. Later in the week, after news of the ravages of the storm reached us, came particulars of men drowned and cattle floated away, which made the possibilities of what we had escaped very vivid. I asked my friend at the book-shop if the river ever came into the houses, and she pictured to me the autumn storms when the waves made a clean sweep over everything in the bottom of the valley.

Probably in no part of Great Britain are the drives more romantic and the scenery more interesting than in this district of the Welsh mountains. In other parts of Wales, at Llandudno, Colwyn Bay, and such resorts along the seashore, rows of lodging-houses are constantly springing up, and have destroyed the rural character of these towns. Fortunately for the traveler in search of repose, and who cares to see the country in its primitive conditions, small hamlets like Bethgelert still retain their original simplicity nearly undisturbed by contact with the outside world; and one finds the same habits and pursuits among these simple peo-

Digitized by Google

ple that occupied their parents fifty years ago. To go from here to the pass of Llanberis, where the wild, bare peaks are nearly always lost in cloud; to track along by the deep, lonely tarns, from the edges of which rise precipitous black cliffs; and to watch the leaping brooks with no vestige of human habitation near — all this appeals most strongly to the sense of the picturesque. Especially do you feel the romantic character of this region when, in presence of the bold scenery, you recall at the same moment the traditions of the Druids, and the wild life so closely blended in English history with these desert tracks.

But the morning of our departure dawned in fairly good weather. The same trap which had brought us drove up to the little gate of our garden, and the same neighbors who had welcomed us assembled to help us off. Alice brought down shawls and baskets, and the baby clung close to a big doll we had given her, which she appeared to be afraid would vanish with us. Trunks were put on the box; the French maid laughed with joy, and uttered pious ejaculations at the prospect of her return to the busy world; while my companion and I bade a regretful farewell to the little household and to this gem of Welsh villages.

Susan Nichols Carter.

THE QUEST OF THE ARBUTUS.

FOR days the drench of noiseless rains,
Then sunshine on the vacant plains,
And April with her blind desire
A vagrant in my veins!

Because the tardy gods grew kind
Unrest and care were cast behind:
I took a day, and found the world
Was fashioned to my mind.

The swelling sap that thrilled the wood
Was cousin to my eager blood;
I caught the stir of waking roots,
And knew that life was good.

But something in the odors fleet,
And in the sap's suggestion sweet,
Was lacking — one thing everywhere
To make the spring complete.

At length, within a leafy nest
Where spring's persuasions pleaded best,
I found a pale, reluctant flower,
The purpose of my quest.

And then the world's expectancy
Grew clear: I knew its need to be
Not this dear flower, but one dear hand
To pluck the flower with me.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

Digitized by Google

THE SUPPLY AT SAINT AGATHA'S.

By the Author of "Gates Ajar," "Jack," etc.

AT the crossing of the old avenue with the stream of present traffic, in a city which, for obvious reasons, will not be identified by the writer of these pages, there stood — and still stands — the Church of Saint Agatha's.

The church is not without a history, chiefly such as fashion and sect combine to record. It is an eminent church, with a stately date upon its foundation-stone, and a pew-list unsurpassed for certain qualities among the worshipers of the Eastern States. Saint Agatha's has long been distinguished for three things, its money, its music, and its soundness.

When the tax-list of the town is printed in the daily papers once a year, the wardens and the leading parishioners of Saint Agatha's stand far upward in the score, and their names are traced by slow, grimy fingers of mechanics and strikers and socialists laboriously reading on Saturday nights.

The choir of Saint Agatha's, as all the world knows, is superior. Her soprano alone (a famous prima donna) would fill the house. Women throng the aisles to hear the tenor, and musical critics, hat in hand, and pad on hat, drop in to report the anthem and the offertory for the Monday morning press.

In ecclesiastical position, it is needless to add, Saint Agatha's has always been above reproach. When did Saint Agatha's question a canon? When did she contend with a custom? When did she criticize a creed? Why should she contest a tradition? She accepts, she conforms, she prospers.

In one particular Saint Agatha's has been thrust into an attitude of originality foreign to her taste. Her leading men feel called upon occasionally to explain how the eternal feminine came — a little contrary to the fashion of our land — to be recognized in the name of the church. Saint Agatha's first pastor, one should know, was a very young man of enthusiastic and unconventional temperament. He did not live long enough to outgrow this — for a clergyman — unfortunate trend of nature, having died, full of dreams and visions, in the teeth of a lowering conflict with his wardens; but he lived long enough to carry the day and the name for a portion of his people who desired to call their church in honor of a sweet, though rich, old lady who had put her private fortune into their beautiful house of worship, and her warm heart into their future success. It had befallen this dear old lady to bear the name of Agatha, which, for her sake,— and, of course, in due ecclesiastical remembrance of the strictly canonical saint of similar cognomen,— was accordingly bestowed upon the church.

IN the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and another numeral which I am requested not to indicate, but I may not deny that it is a recent one, the popular rector of Saint Agatha's took a winter vacation. He was an imposing and imperious man, full of years and honors, in the full sway of his professional fame, when he fell a victim, like any common person, to the grippe.

In the attempt to recover from this vulgar malady, he was forced to observe that his select physician had drugged him, *via* an exclusive bronchitis, into a minister's sore throat, such as any ordinary country parson might develop for lack of an overcoat, or a fire in his bedroom. Without undue delay or reluctance the rector of Saint Agatha's took ship for the south of France; and in the comfortable way in which such things are done in such quarters, the church was set trundling upon the wheels of a two-months' "supply." This was managed so gracefully by the experienced vestry of Saint Agatha's that hardly a visible jar occurred in the parish machinery. Many of the people did not know that their rector had gone until a canon from London sonorously filled the pulpit one Sunday morning. A distinguished Middle State clergyman followed the next week; the West sent her brightest and best the succeeding Sunday; and so it went.

Eminent variety easily occupied that sacred desk. The wardens of St. Agatha's have but to say, Come, and he cometh who weigheth the honor of ministering in this aristocratic pulpit. In brief, the most distinguished men in the denomination cordially "supplied." On the whole, perhaps the parish enjoyed their rector's vacation as much as he did.

Now, upon the vestry there chanced at that time to be one man who was "different." One does find such people even among the officers of fashionable churches. This man (he was, by the way, a grandnephew of the old lady who built the church when Saint Agatha's was an unendowed experiment) had occasional views not wholly in harmony with the policy of his brother officers; and being himself a heavy

Digitized by Google

rate-payer, was allowed, sometimes, by the courtesy of the majority,—when his notion was not really in bad form, you know,—to have his way. He did not get it so often but that he was glad to make the most of it when he did; and when his turn came to control the supply for that Sunday with which this narrative has to do, he asked the privilege of being intrusted with the details of the business. This request, as from a useful man of certain eccentricities, was indulgently granted; and thus there occurred the events which it has been given me to relate.

It was just before Lent, and the winter had been a cold one. One Friday evening in early March there came up, or came down, a drifting snow-storm. It was bad enough in town, but in the suburbs it was worse, and in the country it was little less than dangerous to passengers through the wide, wind-swept streets, the choking lanes and bitter moors.

An old clergyman, the pastor of a scattered parish, sat in his study on that Friday night, and thanked God that the weekly evening service was over, and his day's work done. He would have regretted being called out again that night, for he had got quite wet in walking to church and back, and the cold from which he had been suffering for a week past might not be benefited thereby. This fact in itself was a matter of no concern under ordinary conditions to the old clergyman, who, being a lonely man in a forlorn country boarding-house, with nobody to take care of him, was accustomed to live under the shadow of a "common cold," and who paid no more attention to his own physical discomforts in the face of daily duty than he paid to the latest fashion in sable trimmings in the front pews at Saint Agatha's. There was no fur trimming on his overcoat, which was seven years old and pitiably thin. But he had been invited to supply at Saint Agatha's next Sunday, and to that unexampled honor and opportunity he gave the pathetic attention—half personal pleasure, half religious fervor—of an overlooked and devout man. In the course of a forty-years' ministry he had not been asked to preach in a city pulpit. The event was tremendous to him. He had been agitated by the invitation, which ran in some such way as this:

. . . In closing, permit me to say, sir, that it would be agreeable to us to welcome among us the grandson of our first pastor, that young rector who died in the bud of his youth and Christian originality. The fact of your ancestry will give to your presence a peculiar interest for our people at large. But I beg to be allowed to add on behalf of the committee, that certain qualities in yourself and in your own work have led us to believe that you may exert positive influences upon us of which we stand in need. From your remote and rural parish your life has not passed unobserved. Your labors as a pastor, and your methods of preaching, have been an object of study to some of us. We have come to rate you, sir, as one of the men of God. There are not many. In meeting with our people, the writer personally hopes that you may be able to teach us something of the secret of your own happy and successful experience as a minister of Christ our Lord. . . .

The old clergyman sat with his feet upon the base of his little cylinder coal-stove. His thin ankles shrank in the damp stockings which he had not been able to change since he came in out of the storm, because, owing to some personal preference of the laundress, he could not find any dry ones. His worn slippers flapped upon his cold feet when he moved. But he had on his flowered dressing-gown of ancient pattern and rustic cut; his high arm-chair was cushioned in chintz and excelsior behind his aching head; the green paper shade was on his study-lamp; his best-beloved books (for the old saint was a student) lay within reach upon the table; piled upon them were his manuscript sermons; and he sighed with the content of a man who feels himself to be, although unworthy, in the loving arms of luxury. A rap at the door undeceived him. His landlady put in her withered face.

"Sir," she said, "the widder Peek 's a-dying. It 's just like her to take a night like this—but she 's sent for you. I must say I don't call you fit to go."

"A man is always fit to do his duty," said the old clergyman, rising. "I will go at once. Did she send—any—conveyance?"

"Catch her!" retorted the landlady. "Why, she hain't had the town water let in yet—and she wuth her fifteen thousand dollars; nor she won't have no hired girl to do for her, not that none of 'em will stay along of her a week, and Dobson's boy 's at the door, a-drippin' and cussin' to get you, for he 's nigh snowed under. She 's a wuthless old heathen miser, the widder Peek."

"Then there is *every* reason why I should not neglect her," replied the clergyman in his authoritative, clerical voice. "Pray call the lad in from the weather, and tell him I will accompany him at once."

He did look about his study sadly while he was making ready to leave it. The fire in the base-burner was quite warm, now, and his wet, much-darned stockings were beginning to dry. The room looked sheltered and pleasant; his books ran to the ceiling, though his floor was covered with straw matting, with odd pieces of woolen carpet for rugs; his carpet-covered lounge was wheeled out of the draft; his lamp with the green shade made a little circle of light

Digitized by Google

and coziness; his Bible and prayer-book lay open within it, beside the pile of sermons. He had meant to devote the evening to the agreeable duty of selecting his discourse for Saint Agatha's. His mind and his heart were brimming over with the excitement of that first event. He would have liked to concentrate and consecrate his thoughts upon it that evening. As he went, coughing, into the cold entry, it occurred to him that the spot in his lung was more painful than he had supposed; but he pulled his old cap over his ears, and his thin overcoat up to meet it, and tramped out cheerfully into the storm.

"Well, well, my lad!" he said in his warm-hearted way to Dobson's boy; "I 'm sorry for you that you have to be out a night like this."

The boy spoke of this afterward, and remembered it long — for a boy. But at the time he did but stare. He stopped grumbling, however, and plunged on into the drifts ahead of the old rector, kicking a path for him to right and left in the wet, packed snow; for the widow Peek lived at least a mile away, and the storm was now become a virulent thing.

What passed between the unloved, neglected, dying parishioner and her pastor was not known to any but themselves, nor is there witness now to testify thereof. Neither does it in any way concern the record of this narrative, except as the least may concern the largest circumstance in human story. For, in view of what came to pass, it is impossible not to put the old judicial question: Did it pay? Was it worth while? When the miser's soul went out, at midnight, on the wings and the rage of that blind, black storm, did it pass gently, a subdued, forgiven spirit, humble to learn how to live again, for Christ's sake and his who gave himself — as his Master had before him — to comfort and to save? Did it pay? *Do* such things pay? God knows. But as long as men do not know, there will always be found a few among them who will elect to disregard the doubt, to wear the divinity of uncalculating sacrifice, and to pay its price.

For the soul of the widow Peek the price was large, looked at in our mathematical way; for when the old clergyman, having shrived her soul and closed her eyes, started to come home at one o'clock of the morning, the storm had become a malignant force. Already wet through and through his thin coats and worn flannels, weak from the exposure, the watching, and the scene of death, every breath a sword athwart his inflamed lungs, with fire in his brain, and ice at his heart, he staggered against the blizzard.

Dobson's boy had long since sought the shelter of his own home, and the old man was quite unattended. True, the neighbor who watched with the dead woman suggested that he remain till morning; but the widow Peek's house was cold (she was always especially "near" about fuel), and he thought it more prudent to get back to his own stove and his bed.

Whether he lost his way; whether he crossed and recrossed it, wandering from it in the dark and drift; whether he fell and lay in the snow for a time, and rose again and staggered on, and fell again, and so pushed on again, cannot be known. It is only known that at half-past two on Saturday morning his landlady put her wrinkled face out of the window, for the twentieth time, in search of him (for she had a thought for him in her own hard-featured way), and saw him fallen, and feebly trying to crawl on his hands and knees up the drifted steps.

She got him in to his warm study, past the chair where the flowered dressing-gown and old slippers awaited him, and as far as the carpet-covered lounge. Beyond this he could not be taken.

By morning the whole parish rang the door-bell; the hands and hearts and horses, the purses, the nurses, the doctors, the watchers, the tears, and the prayers of the village, were his — for he was dearly beloved and cherished in that parish. But he lay on his old lounge in his study among his books, and asked of them nothing at all. The kerosene lamp, behind its green shade, went out; and the Bible, with the pile of sermons on the table, looked large in the snow-light of a day when the storm ceases without sun. He did not talk; but his thoughts were yet alive. He remembered Saint Agatha's, and the sermon which he was to preach to-morrow. He knew that not one of his people (ignorant of such matters) would understand how to get word to the city vestry. He tried to give directions, but his voice refused his bidding. He knew that he would be supposed to have failed to meet his appointment, perhaps to have been thwarted — a rural clergyman, old and timorous, baffled in an important professional engagement — by a little snow. He was to have taken the evening train. He was to be the guest of the vestryman who wrote that pleasant letter. He was to preach in Saint Agatha's to-morrow. He was to —

Nay, — he was not, — nay. He was to do none of these things. A sick man, mortally a sick man, past power of speech, he lay upon his carpet lounge, shivering under the pile of thin blankets and cotton comforters that had been wrapped around him, and gently faced his fate. He could not preach at Saint Agatha's. And he could not explain to the vestry. Perhaps his heart-sickness about this matter subsided a little — one likes to think so — as his disease grew upon him; but there are men who will understand me when I say that this

Digitized by Google

was the greatest disappointment of his humble, holy life.

As Saturday night drew on, and the stars came out, he was heard to make such efforts to speak articulately, that one of his weeping people (an affectionate woman of a brighter wit than the rest) made out, as she bent lovingly over him, to understand so much as this:

"Lord," he said, "into thy hands I commit my s—"

"He commits his spirit to the Lord!" sobbed the landlady.

But the listening parishioner raised her finger to her lips.

"Lord," he said again, and this time the dullest ear in the parish could have heard the words—"Lord," he prayed, "into thy hands I commit—my supply."

SUNDAY morning broke upon the city as cold and clear as the sword of a rebuking angel. People on the way to the West End churches exchanged notes on the thermometer, and talked of the destitution of the poor. It was so cold that the ailing and the aged for the most part stayed at home. But the young, the ennuyé, the imitative, and the soul-sick, got themselves into their furs and carriages when the chimes rang, and the audiences were, on the whole, as comfortable and as devout as usual.

The vestryman sat nervously in his pew. He had not fully recovered from the fact that his supply had disappointed him. Having sent his coachman in vain to all the Saturday evening trains to meet his country parson, he had passed but an uneasy night.

"I had supposed the old man had principles about Sunday travel," he said to his wife, "but it seems he is coming in the morning, after all. He might at least have sent me word."

"Telegraphing in the country is—difficult, sometimes, I have heard," replied the lady, vaguely. She was a handsome, childless woman, with the haughty under lip of her class. Her husband spoke cheerily, but he was not at ease, and she did not know how to make him so.

The Sunday morning train came in from the country station thirty miles back, but the old clergyman was not among its passengers. Now thoroughly alarmed, the vestryman had started for his hat and coat, when his parlor-maid brought him a message. It had been left at the door, she said, by a messenger who brooked neither delay nor question, but ordered her to tell the master of the house that the supply for Saint Agatha's was in the city, and would meet the engagement at the proper time and place. The old clergyman, the messenger added, had been suddenly stricken with a dangerous illness, and could not be expected; but his substitute would fill the pulpit for the day. The vestryman was requested to feel no concern in the matter. The preacher preferred retirement until the hour of the service, and would fulfil his duties at the church at the appointed hour.

But when the vestryman, feeling flurried despite himself, tapped at the door of the luxurious vestry-room, gracefully refurnished that winter for the rector with the sore throat who was in the south of France, he found it locked; and to his unobtrusive knock no answer came. At this uncomfortable moment the sexton tiptoed up to say that the supply had requested not to be disturbed until the service should begin. The sexton supposed that the clergyman needed extra preparation; thought that perhaps the gentleman was from the country, and—ah—unused to the audience.

"What is his name? What does he look like?" asked the chairman, with knotted brows.

"I have not seen him, sir," replied the sexton, with a puzzled expression.

"How did you receive the message?"

"By a messenger who would not be delayed or questioned."

Struck by the repetition of this phrase, the chairman asked again:

"But what did the messenger look like?" The sexton shook his head.

"I cannot tell you, sir. He was a mere messenger. I paid no attention to him."

"Very well," said the church officer, turning away discontentedly. "It must be all right. I have implicit confidence in the man whose chosen substitute this is."

With this he ceased to try to intrude himself upon the stranger, but went down to his pew, and sat beside his wife in uneasy silence.

THE chimes sang and sank, and sang again;

Holy, holy, holy—

The air was so clear that the sound rang twice the usual distance through the snowlit, sunlit air; and the sick and the old at home listened to the bells with a sudden stirring at their feeble hearts, and wished again that they could have gone to church. One bed-ridden woman, whose telephone connected her with Saint Agatha's, held the receiver to her sensitive ear, and smiled with the quick gratitude for trifling pleasures of the long-sick, as she recognized the notes of the chime. With a leap and a thrill as if they cast their metal souls out in the act, the voices of the bells rose and swelled, and ceased and slept, and where they paused the anthem took the words up:

Holy, holy—

and carried it softly, just above the breath, with the tone which is neither a sigh, nor a cry, nor

Digitized by Google

a whisper, but that harmony of all which makes of music prayer.

He must have entered on the wave of this strain; opinions differed afterward as to this: some said one thing, some another; but it was found that most of the audience had not observed the entrance of the preacher at all. The choir ceased, and he was; and no more could be said. The church was well-filled, though not over-crowded, and the decorous rustle of a fashionable audience in the interval preceding worship stirred through the house.

In the natural inattention of the moment, it was not remarkable that most of the people failed to notice the strange preacher until he was among them.

But to the church officer, whose mind was preoccupied with the supply, there was something almost startling in the manner of his approach.

The vestryman's uneasy eyes were not conscious of having slipped their guard upon the chancel for a moment; he had but turned his head politely, though a bit impatiently, to reply to some trivial remark of his wife's, when, behold, the preacher stood before him.

Afterward it was rumored that two or three persons in the audience had not been taken by surprise in this way, but had fully observed the manner of the stranger's entrance; yet these persons, when they were sought, were difficult to find. There was one shabby woman who sat in the gallery among the "poor" seats; she was clad in rusty mourning, and had a pale and patient face, quite familiar to the audience, for she was a faithful church-goer, and had attended Saint Agatha's for many years. It came to be said, through the sexton's gossip or otherwise, that this poor woman had seen the preacher's approach quite clearly, and had been much moved thereat; but when some effort was made to find her, and to question her on this point, unexpected obstacles arose,— she was an obscure person, serving in some menial capacity for floating employers; she was accustomed to slip in and out of church hurriedly, both late and early,— and nothing of importance was added from this quarter to the general interest which attended the eccentricities of the supply.

The stranger was a man a trifle above the ordinary height, of majestic mien and carriage, and with the lofty head that indicates both fearlessness and purity of nature. As he glided to his place behind the lectern, a hush struck the frivolous audience, as if it had been smitten by an angel's wing: such power is there in noble novelty, and in the authority of a high heart.

When had the similar of this preacher led the service in that venerable and fashionable house of worship? In what past years had his counterpart served them?

Whom did he resemble of the long line of eminent clerical teachers with whose qualities this elect people was familiar? What had been his history, his ecclesiastical position, his social connections? It was characteristic of the audience that this last question was first in the minds of a large proportion of the worshipers. Whence came he? His name? His titles? What was his professional reputation — his theology? What were his views on choir-boys, confessionals, and candles — on mission chapels and the pauperizing of the poor?

These inquiries swept through the inner consciousness of the audience in the first moment of his appearance. But in the second, neither these nor any other paltry queries fretted the smallest soul before him.

The stranger must have had an impressive countenance; yet afterward it was found that no two descriptions of it agreed. Some said this thing, some said that. To this person he appeared a gentle, kindly man with a persuasive manner; to that, he looked majestic and commanding. There were some who spoke of an authoritative severity in the eye which he turned upon them; but these were not many. There were those who murmured that they had melted beneath the tenderness of his glance, as snow before the sun; and such were more. As to the features of his face, men differed, as spectators are apt to do about the lineaments of extraordinary countenances. What was the color of his eyes, the contour of his lips, the shape of his brow? Who could say? Conflicting testimony arrived at no verdict. In two respects alone opinions agreed about the face of this man: it commanded, and it shone; it had authority and light. The shrewdest heresy-hunter in the congregation would not have dared question this clergyman's theology, or the tendencies of his ritualistic views. The veriest Pharisee in the audience quailed before the blinding brilliance of the preacher's face. It was a moral fire. It ate into the heart. Sin and shame shriveled before it.

One might say that all this was apparent in the preacher before he had spoken a word. When he had opened his lips these impressions were intensified. He began in the usual way to read the usual prayers, and to conduct the service as was expected of him. Nothing eccentric was observable in his treatment of the preliminaries of the occasion. The fashionable choir, accustomed to dictate the direction of the music, met with no interference from the clergyman. He announced the hymns and anthems that had been selected quite in the ordinary manner; and the critics of the great dailies took the usual notes of the musical program. In fact, up to the time of the sermon nothing out of the common course occurred.

Digitized by Google

But, having said this, one must qualify. Was it nothing out of the common course that the congregation in Saint Agatha's should sit as the people sat that day, bond-slaves before the enunciation of the familiar phrases in the morning's confession?

"What a voice!" whispered the wife of the vestryman. But her husband answered her not a word. Pale, agitated, with strained eyes uplifted, and nervous hands knotted together, he leaned toward the stranger. At the first articulate sentence from the pulpit, he knew that the success of his supply was secured.

What a voice indeed! It melted through the great house like burning gold. The heart ran after it as fire runs through metal. Once or twice in a generation one may hear the liturgy read like that — perhaps. In a lifetime no longer to be counted short, the vestryman had heard nothing that resembled it.

"Thank God!" he murmured. He put his hat before his face. He had not realized before what a strain he had endured. Cold drops stood upon his brow. He shook with relief. From that moment he felt no more concern about the service than if he had engaged one of the sons of God to "supply."

"Are you faint?" asked his wife in a tone of annoyance. She offered him her smelling-salts.

HAD there existed stenographic records of that sermon, this narrative, necessarily so defective, would have no occasion for its being. One of the most interesting things about the whole matter is that no such records can to-day be found. Reporters certainly were in the gallery. The journals had sent their picked men as usual, and no more. Where, then, were their columns of verbal record? Why has so important a discourse gone afloat upon vague, conflicting rumor? No person knows; the reporters least of all. One, it is said, lost his position for the default of that report; others received the severest rebukes of their experience from their managing editors for the same cause. None had any satisfactory reason to give for his failure.

"I forgot," said he who lost his position for his boyish excuse. "All I can say, sir, is I forgot. The man swept me away. I forgot that such a paper as 'The Daily Gossip' existed. Other matters," he added with expensive candor, "seemed more important at the time."

. . . . . .

When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?

The stranger announced this not unusual text with the simple manner of a man who promised nothing eccentric in the sermon to come. Yet something in the familiar words arrested attention. The phrase, as it was spoken, seemed less a hackneyed biblical quotation than a pointed, personal question to which each heart in the audience-room was compelled to respond.

The preacher began quietly. He reminded his hearers in a few words of the true nature of the Christian religion, whose interests he was there to represent. One felt that he spoke with tact, and with the kind of dignity belonging to the enthusiast of a great moral movement. It occurred to one, perhaps for the first time, that it was quite manly in a Christian preacher to plead his cause with as much ardor as the reformer, the philanthropist, the politician, or the devotee of a mystical and fashionable cult. One became really interested in the character and aims of the Christian faith; it acquired the dignity of a Browning society, or a study in theosophy or hypnotism. The attention of the audience — from the start definitely respectful — became reverent, and thus absorbed.

It was not until he had his hearers thoroughly in his power that the preacher's manner underwent the remarkable change of which Saint Agatha's talks in whispers to this day. He spoke entirely without manuscript or note, and he had not left the lectern. Suddenly folding his hands upon the great Bible, he paused, and, as if the audience had been one man, he looked it in the eye.

Then, like the voice of the living God, his words began to smite them. What was the chancel of Saint Agatha's? The great white throne? And who was he who dared to cry from it, like the command of the Eternal? Sin! Sinners! Shame! Guilt! Disgrace! Punishment! What words were these for the delicate ears of Saint Agatha's? What had these silken ladies and gilded men to do with such ugly phrases? Smiles stiffened upon refined, protesting faces. The haughty under lip of the vestryman's wife, and a hundred others like it, dropped. A moral dismay seized the exclusive people whom the preacher called to account like any vulgar audience. But the shabby woman in the "poor" seats humbly wept, and the young reporter who lost his position cast his eyes upon the ground, for the tears that sprang to them. From the delicate fingers of the vestryman's wife the smelling-salts fell upon the cushioned seat; she held her feathered fan against her face. Her husband did not even notice this. He sat with head bowed upon the rail before him, as a good man does when reconsecrating himself at the communion hour.

The choir rustled uneasily in their seats. The soprano covered her eyes with her well-gloved hand, and thought of the follies and regrets (she called them by these names) that beset the musical temperament. But the tenor turned his face away, and thought about his wife. Down

Digitized by Google

the avenue, in the room of the "shut in" woman, where the telephone carried the preacher's voice, a pathetic cry was heard:

"Forgive! Forgive! Oh, if suffering did but put out sin!"

But now the preacher's manner of address had changed again. Always remembering that it is now impossible to quote his language with any accuracy, we may venture to say that it ran in some such way as this:

The Son of God, being of the Father, performed his Father's business. What do ye who bear his name? What holy errands are ye about? What miracles of consecration have ye wrought? What marvels of the soul's life have ye achieved upon the earth since he left it to your trust?

He came to the sinful and the unhappy; the despised and rejected were his friends; to the poor he preached the Gospel; the sick, and overlooked, and cast-out, the unloved and forgotten, the unfashionable and unpopular, he selected. These to his church on earth he left in charge. These he cherished. For such he had lived. For them he had suffered. For them he died. People of Saint Agatha's, where *are* they? What have ye done to his beloved? Thou ancient church, honored and privileged and blessed among men, where are those little ones whom thy Master chose? Up and down these godly aisles a man might look, he said, and see them not. Prosperity and complacency he saw before him; poverty and humility he did not see. In the day when habit cannot reply for duty, what account will ye give of your betrayed trust? Will ye say: "Lord, we had a mission chapel. The curate is responsible for the lower classes. And, Lord, we take up the usual collections; Saint Agatha's has always been called a generous church"?

In the startled hush that met these preposterous words the preacher drew himself to his full height, and raised his hands. He had worn the white gown throughout the day's services, and the garment folded itself about his figure majestically. In the name of Christ, then, he commanded them: Where were those whom their Lord did love? Go, seek them. Go, find the saddest, sickest souls in all the town. Hasten, for the time is short. Search, for the message is of God. Church of Christ, produce his people to me, for I speak no more words before their substitutes!

Thus and there, abruptly, the preacher cast his audience from him, and disappeared from the chancel. The service broke in consternation. The celebrated choir was not called upon to close the morning's worship. The soprano and the tenor exchanged glances of neglected dismay. The prayer-book remained unopened on the sacred desk. The desk itself was empty. The audience was, in fact, authoritatively dismissed — dismissed without a benediction, like some obscure or erring thing that did not deserve it.

The people stared in one another's faces for one astounded moment, and then, without words, with hanging heads, they moved to the open air and melted out of the church.

The sexton rustled up to the vestryman, pale with fear.

"Sir," he whispered, "he is not in the vestry-room. He has taken himself away — God knows whither. What are we to do?"

"Trust him," replied the church officer, with a face of peace, "and God who sent him. Who he may be, I know no more than you; but that he is a man of God I know. He is about his Father's business. Do not meddle with it."

"Lord forbid!" cried the sexton. "I 'd sooner meddle with something I can understand."

UPON the afternoon of that long-remembered Sunday there was seen in Saint Agatha's the strangest sight that those ancient walls had witnessed since the corner-stone was laid with a silver trowel in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost "whom we, this people, worship."

Before the chimes rang for the vesper service, the house was filled. Before the bronze lips of the bells were mute, the pews were packed. Before the stranger reappeared, the nave and the transept overflowed. The startled sexton was a leaf before the wind of the surging crowd. He could not even enforce the fire-laws, and the very aisles were jammed. Who carried the story? How do such wraiths of rumors fly?

Every member of that church not absent from town or known to be ill in his bed sought his pew that afternoon. Many indeed left their sick-rooms to be present at that long-remembered service. But no man or woman of these came alone. Each brought a chosen companion; many, two or three; some came accompanied by half a dozen worshipers: and upon these invited guests Saint Agatha's looked with an astonishment that seemed to be half shame; for up those velvet aisles there moved an array of human faces at which the very angels and virtues in the painted windows seemed to turn their heads and stare.

Such wretchedness, such pallor, hunger, cold, envy, sickness, sin, and shame were as unknown to those dedicated and decorated walls as the inmates of hell. Rags and disease, uncleanliness and woe and want, trod the house of God as if they had the right there. Every pew in the church was thrown open. Tattered blanket shawls jostled velvet cloaks, and worn little tan-colored reefers, half concealing the shivering cotton blouses of last summer, rubbed against

Digitized by Google

sealskin furs that swept from throat to foot. Wretched men, called in by the throb of repentance that follows a debauch, lifted their haggard eyes to the chancel from the pews of the wardens, and women of the town sat gently beside the "first ladies" of the parish and of the city. There were a few ragged children in the audience, wan and shrewd, sitting drearily beside mothers to whom they did not cling. The pew of our friend, the vestryman, was filled to overflowing. The wife with the under lip sat beside him, and did not protest. She had herself gone with him to the hospital to select their guests. For their pew was filled with the crippled and other sick who could neither walk nor afford to ride, and whom their own carriage had brought to Saint Agatha's. One of these, a woman, came on crutches, and the lady helped her, not knowing in the least how to do it; and a man who had not used his feet in six years was lifted in by the pew-owner and his coachman and butler, and carried the length of the broad aisle.

The church, as we say, was packed long before the preacher appeared. He came punctually to his appointment, like any ordinary man. It was mid-afternoon, and the sun was declining when he glided across the chancel. Already shadows were lying heavily in the corners of the church and under the galleries on the darker side. A few lights were glimmering about the chancel, but these served only to illuminate the stranger's form and face; they did not lighten the mass of hushed and appealing humanity before him. The choir, with bowed heads, just above the breath, began to chant:

> Who shall lay anything to the charge
> Of God's Elect?
> It is God that justifieth.
> It is Christ that died.

While they sang the preacher stood quite still, and looked at the people — that strange and motley mass, the rich and the poor, the sick and the well, the disgraced and the reputable, the pampered and the starving, the shameful and the clean of life, the happy and the wretched together. When the singing ceased, he spoke as if he talked right on; he read no prayers; he turned to no ritual; he did not even use the great Bible of Saint Agatha's — but only spoke in a quiet way, like a man who continues a thought begun:

"For the Lord," he said, "is the maker of you all."

There was no sermon in Saint Agatha's that afternoon. Ecclesiastically speaking, there was no service. But the preacher spoke to the people; and their hearts hung upon his words. But what those words were no man may tell us at this day.

It has been whispered, indeed, that what he said took different meanings to the members of that strange audience. Each heart received its own message. Wide as the earth were the gulfs between those hearers. But the preacher's message bridged them all. From his quivering lip and melting voice each soul drank the water of life. Afterward each kept its own secret, and told not of that thirst, or of its assuaging.

"He speaks to me," sighed the patrician, with bowed head. "How happens this, for I thought no man did know that inner history? I have never told —"

"To me! To me!" sobbed the pauper and the castaway — "the preacher speaks to me. My misery, my shame — the whole world knows, but no man ever understood before."

The afternoon waned. The shadows deepened under the galleries. The great house clung like one child to the voice of the preacher. It was as still as the courts of Heaven when a soul is pardoned. The stranger spoke in a low but penetrating voice. Not a word was lost by the remotest. He spoke of the love of God the Father, and of the life of Christ the Son. He spoke of sin and of forgiveness, of sorrow, of shame, and of peace. He spoke of sacrifice, of patience, of purity, and of hope, and of the eternal life.

Not once did he allude to the petty differences among the people who sat bowed and breathless before him. Such paltry things as riches or poverty, or position or obscurity, he did not recognize. He spoke to men and women, the children of God. He spoke to sinners and to sufferers, and to patient saints; he said nothing about "classes"; he talked of human beings; he rebuked them for their sins; he comforted them for their miseries; he smote their hearts; he shook their souls; he passed over their lives as conflagration passes, burning to ashes, purifying to new growth.

As he spoke, the manner of his countenance changed before them, like that of any great and holy man who is charged with the burden of souls, and who persuadeth them. A fine, inner light glowed through his features, as a sacred lamp glows through alabaster or some exquisite shell. His plaintive lip trembled. His deep eyes burned and retreated, as if they veiled themselves. An expression dazzling to behold settled upon his face. His white garment gathered light, and shone. Suddenly pausing, he stretched forth his hands. What delicate arrangement of the chancel lamps illuminated them? It was noticed by many, and spoken of afterward below the breath. For, as he raised them in benediction upon the people, there scintillated from the palms a light. Some said that it was reflected from the radiance of the man's face. Some said that it had another cause. Only this is sure: when he did uplift his hands to

Digitized by Google

bless them, all the people fell upon their knees before him.

It was now almost dark in the church, and no man could see his neighbor's face. The choir, on their knees, began to sing, "Holy, holy, holy—" When their voices fell, the preacher's rose:

"And now may the grace of God the Father, and the love of Jesus Christ his Son, your Lord, and the peace of the Holy Spirit, be upon you; for there is Life Eternal; and God is the Light thereof; whose children ye are forever. Amen, and Amen."

His voice ceased. The hush that followed it was broken only by sobs.

The electric lights sprang out all over the church. In the sudden brilliance the kneeling people lifted their wet faces to the stranger's, thinking to catch a last sight of him for life-long treasure.

But the chancel was empty. As silently, as strangely, as he had come, the preacher had gone. It was the fashion of the man. Such was his will. He was never seen at Saint Agatha's again; nor, though his name and fame were widely sought, were they ever learned by any.

The great, strange crowd of worshipers melted mutely away. No man spoke to his neighbor; each was busy with the secret of his own soul. The sick returned to their sufferings; the bereaved to their loneliness; the poor to their struggles; the rich to their pleasures; the erring to their temptations; and God went with them.

Down the avenue, in the room of the life-long invalid, the receiver fell from a woman's shaking hand. All these — all they, the saddest, the sorest, of them all — had been preferred before her.

"Oh, to have seen his face!" she cried. She held her thin hands before her eyes. Then, flashing by that inner light which burns in the brain of the sensitive sick, the face of the stranger swam before her for an instant — and was not; for she had recognized it.

In the Monday morning's paper, the vestryman of Saint Agatha's observed a line or two of obituary notice tucked away in one of the spaces reserved for the obscure. It set forth the fact that the old clergyman who had failed to meet his appointment died on Sunday morning, of pneumonia, after a brief illness, aged seventy-two.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.



THE POET'S ROSE.

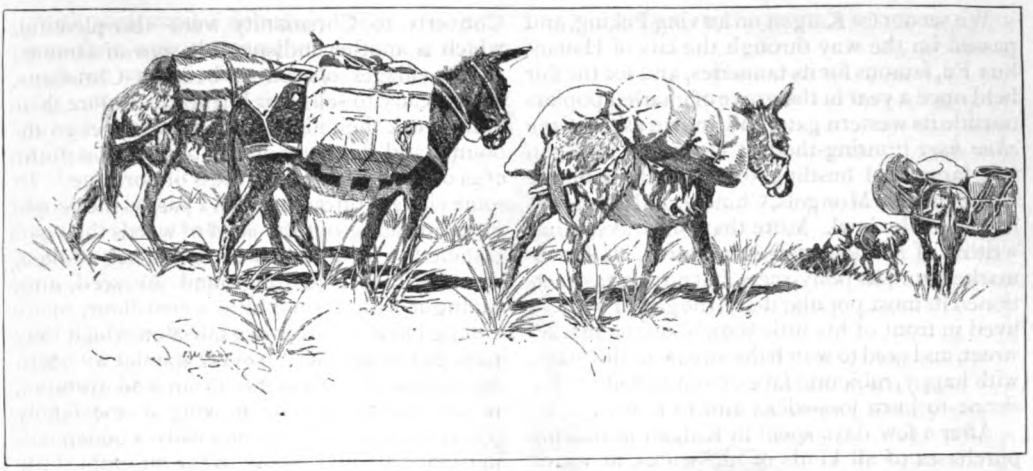
"Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee,
How fair and sweet she seems to be!"

— EDMUND WALLER.

WALKING one morning in a garden-close,
Where thrush and linnet set the freshened air
Athrob with music pulsing everywhere,
A poet plucked, all dew-besprent, a rose;
And with a grace the poet only knows,
Fastened it lightly mid the flowing hair
Of one who paused beside him, young and fair,
With charms the utmost beauty's dower bestows.
To that sweet maiden came an after day
Queenly with sovereignty that ever must
Crown such a brow as with a coronet;
But though the centuried years have passed away,
And all that loveliness is garnered dust,
The rose the poet gave her blossoms yet!

Margaret J. Preston.

Digitized by Google

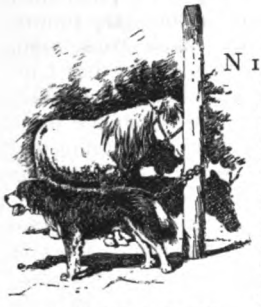


DRAWN BY W. TABER.

STARTING A DONKEY PACK-TRAIN (KOKO NOR).

DRIVEN OUT OF TIBET.

AN ATTEMPT TO PASS FROM CHINA THROUGH TIBET INTO INDIA.



KOKO NOR PONY AND TIBETAN MASTIFF.

IN 1888–89 I wandered in China, Mongolia, and Tibet; I dressed and lived like a Chinese frontiersman, and ate all the dirty messes of Chinamen, Mongols, and Tibetans; I used fingers instead of fork or chop-sticks; I licked my platter instead of washing it; and I conformed to every other social dictate of the countries through which I passed. I nearly starved to death; time and again I was snow-blind; I had to run for my life before the hostile lamas of eastern Tibet; and I vowed I would never go on another such fool's errand. Yet a year had not gone over my head before I was making arrangements once more to try my luck in the wilds of Tibet, to see if I could not cross the country to the west of Lh'asa and reach some point on the Indian frontier.

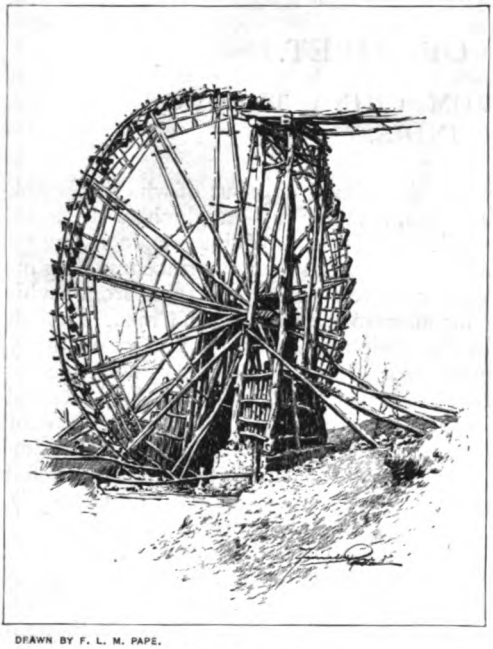
The Chinese are as thorough snobs as the most civilized whites; they judge a traveler's respectability and social standing by his dress and equipage, his food, the number of his servants, and the prices he pays. So, to travel respectably in the eighteen provinces, visible signs of one's social standing are indispensable. In Mongolia and Tibet, though I am fain to admit that snobbism is not unknown, it is of an unsophisticated kind; a pony with plaited tail and mane, a saddle not too dilapidated, a tent not too patched, two kettles on the fire instead of one, a silver-lined cup out of which to drink one's tea, a pretty rug on which to sit, and a couple of noisy and officious retainers, entitle one to be looked upon as a prince traveling incog., or a foreign envoy returning from a visit to his suzerain, the Emperor of China. Though these considerations were not uppermost in my mind when on leaving Peking I determined to travel to Tibet through Mongolia, I derived considerable advantage from this condition of things; for the smallness of my party, and the simplicity of my outfit, fell short of what is expected by the Chinese of a *ta-jen* (an "excellency"), even though he be a "foreign barbarian."

I left Peking December, 1891, with a solitary attendant, a rather clever boy who some years before had been with me to the imperial hunting-park north of the great wall, and who thought himself a finished traveler, having been once to Urga, and picked up a few words of Russian, English, and Mongol, and learned to scramble eggs, make hash, and boil potatoes. But his chief recommendation consisted in his being the trusted guardian of two great family secrets, a sovereign eye-medicine, and a wonderful cure for wounds and bruises in which bear's gall, powdered deer's-horn, and tiger's bone were, I believe, the principal ingredients. These medicines he administered freely, even recklessly, along our route, refusing any remuneration; being desirous, as he said, only of doing good works. He thus gained for himself and master not a little consideration, inasmuch as we never remained long enough in any one place for the medicine to take effect.

Digitized by Google

We set out for Kalgan on leaving Peking, and passed on the way through the city of Hsuan-hua Fu, famous for its tanneries, and for the fair held once a year in the grove of gnarled poplars outside its western gate, and known as the *liang chuo huei* ("airing-the-feet festival"). Kalgan is a large and bustling town on the Chinese border, where Mongols, Chinese, and foreigners live cheek by jowl. More than one traveler has written of its busy and dirty streets, its horse-markets, and its pony-races, but no one has mentioned its most popular deity, the god of wine. I lived in front of his little temple on the market street, and used to watch the stream of devotees, with happy, rubicund faces, coming daily to the shrine to burn joss-sticks and to kotow.

After a few days spent in Kalgan in making purchases of all kinds of nicknacks, in which



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

WATER-WHEEL (SHUILUM) ON YELLOW RIVER ABOVE LAN-CHOU FU.

mirrors, buttons, and rouge-pads occupied a prominent place, with which to buy from Mongols and Tibetans the few luxuries, such as butter, milk, or cheese, that they have to sell, I left for Kuei-hua Ch'eng, a town in Mongolia some ten days to the west, and of quite as great commercial importance as Kalgan itself. The country through which we traveled as far as Alashan, some three hundred and odd miles, was parched and famine-stricken, and the vast flocks of sand-grouse which swept over the fields were an ominous portent to the poor Chinese settlers of these wide plains that the famine was not yet at its worst, for they have a saying, "When the sand-grouse fly by, wives will have to be sold." Converts to Christianity were also plentiful, which is another indisputable sign of famine; whole villages offered to become Christians, being ready to sell their birthright, abjure their faith, break their idols, let their girls' feet go unbound, and do every other abomination in the eyes of their people for a mess of porridge.[1] In some villages through which I passed the people were threshing out the seed of weeds they had gathered to feed to their cattle. They cooked, then dried, and finally ground the seed, and, mixing it with a very little wheat-flour, made a filling but most unsavory mush on which they managed to subsist. In every hamlet we heard the sounds of the funeral drum and trumpet, or saw a little convoy moving to the family graveyard with a great, unwieldy wooden coffin carried by four men. In the miserable little hovels some of the old people stopped the cravings of hunger by swallowing small balls of clay, while the younger folk wandered about trying to trap the sand-grouse with horse-hair nooses. One day we stopped to make our tea at a little hovel where I saw in a conspicuous place near the household shrine, among the many mottos on red paper of which the Chinese are so fond, one touching appeal to heaven, asking for "happiness and water" (*fushui*). The only conversation of the poor people was about the price of meal, and their only inquiry concerning my country was whether it ever happened with us that rain did not fall for two years.

Leaving Kuei-hua Ch'eng, a month's journey through the desert separated us from Lan-chou Fu in Kan-su, and we had to make preparations accordingly; for though some miserable villages of poverty-stricken Chinese are passed on the way, but little can be found in any of them save vermin and dirt, which everywhere abound. I had boiled two sheep, and the frozen meat was packed in bags; several hundred little dumplings stuffed with mutton and cabbage were also frozen and stored away, together with bread, which the Mohammedans of north China make very well. Rice, vermicelli, a few pounds of brick-tea, and a sheep's paunch full of butter, formed the bulk of our stores. When one has become sufficiently hungry, a most palatable article of diet is what is called by the Chinese *chao-mien* ("parched meal"). A little mutton or beef suet is mixed with wheat-flour, and when the meal has been browned over the fire, finely hashed meat and a little salt are added, and the preparation is ready for use. Boiling water is poured over a cup of it, and at once you have a good and very filling gruel. This chao-mien I used throughout the journey, alternating it with Tibetan *tsamba* ("parched barley-meal"),

[1] This famine is not yet over. Latest accounts report untold distress in the region which comprises the provinces of Shan-hsi, Shen-hsi, and northeastern Kan-su.

Digitized by Google

or with such similar delicacies as the countries through which we passed afforded. Two small blue cotton tents such as Mongols use, an iron grate in which to burn *argols* ("dry dung"), two kettles, and a few other indispensable articles made up our camping outfit. A sheet of felt to lie on, a saddle to rest one's head on, completed each one's bedding; for, as we wore heavy sheepskin gowns, buckskin breeches, and felt stockings inside our long leather boots, and only unloosed our belts and took off our boots when about to go to sleep, we did not require much additional cover.

It is astonishing how easily civilized men can revert to savagery — its primitive methods, its diet, its coarse and very often scanty food, and its general discomfort. When the initiatory period is over, one's body can adapt itself to all the inequalities of the soil; the stomach is proof against any food, and one views washing as a bad habit in a dry, dusty country, and regards a coating of dirt or grease on the face and hands as an indispensable protection against the alkaline dust which, without it, would crack the skin and make it bleed. I hired two carts to travel in, as there were no hills to cross, and the road we had to follow was easy, though heavy here and there. The head carter was called Li Loch'ü ("Li the mule colt"); why, neither he nor any one else could tell. The Chinese of the lower classes like such names, and rather pride themselves upon them. The Mohammedans of western China have names given to their children by the *ahons*, or priests, which do little credit to their imaginations. Nine times out of ten the child receives such a name as "Good luck," "Perfected happiness," or even the number of years of one of its parents at the time of its birth, as "Ma Thirty-three," "Yeh Sixty-two," etc. One man I knew was called Ma Shuang-hsi, or "Ma Double-luck," for the simple reason that on the day of his birth his father's only cow had dropped a calf.



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

RIPA BOY TURNING PRAYER-WHEEL.

Leaving Kuei-hua Ch'eng, for twenty days we traveled westward through the Ordos and the Alashan country, over sandy wastes or through dense willow-brush. Now and then we saw a dingy Mongol tent, a little flock of sheep, a string of camels, or a horseman followed by a couple of greyhounds. The trail made endless detours to cross the big irrigation-ditches dug by the Chinese colonists, or to get round some tract of land riddled with holes from which licorice, the most valuable product of the country, had been dug. Sometimes we put up for the night in a dirty hut, which afforded a little more protection against the piercing cold than our small cotton tents. Very little snow fell, but the wind was piercing, and every night the thermometer fell to 15°, or thereabout, below zero.

One night, having wandered longer than usual in the brush trying to find where we could get fodder for the mules, it was long after dark

Digitized by Google

when we came to a cluster of mud hovels, and asked admittance. At first we were refused, but, pushing my way into the common room of the largest house, where a dozen men, women, and children were cooking their evening meal of mush over a smoldering fire of briers and manure, I found the landlady, a fat, asthmatic old dame, seated on a *kang* (an oven-like structure of brick on which one sleeps), and propped up with cushions, wheezing and groaning with an acute attack of bronchitis. After much persuasion, and the promise of medicine (a bit of porous plaster), she induced the most ragged of her disreputable lot of retainers, a blind, opium-smoking beggar, to vacate with his wife, two boys, and a few lambs the den he occupied, and to let me have it for the night. It was warm inside, but dirty beyond comparison, the vilest hole I had ever been in. When I had finished eating my evening meal, the beggar's son told me that his father was a noted minstrel, and wished to regale me with one of his songs. Having received leave, he tuned a dilapidated banjo, and broke out in a wild screech, accompanied by many grunts, much sniffling, and the most horrible grimaces, rolling his sightless eyes about. In a nearly unintelligible jargon he told of the life and exploits of a great, good, and honest official—a mythical personage of whom one often hears in China. It was long, very long, and very painful to listen to. When he had finally brought his song to an end, and the good official had received from the emperor a coral button of office, a yellow riding-jacket, and a patent of nobility with retroactive effect, ennobling his parents and his grandparents to the third and fourth generations, he asked leave to sing another ditty; but I bribed him to desist, and he went to another hovel, and charmed the inmates with his songs far into the night.

Two months after leaving Peking we reached the northwestern border of China, and I rested for a while at the famous lamasery of Kumbum, where I had lived in 1889 for more than a month,[1] and made necessary preparations for the journey into Tibet. Six weeks were passed in this frontier country buying ponies, mules, provisions, clothing, etc., engaging men to accompany me, and making excursions among the neighboring tribes of Tibetan, Mongol, or Turki stock (among the latter the Salar was the most noteworthy), an admixture of races that makes this region one of the most interesting in China for an ethnologist; so it was the middle of March, 1892, before I was ready to start for Tibet.

I had five Chinese with me; four had traveled with me in 1889, and the fifth was a Pekinese I had picked up at Kuei-hua Ch'eng to replace the man who had come with me from Peking, and who, on hearing of the length of my proposed journey and the hardships to be encountered, had become suddenly ill, and had gone home.

My head man was the same devoted Yeh Chi-ch'eng who had accompanied me in that capacity in 1888-89. I shall ever consider myself under deep obligations to him for his boundless fidelity, and for the ability he showed in every matter given him to manage. He was the most companionable of Chinese; we lived in the same tent, slept under the same sheet of felt, ate out of the same bowl, yet he never presumed upon our relations to show undue familiarity, or to omit any mark of respect recognized by Chinese custom. His cheerfulness never forsook him, even when everything looked blackest and our luck was at its worst. The faults of the cook of whom I have spoken were many, but Allah will be merciful to him, for he was learned in his trade, and helped not a little to the success of the expedition. Though for a long while he had only flour and wild onions with which to feed us, he made savory messes which buoyed up our spirits (though they laid heavy on our stomachs), and kept a little strength in our worn-out bodies. The third member of the party was old Ma Double-luck, a queer, wizened old Chinaman who had passed half his life in a Mongol village, and was more Mongol than Chinese. He and the cook gave me much trouble by pilfering my scanty supplies of food when we should have practised the strictest economy in the use of them. More than once I had to threaten them with condign punishment. The old fellow was useful in his way, and he followed me till I reached Ta-chien-lu in China. There he left me, and turned his face northward; but though he then had plenty of money in his pocket, he was not happy. He yearned for his Mongol village and his old Mongol wife, and he could reach them only by passing through his native place, near Hsi-ning, where he had another wife and several children, and he feared he could not give them the slip. There were also two Mongol brothers in my party who acted as guides. The elder, Samtan Jalang by name, was a head man (*jalang*) of a district in Taichinär Ts'aidam, and was most pompous and overbearing. To his many accomplishments—among which I will only mention that he was a rain-dispeller, and a member of the church (*gényen*)—he added the more lucrative profession of guide to Lh'asa for parties of Mongols, and he claimed to know every trail leading thither from the north. In consideration of a considerable sum of money, he agreed to take me, by a route known only to himself, around the Tengri nor to Shigatsé, whence I hoped to reach Sikkim or Nepal. Bitcheren Panti, his brother, was of a different type, with less guile, a good specimen of the

[1] See THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for December, 1890.

Digitized by Google

western Mongol, and of the civilization of this wild region. Until a few years ago, Panti and his wife had lived on the Naichi gol with a few ponies, camels, and sheep, just enough of this world's goods to keep them both alive. He tinkered and he cobbled betimes, and he was also a smith and a tailor; in short, the jack-of-all-trades one so often meets among frontiersmen. One day Panti's wife tired of her lord, and left him to go to live with another man. Marriage in his country is a bargain, and if it turns out that either of the parties interested in it finds the bargain bad, it is broken without more ado, and no one is much the worse for it. But Panti was of a different make; he felt aggrieved by his wife's desertion, and sought revenge. Packing up his few belongings, he sold what he could not take with him, and gave out that he was going on a pilgrimage to Lh'asa. He actually started, in company with another man, but the following night they stole back, and carried off all the lucky rival's ponies into the mountains. Though he had thus got much more than the value of what he had lost, Panti could not be satisfied till all the riches of the land were his. He now turned his steps toward the country of the Golok, with the intention of leading a band of those dreaded brigands against his native land, to carry thence all the flocks and herds, and to sow destruction everywhere. He had not gone many days on his way when he fell in with a party of Mongol hunters from Shang. To them he told his story and his plan of revenge. They dissuaded him from carrying it out,— their country was too near Panti's, and he might take it in on his way to spoil the Taichinär — and induced him to follow them to Shang. He there gave in his allegiance to the Tibetan lama who rules the country by presenting him tribute of a pony, secured a half interest in a house and a wife, and settled down to the exercise of the various trades to which he was able to turn his hand. I met him in Shang, and it did not require much persuasion to induce him to follow me; he hoped thereby to make enough money to start once more in life in the beloved swamps of his native Taichinär, and to try again his luck in married life with a new partner of his choice.



W. W. ROCKHILL AT LUSAR (KUMBUM), FEBRUARY, 1892.

Seven mules carried my belongings — food for six months, goods for barter, tents, bedding, and camping outfit; each man had a pony, and in his saddle-bags carried all his private kit, besides extra shoes for his horse. In order to keep my own mules in good condition for the long journey, I hired wherever I could either donkeys, camels, or yaks to carry the loads, sometimes for a week, sometimes for a fortnight or so; but notwithstanding all my care, not one of my mules or ponies reached the journey's end.

Although the Chinese are a hard-working, long-suffering people, accustomed to few of the comforts of life, and able and willing to endure patiently, even in silence, great hardships, they do not like to be forced to face them; unlike us, they see no fun in "roughing it." Two days after our departure from Kumbum, one of my men pleaded illness, and insisted on going home; and a month later, when about to enter Tibet, two others discovered that they had

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

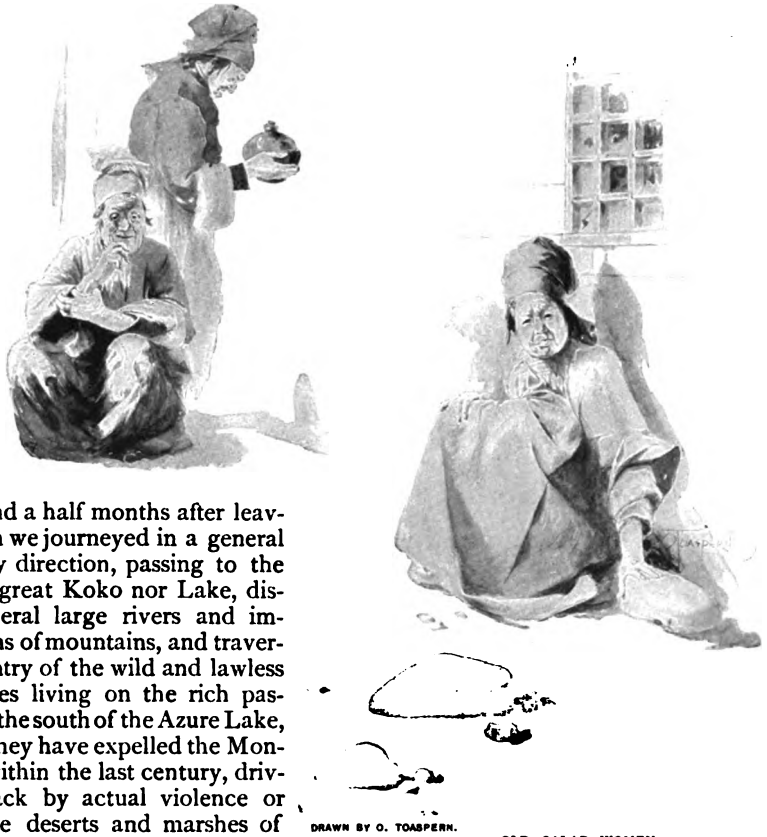
TIBETANS.

pressing business at home, that I was too unlucky, and that the fates were against me. So they deserted me, and set out to return to China on foot. A letter had come to me while at Kumbum from the Chinese official who had protected and assisted me in 1889 when the Tibetans of Kanzé had tried to kill me. In it he related that a price had been set on my head, and that the servants I had left behind had been seized and tortured to extort from them my whereabouts, the reason given for opposing me being that I was a spy of the Lh'asa government, which was trying to gain possession of their country. The people everywhere throughout eastern Tibet, the letter went on to say, were roused against me, and should I show myself again in the country, the chiefs, even those like my former friend Namtso Purdung, would be unable to protect me, and would perhaps be overturned. My men had heard this letter read, and they very naturally felt disinclined to thrust their heads into the lion's mouth. Then there were bad omens. When about to leave Shang to explore the Tosu nor, my pony was suddenly taken ill, and another was drowned under me while crossing a river on the rotten ice. Not only these two Chinese deserted me, but no Mongol could be found in the eastern part of the Ts'aidam to take their places. Fortunately, the Mongol Panti was willing to go with me, and old Ma Double-luck also joined his fortunes to mine, and these two replaced the deserters quite advantageously.

Life in the central Asian deserts is rough indeed. Nature is without attractions of any kind; it is bleak and repelling; never a tree is seen, and scarcely a flower, except for a month or two in the year. Probably the arctic regions alone offer a more meager flora. One sees only coarse grass, or bare, gravel-strewn ground of a reddish tinge. In the most favored valleys, and near some brackish lakelet, are occasionally seen bunches of long black-haired yaks, antelopes, or wild asses. A stray hare or wolf runs across the trail; a sheldrake or eagle flies slowly off at one's approach. Were it not for the wild yaks, travel across this great plateau would be impossible, for dry yak-dung is the only fuel to be found. Should a murrain destroy the yaks, as recently it destroyed the lyre-horned antelope, traveling, except along two frequented trails, would become unfeasible. Violent winds sweep the

Digitized by Google

country daily, carrying with them dense clouds of alkaline dust, which parch and crack the skin and blind the eyes. When it is not blowing, it is snowing, hailing, or raining. Bogs, marshes, and sandy wastes, cut at short distances by low ranges of mountains rarely rising above the line of perpetual snow (though, be it remembered, the lowest valleys are at a greater elevation above the sea than the summit of Mont Blanc), are the characteristics of the bleak country which we had to cross before the inhabited regions of Tibet could be reached.



DRAWN BY O. TOASPERN.

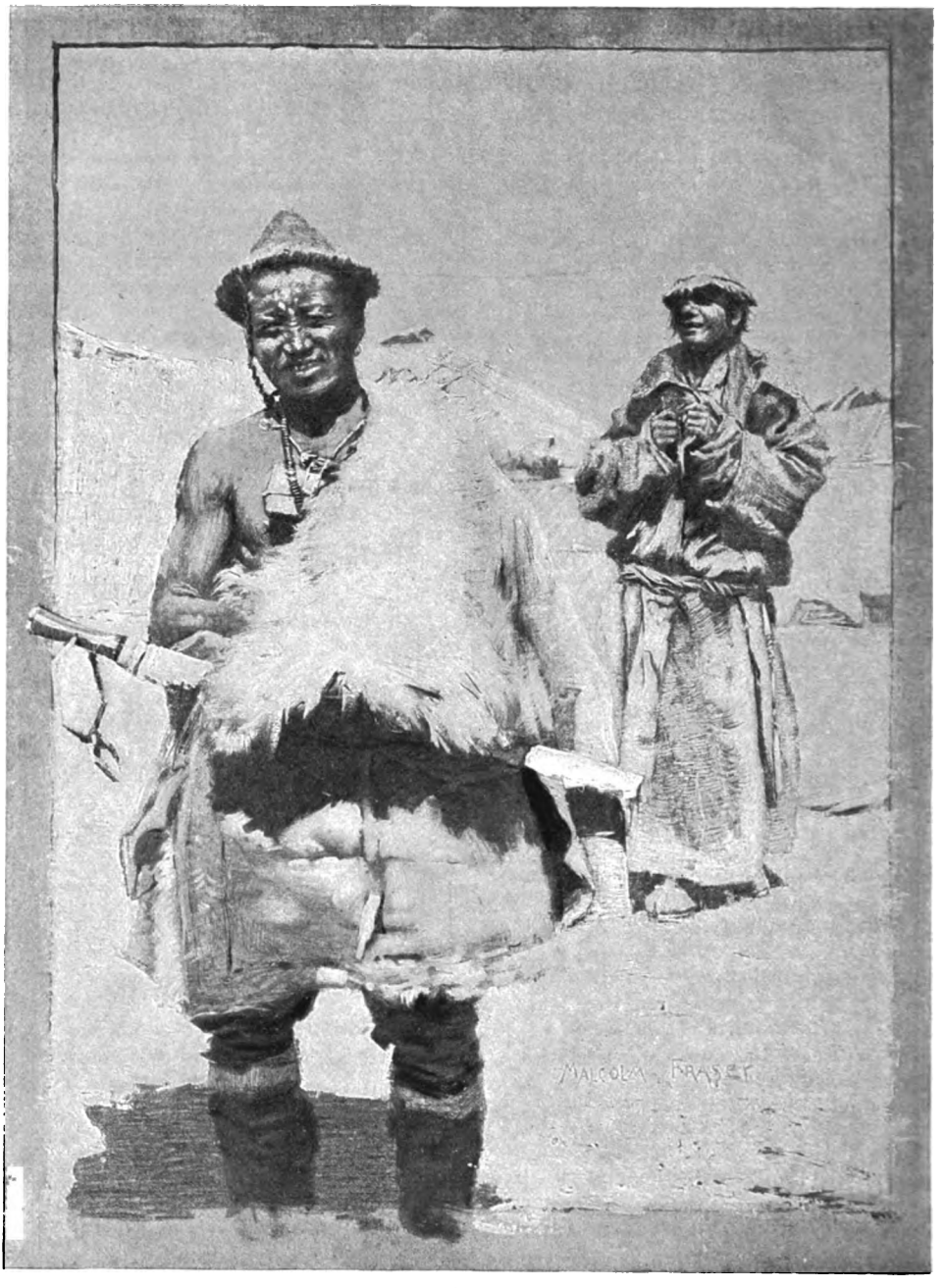
OLD SALAR WOMEN.

For two and a half months after leaving Kumbum we journeyed in a general southwesterly direction, passing to the south of the great Koko nor Lake, discovering several large rivers and important chains of mountains, and traversing the country of the wild and lawless Tibetan tribes living on the rich pasture-lands to the south of the Azure Lake, from which they have expelled the Mongol owners within the last century, driving them back by actual violence or bluster to the deserts and marshes of the Ts'aidam. Leaving these Tibetans behind, we crossed the country of the Ts'aidam Mongols, and finally, in June, left the last inhabited spot we were destined to see for nearly two months, and entered the great desert of the north of Tibet.

We had traveled only a few days, following up the course of the little Naichi gol River, which empties into the central morass of the Ts'aidam, and were camping by the stream in the thick brush which lines the bank, when we saw limping toward us three miserable beings, clothed in ragged garments, and emaciated beyond description. They were eastern Mongol pilgrims coming from Lh'asa, which city they had left two months before. Storms and an imperfect knowledge of the road had kept them on the way longer than they had expected; their very scanty supply of food had been exhausted a fortnight before they fell in with us, and they had seen no living creatures on the road, except a few bears, at the approach of which they had hidden in fright. They had softened in water and chewed the rawhide soles of their boots, and had made soup of the bones of dead animals. In less than an hour after reaching my camp, they devoured five or six pounds of mutton apiece, two or three pounds of butter, a bag of meal, and two caldrons full of tea. I gave them some clothing, boots, and food enough to take them to the nearest Mongol camp, and the next day they left us in great spirits. This should have been a good lesson for my men; it showed what would certainly befall us if we did not husband our supplies on the journey. With any other people than the Chinese or Mongols, the remembrance of meeting these dying travelers would have long endured; but not so with them: they never think of the morrow; they eat, drink, and make merry whenever they can, and let the morrow take care of itself.

The elder of my two Mongol guides was, I

Digitized by Google



SHANG CHID MONGOLS — MAN AND WOMAN.

have said, a great medicine-man, by whose potent incantations storms were dispelled, and who disclosed the secrets of the future by inspecting a charred bone, or cast a horoscope by the aid of his prayer-beads. We had not traveled far into the desert south of the Ts'aidam before he had a good opportunity of showing his talents. The weather was so bad, snow and hail fell so frequently, the wind blew so violently, that we could advance only a few miles a day, and I soon became fearful that our supplies would give out before we reached the inhabited regions of Tibet, still hundreds of miles away. I talked the matter over with the men, while we huddled around a little fire in my tent, on the sides of which the snow was piled. The Jalang sat portentously silent, passing his beads one by one between his fingers, and drink-

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

MY PARTY IN THE PANAKA COUNTRY.

ing bowl after bowl of tea. When it came his turn to speak, he said that for great evils great remedies were necessary; that as things were certainly as bad as they could be, he would intervene, and see if he could not dispel the storm. We all besought him to lose no time in setting to work, and hastily supplied him with such things as he required to perform the ceremony —barley-meal, butter, rock candy, raisins, incense, and tea. He first manufactured a number of little figures of bears, snakes, frogs, and what he was pleased to call "sea monsters" (*mélékè*), and a quantity of pellets in which he incorporated rock candy and raisins with barley-meal and butter. He was now ready to begin. While a young lama who a few days before had joined my party, and was working his way to Lh'asa, read prayers, now in a weary monotone, now in a roaring bass, the Jalang burnt some juniper spines on an improvised altar, and, having by this means attracted the attention of all the gods in the thirty-three regions of space, scattered toward the four cardinal points a few of his pellets and a little tea. Then in a familiar but sufficiently commanding tone he addressed the gods, telling them of our plight: "Be pleased to accept these sweet offerings; stay the storm, and help us on our way. If it so be that you will not listen to me, and the storm continues, I will put you to shame; I will burn these images of bears, frogs, and other unclean beasts, the like of which you show yourselves to be." And with that he took a dough bear, a snake, and a frog, and roasted them to a crisp. He now took his seat in the tent, and joined the lama in reciting incantations. This mummery he kept up far into the night, much to our annoyance, going outside every little while to wave his rosary to the cardinal points, and to blow lustily to drive the clouds away. Though, notwithstanding his painstaking efforts, the storm lasted for two days, the Jalang was perfectly satisfied, when the weather finally became fine for a time, that he had worked the change.

These Taichinär Mongols are much given to all forms of magic. Storm-dispelling they appear to have learned from the K'amba Tibetans; but the origin of some of their other practices is not so clear. Certain among them, they claim, can cause a person to be stricken ill or can even compass his death. After having procured a few hairs, a nail paring, or something from the person of the intended victim, they make a little image of him in flour, and in this stick the relic. Then it suffices to prick the head, heart, lungs, or limbs of the effigy to cause acute pains to be felt by the original in the same portion of his body. Of course one must recite certain potent charms the while; in them lies the secret of success. I am not aware that this mode of bewitching a person, so well known in the Western world in ancient and medieval times, obtains to any great extent in Asia. Personally, I have never met it elsewhere. Among the lamas of Tibet and Mongolia there is a low class of monks called *Kurtamba*, who perform certain feats of which our

Digitized by Google

prestidigitators would not be ashamed. The Theosophists of Europe and America, for some reason best known to themselves, claim that the highest order of lamas performs magical feats; but it is well known to all students of Buddhism that from the days of Gautama to the present such practices have been discountenanced, and those given to such practices are held in little or no esteem.

Crossing first one range of mountains, then another, but always ascending till finally we attained altitudes of sixteen and seventeen thousand feet above the sea-level, we kept steadily on toward the great Tengri nor. We were daily and hourly soaked by violent storms of hail, snow, or rain, which the wild west wind drove in our faces till we were nearly blinded; but all the time I had my compass and note-book in



W. W. ROCKHILL ON MURI CH'U (PANAKA COUNTRY), MARCH 24, 1892.

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

STARVING PILGRIMS.

my hand, recording bearings, the distances we traveled, the topography of the country. When, after having marched fifteen or eighteen miles, we discovered some sheltered nook or grassy slope, we scraped away the snow or made a bed of grass on the soaked ground, and pitched our tents. Then, while two or three of us wandered about picking up fuel, another lighted a fire, and soon we squatted around a smoldering heap of damp argols in the cook's tent, and waited till the caldron of tea boiled, when each one held out his little wooden bowl to be filled with the refreshing drink. This preliminary meal over, and while the one substantial repast we had in the day—boiled meat, vermicelli or a little rice — was being prepared, I took some sextant observations, if not too late, wrote down my notes on the day's work, and looked after the ponies and mules, which required constant care to keep their backs from galling, and their feet in working condition. Now and then I shot an antelope or a hare or two; with larger game I had little success, my rifle being too light, and only rarely did I secure the yaks or wild asses that I wounded. The country at the higher elevation was fortunately covered with wild onions (*Allium senescens*); we always kept a supply, and they finally became the staple of our diet, for our supplies vanished so fast that not more than twenty days after our departure from the Naichi gol river we had to ration ourselves, and less than a month later we had nothing left but a few handfuls of tea and meal to subsist on till we could reach the inhabited region of Tibet.

To add to my troubles, the guide could no longer find a trail leading southward. We plunged through morasses, we wandered over hills and along the banks of rivers, turning southward whenever we could. Though the Jalang would not admit that he was at fault, we put all our trust in my compass and my luck. Toward the latter part of June we saw near a large lake of brackish water, surrounded by rugged masses of red sandstone, some old fireplaces, stone altars, and other unmistakable signs of man's passage. This was one of the lakes whence the Tibetans draw their supply of salt, which they carry thence on sheep's backs to Lh'asa and the other markets of Tibet.

A little beyond the lake we saw a broad, well-beaten trail stretching out before us. Unfortunately, it trended southeastward, and I felt greatly disinclined to follow it, for I feared it would carry me too near the inhabited regions north of the Tengri nor. To succeed in my plan as originally considered, I should have continued in a southwesterly direction. The guide insisted that we were on the right path, that he saw fami-

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

SUB-CHIEF OF NAGCHUKA DRUPA (LH'ASA TERRITORY).

liar landmarks. In three or four days, he said, we should see the waters of the Tengri nor, and in ten days be in Shigatsé, whence Jyagar (British India) is distant only a few hundred miles. In an evil hour, and listening to the calls of my stomach rather than to the voice of reason, I kept to the road. One day I saw a wild ass grazing some distance from the road, and a shot from my Winchester brought it to the ground. But the men could not hold the famished dogs; they broke away, and made for the still struggling ass, which, to my dismay, got to its feet with a mighty effort, ran off, and managed to keep out of range, though I followed it for two hours. I returned to my men rather crestfallen, for we had all felt sure of feasting for days on the succulent meat. They behaved better than I had a right to expect; with true Moslem stoicism they said only, "T'ien ming" ("It is the will of heaven"), and walked on.

After three days of hard work, marching through mud and sand, drenched by a cold, incessant rain, and after fording several large rivers filled with quicksands, we saw a few black tents in a nook in some low hills before us, with yaks and sheep and goats grazing near by. We rode along to within a mile of them and pitched our tents, and it was with mingled feelings of relief and apprehension that I awaited the return of the Jalang and Yeh Chi-ch'eng, who went to try to buy some food and to learn where we were. After a while they came back, the Hsien-sheng with a sheep slung across his saddle, and the Jalang with the disquieting information that we were in Lh'asa-governed territory, in the district of Namru, which lies at the northwest corner of the Tengri nor. It was that easterly bend of the road which had caused my plans to miscarry; had we been able to keep steadily to the southwest we should probably have got much farther on our way to India. Again we all said, "T'ien ming" ("It is the will of heaven"), and prepared for the worst; for we knew only too well the stringent orders in this country against travelers, the close scrutiny to which all those arriving from no matter what locality are submitted, and the impossibility of our evading detection. In our forlorn and destitute condition we were at the mercy of the first petty chief who chose to stop us.

The next morning we pushed on, and, crossing some low mountains, entered a broad val-

Digitized by Google

ley dotted all over with black tents. On the way we passed a number of natives; they stopped for a few minutes to talk with us, and then hurried off to spread the news. That night we camped near some tents where we hoped to be able to buy provisions, but the people refused to sell us anything until their chief had given his consent, and he lived a day's ride to the east; but he had already been sent for, and would be there on the morrow. My only visitor was a beggar, who brought me a little milk, and agreed to take me to Shigatsé in six days (of course, subject to the consent of *his* chief) for ten rupees and a pony. By daylight on the morrow I was awakened by the sound of many voices just outside my tent, and, on looking out, found we were surrounded by some fifty Tibetan soldiers, and across the valley I could see more riding swiftly toward us by twos and threes, some driving packhorses before them, and themselves bristling with guns, spears, and swords. Tents were soon pitched near mine, and, shortly after, two head men came and asked to see me. When they were seated I offered them tea, but, to my astonishment, they refused; they feared, as I learned later, being poisoned. To judge from the precautions that all chiefs throughout Lh'asa-governed territory take against poisoning, neither eating nor drinking with any but intimate friends, nor even using tinder from one another's pouches with which to light their pipes, these people must be veritable Borgias. As for myself, I drank and ate whenever and wherever I could, and never had reason to regret it; indeed, having been for so long on very short commons, everything seemed delicious.

The important business of tea-drinking being thus summarily disposed of, the head men proceeded to question me. What was my object in coming here? Where was I going? Who was I? I did not try to conceal my plans or personality, though I might easily, at least for a while, have passed myself off for a Chinaman. Though I have always worn native dress when traveling in Mongolia and Tibet, I have never worn it to disguise myself or to deceive the people, but only as a convenience, and so as not to attract undue attention by wearing foreign clothing. Now I said that my only wish was to reach India; that beyond traversing their country I had no desire to visit it if



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. TIBETAN CORACLES CROSSING NYA CH'U. ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

W. W. ROCKHILL AT RATI (BAT'ANG), SEPTEMBER 20, 1892.

I were not welcome. Having come so far, and being now travel-worn and in a nearly destitute condition, it was impossible for me to retrace my steps as they suggested. All my arguments proved of no avail; they were obdurate, though our discussion was carried on in the most amicable way. After two hours we broke it off to wait for the arrival of other officials who had been sent for, and who would not arrive until the morrow. The chiefs and all their followers had now no thought beyond seeing the strange things they said they knew my boxes contained. "Tä-mo, tä-mo ta, pönbo la" ("Show us the sights, sir"), was in every one's mouth. I satisfied them as best I could, showing them all my clothing, and the various odds and ends I had with me, explaining the use of each. My photographic camera they took for some kind of telescope, and while one of them looked in the finder at another standing in front of the apparatus, I found it easy to press the button, and thus to secure, without exciting any suspicion, a number of good pictures.

The next day, and for three days following, we discussed the question of the route I should take. I soon gave up all hope of carrying out my original plan, and turned all my efforts toward obtaining permission to travel eastward by some interesting route. At last they agreed to take me to the highroad from northwest China to Lh'asa, where I would find high officials who would settle my ulterior movements. An escort of ten soldiers, food, and packhorses were furnished me gratuitously, nor would the chiefs accept even a scarf (*kátag*) in acknowledgment, for fear of the displeasure of the Lh'asan authorities, of whom they all stood in mortal dread.

For ten days we traveled along the muddy banks of streams flowing down from a range of high snow-clad mountains of which we occasionally caught sight to the north. The rain fell almost continuously, but we pushed steadily on, huddling together at night in my little worn-out tent, through the thin walls of which the rain trickled down on us. With no dry dung for a fire, we had to burn first the packing-boxes, then our pack-saddles, to boil our tea and to dry, at least once a day, our soaked clothing. The horses and mules were as worn out and bedraggled as the men. Though it was the middle of July, the cold was piercing, and in the morning our clothing was frozen so stiff that we could hardly get into it.

This was the roughest part of the whole journey; the snows, the winds, and the cold of the desert we had crossed before reaching the Namru country were forgotten in the intense

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

CROSSING THE SU CH'U.

discomforts of every sort to which we were now subjected. But never a word of complaint from either the Tibetans or my Chinese (my Mongols had gone home on my leaving Namru). They were always alert, always good-tempered, always attentive to me, and anxious to contribute to my comfort in every way in their power. The Tibetans brought me daily, from the little stock of provisions they carried in their saddle-bags, the tidbits they thought I would like,—clotted cream, a little butter, a wheaten cake, or a piece of dried mutton,—and my Chinese vied with each other in hunting onions and mushrooms, and in getting information from our escort as to their country, customs, and such other details as they knew I was anxious to possess. And so I have ever found these peoples, with whom, I am glad to

Digitized by Google



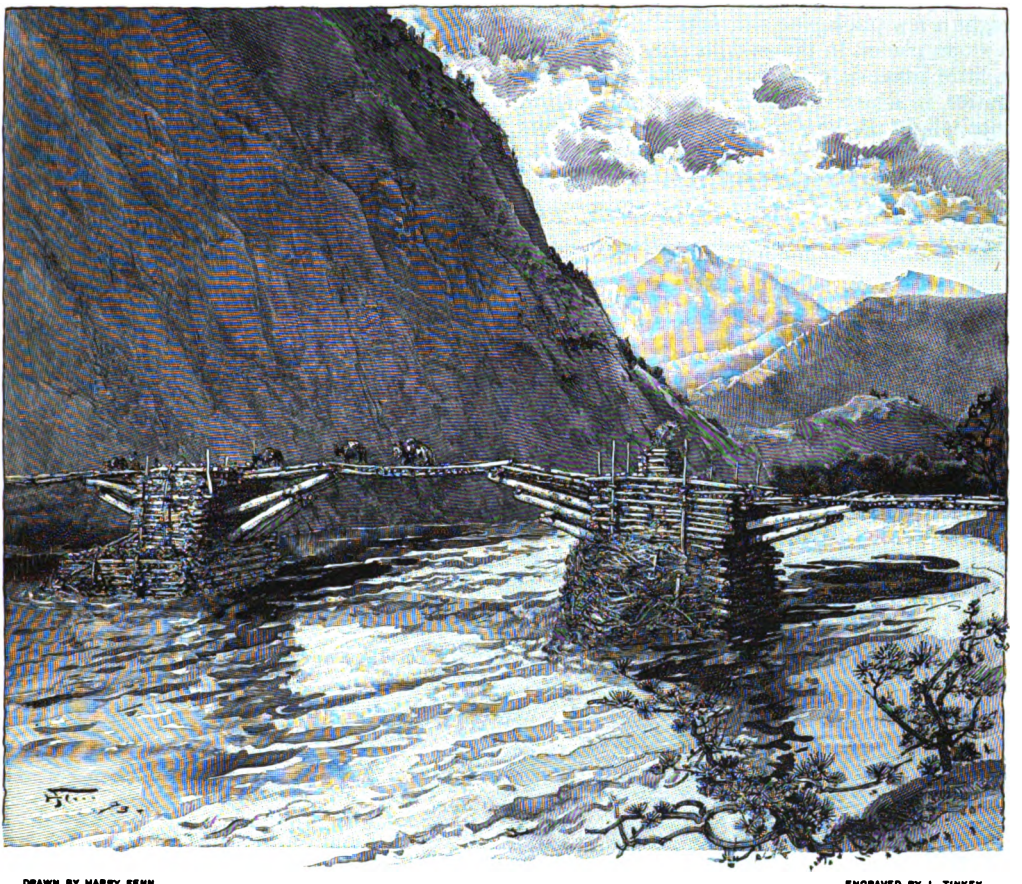
JYADÉ TIBETAN WOMAN'S HEAD-DRESS.

say, after traveling over twenty thousand miles in their countries, I have never exchanged a rough word, and among whom, I think, I have left not one enemy, and not a few friends.

On reaching the highroad to Lh'asa, my escort left me, but I had not traveled twenty miles before I was again stopped, and once more told to go back whence I had come — to the deserts north of Tibet, or the Chang T'ang. Fortunately, it turned out that I was on the western border of a large province not under the rule of Lh'asa, and where, in fact, that country was detested. Here I found the chiefs and people most friendly, and thenceforth I met everywhere with the rough but hearty kindness I had learned to expect from Tibetans not lama-ridden, as they are in Lh'asa and the more civilized parts of the country. The discomforts of travel were henceforth very bearable, though for several months we had almost daily to cross mountains, many rising 16,000 feet and more above sea-level, and had always to travel over the roughest of bridle-paths; yet food was plentiful, and shelter at hand every night, though I usually preferred to sleep in my tent, where I could work in quiet, and sleep in peace.

In other numbers of THE CENTURY (Dec., 1890; Feb., 1891), I have described the mode

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. BRIDGE OVER TSÉ CH'U. ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

of living and the dress of the K'amba of eastern Tibet. Those among whom I was now wandering differed little from them in such respects. The head-dresses of the women were more ornate than any I had previously seen, but were of the same type, consisting of innumerable little plaits forming a mantilla hanging over the shoulders and reaching to the knees. Innumerable pieces of coral, turquoise, amber, and silver jewelry covered them, and, on the whole, they were highly ornamental. In another part of the country the head-ornaments were two large silver plaques, sometimes as big as a plate, on each side of the head, often covering the ears, and meeting above the crown.

For a fortnight after leaving the Lh'asa road we saw no houses, only black tents; but after that we reached the timber-line,—at about 13,500 feet above sea-level,—and for the first time since leaving Kumbum we saw stone houses, trees, and fields of barley. Traveling was almost enjoyable; instead of fording rivers, in which I always feared to see my boxes, books, and instruments disappear, we had bridges, which, though a nervous person might find them faulty, afforded us a good deal of pleasure. A rawhide cable was anchored to boulders on each side of the river and frequently a hundred feet above it. Along this we were hauled, in a most undignified position, it is true, with our feet higher than our heads, tied by the waist, the thongs which held us passing over a bit of horn sliding along the cable. Piece by piece our luggage followed us, and the horses and yaks swam across, often landing a half-mile lower down on the farther side of the river. Later on we came to bridges made of pine-logs, prototypes of our cantalivers. Such bridges are found throughout Tibet and the adjacent hill-country, wherever timber is easily obtainable. They have probably been in use for centuries.

I usually stopped at night in my tent, for not only, as I have said, was it quieter, but also quite as, or even more, comfortable than the best Tibetan house. Even the houses of the rich are devoid of nearly every comfort. A few cushions, a very small and low table, and a fire-pan, are the only articles of furniture, excepting a case or two in which the owner keeps his valuables—clothing, ornaments, and the like. At

Digitized by Google

night a few pitch-pine shavings are burned on a stone placed in the middle of the room, or a little brass or earthenware bowl filled with butter, in which a wick is stuck, sends a glimmer of light on the blackened and sooty rafters and rough stone walls. The kitchen is usually the most comfortable room. Huge kettles of tea are always on the fire, and no one enters



DRAWN BY F. L. H. PAPE.

CHAINED TIBETAN CRIMINALS WEARING THE CANGUE.

who is not at once regaled with a pot of that best of all drinks. To more prominent guests fruit, nuts, and barley wine are also offered, together with the inevitable barley-meal and butter.

The hospitality of the people is boundless; many a chief has told me that he fed daily from fifty to sixty persons. What with this, and their gifts to the lamas, the smaller chiefs are barely able to keep themselves shabbily genteel, for chiefs in this benighted land are not salaried, but live on the voluntary contributions of their people.

As we advanced toward China, the climate became more genial, the flora more varied, the forest-growth thicker and more inspiring, the people less primitive and more sophisticated. Many a valley down which we rode was as picturesque, and far wilder, of course, than anything I have seen in Switzerland or in the most beautiful spots in Japan. Fruit and vegetables were often plentiful. At the post-stations, where we were received with great politeness by the Chinese soldiers who garrison them, potatoes, cabbages, turnips, chickens, eggs, peaches, pears, and raspberries were daily offered me. In some villages, pomegranates and grapes brought from the "warm countries" (*ts'a-rong*) south of our route were given me; other fruits grew wild on the steep sides of many of the valleys along which we with difficulty picked our way.

From the great pines and firs hung festoons, twenty or thirty feet long, of pale green webs of moss called "fairy scarfs" by the Chinese. Great snow-peaks rose beyond the forests, and at the bottom of each valley a torrent white with foam dashed down over its rocky bed.

On October 2 I reached the Chinese frontier at Ta-chien-lu, from which place to the seaboard I followed the same route I had taken three years before.

W. Woodville Rockhill.

Digitized by Google

[BEGUN IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.]

CŒUR D'ALENE.

By the author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

VII.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

ON the morning of July 10, Darcie, still a prisoner to his wound and a guest of the Big Horn, was strolling restlessly about the manager's handsome dining-room, his right arm in a sling, and a cigar he was not smoking in his left hand. Wan had just entered with a tray of glass and silver, which he was putting away in the sideboard at the end of the room.

"John — Sam — where is your mistress?" Darcie inquired, with a vagueness in the second person which put the heathen upon his dignity at once. It did not please Wan to be addressed by divers and sundry names that were not his own.

"No sabe; maybe gone out," he answered shortly.

Darcie was quite sure that she had not gone out, having been listening the last hour for her steps about the house. He crossed the room as Wan was leaving it, and absently slipped a dollar into his discreetly receptive hand.

"Think you can't find her, eh?"

"Maybe up-stairs; I go look see," said Wan, mollified and relenting.

"Do, and be quick about it. Tell her my arm is — a — is very bad."

Wan hesitated; if the typical Chinaman has a sense of humor he does not usually obtrude it. "Think better go catchum doctah?" Wan suggested, with every appearance of polite concern.

His humor was wasted on Darcie. "Did you hear me say doctor? When I want you to catch me the doctor, I will say so. Sabe?"

"All right." Wan smiled abstractedly. "I go look see."

In a few moments Faith entered. Her hands were pink and cold, her cheeks glowing with exercise; but her radiant face became grave and solicitous as she looked at Darcie.

"Wan says your arm is very bad. Is it worse since breakfast?"

"I don't remember how it was at breakfast; I was n't thinking about it then. Perhaps this scarf is tied too short; will you let it down a bit?"

Faith undid the fastening of the sling, and lowered it a trifle. She did this with great earnestness, frowning a little as she worked at the knot.

"Do you think you should keep walking about so much with your arm hanging down? I 'm afraid it 's not good for the blood to settle in the wound."

"It must go somewhere; just at present it seems to have a tendency to my head. It 's a very odd sensation to feel one's self blushing like a girl."

"That is because you are weak. Try this chair with the broad arm. I will put the cushion so; could you bear it a little higher? How is that?"

"Delicious — for a time. But don't go! I always want something directly you are gone."

"I had a little thing I was doing up-stairs."

"Can't you bring the little thing down?"

"Bring down the beds I am making?" Faith recovered her self-possession with a laugh.

"Beds! Do you make beds in this house?"

"At present I do; Abby has gone to Gem."

"Has she? I congratulate you on her absence. I never see her sailing down the road with those auburn bangs in the wind but I think of the

> Bright hair uplifted from the head
> Of some fierce mænad —
> The locks of the approaching storm.

Still, the mænad may be a convenience when it comes to making beds."

"She is no convenience to me," said Faith, inflexibly. "You may congratulate me all you like. I dote on her very absence; I have n't been so happy since I came to the mine."

"I wonder how many ladies — if there are any ladies left in the Cœur d'Alene — are saying this morning they are happy. We know that Big Horn Gulch is a union stronghold, but the seat of war is very near. From what the doctor tells me there is sure to be a collision at Gem. The Frisco is barricaded to within 300 feet of the town center, and armed union men are pouring in. When did you say your father would be home?"

"To-night, surely. But everything is quiet here, for the reason, as you say, that here there is no opposition. I am very anxious about you,

Digitized by Google



"THERE COULD NOT BE ANYTHING AGAINST YOU EXCEPT THAT I DO NOT KNOW YOU."

though. At present their attention is concentrated elsewhere, but if they are successful, they will come back more insolent than ever. And those men who were waiting for you in the woods have not forgotten."

"Ah, well, there is no time to waste. There may be 'hurrying to and fro,' and 'mounting in hot haste,' not to speak of 'sudden partings.' And yet I notice a marked falling-off in the attentions of my nurse. When I was supposed to be in possible peril she was very nice to me, but the moment I take a favorable turn, off she goes — to her beds, or her sweeping, or whatever it is that keeps her, anywhere but where I am. I don't know where you go, and I could n't follow you if I did. You have me at a cruel disadvantage."

"You take advantage of your disadvantage," said Faith in a low voice.

"Can you blame me? I am reduced to bribery and corruption, to every sort of subterfuge. My character is in shreds — all to compass the sight of you for five minutes once in six hours or so. Pray sit down! That attitude of premeditated flight is very pretty, but it makes me horribly nervous."

"I am restless with all these troubles; I can't sit down," pleaded Faith.

"The troubles will go on without us. Why waste time? Is there any new thing that you are alleging against me, Faith dear?"

"There could not be anything against you except that I do not know you; yet I know you far too well."

"Too well to draw back now and say you do not know me. How is it possible for two persons to know each other better? Have we not been under fire together? Have we not looked in the face that which you insist on calling your disgrace? Have you not forgiven me an offense you do not even know the name of? At this moment we may both be in danger; and whether the crisis shall bring us together or force us apart, what do we know! Only these few moments are our own. Is there any other thing for us to try except happiness?"

Digitized by Google

"Can we say, 'Let there be happiness,' in the midst of all this trouble and fear?"

"*I* can, if you will only give me the chance."

"It is too sudden and too strange. My father does not even know all that happened on Tuesday night, or how it happened — unless Abby has told him; and mercy knows *what* she has told!"

"I don't quite understand how that can be."

"It was simple enough," said Faith, bitterly. "He was incapable of listening to anything I could say to him till Wednesday evening, if he was then. He always avoids me when — after — well, Abby waited on him, and I think she went to Gem partly to look after him."

"Has not the doctor seen him?"

"I do not speak of my father to the doctor. He knows more than I do about him. I have no doubt he is keeping an eye on him, and I am afraid he needs it. He is much worried about the troubles, and I think he wishes to keep out of it as much as possible —"

"Then he had better keep out of Gem."

"I don't believe it makes much difference where he is, in his present condition. Don't let us talk about it."

"Come to me! Why do you take your troubles as far away from me as you can? Only a little while ago you said you had not been so happy since you came to the mine. Was that because you were up-stairs all by yourself?"

"Partly; it is so nice to feel I can roam about the house and not meet Abby anywhere, and there is such a heavenly view of the mountains from my window."

"I wish I were a mountain; would you come to me, or should I have to go to you? I think I should 'get a move on,' if you were anywhere in sight."

"I will ask you once more not to take for granted a certain fact until it is a fact. We are not on such terms as you constantly assume. If anything should happen it will only make it harder —"

"No. If anything should happen, so much would be saved from overwhelming loss and pain. That 's the way I look at it. Perhaps I look at it selfishly."

Faith did not deny that he did; but there were matters which seemed to weigh upon her more pressingly than Darcie's selfishness.

"My father will ask if you have spoken to me; you will not like to say that you have — without a word to him."

"How can I speak to him when he is at Gem? But, seriously, I am not yet in a suitable position to speak. In the first place, I am a damaged article, and it 's supposed that I owe my injuries to men in his employ, or to friends of those men. The situation is awkward for us both. In point of fact I am a wounded prisoner within the enemy's lines. When my arm is well, when martial law is out, and these bragging bullies have had their combs cut, I shall be in a better position to ask for what I want. A treaty on the basis of such pretensions as mine would be rather absurd just now."

"That sounds very sensible; it 's just what I think."

"But, in the mean time, why so much thinking? Why not be ourselves, since the main thing is settled?"

"Is there no other thing in the way — not anything at all? You spoke of my forgiving — something — without knowing what it was. Will you not tell me now what it was that you spoke of?"

"It is all past history; I told you I should get out of the fix I was in; and I did — I have."

"But what was it?"

"Dearest, I cannot tell you. The matter is confidential, and it relates to business which is not my own. The position it placed me in became insupportable from the moment I saw you, and I resigned my part in it; but having done so, I cannot now give it away."

"I do not like mysteries. I have told you everything about myself, even to my silliest dreams and fancies."

"This is no dream, my darling; it is serious business, and it is not my own. Any trust is serious, and though I took this one on me rather lightly, it is not lightly that I give it up; and if I should now betray it —"

"To tell it to me, merely to satisfy a shade of doubt about yourself, is not betraying. I don't care in the least about their business. I should forget it all as soon as I knew about your part in it."

"I have no longer any part in it, and I cannot give away a confidential trust the moment I resign it. You cannot ask me to do that."

"Oh, I ask you nothing."

"And yet punish me for telling you nothing. This is a horrible waste of time. Have you had so much happiness in your life that you can afford to play with moments like these?"

"If it were play! What is the matter? Are you ill?" cried Faith, as Darcie's head went down on his arm that rested on the chair-back, with a sound like a half-suppressed groan.

"All my aches are aching at once, and the fear of fears is on me," he said.

"What is that?"

"The fear that haunts me whenever you are not with me, — in the night when I cannot sleep, and before I see you in the morning, — that the next time I see you you will not be the same to me. And here you are changing before my very eyes. Not any of it, then, has been true? You never did trust me?"

Digitized by Google

"Always! I do trust you. But my life, lately, has not strengthened my faith in happiness — oh, I ought to be ashamed, calling myself your nurse, and here I have been talking you nearly to death!"

"I will complain of you to the doctor, and he will say I am not to be crossed; you must give me everything I want. Let me take your hand; your left hand, please. Now do not talk about it any more."

Faith was silent for half a minute, then she gently drew her hand away, and laid it over the hot, closed lids of her unreasonable lover, who wanted everything all at once, and could show no claim to anything. She began to speak quietly, as if to herself:

"When you got that message, with a word which you thought could come from no one but me; when you came, and I was not there, and you saw it was a death-trap, did you for an instant think it possible I could have lent my name — not my name, but a word more sacred than any name —"

"Not for an instant."

"You had not one doubt of me, then?"

"No more than of the stars above."

"Then I cannot doubt. It shall be my faith for your faith."

A moment later Wan opened the door and announced the doctor.

The doctor was one of the few men who at that time, in the troubled district, could consistently and honorably remain neutral; still, he had his sympathies, which he expressed on occasions to the proper persons.

When Darcie asked for the latest news from the seat of war, he replied that he had had only conflicting rumors since the night before; but he expected that when news did come it would be bad, and he spoke of the guarded barricades on the one side, and on the other the armed intimidators pouring into Gem, filled with oaths and whisky and truculence.

"And where is my father, doctor?" Faith inquired.

"Mr. Bingham is understood to be a non-combatant like myself: the union bosses have nothing against him."

"It would be more to his credit, perhaps, if they had," thought Faith.

"And Abby?" said she. "I suppose I need not be anxious about Abby?"

"'Bred and bawn in a brier-patch'!" laughed the doctor. "Abby 's in her element; she has a friend behind every union gun. She could go through — I beg your pardon — through Hades on the strength of her connections."

When Faith had left the room to fetch the warm water and the sponges and a few more articles which the doctor required, he freed his mind with a great oath:

"The old man is a beast, and a coward to boot. He 's gone on a monstrous spree, and I think it 's deliberate, in case he should be hauled up for aiding and abetting this nice work that 's going on. There were not eleven men out of three hundred answered to the pay-roll this morning; they are on duty elsewhere. He wants to be able to prove an alibi in the person of the devil of drink that 's in him. He is afraid of his union friends, now, because they are on top and they stick at nothing: but he knows their time is short; he has an eye to windward."

"And what will become of her?"

"God knows. She is worse than fatherless. She cannot stay, yet she cannot go. Here 's a knot for somebody to untie; perhaps a lover. I have thanked the Lord that my wife is in Spokane, but I could almost wish, for that poor child's sake, that she were here; then I could be a father to her myself — till we hear from the lover. And speaking of Spokane," the doctor continued, "there 's a lawyer down there who has been telegraphing at a great rate to know if Jack Dacey, reported shot at the Big Horn mine, is John Darcie. Says your friends are worried about you."

"My friends — what friends?"

"Your folks in England. He says there will be the devil to pay if Dacey *is* Darcie. Says you 're a great deal bigger man than we take you for in the Cœur d'Alenes."

"I wish you would wire him to keep quiet," said Darcie. "Tell him to cable my people that I 'm all right, and then to hold his peace."

"Who are you, anyhow, Darcie? What racket are you working? You may as well trust me; the doctor knows everything and says nothing, you know."

"I 'm John Darcie, half owner of the Black Dwarf, and partner of Mike McGowan."

"Anything else?"

"Nothing else worth mentioning."

"It is sometimes safest to mention things, in times like these, to the right person."

"Very true, doctor. I will mention a few things that I am not: I 'm not a Pinkerton detective; I 'm not a reporter for the press; I 've not run away from my regiment; I 've not hypothecated bonds; I 'm not raising funds for an Irish rebellion; I 'm not the murderer of Dr. Cronin; and I 'm not anybody's lost heir. And I 'm going to get out of these Cœur d'Alenes as soon as I can get a bond on the one thing here that I want."

"Which property is that, may I ask?"

"You may ask, but I shall not tell you."

"You are a Scotchman plain enough, by the way you answer questions."

"I need not ask what you are, doctor, by the way you ask them; but I take your intention."

Digitized by Google

"You had much better take my advice, and tell me what sort of lay-out you are on. What 's your game? What are trumps — spades or hearts? Are you making a 'heart solo'?"

"What 's a 'heart solo'?"

"Ah, you don't know the great Idaho game — the greatest game out! Better camp with us five years or so and learn the rudiments. There are points in solo that I can't do justice to in a phrase; but for a snap-shot, a 'heart solo' is where hearts are trumps, and you play the crowd for three times your loss if you lose and the same if you win. The idea is, you are pretty deep in, and if you don't make it, and the 'widow' goes back on you, you 're apt to leave your dead and wounded on the field."

"There is no 'widow' in mine," said Darcie, "unless it 's the 'widow at Windsor'; but not all the 'sons of the widow,' nor all the 'goods in 'er shop,' can help me if I don't 'make it,' as you say."

"I believe it *is* a 'heart solo,'" said the doctor; "you need n't mind confiding in me; I 've been married only a year."

"There *is* a thing I should like to confide to you on the spot, and that 's a letter, doctor. I wish you 'd mail it to this busybody lawyer to forward for me. It 's important, if you please."

"With pleasure; mail it with my own hands," said the doctor.

"That 's what I mean. Where is that China-boy? He will get it, and I shall be eternally obliged when the thing is gone."

Faith, returning, said that Wan was habitually invisible at that hour, it being the time when he retired to commune with himself, and to compose his nerves with a pipe of the soothing drug. But anything that was wanted she herself would be most happy to get for him.

"In the top drawer of the chiffonnier in my room is a brown leather letter-case. Will you be so good as to fetch it? I am asking the doctor to mail a letter for me."

Faith brought the letter-case, and the letter containing Darcie's resignation, which he had written, but had not mailed, was confided to the doctor's care.

"There was another letter," said Darcie, breathing deeply. "I do not see it here. Do you know who it was gave out my clothes to be cleaned?"

"It was I," said Faith. "Was the other letter in that case?"

"It was," said Darcie. "Would you mind taking another look for it in the drawer? It is a thick letter in a long, blue envelop, unsealed."

As Faith left the room, Darcie's head sank back on the chair-cushions. He was white to the lips.

"What 's the matter now?" asked the doctor. "Is that letter so important?"

"Very important — that it should be burnt," said Darcie. "It 's the mistake of my life that I did n't burn it."

"Perhaps it will be found," said the doctor.

But Faith returned without the letter. When she saw Darcie's white face, against the chair-back, and his quivering nostrils and closed eyelids she looked reproachfully at the doctor, as if asking what he had been doing to the patient in her absence.

VIII.

THE LETTER.

ABBY'S object in following Mr. Bingham to Gem was to be first with the story of the shooting on Tuesday night, and to tell it in her own way. She had found him in a very fit state to accept her version of the awkward facts. That half of Mr. Bingham's brain which operated his being when he was emerging from the delirium of drink received the distorted tale, and took a coarse, sullen satisfaction in conceiving that possibly it might be true. He purposed to treat it as the truth, as Abby had given it to him; it suited him in several ways to do so. For one reason, it helped him to a sort of apology for himself, in his conscious betrayal of his daughter, to be able to construct a counter-charge against the girl herself. He had been bored by her face of innocence; now he could confront those blue, astonished eyes with questions as searching as their own.

The manager had returned to the mine with his temper at sixes and sevens, and himself in a general state of disrepair. Faith had been summoned to speak with him in the library, a demand which very much surprised her, for she was the last one he yearned to see, as a rule, after one of his temporary evanishments from the affairs of men.

Abby, with her bangs more mænad-like than ever, was seated, rocking herself, both feet leaving the floor at once. She looked hard at Faith as she entered the room, but did not rise or cease rocking.

Mr. Bingham languidly rose, and placed a chair for his daughter; she could not look him in the face, his appearance was so deplorable.

"Sit down, Faith," he requested, for the girl had remained proudly standing.

"I thought you wished to see me only for a moment; I am not very well," she said.

"I am sorry you are not well," said her father. "I feel pretty rocky myself. Sit down, please. Ah — Abby, I have something I wish to say to Miss Bingham; I will see you after a while — about the dinner, you know."

Abby seemed half disposed to resent this

Digitized by Google

intimation that her company was not desired; but apparently thinking it not worth while, she rose, and left the room. Her chair continued to oscillate for some seconds with the parting repulsion communicated to it by her retreating form.

Faith raised her reluctant eyes to her father's face.

Mr. Bingham began hurriedly in a querulous key, clearing his throat, and tapping the buttons of his vest with his gold-rimmed eyeglass.

"It does not become you, Faith, under the circumstances, to be so excessively on your dignity: a little more respect for yourself in more important ways, and these little forms would not matter. I am afraid you have had a very artificial training. Upon my word, I don't know how a man is to bring up his daughters, or whom he can trust them with; I thought that your aunts had made at least a good girl of you."

"Father, if there is anything you have to find fault with me about, please don't do it through my aunts. If I have disappointed you, it 's not their fault."

"No; you are right. It 's not their fault any more than it is mine. We have all been deceived. But, I say, it 's enough to shake a man's faith in the daylight! Why, I thought that you were pride and innocence itself."

Faith replied with a sad little laugh, "Is it my pride or my innocence that 's in doubt?"

"Bless me, bless me, I did not think you could be so hard; I must be plain, then. You cannot be ignorant of the critical situation we are in: a war between capital and labor seems inevitable. I have serious responsibilities on both sides, and friends, I hope, on both sides. But it 's imperative I should know who are my friends and whom I can trust. A man would naturally think that he might trust his own child." Mr. Bingham paused, but Faith simply looked at him in pale-faced astonishment. "How do you suppose I feel when I discover that I am harboring a spy, and that I owe his presence in my house to the — connivance and sympathy of my daughter?"

"A spy!" Faith repeated. "A spy on whom? If there is such a person in this house I did not know it."

"You did not know it? And you can face me down with that innocent look! Are you acquainted with Mr. John Darcie, as he calls himself?"

The pink rose of consciousness in the girl's cheek flamed into a red rose of anger. "Have you any reason to suppose that he is not what he calls himself?" she asked.

"I have his own signature to prove that he is not. I will show it to you presently. He is a cowardly detective, sent over here by the faction in London that is trying to down me and discredit my management. He sneaked in here, and has been doing the scavenger on the sly for months; raking up lies and dirty gossip, listening to every sorehead that nurses a grudge against me or the mine. He has been carrying the stuff around with him, waiting for a chance to send it off — his letters and reports and so on — to his backers in London. He sends them under cover to a shyster lawyer in Spokane, who is in with him. I say, is this the man my daughter gives secret meetings to in places where no young girl who valued her good name would be seen, alone, with a stranger, at twelve o'clock at night?"

"Do you wish me to think that you believe this, father?" asked Faith, with the look of the lamb when the wolf accused it of roiling the stream.

"Think that I believe it! Do you deny that you were there — in the tamaracks, on Tuesday night, with Darcie, the man I am speaking of?"

"I was there — yes — to prevent murder. You know it is in all the papers that a man was shot here, in cold blood, by our own men, for some offense against their miners' union."

"We are not talking of what is in the papers. I am talking of something that was not in the papers, most fortunately for us. What was this man doing here, on my premises, without business with me or with any of my employees? What was the occasion, the inducement, that brought him five miles after dark through the woods to a place that leads nowhere, where there was nothing to see, or do, or learn, except by secret appointment with some other person? What was he there for? Do you know?"

"Because somebody sent him a false message, I believe."

"In whose name?"

"In my name. O father, please let me tell you all!"

"You are telling me a good deal, I think. And why should a message be sent to this young man in your name? Was that the surest way to bring him?"

"Father, you must ask those who sent the message. I did not send it."

"You seem to know a good deal about it, considering that you did not send it. How did you learn the hour and the place of meeting so accurately?"

"I cannot tell you how I learned it; you will have to trust me for that."

"Did you happen to learn the words of the message?"

"I did not, father — I mean — not at first."

"'Not at first.' What am I to understand by that? Let me repeat the words; perhaps you may recognize them."

Digitized by Google

"Oh, don't repeat them! The whole thing is frightful. How can I talk to you at all when you begin by accusing me of such things?"

"It is certainly not very pleasant for me to pursue this kind of an investigation: but we may as well go through with it; for your own sake the thing must be cleared up. Abby tells me that she took that message herself, precisely in your language, because you were unwilling to trust it on paper — naming the place and the time of the meeting; and in case there should be a doubt in the young man's mind that the message was genuine, you added these words, 'Tell him it comes from her he called his Mountain Lily.' Faith, I don't wonder that you cover your face!"

Faith instantly raised her head. "I deny that I sent that message or any message," she uttered with white lips. "If Abby says that I did, you will have to choose between the word of a servant and the word of your daughter."

"Don't get excited," said Mr. Bingham. "I will have this thing decided on no one's word but your own and his. Do you deny that those words you have just heard me repeat were the words of that message?"

"I do not; I deny that they were *my* words, or that I ever used them."

"It scarcely matters whose words they are; but I should like to know how they came to be so effectual for the purpose. They certainly brought that young man — where he got, not what he came for, evidently, but what he richly deserved. Whoever sent it, the message acted like a charm. How do you explain that?"

"I am not bound to explain it; I am not responsible for his coming."

"Well, I should like to know who this 'Mountain Lily' is that meets young men in our woods, alone, at dark hours of the night."

"Father, I will tell you all I know," said Faith, trembling and deathly white, for now she could not doubt with what merciless constructions she had to deal.

"He did call me by that name once, father. It was when we abused his hospitality, and I was left on his hands, alone — yes, in the dark hours of the night. It was then, when my father had failed me, when he was father and friend and brother to me, that his heart went out to me: his pity made him tender toward me, and he said those words. How they got abroad, to be turned to this wicked and shameful use, I cannot tell you, and I do not care. But if they had been the means of bringing him to his death, he would have been the last man — yes, as he is the first — to say such words to me."

"And do you think that you know the character of this man?"

"How should I know his character? Do I know my own? I know what my father professes to think I am, and to whom he goes for his information. A stranger could hardly expect to fare better than a daughter. If I am — what you say I am, I need not be surprised that he should turn out to be a spy."

"Be careful, Faith. I have given you, in my own mind, the benefit of a last doubt, awaiting your acknowledgment of this man's true character. But if you insist on siding with him, well, you must expect to be judged with him. Here are the proofs of what he is, in his own words."

Mr. Bingham produced a letter in a long, blue envelop, unsealed, and without an address. He offered it to Faith.

"I will not touch it!" she cried. "For shame, father! Can you stoop to read a private letter picked out of the pockets of your guest by your own servants?"

"My guest! A pretty sort of guest! My guest is a spy, and he is my prisoner," shouted Mr. Bingham. "I have the right of search, and I have proved his trade on him by the papers he carries. Abby was right to inform our boys of this meeting, and they were right to be there, prepared to take him alive or dead. The time demands it. A spy expects the treatment of a spy; he knows what that is when he agrees to take the job. Now hear what he says for himself. This is a letter addressed to Sir Peter Plympton, the president of our company, as you know. The date is June 30, the day of that occasion you refer to in a manner so respectful to your father, when we first met this Mr. Darcie Hamilton, alias Jack Darcie. His father is Archibald Hamilton, one of our directors: so it 's not for the wages he has taken up the trade; it 's pure love of the business. I will not stop to read each specific charge that he brings against me; you can read the letter yourself, if you like. Perhaps you have read it."

Faith rejected the letter with a passionate gesture.

"Then you will have to take my word for the contents. It 's the old list of charges that is always put up when there is a kick against one man on the misrepresentations of a lot of other men who have something to gain by his downfall. I 'm a liar and a thief, and I 'm generally incompetent; there 's nothing wrong that I have n't done, and there 's nothing right that I have. If you won't read it, you can take for granted there 's nothing left out. But here is his summing up:

I would unhesitatingly recommend that work be suspended, and the mine shut down, pending a complete reorganization of the force. The morale of the men is what might be looked for as the result of inefficiency, wasteful extravagance, and corruption in the officers. I should

Digitized by Google

recommend the discharge of every man on the pay-rolls, beginning with the manager and excepting the doctor. At present the mine is run in the interests of the manager and of the Miners' Union. The force includes some of the most unscrupulous of the Idaho "Mollies," and in the existing state of feeling between the Mine-owners' Association and the unions the mine is regarded as a danger and a menace to the peace of the community; and in the event of these troubles coming to a crisis, demanding the presence of the military, I think it not unlikely that the mine would be shut down by order of the district commander.

"All this he submits respectfully, and signs himself 'John Darcie Hamilton.'

"Now, whether the charges against me are true or false has nothing to do with the question. Is this Darcie Hamilton entitled to be called my guest, to enjoy the shelter of my house, and the privilege of my daughter's society? Is she doing right by herself and by me in making him a friend — not to speak of anything more?"

"Let me look at the letter," said Faith.

She held it in her trembling hands, trying to fix her mind upon the last few sentences, and to compare the written words with those she had heard her father pronounce: she turned to the date, and then she went back again to the signature.

"Take it, please," she said, handing it to her father. "I think there is not much to choose among us."

"I don't know what you may mean by that. Include yourself if you think you must do so, but stop there, if you please."

"I admit," said Faith, "that he is not what I thought him. I don't understand. We seem to have all gone back to barbarism. As to the rest,— whether I sent the message, or whether it was sent him falsely in my name,— it does not matter — to me at least. Believe what you like; we shall never know each other any more. As your daughter I have only one last thing to ask of you — money enough to take me back to my mother's people."

"You shall have all the money you want, as you always have had; but as to going back — you are crazy! You can't go anywhere now, unless you are expecting a regiment of troops to escort you."

At bedtime Faith was coming down the long second-story passage when she met Darcie, walking toward her listlessly, with a tired, wandering step. He knew that she had been with her father, and as he searched her pale, downcast face he saw that some new trouble was upon her, and his eyes were full of love and beseeching sympathy. He thought that she must have gone through with enough since he had seen her last to account for the change in her sensitive expression. The question of the moment with him was how he best could help her. He held out his left hand, and waited for her to speak. His look was utterance enough; but she would not meet his eyes. She swerved slightly away from him, avoiding his touch, and, as he called her by name in the tone that he used for no name but hers, she uttered just two words, "Oh, don't!" There was no mistaking the accent of repulsion, almost of horror, with which they were spoken.

"What is this?" he asked, straightening himself involuntarily under the shock.

"Your letter!" she gasped. "Was it a letter signed John Darcie Hamilton? Was *that* the letter you asked *me* to fetch — that you were meaning to send from this house?"

"Faith! Great Heavens! have you *opened* my letter?"

She looked at him dazedly, not denying or attempting to reply: she was thinking only of what he had done.

"It is not possible!" he persisted in a heart-broken voice. "Faith dear, you could not have *read* my letter! I will never believe you could do a thing like that."

Then it came to her distinctly what it was that he meant, and why he looked at her in that strange manner. Alas! what could it matter now? "My faith for your faith," she cried wildly, and ran past him, and shut herself into her room.

Darcie stood awhile stone-still where she had left him; then he dragged himself to his own room, and sat upon the side of his bed, trying to realize this impossible thing. Yes, she had doubted him, and had taken that way to satisfy herself. What she thought of him, now that she had read the letter, was a small thing compared with the loss he had suffered in losing his image of her. He grew very cold, sitting there alone in the dark, and his wound was aching heavily.

At length Wan came in with a package of medicine and a note from the doctor, who could not see his patient again that night, as he had expected.

The note said:

There is a row in town to-night; most of our boys are in it, but they will go back to the mine (with considerable liquor aboard) about midnight. I think, all things considered, you had better be conspicuous by your absence. Wan will take you over to my place, where a friend will show you to your new lodgings: they will be on the *ground floor*. Wan is "fly." I send you something to make you sleep.

"Oh, yes," groaned Darcie; "I shall sleep to-night!"

And Faith on her knees at her bedside was whispering brokenly: "Lover and friend hast

Digitized by Google

thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness . . . thou hast made me an abomination unto them!"

IX.

THE SPARE BEDROOM AT THE DOCTOR'S.

THE doctor's house was one of the earliest dwellings erected at the mine. It had been occupied at different times by various officials of the Big Horn, including the manager himself, before his own six-thousand-dollar colonial residence was built; as mining-camp tenements go, it was considered a snug little box for a single man.

In front were the doctor's office and dispensary, both opening upon a gallery the long posts of which found a footing part way down the gulch. There was barely room at the back of the house for a team to pass over a platform of heavy planking that bridged the shallow chasm between the kitchen door and the door of a fire-proof cellar tunneled into the hill.

It was to this rear entrance, facing the cellar, that Wan conducted Darcie on the evening of the tenth, the front, or office, door being locked, and the rooms within empty and dark. The house was shutterless, but Wan did not omit the precaution of drawing down the green linen shades before lighting a lamp.

Darcie, listlessly accepting the doctor's view of the situation, together with any solution of it that might have occurred to his friendly ingenuity, asked no questions of his guide; he cared as little what was to become of him as, at that moment, he cared for his life; and after the customary acknowledgment of his services, Wan said good-night, and left him alone in the doctor's kitchen.

The cat rose up from the carpet behind the stove, and patted softly across the floor to inquire concerning a stranger's presence, humping her sleepy back and purring interrogatively. Darcie stroked her with his left hand, but declined her next confiding proposition, to leap upon his knees. She continued to lavish feline blandishments upon him, undiscouraged by his indifference, passing and repassing his chair to rub her sides against his leg, clutching the floor with one spread paw and then the other, and breaking out into loud purring at a casual look, or a touch of his hand. After a time she gave him up as an instrument of creature comfort, and went back to her carpet behind the stove.

The wind, sweeping down the gulch, brought with it the deep diapason of the forest, mingled with the fitful blare of a stove-pipe funnel, which discoursed dismally from the roof. Long, taut iron wires braced the kitchen stove-pipe, and these also had a voice — the jar and tremor of rude harp-strings, when the pent gusts smote them.

Darcie had sunk into a dream so deep that he did not hear at first, and then started on hearing, the cautious step of a heavy man endeavoring to tread lightly on the sounding platform outside, and the touch of a groping hand on the door.

"Is this," he queried with himself, "the 'friend' who is to show me to my night's lodging? He does not come like one who is sure of his welcome." Then his face broke into a smile at the sound of Mike's well-known whistle, a trifle more guarded than usual, with a rising note of inquiry, as if to ask, "Are you there, Darcie dear?"

Mike detected no change in the manner of his partner, nor, at first, in his countenance, more than his hurt and subsequent confinement might have accounted for, and they began to chaff and berate each other in the language in which men, surprised into strong feeling, seek to conceal the same.

"Was ye expectin' me?" asked Mike, sinking his voice into the depths of his richest brogue. "Did the docther tell ye where I was hid? I 'll be bound ye niver axed him; for why would n't he tell ye, unless the little gurl was by? I bet she was in it the heft o' the time, and ye niver gev me a thought. But we betther be h'istin' out av this. Sure, I 'm livin' like Robi'son Crusho in a cave o' me own as handy as a pocket in a shirt. There 's grub for two, an' the docther was tellin' me he 'd sind me a boarder. He never mintioned your name, but I whistled on the chanst. The docther is an honest man, entirely; he 's threated me white. He had me loife in his hand the night I borrowed a lodgin' unbeknownst to him, whin thim blagyards was chasin' me t'rough the woods: an' he just chucked me the wink. 'Lay low, Mike,' says he; 'there 's betther men underground than some that 's on top.'

"An' now follow me into me diggin's; it 's a pair o' gophers we 'll be. I been spreadin' me toes a bit underground, feelin' for daylight by the back way. Up yon," he added, pointing generally up the gulch-side among the underbrush, "is the back door av me gopher-hole. Hearts is thrumps, but spades is our long shuit, me lad."

Without more elucidation of the facts conveyed in these mixed metaphors, Mike undid the hasp of the cellar door, and Darcie, stooping, followed him into a place where an odor of pine kindling-wood mingled with that of freshly dug earth.

"I put out me light beca'se I 'm not keepin' a public," Mike explained. "Stan' still in your thracks till I fasten the door, an' thin we 'll see the color o' night underground."

Digitized by Google

"This was the ould man's wine-cellar," he babbled on, while making hospitable arrangements for his boarder's comfort; jabbing a miner's pronged iron candlestick, in which he had placed a lighted candle, into a beam of the cellar timbering, and dragging forth a soap-box for a seat.

"'T is a pity he did n't miss a two or t'ree dozen av beer whilst he was cleanin' up, or a gallon av good whisky. The docther, honest man, he 's good for free lodgin's and grub and 'baccy, but he 's niver said beer to me wance since in it I come, and I don't think it 's maneness, but a touch o' precaution, seein' how some folks exceeds themselves that 's oulder nor what I am.

"It 's a dhry supper we 'll have, for it 's mostly canned stuff I 'm livin' on, not havin' the means o' conshumin' me own shmoke when I 'm cookin'."

It was after eleven o'clock, and all was yet silent at the mine, so far as the deaf and dumb walls of the cellar reported the sounds of the night. Darcie was lying on the pallet of boards and blankets that Mike had prepared for him, broad awake, and staring in the darkness. His arm was aching steadily, and he was thinking, thinking, the black thoughts of grief at night, trying the depths of his pain, and finding it very deep indeed. He had forgotten all about the doctor's poppy and mandragora. He stretched forth his hand and felt for Mike's shoulder, and shook the honest sleeper beside him.

"Make a light, will you? I can't lie here in the dark," he complained in an injured voice, as if Mike had several times and persistently refused him the small boon of a candle.

"What 's the matter that ye cannot sleep?" Mike inquired. "Is your arm hurtin' ye bad?"

"Everything is hurting me," Darcie specified. "My arm weighs a ton, and every pound is pulling on the small of my back, and there 's a sickish lump in my chest that stifles me. Is it likely I can sleep?"

"That 's a quare mess av symptons ye have. I snags, I dunno what to make av it. Whisper, Darcie!" Mike coaxed, lowering his tumultuous voice to a sentimental aside that might have been heard, barring the intervention of the cellar-walls, across the gulch. "Have ye got it all fixed wid your gurl? Are ye in it?"

"Don't talk to me!" Darcie groaned, turning his face away from the candle.

"Sure, 't was yourself that was talkin'. What was *I* sayin'? Div'l a word beyond what 's civil," Mike protested rather sulkily. He lay silent, watching Darcie's face till he could bear its changed expression no longer.

"Oh, bad luck to thim! What was ye doin', anyhow, that they fired ye out, an' you no betther nor a sick choild?"

"Shut up!" shouted Darcie. "I fired myself out."

"Musha, ye need n't be mad wid me! There 's not a thing I won't take from ye, the way ye are; so pile it on. But what I want to know is,—and I 'm bound to know it, for I 've me plans to lay,— will she be comin' wid us whin we 're ready to put out o' this?"

"She will not," said Darcie through his set teeth.

"I dunno what she 's made of, thin," said Mike, indignantly. He felt himself belittled in the person of his partner, who had been foolish enough surely, and had risked enough for this particular girl to have met with all possible success. "Thim Ammerrykin girls is harrd as nails: I niver seen wan o' that small-waisted breed that had as much blood in her as ye c'u'd squeeze out av a turnip. They sits readin' books and huggin' the stove the whole livin' day. There 's no health nor nayture in thim. G' way wid her; I would n't break me pipe for her! Let her shtay wid the ould man, that 's a dishgrace to the mother that bore him. Do ye mind how she piped up the night I lep' acrost the road? 'I h'ard ye, Mike,' says she, and I thought by the sob o' laughter in her voice, and the thrimble o' tears, that she had a woman's feelin's—"

"Heaven save us, Mike, I wish you could be quiet! I suppose you can't, though; your tongue is hung in the middle." Darcie wound the blanket around his sound arm, and dragged it over his head.

Mike looked at him ruefully, and tried hard not to talk, and for a time he succeeded; but he was broad awake now, and the excess of his sympathy was too great a burden for silence to bear. He was persuaded that Darcie needed only another chance, and some good advice how to use it, in order to be happy.

"I think the trouble was ye talked too much, Darcie," he resumed as gently as he could articulate. "I think I hear ye at it—talk an' talk, and arg' and arg'! Ye sat there in the house, and ye had nothing else to do. I 'd niver give them the chanst to argy; they can bate the divil at that. And what had yez to talk about, that 's barely acquaint wid wan another's Christian names? No; talkin' 's not in it."

Darcie flung off the blanket from his face, and turned his eyes beseechingly on Mike. "Can't you leave off?" he implored. His lips quivered, his face was deathly white in the yellow candlelight, and points of fine perspiration stood out upon his forehead.

Mike felt like swearing great oaths as he looked at his "little Darcie," who was worth, in his opinion, all the girls that ever "twisted braid." But what he said was: "I 'm fair

Digitized by Google

ashamed av ye! Ye look, this minute, like a whipped bantam that 's crawled away undher the curran'-bushes wid his head draggin' in the sand. Ah, quit your nonsinse! A little chip av a gurl ye had niver seen this day six weeks! Hould up your undher lip; we 'll make it yet," he bragged, with a cheerfulness that fell on Darcie's spirits as a pelting spring rain on that same whipped and discouraged fowl to which Mike had compared him. "We 'll fetch her out o'this. It 's only purtendin' she was. Sure, she 's no such world's wondher herself that she can afford to be so ch'icy! We 'll fetch her out wid us, and there 'll be a weddin' in Spokane, and I 'll fling me ould brogans afther the car'ge. I 'll go barefut, but I 'll do it!"



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

"THE MILL WAS BLOWN INTO RUINS."

X.

IN TIME OF WAR AND TUMULTS.

WHAT occurred at Gem on the morning of the eleventh of July is part of the history of the labor troubles of the year 1892. The hesitating disapproval that divided the sentiment rather than the judgment of the "order classes" toward the Pittsburg strikes had a misleading effect in the Cœur d'Alene. The demagogues who there represented the power of the Miners' Unions were not comparative thinkers; they did not allow for the difference in the two situations. They beheld merely the fact of this doubtful verdict of the classes that are seldom in doubt which side to take in struggles of this nature, and they were enormously uplifted by it. Many of these men, to judge them by their acts, should be called anarchists rather than union men. If not self-devoted to the principle of destruction, they devoted their fellow-laborer to be the victim of that principle whenever his proletarianism differed from their own; and they took action accordingly.

The car loaded with dynamite which the strikers had sent down the tramway for the demolishment of the Frisco mill had hung fire, somehow, and disappointed their expectations; but their next scheme was more successful.

The water-power for the Frisco crusher was introduced from a flume by means of a long, up-slanting iron pipe called a "penstock," the upper end of which was accessible from the hill above the mill and beyond the mine's defenses. The strikers had turned off the water the night before, and now they proceeded to load up the mill with combustibles from the company's magazine, shoving the powder, wrapped in gunny-sacks, down the penstock till they judged the charge was sufficient. They set it off about four o'clock on the morning of the eleventh, and the mill was blown into ruins, its red boards scattered by that wind of strife all over the startled country-side, and a not unsatisfactory number of "scabs" and their guards, who were in or near the mill at the time, were killed or injured. There was no pretense of sparing

Digitized by Google

life; the object was to take it, that good service might be rendered to the cause of unconditional allegiance to the union by this awful reminder of its power. The doctor remarked, when he carried the news to the refugees in his cellar, that it was like the fable of the eagle wounded with a shaft feathered from her own wing — to "blow up the bosses" with the powder they themselves had paid for.

In the fight that ensued the non-union men were overpowered by the numbers of their assailants, and the owners, having no defenses and no defenders left, surrendered their property and the persons of their employees to the leaders of the strike. The non-union miners were disarmed, and marched as prisoners to the miners' hall, there to be guarded until the sentence of eviction — from the country where they had presumed to earn a living independent of labor organizations — should be executed. The agreement which the managers were coerced into signing admitted the right of the union to dictate what persons they should solely employ and at what prices. This was the famous "union ultimatum," and these the means taken to enforce it in the Cœur d'Alene.

That friend of the workingman, Mr. Bingham, was so impressed with the nature of the crisis that he allowed himself to be influenced into telegraphing to the military authorities, adjuring them to hold back the troops lest their presence in the inflamed districts might precipitate threatened acts of violence. This, practically, was a demand from the union bosses, signed by the manager of an important mine, to be "let alone," with the implied threat that, if not let alone, trouble would ensue — bridges be blown up, and mines held down by dynamite would be exploded, and the lives of innocent persons, perhaps of Mr. Bingham, would be placed in jeopardy. It is not probable that the telegram had the slightest effect in delaying the troops, but it was scarcely a true expression of the sentiment of the greater portion of the community, who were willing to take the private risks and to bear the private losses for the sake of public peace and security.

The doctor had received, early on the morning of that black Monday, a little note from Faith questioning him timidly in these words:

Do you know where Mr. Darcie is? He left the house last evening without a word to any one. As our guest, and a wounded man, it is on my conscience that he may be in danger. Any help that you could give him in this awful time would be, I am sure, only due him from us, at the mine where he received his injuries.

The doctor replied briskly, but evasively, and was careful to see that his note went straight to its destination; for, from the appearance of Miss Bingham's missive, he judged that it had been tampered with.

MY DEAR MISS BINGHAM: I am much more concerned for yourself than for any young man — guest, injured, or otherwise. Darcie has got one good arm and a pretty cool head; he 'll get through. But you must be aware that your father cannot protect you in the present state of affairs, even if he knew the way. He is completely terrorized by the strike. I must be plain with you. He knocked under, practically, months ago. I would insist on your coming over here if I were not liable to be called a dozen ways at once, or if I were anybody but the "little doctor." If the troops ever get in, things will be different. In the mean time I have a plan, and I don't know what moment I may spring it on you; so be ready in marching trim — stout boots and a woolen frock — to start when you get the word. Some one else who is going has got the route. Make up your mind that I know, not what is best, but what is the *only* way left. Your father, Miss Faith, — I regret to say it, — is the *late Mr. Bingham*. This is cruel, but you must see yourself that it is not safe nor proper that you stay in that house any longer. You must throw away all your previous notions, however nice and ladylike. The Cœur d'Alene at present is not a summer resort.

The doctor could not know how rapidly the manager's household had been going to pieces in the last four-and-twenty hours. He had anticipated a hard time with Faith, and he was speculating what other "pull" he could bring to bear upon her. Suspecting much, but knowing nothing, of her relations with Darcie, he dared not mention to her that name; but he mentioned her name quite frankly that afternoon to Darcie, when he paid a visit to his lodgers in the cellar, and was struck by its obvious and painful effect.

"He has n't made it, I 'm afraid," the doctor concluded, reverting in thought to the "heart solo" that he had charged upon Darcie. "No; he has n't made it, and it 's taking every chip he 's got to pay. The poor boy 's busted, I do believe; and now what becomes of my little plan!"

Nevertheless he broached his plan, for the case of Faith, it seemed to him, was desperate.

"Boys," said he in his cheeriest voice, "we are going to have a regular monkey-and-parrot time of it here till the troops get in. The militia 's all very well, and we shall be powerful glad to see them, but how do we know if they can stand up to these Molly Maguires? And I 'm not sure the idiots won't blow up the bridges, or blow up anything else. There is all Montana to the back of 'em, and Butte is run by the Miners' Union.

"And Darcie, do you know, they have found that missing letter of yours? The gentle Abby helped herself to it, out of your clothes, I

Digitized by Google

guess; that 's the kind of house it is at present. She has shared the contents of it pretty generally among her friends — used it against you every way she can, to justify their treatment of you, doubtless. They did n't know exactly what they had against you before, but now they know. You must have hit them pretty hard in that letter. I found this out about ten minutes ago, and it struck me as a very nasty complication. I 'm in a hurry to get you gone. They have marched on Wardner to deal with the Bunker Hill and Sullivan as they dealt with the Frisco; but if some one should happen to ask, 'Where is that British spy?' or 'Where is big Mike, the bloody scab?' they could spare fifty men or so, easy, on special duty, in a case like this; and if they should come up here by daylight, your exit up the gulch would n't be so private as one could wish.

"Now, I propose you start not later than to-night. I will have my horse up there in the corral by the mouth of your winze, and when you hear my usual clinkum-clankum on the coal-hod outside the kitchen door, take that for a signal the coast is clear. Pack up a little grub, and remember the trail is a bad one at night, and don't press the pony; where he hesitates, you had better get down and crawl. Mike knows how amusing it is on the old trail, going round Sunset Peak. You want to strike for Beaver Canon by the way of Carbon, and come out at Charley Mead's place, the old placer-camp on the river. And there, if you can get a boat, you had better leave the road, and take to the river. You will avoid Kingston, which may be in the hands of the strikers, and I don't think you could make it by the road, anyhow, below the big jam, such a road as it is, with a horse and a wounded man and a girl."

"A gurl!" echoed Mike, in blunt amazement; then, catching the doctor's eye, he held his peace, and went off to the far end of the cellar, where he busied himself noisily hauling boxes around, and taking stock of provisions, in case they might need to put in a fresh requisition for the journey.

"Miss Bingham must go with you," the doctor was saying to Darcie in a cool, peremptory tone. "I take the responsibility of that myself."

Darcie was turning red and white, and his knees were shaking under him. "Has she said that she will go?" he asked, avoiding the doctor's eye.

"I have n't asked her, and I don't propose to. What does she know? Of course she 'd say she could n't go. It is time, now, for the men to do something, if there are any men left in this dastardly mine. Do you know what the old man has done?" and the fiery little doctor exploded again over the "cowardly telegram," which, he said, was "a disgrace to the mine and to every man connected with it." The doctor refused to set down that action of Mr. Bingham's to the score of humanity, or concern for the company's property, which shows how loss of reputation in several ways may destroy a man's credit in the few ways remaining, and rob him of the last charitable doubt.

"Did you ever read a story called 'Better Dead?' I don't know the name of the crank who wrote it," the doctor added modestly,— he was not literary in his tastes,— "but he hit on a good phrase right there. I 've used it to my own satisfaction quite frequently since I read the thing. There 's a friend of ours, not far from this, who were 'better dead.' He is dead. The vital spark has been out of him so long it 's indecent to have him around, and we may as well be frank about it. I 've lived long enough in the West not to have many prejudices, but there are one or two things I cannot stand. I can't stand a coward, and I can't stand a man who does n't know how to take care of his womenfolks. To see a girl like Miss Bingham mixed up with such an outfit as that! Now, if she can't be taken out of this place any other way, I will elope with her myself, and that might make trouble in the family. But there 's no need of me when here are you two fellows, who stood by her once before when the old man went back on her. And she went under fire for you, just as if she 'd been brought up to it. Her conduct that night shows what she can do if required. It 's no slouch of a trip I 've laid out for you, and I 'm sorry, Darcie, you had the bad taste to get shot, just as two arms would have been so mortally convenient. I 'm afraid the journey will be rough on you."

"It is no use, doctor," said Darcie, quietly, in the bitterness of a despair that was beyond words; "she will never go in the world — not with me. They have shown her that letter, and she thinks I have lied to her; moreover, I accused her to her face of opening it, and reading it herself."

"That was pleasant," said the doctor, dryly. "Any other little endearments pass between you? Is this your international style of courtship? I 've wondered how you Englishmen managed to get on so fast with our girls!

"Well, she is thinking about your safety, now, purely on account of the reparation we owe you at the mine. It is on her conscience that she wishes she knew where you are. I have n't told her yet; it 's just as well to let you stay on her conscience awhile longer; you 'll never be in a safer place, and she has got to have something there. But don't presume upon it. Has it occurred by this time to your investigating mind that there might be ways for a lady to come by the contents of a letter, be-

Digitized by Google

sides helping herself to it? Do you know that the old man — I won't call him her father — confronted her with that information you have been collecting, and accused her of helping you to get it, and of being your 'wile accomplish' generally? — on the word of Abby!"

"Don't make it any worse, doctor!" pleaded Darcie, humbly. "I know she can never forgive that shadow of a thought in me. Yet it seemed, as she put it, a simple statement of the fact."

"Of what fact?"

"That she had read my letter. I 'm not defending myself — "

"I should hope not," the doctor coincided, while Darcie was realizing that he had purchased a great relief at the expense of a deeper despair. "Suppose she had read it? She was the judge whether she could read it or not; women seem to be able to do things that men can't do, and *vice versa*, if you've noticed. Anyhow, when a fact about a girl you believe in, rather, is impossible on the face of it, I would n't meddle with it; especially if she furnished the fact herself. Women and facts are the queerest things when they get thoroughly mixed; you have simply to choose between your woman and your facts. In your case, Darcie, I need n't say I 'd take the woman every time."

"You would if it was n't too late," said Darcie. "It all comes to the same thing; she will never go with me. But if she must go, perhaps she will go with Mike. Tell her, doctor, that I 'm not going. I am *not* going. I 'm going to stay and finish my work. I came here to do it, and I shuffled out of it for a selfish reason; now I intend to see it through. I was a spy; she believes that I am one still. If needful, I will meet the fate of a spy; it seems to be meant for me."

"Oh, come off the roof, and do as you are told! The orders are, Women and wounded to the rear. You will meet all the 'fate' you want between here and the Old Mission tomorrow night. Now you need n't stand there looking as pale as Mike's new pipe, disputing what a girl will do or what she will not do. I will answer for the girl; she will be on hand, mind you, to start when you start. You are to deliver her to my wife, Mrs. William Simpson, at Spokane, and telegraph me directly you arrive. I 'll be in to shake hands by and by.

"Mike, see that you cover up all that fresh earth in the corner with ashes: it 's less conspicuous in case they get on to your trail while it is hot."

(To be concluded.)

Mary Hallock Foote.

MILLET'S LIFE AT BARBIZON.[1]

DESCRIBED BY HIS YOUNGER BROTHER.

WHILE studying with my brother François in his studio at Barbizon, I became familiar with painting as well as with drawing and modeling. We worked in the studio from eight in the morning till six in the evening, the only interruption being for dinner. At six o'clock in the evening we were called to supper.

His plan for me was to draw and model alternately. I had clay at my disposal, and when fatigued with the crayon I took the clay. François made me understand that the study of form is accomplished quite as well with crayon as with clay or any other material. With crayon one makes a semblance of the form by light and shade; with clay is made a reality, a true relief. The end is the same — the study of form. It is the means only which differ.

After supper François often went to take a walk on the plain or in the forest. He was fond of watching the beautiful evening effects which are produced on the plain, and although he greatly admired the forest, his preference was for the plain. There he found himself constantly *en rapport* with the subjects which he treated. Whether he saw fields of wheat or of clover; a woman leading her cows by a rope to pasture them in the fields; a herd of cows belonging to a large farm; a shepherd keeping his sheep with the aid of his dogs, or putting himself at the head of the flock, and the dogs keeping the procession in order, watching meanwhile to see that none remained behind or went astray from the others — all these subjects fascinated him, and kept him constantly in an attitude of observation, of which he never tired. Usually I accompanied him in his rambles.

When it was harvest-time, he would often lead the way to the places where he hoped to see the harvesters at work. When we were at a little distance from them, he would stop. "See," he would say: "all their movements count. There is nothing done uselessly. Notice, too, how well the light strikes them, and

[1] See "The Story of Millet's Early Life," by his brother, in THE CENTURY for January, 1893.

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON, FROM THE ORIGINAL OWNED BY THE LATE FREDERICK L. AMES.

THE CHURNER.

Digitized by Google

absorbs all the little details, till there remain only the stronger accents of shade which define here and there the luminous masses. The light of the plain is entirely different from that of the studio, where it enters only by a window. It is something of which a good many painters who never go out of Paris have no idea."

It sometimes happened that these harvesters would notice that we were observing them, and some of the band would say to the others: "See these Parisians who are looking at us. I should like to see them do our work. It is another thing to hold pencils, hey?"

François once said to them, "Ah, what you do is very difficult, is it not?"

"If you wish to try it, you will find out," replied one. "Here, take my scythe."

This did not disturb François. He took the scythe, and began to cut the wheat with an ease and skill superior to theirs. They did not watch him long before they exclaimed: "Ah, monsieur, it is not the first time you have done this work! You do it better than we."

Continuing our walk, we came upon other objects of artistic interest. These were people binding the wheat into sheaves, and others loading the carts, and transporting the sheaves to the place where they were piling them in huge stacks. François watched this with great eagerness, saying to me: "See the grand movements of the men who lift the sheaves on their pitchforks, to give them to those who are on the stacks. It is astonishing, toward the approach of night, how grand everything on the plain appears, especially when we see figures thrown out against the sky. Then they look like giants."

As we went on, the sun began to descend below the horizon, and the whole extent of the plain was plunged into that vague light which follows the setting sun, and all became mysterious.

We heard sounds where we saw nothing; at a little distance we could see unaccountable forms moving in the darkness. All this profoundly impressed François, and he drew my attention to these mysterious evening effects that I might share his sensations. Then we turned about, and, once at home, François employed his time in reading. Sometimes he would read till eleven o'clock or even later. He was not an early riser. Generally it was eight or half-past eight before he breakfasted. Immediately after, he went to his easel, and worked until called to dinner.

All his pictures or drawings were made at the studio. His imagination answered to all his needs. Sometimes he would go out for an instant to observe certain effects, either of the clouds, or of light on some object in regard to which he felt the necessity of informing himself. Returning to the studio, he would execute from memory what he had learned and appropriated from nature.

He was often in the habit of looking at nature with a little black glass which he carried with him. In this way he obtained many valuable hints, for the black glass represents objects in a gamut, or scale, a little darker than they naturally are, and this is what one is obliged to do in painting, because, with the colors at one's disposal, actual light cannot be rendered exactly as it is in nature. The artist can produce an equivalent, but only in a darker scale, and, in accomplishing this, the black glass gives him very excellent assistance.

OUR little excursions were not always directed toward the plain. We often went into the forest, our house being only five minutes' walk from the entrance-gate. This enabled us, in a very short time, to reach the localities of greatest interest.

This grand old forest of Fontainebleau is everywhere very beautiful, and, far from being monotonous in character and simply a forest of trees, it has a great variety of other natural beauties. Certain parts contain rocky hills, enriched here and there by thick heath growing on a sandy soil. In places one sees great heaps of rocks of sandstone formation piled one above the other on the slope of the hills, as if large masses of water formerly had rushed through all this country, loosening the immense rocks, and heaping them one upon the other. One peculiarity of these rocks is that many of them are formed like great living monsters. When we went into the forest toward nightfall François was always deeply moved. It seemed to him as though we were amid a crowd of antediluvian monsters, and he enjoyed pointing out to me the semblance to living forms of these mysterious shapes.

When we went in another direction, as in that of the Bas Bréau, we found an entirely different aspect. Here stood oaks of gigantic dimensions, showing the characteristics of great antiquity; some of them having trunks so hollowed by age that we could easily enter them. Some of the branches of others were dead and broken, and had become closely interlaced with creeping vines, thus forming a thicket which was nearly impenetrable. We were able to go through these thickets only by little paths which had been opened by the cows, as they were led day by day to pasture.

Lately, the Department of the Forests has opened roads through all these thick woods, to enable carriages to pass into regions heretofore unexplored, and names have been given to certain trees and rocks which serve as guides to the explorers of the forest.

Here one finds a tree called "La Reine

Digitized by Google

Blanche," there is the "Charlemagne"; here the "Rousseau Rock," there the "Millet Rock," etc.

While we loitered in this wilderness, so fascinated with its weird beauty that we could scarcely leave it, we sometimes perceived in certain gaps through the trees the beautiful red tints of the setting sun, and François would say: "How suggestive that is of ideas for beautiful cathedral windows! And notice how these great trunks form columns, such as cathedrals have to sustain their domes. Evidently the ancients were struck by the aspects of forests, and many of their architectural inventions have thus been suggested."

A little later it would become very dark, and this was the hour when the deer began to venture out of their lairs. Sometimes, as we arrived at the turning of a thicket, a stag, surprised, sprang from his covert, and like a flash darted through the bushes, making their branches crack.

François always went home full of these impressions, and during the evening the memory of what we had seen would suggest to him some composition for a picture. Taking his pencil, on the first piece of paper that came to his hand he would sketch an idea, then seek to find the clearest way of presenting it, that it might be intelligible.

If any one came to pass the evening with him, it was usually another artist, or some one fond of talking about art. Long conversations, sometimes controversies, would then ensue.

When he met those who were congenial, and who sympathized with his ideas, François liked much to express his thoughts on art; but he seldom met any one with whom he could talk with an open heart — that is to say, by whom he felt himself sufficiently understood to dare tell all that he felt. In order the more clearly to express his thought, he had the habit, while talking on art, of using his pencil. On any bit of paper he would make an offhand sketch, showing how he understood the subject under discussion. By the end of the evening he would have made several sketches, to which, however, he attached no importance whatever. But they often showed a very original composition, and certain persons did not scruple to carry them away as souvenirs. This was observed, and later it was not easy to secure these sketches. During the long evenings of winter François was accustomed to read a great deal, often hours at a time. Sometimes he would read aloud. This instructed the children, and interested every one. His reading was very enjoyable, for he enunciated with distinctness, and with an intonation very easily caught by the ear. Although he stammered in conversation, his reading was quite natural, and never fatiguing to the listener. For a while he was obliged to abstain from reading in the evening. It was too fatiguing for his eyes, the service of which was demanded first of all by his work.

It was at Barbizon that François first met Théodore Rousseau, and they became intimate friends, exchanging frequent visits both at their studios and at their homes.

When Rousseau desired to take a walk, it was generally in the afternoon. He would come to the studio, and after having asked to see what François was doing, freely giving his opinion and his own ideas, would say:

"Well, Millet, you have worked enough for to-day; what do you say to taking a walk?"

The invitation was usually accepted. I had the honor of being included, and we would set out, usually in the direction of the forest.

"Ah!" Rousseau would exclaim when he found himself facing an old oak-tree, "see, Millet, what a grand, beautiful character this old oak has, and how well placed is the rock behind it! How well all that is arranged!"

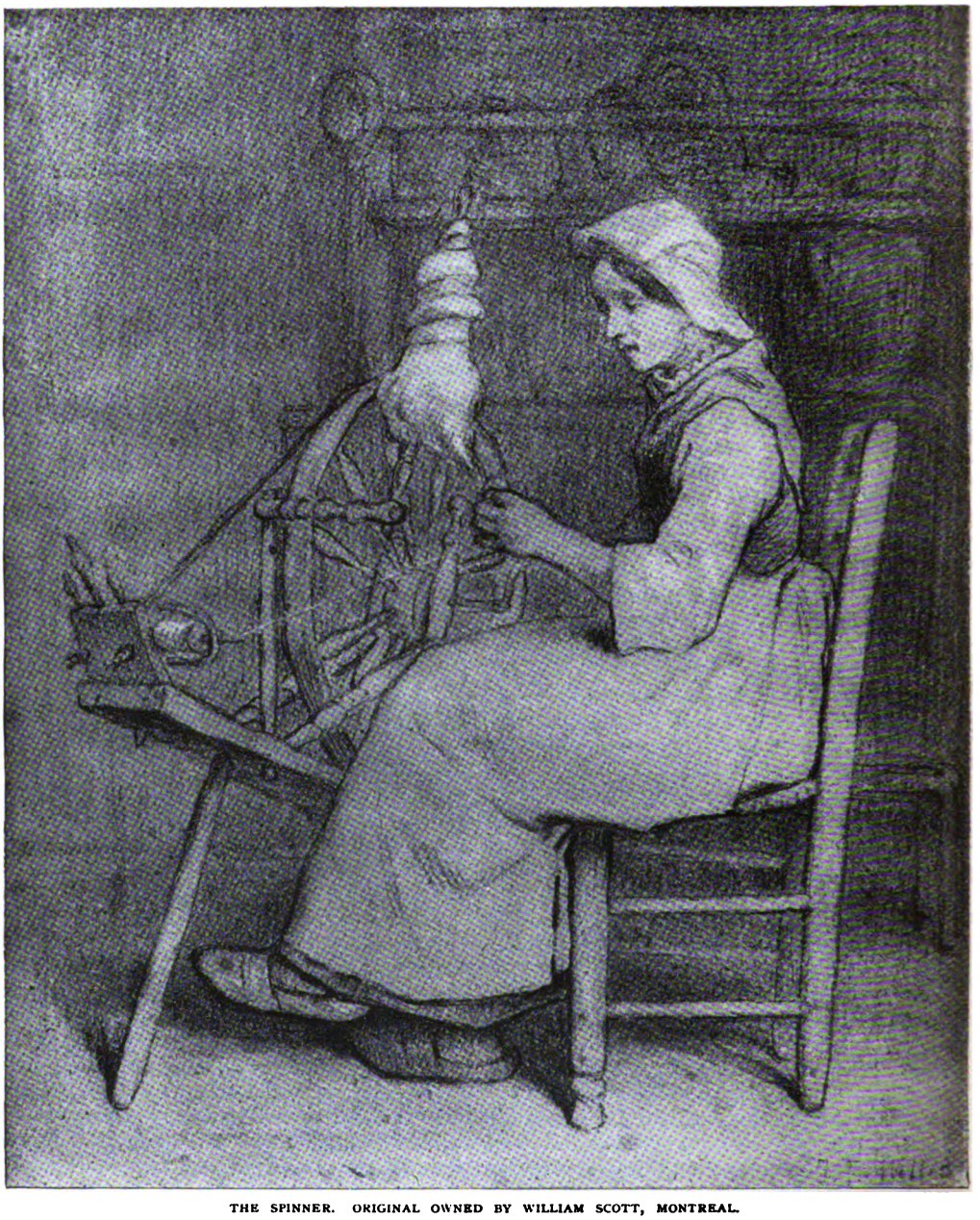
From the height called Point-de-vue du Champ de Chailly we could see an immense panorama. On one side the view commanded the whole of that part of the forest called Bas Bréau. The foliage of the tree-tops was so abundant that it seemed to afford a solid surface, on which one could walk. On the other side was seen the plain of Chailly in immense extent, and with all its varied colors.

"See, Rousseau, how grand, how immense! See how the wind makes those fields of wheat undulate like the waves of the sea!"

Rousseau and Millet were very unlike, as one may infer from their work. Rousseau was essentially a landscape-painter, and it was in the woods that he found his favorite themes. The splendor of the setting sun, or a sheltered nook in the woods, were subjects he was fond of painting. Beautiful effects like these enraptured him, and naturally he sought to reproduce them. Millet, like Rousseau, was an admirer of the grandeur and richness of nature, but he was more deeply moved by another sentiment. In his mind it was *man* who played the principal part, and to his eyes the landscape was the stage on which the drama of humanity was represented. The continued labor which the life of man demands, his sufferings, his pains as well as his joys, his pleasures, his weariness, his rest, his peace — these were the conditions that appealed most strongly to François's imagination, and it was these which he felt himself driven to paint.

Because he chose his subjects among the workers, and showed them in their natural ways and work, political motives have sometimes been attributed to him. It has been

Digitized by Google



THE SPINNER. ORIGINAL OWNED BY WILLIAM SCOTT, MONTREAL.

said that he wished to show the miseries of the poor and to excite hatred toward the rich. For this reason the government authorities for a long time suspected him, and set him aside. But I can attest that such an idea never entered his head, and that politics never once suggested to him the subject of a picture or its composition. He did not even read the political newspapers, and knew nothing of the intriguing movements of the day, which every one else was discussing.

He chose the subjects of his pictures from among the familiar objects of the life in which he had been brought up, and from the work that he himself had performed; not that he wished to delineate misery, but that he sympathized with the laborious peasant life. To him it seemed the most natural condition of man, and he knew by experience that the workers of the fields do not continually grumble at their occupation; that even in many instances they enjoy it, and know how to mingle amusements with their labor. His subjects always impress one with his great love for hu-

Digitized by Google

manity, and are not presented to excite pity on the part of the beholder. If he represents a mother showing her daughter how to sew or knit, it is always with the affection and tenderness of a mother. Or he represents a newborn lamb, which the shepherdess carries in her apron, the legs of the newly born being still too weak to walk to the sheepfold. The ewe follows her lamb, never taking her eyes from it, and has the anxious air of a mother trembling with love and tenderness for the safety of her little one. Thus he shows us the sentiment of love as it exists in nature, even among the animals.

He admired order and care in the mother of a family. He has never painted a peasant with clothes torn. He sometimes painted one with patched clothes; but surely this spoke of order in the home. He had a horror of people who went with clothes torn and unsewed, showing the want of neatness and care.

His peasant is always honest and respectable in his rustic but orderly ways, and never has a wicked or trivial air. He never made a portrait of an individual peasant. He tried to paint a type which would characterize the man of the fields.

I have often heard him criticized for invariably choosing plain people as the subjects of his pictures, when he could just as well have selected pretty faces, and thus have given his works a better chance of selling. From a commercial point of view such criticisms, perhaps, were correct, but he chose above all to make a *work of art*. He felt that only by giving to his figures the expression and character which belonged to their condition could he obey the laws of beauty in art; for he knew that a work of art is beautiful only when it is homogeneous. This is why François was so long unappreciated by the public, and why many, even now, do not understand him.

During the summer Rousseau lived at Barbizon, but when winter came he went back to Paris, to pass the gloomy season, and to escape the solitude to which one was forcibly condemned in spending the winter at Barbizon. Rousseau was brought up in the city, and had been accustomed from childhood to enjoy the amusements in which Paris abounds during the winter. For this reason he dreaded an isolation of four or five months' duration in that lonely village. François did not thus dread the approach of winter, for he was familiarized at a tender age with all its severity; yet when it was said that Rousseau was about to leave for Paris, it created a sensation. We felt that it would again be necessary to find resources in ourselves, and that we should now be deprived of all those agreeable reunions to which Rousseau had accustomed us; for he was very hospitable, calling about him every summer a number of friends who came to pass that season in the country, and accommodating as many as his house would hold. There we met every year M. Diaz and his family, and many others who came to enjoy themselves in the country.

During this period, the afternoon of every Sunday was devoted to pleasant walks in which we all joined; in the evening, on returning to the village, we were generally invited to spend a few hours at Rousseau's. These were simple, and at the same time distinguished, soirées where gaiety and good humor always had their place. They were also of the deepest interest to those who could enjoy artistic and intellectual conversations. At times some of the guests would give us excellent music. All felt at ease at Rousseau's home, he was so affable and kind to every one. One could not be near him and not grow fond of him. After his departure we found it indeed very lonely, and Barbizon then resumed its true rustic character. No more city people, no more artists; we saw henceforth only peasants. But François did not wholly regret this isolation of several months.

On the plain, which sometimes was covered with snow,—and even before the snow fell, when the trees began to lose their leaves, and especially after the first frost, which hastened their fall,—there were sad and gloomy days. At such times we used to make excursions through the forest roads, and watch the continual rain of leaves, which an occasional stormy breeze would convert into an avalanche, thus deepening the impression of profound desolation which we experienced. Then would come an unavoidable sense of sadness, which we felt and confessed to each other, as we continued our course. I once said to François, "It would be very pleasant to be able to pass the winter in a warmer climate, where one could continue to enjoy the verdure and the flowers." "I do not think so," he replied. "I should not like to be deprived of the impressions which winter gives me, nor would I care to live in a country that has no winter."

The winter days were too short for much work, and especially for François, who never painted by the evening light. When night came, he would quit the studio and go home. The distance was not very great, the house being separated from the studio only by a small garden about twenty-five or thirty meters in length (ninety feet). As he entered the house his children sprang forward to meet him. He would then sit down by the fire, and, taking them on his knee, frolic with them, singing comic songs, and telling fantastic stories. Sometimes he would imitate the gendarme who laughs or the gendarme who cries. He greatly enjoyed these childish amusements, and entered into them with as much zest as the children themselves.

Digitized by Google

He was fond of staying at home, and rarely made visits to any one excepting Rousseau when the latter was at Barbizon. One trouble — headache — followed him throughout his life, causing him many interruptions and much suffering. The pain was often so severe as to forbid working at least one or two days of each week. It was painful to watch his struggles against this frightful headache at a moment when he was actually obliged to finish his work. He would try to resist the evil, and forced himself to continue in order to complete a painting; for the end of the month approached, and he knew that certain bills would surely be presented, and it was absolutely necessary to pay them.

Notwithstanding this, he was often obliged to yield to the illness and to go to bed, to allow the most acute pain and the crisis to pass, and it was only on the next day, or the day after, that he could gather up his strength and resume his work. But not many days elapsed before pain returned anew, and thus the difficulty went on. His whole life was disturbed, and his work interrupted, by these headaches, which never permanently left him. During his later years the pain became less acute, but gave place to a dull, heavy feeling which allowed him very little time for work. Had he not been obliged to succumb to this cruel affliction, he would have been able to produce at least double the work that he has done. "Ah," he sometimes said to me, "if I had never quitted the open-air life of the fields, and its work, I should not have had to suffer all these terrible headaches!"

Besides depriving him of so much time, and causing such suffering, destroying his constitution, and being a detriment to him in every way, this trouble also cost him large sums of money; for several physicians successively exhausted all their science on him, and made him take frightful quantities of medicine, which did not cure him, yet were very expensive. Strange to say, they all forbade him to drink coffee, and coffee was the only thing that gave him any relief! He would return to it after trying everything that was prescribed. Very strong black coffee, free from adulteration, was a necessity to him.

He never could get such coffee except at home or at the houses of his friends. If taken ill when in Paris, he would try to get a cup of coffee at those places which made a specialty of it; but he never could find a place where it was pure. There was always chicory or something else mixed with it, and it would not produce the desired effect. Then he had to go about suffering from headache, and it often happened that he was obliged to return to his quarters and to go to bed till the next day. This harassed him much, for when he went to Paris it was always on business at the end of the month, and he knew that he must return in time to face the notes due on the first. Under such circumstances, when I was settled in Paris he often had recourse to me.

Below I give a few letters received from him on the subject. I have in my possession many others bearing on the same:

MY DEAR PIERRE: As usual I am detained here by my headache. I need you at once at Barbizon. Come immediately if it is possible.

FRANÇOIS.

Sunday morning.

MY DEAR PIERRE: A severe and entirely unusual sickness has come upon me. In addition to a painful headache, I have sore throat and a high fever. It was necessary that I should be bled, so that, although I am again on my feet, I have been terribly shaken.

All this has forbidden work, and prevents my going to Paris for my *fin du mois* [monthly payment]. I have not the strength to do it. Carefully observe, then, what I ask of you for me: Go to Rousseau's on Tuesday morning, and there you will find a sum of money, four hundred and fifty francs, I think. Bring it to me the same day. Go to Rousseau's before noon, in order to be here at dinner-time. If you cannot do this, tell me quickly, so that I can devise some other means to get this money, for Wednesday is the end of the month. You clearly understand how important it is that you should be here Tuesday evening with the four hundred and fifty francs which you will find at Rousseau's. You may say to him that I did not have the strength to go to Paris. I shall try to be there in the early part of next month, and shall doubtless set out on Monday of Easter week, for it is absolutely necessary that I should go then.

Good-by, and good health to you. Except myself, every one is all right here. Your brother,

FRANÇOIS.

Monday evening.

MY DEAR PIERRE: It is necessary that you should come to Barbizon without fail to-morrow evening.

You know that the train leaves at five o'clock and something.

Go to Rousseau's to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock, in order that I may intrust you with what you will have to bring. Your brother,

FRANÇOIS MILLET.

I count on you, for it is absolutely necessary that I remain here for important business.

Every time he went to Paris his headquarters were at Rousseau's. When he returned home to Barbizon he was always very much fatigued, and a day of rest was necessary before he could resume his work.

Thus his life passed, divided almost equally between work and suffering. When he was well, he seemed to be proof against everything. He was built like a Hercules, and was sometimes

Digitized by Google

glorious in his strength. When free from his malady, he was a very pleasant companion, being fond of gaiety and wit, and provided he found himself with people who sympathized with his tastes, and quickly took the sense of his bons mots, he was often brilliant. One would never have supposed, on seeing him thus joyous in company, that perhaps the next day he would be overcome by sickness, unable to stir, or to raise his head from the pillow.

Pierre Millet.



HUNTING AN ABANDONED FARM IN CONNECTICUT.

"WHY would n't the Gundlestone place suit this man?" he would ask, or, "Say, why wouldn't the Bradstock place be exactly the thing for him?"

He would generally stand with one foot on the hub of our wheel, in a leisurely way. Sometimes he would whittle while he talked, and he and my conductor would discuss the matter back and forth, and endeavor to settle my destinies between them with small interference on my part. In the beginning, at least, I could not find it in my heart to repine at these or any other delays. The blessed peace of the country was all around us; it was the season of apple-blossoms and lilacs; an inclement winter was only lately over, and I had left behind me, as the latest reminiscence of New York, a journey on the elevated railway, which, in its odious overcrowding, was an epitome of all the false and wearisome conditions that made an escape from life in the metropolis seem desirable.

I did not repine at New Canaan, for instance, the objective point of my first day's journey. It is a trim, thriving village of brick and wood in the American way, an hour and three quarters from New York, and even nearer when the connection northward from Stamford is close. My companion in that region was a poet and ex-journalist, who had put into successful practice the theories of a healthful, natural, beautiful rural life, which so many profess and so few act upon. He was carrying on mixed farming on twenty-five acres of well-improved land; his farm-house scarcely differed from others of the older sort except in its tone of yellow ocher, and in the touches of a refined, highly civilized taste within. He had restored an impaired health, and he was cultivating the muse, I think, with greater success than ever. I do not pretend that he had found the secret of perfect happiness,—for human life is everywhere, as we know, a state in which much is to be endured and little enjoyed,—but he certainly had secured many of the rational essentials to it. His home looked down from the top of one of those characteristic ridges four or five hundred feet in altitude which here run parallel to the general formation of the State, and make a succession of north and south valleys. Pleasant maple-shaded roads followed most of their crests, and these we proceeded to explore very thoroughly.

It was an indication of a certain ambition that a bare-looking house on the edge of the village, with ten acres of land, was held at $10,000. I could have taken with gusto the very first country-place to which we came. This consisted of thirty-four acres of good land in grass, and a very respectable suburban house, with, behind it, the original one-story farm-house. The modern house could have been redeemed from its Philistine effect by some deft touches, and the other would have made a capital studio, work-shop, or play-room for children. The buildings were a little sheltered from the north by the crest of the hill and a charming apple-orchard, and in the distant view one had the white spire of a Norwalk church, and Long Island Sound. This property, twelve minutes' drive from the station, was held at $5000. One could have sold off a number of other residence sites from it, though, and thus brought one's friends about, a thing that is always to be thought of in a practical way, considering the loneliness which from first to last remains the most formidable objection to the whole experiment, and perhaps really the only important one. I know Thoreau has said, "Woe to that man who needs a friend!" but I speak from the point of view of a natural human craving for neighborly help in need, and neighborly relaxation in time of mental dearth.

We saw a poor little house, with a wet cellar and a moderate patch of ground, for $1800; another better house, but no larger, with 75 acres, for $4000; and then a very attractive fourteen-room house, with 60 acres, which the owner had lately bought for $2000 and would sell for $3000. This was the keynote of an upward tendency in prices with which I

Digitized by Google

was constantly to meet. Only one deserted house was seen that day, and this in a most charming site, on a grass-grown road, with large maple-trees before it. It was only waiting to be pulled down and replaced by another — falling to pieces of old age, as all houses and men must do at some time. The state of the gray shingles which sheathed the whole exterior was its most astonishing feature: they were worn and softened away till they resembled feathers, and the house seemed covered with a gray plumage instead of wood. Within the house lay an old shoe,—a woman's,—as if the last tenant, at whatever remote date she had departed, had shaken off the dust of her feet upon it forevermore. The land of this farm was rented, however, and was still held at a proper sense of its value.

This was not yet the country of "abandoned farms," but it has seemed useful to set down a few such data for comparison. Here one was so near the metropolis that he might go daily to business there if he liked; but I did not find, as I went on, that greater remoteness brought anything like the proportional drop in prices that might have been expected.

Wilton, on the Housatonic railroad, leading northward from Norwalk, was the first place properly on my list of abandoned farms, as described in the official catalogues devoted to the subject. But perhaps the reader does not know about these catalogues. I have found that many well-informed people, even those with a business interest in knowing, do not. So I will explain. At the time of unusual farm depression three or four years ago, when the abandoned farm, now so familiar, first began to be heard of, the leading New England States issued lists of such property, hoping to remedy the evil, and they have from time to time put forth new editions. Massachusetts is the only one, however, that admits the word "abandoned" into the title of its pamphlet. This is called, "A Descriptive List of Farms in Massachusetts Abandoned or Partially Abandoned." Connecticut, perhaps to save the feelings of owners and to uphold the reputation of its territory, simply calls her own, "A Descriptive Catalogue of Farms for Sale." So, too, Vermont has only "A List of Desirable Farms at Low Prices," and New Hampshire phrases it merely, "Secure a Home in New Hampshire." Yet, when I came to know the field, I did not find any such great amount of euphemism in these titles after all, for while it is well enough to call a spade a spade, there is no need of being so plain-spoken as to call a thing a spade which is nothing of the sort.

Let me set down here at once, after an extended tour of inquiry, my conclusions as to the abandoned farm. It is a pure figment of the imagination; it is a moving text for statisticians of a sentimental turn, and newspaper paragraphers who have never been out to see the facts for themselves — it does not exist.

In reply to my written application, Rhode Island made answer, with conscious pride, that she had no such catalogues and no such farms. Maine has prepared a few figures in one of the reports of her Board of Labor, wherein the large number of 3398 abandoned farms is spoken of (this was in 1890), but these were not identified in such a way as to be located and visited, and I was obliged, by my experience elsewhere, to be doubtful even about Maine. New York and Pennsylvania made the same reply as Rhode Island. New Jersey conceded a very few such farms. Some of the Southern States did not reply at all, and South Carolina said that there were within her borders a good many small tracts, taken for taxes, which would be sold for from 50 cents to $1 an acre, but well improved land was scarce, and commanded from $4 to $20 an acre.

When I had got together all the catalogues, I proceeded to lay out my plan of campaign. In the first place, I confined it to New England, already a vast, formidable domain. I had before me, as enumerated in the lists, 318 farms for Connecticut, 887 for Massachusetts, 317 for New Hampshire, and 200 for Vermont, 1722 in all. Or the total would reach 5120 if one wished to take pains to look up also the very large number in Maine, about which I think it a great pity we have not more specific information. It was obviously impossible to visit all, as there are so many other things in a human life to do besides settling this problem, however interesting. I purposed, therefore, to select a certain field which should offer a unity of character. This was found in the hill-country of western Connecticut, the Berkshires of Massachusetts, the Green Mountains of Vermont, and the White Mountains of New Hampshire. I confined myself, in fact, chiefly to this line. Next I tried to select typical places. I marked especially the cheaper places, for when you are looking for an abandoned farm, it is reasonable to ask that, even if it be not abandoned, it shall at least be cheap. I crossed off those offered at $7000, $10,000, and even as high as $18,000, as having no place in this inquiry. Enterprising owners had taken advantage of the issue of the catalogue to insert free advertising for their property. In general, too, even the cheaper places offered were held at about the prices ruling for similar farming property roundabout, unless they were depreciated for some private and local reason — as a desperate pressure on the owner to sell, or, more often, because of their lack of intrinsic worth. If there are still some who fancy, as many

Digitized by Google

of the jeremiads we have heard would lead us to suppose, that there are fine places lying mournfully desolate which one has only to take possession of to make his own, let them be quickly undeceived.

There was a fascination in going over the catalogues in advance. I had some of them on the ocean steamer, when coming back from Europe, and, studying them with an appreciative friend, we found no end of interest in trying to divine what kind of people these sellers might be, and what their real history and degree of need. Now it was some gleam of light on quaint human nature that appeared in the few dry lines of description; now some hint of nature's charm — a fragrant pine-grove, a double row of sugar-maples before the door, or a trout-brook — that took the fancy along with it. As a rule, they describe the land as having "a never-failing stream," but one man said that his stream would "last as long as time lasts," which seemed to make it considerably more permanent. The descriptions, gathered through the care of town-clerks and similar officers, were, in the main, in the owner's language, which often gave a racy, homely flavor. "Red raspberries enough on the place to pay the interest" was a casual item, and telegraph-poles, or railroad-ties, or stone-quarries, enough to pay for the whole, were frequently alleged.

"I have lived here sixty years. Reason for selling, old age and poor health," said one. We thought there was a touch of pathos in that, and there was a humorous pathos, too, in the grave business arrangements proposed by many for almost infinitesimal sums. One would take $100 cash, and let the remaining $150 lie — or "lay," as he said — on mortgage at five per cent., making a total of $250 for his farm. And we admired the pluck of a woman proprietor who wrote, "If I was a man, no money would buy the place."

The mountain region selected might properly be supposed to contain the greatest proportion of neglected farms, while the very ruggedness that made it less desirable for farming would insure the picturesque sites, the elevation, and the healthful air, most to the taste of seekers for country homes. It still remained a formidable problem how to get about among the comparatively few places selected after the sum had been reduced to its lowest terms. I can imagine a man with a small capital who is seeking a cheap farm, and wants to give himself scope enough to choose the best, quite using up his modest means in the search amid so many. The farms are back from the stations, which are generally small ones too, where trains are not frequent, and one cannot visit many in a day. The owner, or somebody else, must take the seeker a considerable drive to see them. I wished to feel sure that there would be somebody to show me the place on reaching it, and I entered into considerable preliminary correspondence to that end. But this, again, is impractical; for, owing to the uncertainty of the demands upon one, and the desultory conveyances at one's command, it is not always possible to keep appointments.

Just before I was to set out, I was apprised by the correspondent I had arranged to meet the very first day that engagement would not hold good if the weather was bad. This was eminently proper, for nothing could be less useful than to slop about looking at rural property in the rain. Only, if I did not join him on that day, any engagement for the next day would be thrown out, and then that for the next also, and so on, all toppling over like a row of bricks falling against one another. Another startling little detail was a postal from my second day's correspondent, stating that he had been drawn on jury for a murder trial, and could not come; but this, fortunately, was followed by still another, saying that he had been excused, and it was all right again. A business man at Canaan, — old Canaan this time, in the northwest corner of the State, — to whom I had been recommended for aid and comfort in my cause, notified me next that, owing to pressing demands upon him elsewhere, he could be at his home for our purpose only on the following Monday and Saturday. But I, for my part, could not possibly reach him by Monday, while, on the other hand, by the succeeding Saturday I must be well on beyond him. I could not pass much time in merely awaiting his leisure. I mention these circumstances only to show the various small difficulties that lie in the way of such a journey as mine. But this was not the first time that things rather difficult to plan have proved easy to execute: on the whole, I entered into very few preliminaries, but left the most to fortune; and I must say that fortune served me fairly well.

I ARRIVED at rural Wilton — after renewing overnight at South Norwalk my acquaintance with the minor American hotel — at an extremely early hour in the morning. But they are astir betimes in the country, and, with all I had to do before me, I lost nothing by the seasonable arrival. Wilton is given by the census of 1890 a population of 1804 souls, as against, say, 2500 for New Canaan. By rail one arrives at merely a station and a store, with a few houses in sight down the track. Occasionally a store, with post-office attached, is found here and there, to serve the needs of the various hamlets into which the town is divided. The beautiful maple-shaded roads are a feature of Wilton. One would say at first sight that

Digitized by Google

there could be but few such roads anywhere, yet Connecticut abounds with them. Some carping critics find fault with the maple, citing its slower and lesser growth as compared with the elm, and its troublesome way of littering up the walks in the season of shedding its profuse leafage. But, oh, what a stream of harmonious colors is that litter from the glowing splendor of its autumn leafage! Whoever has once waded ankle-high in its rustling depths, has a sensation not easily forgotten, and one which should offset much greater drawbacks than any here alleged.

Surely my instinct was good: I found that two of the places marked for especial favor in my catalogue were already sold. The same thing happened more than once along my road; other people apparently had had the same ideas, and were looking for the same things as I. Each of the places in question had seven acres of land and an eleven-room house. For the one $750 was asked, for the other $1400, the latter having the better situation and buildings. The purchaser of one was a young New York girl, gratifying with modest means a genuine taste for the country. She had first induced a young friend of her own sex to come and build a small cottage near her, and had then apparently converted the seniors of her family to her views, and had finally brought them all there. They were certainly very comfortable. They had turned the old farm-house into a country-seat, chiefly by giving it a coat of paint, and a name of its own. It had a pretty bit of woods at the back, and looked out over a stony pasture in front. The market-wagons which go about the country roads more or less were not giving the inmates quite the full measure of attention desired, and they had just arrived at the stage of seeking a steady family horse. By way of an income-producing feature, the enterprising young proprietor was cultivating mushrooms in beds carefully prepared for the purpose in the cellar of the dwelling. It seemed successful, and a considerable quantity of the product was sent to market every other morning at a dollar a pound. Later on, at the very attractive colony which a number of New York artists have planted on some of the old farms at Windsor, Vermont, I heard different accounts of the mushroom industry. "We have been through the mushroom period," said a friend there. He described the elaborate beds he had had most scientifically arranged for the crop,— out-of-doors in his case,— and added, "I assure you that mushrooms grew all over the place except in those beds."

I confess that I have always been influenced a little by the romantic side of things,— too rare in this workaday world of ours,— and I trust that I always shall be. I was drawn to the second of the two places in question, at Wilton, by its being put down as the site on which was found a part of the gilded lead statue of George III. It would be pleasant to have even so small a scrap of historical reminiscence on one's own place. This statue occupies rather a prominent place in the district. Torn down originally from the Bowling Green, New York, by patriots of the Revolution, it was freighted by sloop to one of the Sound ports, thence inland by wagons; and the bulk of it finally reached Litchfield, where it was cast into bullets by the deft hands of the daughters of Governor Oliver Wolcott. But at Wilton daring Tories stole large sections of it out of the wagons, and effectually buried them — building better than they knew, be it remarked, for it is due to this circumstance that pieces finally came into the possession of the New York Historical Society.

A certain large piece was found in a swamp-hole back of a gray farm-house that rose imposingly on a hillock above the strip of alluvium skirting the swift Housatonic. The swamp-hole was the main objection to this place; it might have been drained, perhaps, through a "swale" on a neighbor's land, though this would probably have been expensive. There was a charming rugged approach from one side by a path and steps half cut in the natural rock, and grown with vines. It was said, too, that no tramp would ever mount there to beg, the tramp being a leisurely being averse to all undue exertion. The house, when reached, was found to be thinly built, needing, say, some $500 worth of repairs, and was so near the verge of the slope that it seemed about to slide down. It is hardly worth while, however, to formulate objections against it, as the owner, after first advancing his price from $1500 to $1800,— there were fifteen or twenty acres of pasture-land with it,— was finally unwilling to sell at all.

On Wilton main street an excellent house and outbuildings, with villa-like lawn, and a farm of fifty acres in careful cultivation extending deep behind it, could have been had for $4500, and another place of twenty acres for $2800. These were not in the catalogue, but the owners would sell, as was so often the case, if they got what they thought a profitable price. In general, you could buy about any place you pleased, and it was always good etiquette, and even a flattering attention, to ask a man if his place was for sale. I did not want the place at the river-level, with its lands subject to overflow; or the one with innumerable rooms that had once been both boarding-house and boarding-school; or the cottage and four acres, for $900, on a pretty, shaded rural cross-road — because it was not so much of a bargain as

Digitized by Google

the place already mentioned at $750, and its well had fallen in. I began to find that where there was cheapness there was generally some notable and sufficient reason for it. The trouble was often with the water-supply. Water was missing, too, from an old homestead which had seemed cheap at almost any price,— if only for its most delightful approach up a grassy bank on each side, and the ancient row of maples of great girth before it,— and there was an undrainable swamp-hole in a cup-like hollow behind it. Not that a swamp is not a good thing; you want one on your farm. Its borders are always green, and give the earliest pasture in spring; the cattle can be turned out there all summer, and do not have to be led to water; and you can make a fish-pond, too, and stock it with carp. But it should have a place to itself in the midst of an estate of liberal size, and it should be the overflow of a living stream, and never stagnant drainage.

An old crone admitted us when we knocked, a caretaker who blinked and gibbered in an eery way as if she were in a state of siege with all the universe against her. The interior, what with age and its squalid tenant, seemed dishearteningly rotted away, and too far gone ever to be brought back to cleanness and sweetness. There is in the decay of a wooden house something too much resembling our own mortal corruption, which a stone building never shows, not though it date from the time of Semiramis or the Cæsars. Did one fancy a ghost, the crone herself seemed a fitting one. But, strangely enough, all throughout New England I heard almost no ghost-stories about these old houses. I wonder if I was right in ascribing this somewhat to the influence of spiritualism? The modern ghost has become a rather familiar object, desired as an acquaintance by many, and welcomed to the abodes of the well-to-do living, instead of being sent to haunt tumble-down rookeries. The perishable fragility of wood is probably one of the reasons that aids the superstition of the abandoned farm. There must come a time to every wooden structure, as to every "one-hoss shay" and the like, when its natural limit is reached, and it is cheaper to let it go to pieces than to repair it. The most complete example of such ruin I have ever seen was toward the close of my trip, near the city of New Haven. A proprietor, for a purely commercial end, was suffering his row of great ice-houses to topple down in picturesque destruction, intending to replace them with new ones. If from this one might legitimately argue concerning the condition of the ice-trade, as in like manner the condition of these farms has been judged, what woeful jeremiads indeed might well be raised!

Notice that none of the places I speak of were abandoned; on the contrary, I was told that for the last a rent of $10 a month was demanded. In general, no houses were abandoned that were intrinsically fitted for occupancy, and it was rare indeed to find any land that was not in some form returning income to its owners. I did not see much land purposely allowed to grow up to wood, but I heard it intelligently maintained that even if land were allowed to grow up to wood, it would produce six per cent. on the investment.

The swift little river was always running on audibly behind Wilton's peaceful street. We might dawdle, but it had engagements to turn many a mill-wheel below. My guide here was one of the very few of his kind who know just what a city person wants in the country. He knew that it was pretty nearly the opposite of the demands of the actual denizen of the country. He was not surprised that I was willing to sacrifice fertility of soil to a view, that I wished to have some gray boulders on my land, that I wished an old-fashioned house instead of a new-fashioned one, and that I would not have it too close upon the road, where one "could see everything going by." There is something almost pathetic in the eagerness for companionship which draws so many houses up to the very front of their lots; it seems as if they would get out into the very road, stop the passing teams, and ask them of their doings. It has spoiled a myriad charming building-sites. It is even worse than the narrow little piazza that was put on to darken the small windows of the already funereal "best room," in the second period of farm-house evolution and prosperity. In such places all the brightness and warmth are concentrated in the kitchen and the living-room at the back or side, where, too, are often found some of the pleasant ample porches remaining from the earlier period of the gambrel-roof, and the long roof sloping almost to the ground. It is agreeable to see how much inspiration these features give to our newer school of domestic architecture. It may yet take them back anew to the farm-house architecture where they originated.

A part of my guide's attention was claimed also by another client, a lady; but as our requirements were so different that we were in no way rivals, we drove to see some of the places together. This matron arrived, official catalogue in hand, and desired a farm for fruit-growing. She had tried it before, and seemed to know whereof she spoke, and I was edified by their talk of the Clapp's Favorite pear, the best time to plant your tomatoes and Lima beans, and how to spray your apple-trees for the codling-moth. It seemed as if the catalogues had had much to do with the revived interest which was evidently in progress; but

Digitized by Google

I was assured that they had not. Nor was the inquiry largely from city men, like myself, who wished to take the places for summer homes, a demand in which some have seen the salvation of these farms, as others have seen it in more grazing, in sheep, tame deer, apples, and wheat. The city men who inquire are only a very small part. The farms are being taken up by farmers for farming purposes. Many inquiries come from the West. One man that I know of, not having ready money to offer, proposed to pay for a place in bushels of wheat, at the market price, delivered at a Western railway-station. It is not so easy to prosper in the West as it once was, and many who have gone there turn back in desire to their New England birthplace. Professor Brewer of Yale, a most hopeful writer on the subject of Eastern agriculture, asserts that there are more abandoned farms in Kansas than in New England, and that they are abandoned with better reason. There was a "dull streak," as some put it, in farming property three years ago, and the issue of the catalogues coincided with the darkest moment of the depression; but the inevitable reaction set in, and it is the general testimony that ever since then things have been very much on the mend.

I was strongly advised not to go to "Nod," the "Land of Nod," whose somnolent title had attracted my attention. I was told that the inhabitants there were fairly moss-grown in their remoteness, and when they came down from their wilds, and faced the dazzling civilization at the depot-store, they knew not what subjects to converse about, or scarcely what countenance to hold. The "back country," or "'way back from a railroad," is something of a bugaboo till one has tried it a little — as if there could really be any back country where our railways are so near together, and where all the face of the land was so well smoothed by long occupancy before the railway came in. Indeed, these districts will perhaps one day be at a premium; for it is there alone that true rural peace still lingers, and you can drive about the well-made roads without the chronic fear of being cut in two by a train at a grade-crossing.

Those Nod people had nothing to distinguish them to the cursory eye; from the superior beings at the store, their shaded street was very pretty; and they wanted as much for their lands, or more. And as a general statement, one does not find a fool in a farmer, no matter where one may pick him up. His education is too extensive, in the varied avocations he must practise, and in the study of nature's moods and capacities. I leave it to general experience if that shrewd gray eye does not produce a certain feeling of respect, regardless of any rude dress or aspect in the figure to which it may belong.

Over at Branchville I found an artist friend who had quietly taken up one of the old places long before the late hue and cry. He had painted the house a cheery red, put in some wide, low, Dutch windows, and had left the land virtually untouched. He claimed to have made a good deal of money out of it, however; but this proved to be only a piece of his humor. It was from pictures he had painted there that he had made the money. At Ridgefield, close by, they were erecting hundred-thousand-dollar residences, and I did not think it behooved me to go near so flourishing a community on this particular kind of quest.

It was really not doing quite the fair thing by one's own judgment to look for a farm at that season. I went northward with the apple-blossoms, and it was all a green, rolling, lush, perfumed, English-looking country. I see that I can set down only a tithe of my peregrinations. Danbury, of which I had ignorantly expected nothing — what a delicious green boulevard that was that wound away from the main street in a gentle curve, with a tramway running along it, to the quiet name of Bethel! New Milford, fifteen miles farther on, had another of the delightful, wide elm-shaded streets, the very home of ancient peace. The white-robed figures of the women in summer garb moved in that verdant setting like the nymphs of a poetic dream. It was a public green, too, and there was a great deal of character in the row of wagons that the farmers used to hitch there, like a park of artillery, when they came in to do their shopping.

I was driven to Judd's Bridge, a mere halt with a store and a station, and I "flagged" my own train on the Litchfield railroad, like a lawful sort of communist. The farmers were shingling their old buildings anew on this cross-country route, and had no semblance of abandoning anything. Washington is no longer the mere "cluster of embowered white houses," perched on the highest hill in the region, described by Dr. Holland in his attractive story of "Arthur Bonnicastle." He that has built for use must build next for vanity. It has beautiful villas, and is, like Ridgefield, like Litchfield, like Norfolk, one of the lovely rural places that prosperous fashion has adopted. Each is, in its way, a little Lenox. "Arthur Bonnicastle" has made the pleasant school there one of the sights to be seen; but as to farms, I heard of only one, and while I was at dinner the proprietor even of that one came in to say that it had been sold that very morning.

Litchfield, I suppose, has the finest of all of the streets of its class, a magnificent stretch of velvety sward with a quadruple row of elms, summarily mounting perhaps the steepest of all the hills. Medieval builders would have zig-

Digitized by Google

zagged, and given us easy grades. He or they, whoever they were, who first introduced the pattern of such lovely thoroughfares should be of revered memory. The wheels of the dog-cart and of the village-cart were frequent in the land; a "Colonial" casino was near completion; the older business portion of the town had been destroyed by fire, and was replaced with more expensive brick. Not a house to rent, and people being turned away from door after door in a weary quest for summer board. If you want to live in any of these places, you must build for yourself, and your building-lot will have a costly price per foot. For a farm some two or three miles away, which good judges in the town thought worth $2000 as a farm, I was asked $4000: it had become a villa site.

So I went to a cross-roads farm, a good many miles distant, with which I had had considerable correspondence. I had followed the ups and downs of the sickness of a certain "our Marcus," on whose account it was for sale, so closely that, on arriving, I was able to inquire after the state of this really afflicted person with the familiarity of an old acquaintance. This was a variation of the usual farm-house type, with the small hall in the middle. Up-stairs were bedrooms, two very small and one of medium-size, "done off" in the attic. The whole main bulk of the chimney in the L-part had been taken out, after what I found to be a much-prevailing modern practice. Its foundations still remained in the cellar, and its upper walls, supported perhaps by an iron strap or so, rested on the attic floor, while a congeries of stove-pipes came up through the floors from below, and entered the flues. The cast-iron stove had long since usurped the place of the fire on the hearth; the room of the latter became better than its company, and hence this nondescript arrangement.

There were ninety acres of land, more or less, for no farms are ever accurately surveyed. Some thirty acres of it were in a sheep-pasture, at a distance from the rest, and I thought this rugged sheep-pasture, with its feeding Cotswolds,—safe as yet from the dogs, despite the cruel stories of massacre I heard all along my route,— the most attractive part of the whole estate. If we had lived under the hillock and behind the thin line of maples, at this cross-roads, we should have heard the chink of the blacksmith's hammer, and should have had for other neighbors one store, where there was a benevolent-looking woman whose sugar-plums the children would have been certain to patronize largely; and the post-office, in a private house, where the woman, unlike the storekeeper, was cross-looking, though that might have been only her superficial manner. Then there was another house, with some sort of poor immigrant in it — a "Polander," I believe they called him. It was squalidly kept, but he might have been invaluable to help us out with work by the day. Somehow, it seemed lonesomer to me there than in some places I have been where there were no houses at all. The school looked shabby, which was a bad sign. There was no church anywhere save a poor steepleless Union chapel. Even the railroad station, two or three miles away, was not a resource, for it was nothing but a station,— not even a store this time,—so that even Judd's Bridge was a metropolis in comparison.

Now as to the financial aspect. The price asked was $2000. Figure five per cent. interest on your purchase-money at $100. The taxes would have reached about $15; the insurance premium would be less than $2, an insurance of $900 being put on the buildings. Your total annual expense would have been, say, $120 a year, and it certainly seems as if ninety acres of land ought to earn that without any attention at all, and leave you rent free. They said the previous occupant had made $5000 off it, and retired to another business. On the other hand, to present all sides of the question, another person, who claimed to be well posted, declared that the present inmates had bought it a little before for $1400, and that the man referred to had never had any money at all, except a small sum realized from a dead wife's life-insurance, and had often declared his inability to get a living on the place.

Your livery-stableman is generally an excellent informant, and the driver who took me in a stylish yellow buckboard out of Litchfield, northeastward, carried his amiability so far as to be willing to sell me his own brother's place, which lay on the way.

"What would you do if you sold?" I asked this brother.

"Well, we 've got several children workin' in a mill," he said, "and their mother would like to go there, and make a home for 'em, and board 'em."

Torringford, bustling with foundries, cotton-mills, skate-shops, needle-shops, and hook-and-eye-shops,— shops, not factories, they are called in the local nomenclature,—was one of the water-power villages that the new distribution of power by the railroad had made, just as Bakerville and Riverton were of those that it had harmed. I was told that at Riverton you could buy for $2000 an excellent scythe-factory that had cost $7000. But, indeed, even apart from the railroad, the scythe is disappearing before the advance of the mowing-machine. It will become an obsolete implement, and we shall have old Father Time mounted on a mowing-machine, and consulting a Waterbury watch instead of an hour-glass. There had been some bargains in genial-looking old brick houses (of

Digitized by Google

a sort no longer built) in Torringford and Nepaug, and perhaps others may still be found. The white spire of the meeting-house on lofty Town Hill rose before us at evening, and, turning that elevation, we entered New Hartford.

A charming prima donna, having voyaged the world over, has chosen New Hartford above all other places for her country home. So has a well-known publisher, whom the heights of Town Hill do not dismay. It has been sought by a summer sketch-class from the metropolis, which, passing out beyond the thriving cotton-mill and its hamlet of French-Canadians, has found in the pleasant glades of the Farmington River, in the pine-groves, the hills, the gorges, on all sides, good subjects for its art. The masters were great fishermen, too, and are credited with having taken out sixty trout of a morning. But here another illusion faded. The genial "Lounger" of the "Critic"—who deserves well of the Abandoned Farm, so far as the interest of literary men may have any share in ameliorating its case—was somehow, directly or indirectly, responsible for an account of a most attractive one to be had for no more than $1300. But the price had gone up, by successive stages, since the "Lounger" wrote: it had advanced, in a brief lapse of time, first to $1500, next to $1800, and finally to $2500. Be it whispered, furthermore, that the farm, while only three rods wide, ran back in a long, narrow strip for a mile or more, and its trout-brook was at the farther end of it, where it would have been very fatiguing to get at of a hot day.

I made New Hartford a center for many excursions, and was especially pleased with the very rural, English-looking township of Barkhamstead, which, with Goshen, is wont to be more disparaged as "back country" than almost any other. It contained a liberal number of farms in the catalogue, but several of these had already been sold. "The old people are dying off, and the young people are going away," I was told. But of the "young people" who had "gone away" from one of the farms, two had become, the first a prosperous storekeeper, the second the principal of an important school. And here may I be pardoned for dropping into a word or two of personal reminiscence. From the farm of my own grandfather, near New Haven, the boys, as soon as they were grown, went away, as the young birds leave the parent nest. One was a California pioneer, another became a land-owner in the West on a much larger scale than his sire in the East, and two others made fortunes in coal and the like, and used to drive down to the old place and astonish it with equipages such as it certainly never would have yielded them had they stayed there. These cases are typical, on every side, and there is surely no irreparable loss in a migration which is so much to the average advantage. The old house has passed into the hands of a pensioner of the late war, an American, who, I am sorry to say, does not keep it up with anything like the thrift displayed by some foreign immigrants who purchased the farm of yet another ancestor in the same neighborhood. They are Italians; and there, where all the strict features of an essential New Englandism once prevailed, it is incongruous, indeed, to hear the soft speech of the *sol beato* of Naples or Venice. To show still further the kind of changes going on, I may mention a third place of the same general character in the neighborhood which has been purchased for a summer-home by German Jews. Mr. Clarence Deming, who has devoted much careful attention to this subject, shows us that, outside of Maine,—proper figures for which were wanting for his calculation,—fifty-five per cent. of the population of New England are now either foreign-born or the children of foreigners. This large foreign element is confined as yet chiefly to the towns and the vicinity of the towns, but has penetrated into the country districts proper to more than a mere tithe of the same proportion.

I should like fittingly to celebrate here the prosperous little city of Winsted, its pretty lake, and the boulevard around it on which its busy denizens recreate themselves when their work is over. The towns off the railroad are generally connected by some primitive stage-line. Sometimes it is an old surrey or an open wagon; one was simply an old buggy driven by a farmer's girl. Still, even this is a resource for doing one's commissions not to be despised. The primitive stage brings back the young folks to visit the old place in their summer vacations. Now and then, as the changes progress, you will see it carry away some figure full of character; some old widowed dame who has sold out the place and is going to live in town. Her bulkier baggage is all on board, she has hurried nervously back and forth on a dozen final errands, and now, she stands and looks back at the old place for the last time. The bicyclist was a figure most frequently met, plowing his way indomitably even on almost impassable roads. The hammock is now adopted into the remotest rural districts. This gay Southern contrivance is the importation of the younger portion of the household, and is chiefly for their use; but I have also seen occasionally a stern old farmer of the elder generation, cowhide boots and all, awkwardly, unsmilingly, swinging in one of them. I think contrast could hardly produce a greater incongruity. As I passed Norfolk, there was a fashionable wedding in progress, for which fifteen hundred invitations had been issued, a fact from which alone much is to be inferred. The smoke of numerous limekilns indicated the approach to

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

A LAST LOOK AT THE OLD FARM.

Digitized by Google

Canaan. Beecher has written warmly of this place, and of Salisbury, westward, and the country north to Great Barrington, and on that score there will be found in "The Star Papers" all that I have not the space to say. Canaan is not the drowsy old village I was prepared to find, but the focus of two railroads: it is trim, modern, and even fashionable.

My correspondent, already mentioned, was not there, for it was neither his Monday nor his Saturday; but I found others courteously ready to aid me. One temporarily disused farm I now saw, within two or three miles of the town. I was taken to it over an extremely hilly and poor road, which, owing to the isolation, it seemed nobody's interest to mend. The buildings were closed and in very good repair; but the fences were laid low, almost as if blown down. This made it easy for wandering cattle to get in. The history of the place was this: It had been acquired, originally, by one of the limekiln companies for the wood on it. Converted to a farm of no great merit, it was sold to a man who paid, for a long term of years, only the interest on the mortgage. This man, having got some good cattle on the place, was beginning to forge ahead a little, when his son and principal aid fell sick, and was incapacitated for all further hard work. Then he himself was killed by his team passing over him, and his widow, having no use for the place, resigned it to the mortgagee. This instance, again, I fancy, hardly proves any of the philosophic theories as to farm decay in New England.

William Henry Bishop.

DAWN AND DEATH.

DAWN.

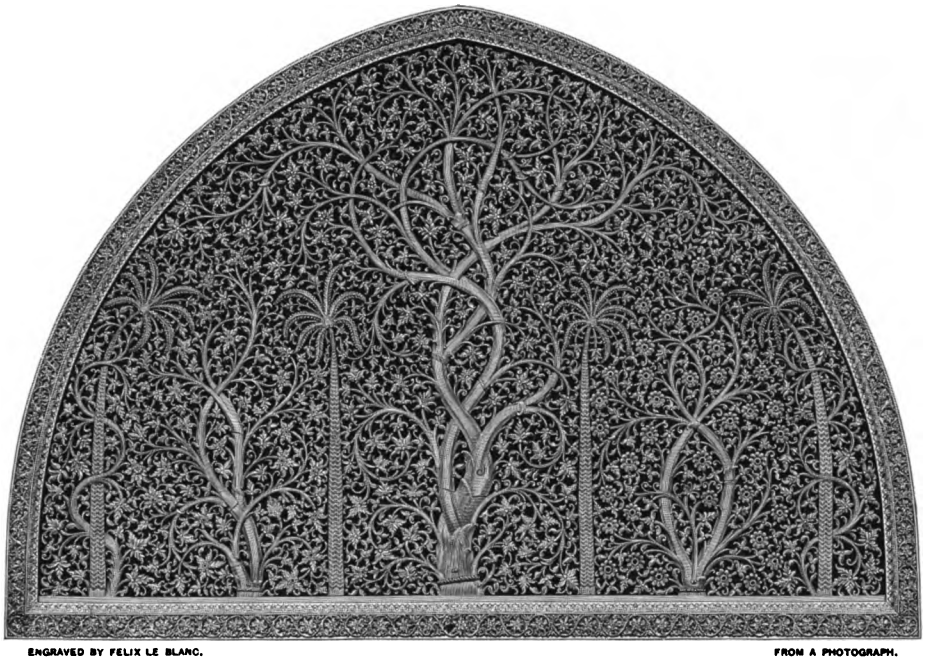
TIME after time, a mystery divine,
The nameless wonder of the dawn, we see
Stealing o'er heaven and earth so silently,
With touch so gentle and so infinite fine,
No subtlest sense could find and mark the line
When the first gleam of breaking day, set free
Even from the night itself, shall come to be
More than a paler dark, where faintly shine
The stars of heaven. But clearer and more clear,
Slowly a thousand things come forth to sight,
And forms and tints half hidden, far and near,
Melt from gray shadow into amber light,
Till from its ever-swelling streams are born
The full-flushed splendors of the perfect morn.

DEATH.

EVEN thus some day, insensibly and slow
As grows that radiance, mayhap we shall see
That time is merged into eternity;
Even while we watched and waited, come to know
That we have died,— what they call death below,—
Passed from the earth painless and peacefully,
As men lie down to sleep, and wake to be
What they were yesterday, while all things show
Familiar round them. Only with that morn
Shall on us break a fuller consciousness,
Such sense of deeper life and light be born,
It must with joy ineffable possess
The soul immortal, now to hold its way,
Untrammeled thus, through God's resplendent day.

Stuart Sterne.

Digitized by Google



ENGRAVED BY FELIX LE BLANC. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

COPY IN WOOD OF THE BHUDDER MOSQUE WINDOW AT AHMEDABAD, MADE BY THE WORKMEN OF LOCKWOOD DE FOREST IN INDIA. NOW IN SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, LONDON, SIZE 7½ X 12 FEET. (ILLUSTRATION OF THE WONDERFUL TRACERY OF THE EARLIEST MOHAMMEDAN PERIOD AS WORKED OUT BY THE HINDU WORKMEN.)

GODS OF INDIA.

NOT many countries have been kept alive in the imagination of mankind so long as India by a few stereotyped phrases, mainly the inventions of extravagantly enthusiastic poets attempting to describe scenes they never saw. The way educated people talk of the gorgeous East, of lotus-flowers and pearl-divers, of yogis and Buddha and the car of Juggernaut, shows that the world at large still believes India to be a wonderland — to be peopled with jugglers, fairies, or white-robed priests, according to the fancy of the individual.

The fact is that India has no history worth mentioning until the time of the Mohammedan conquest. There is nothing to take hold of, nothing that the most ingenious schoolmaster can find to teach; and it is therefore not unnatural that most people know so little about the country. All that is to be known is obtained from the study of Sanskrit texts, embracing works of philosophy, poetry, mathematics, and religion,— comparatively few of which have been translated into European languages,— and from observation of such monuments as an art-loving race of men have reared to testify to their faith in God, or to their reverence for the dead.

India has served many gods, and the monuments raised in their honor are countless. It appears to be generally believed at the present day that the religion of India is Buddhism. How this common impression gained ground it is hard to say. When Sir Edwin Arnold published "The Light of Asia," he did not think it necessary to state that Gautama the Master had no longer any following in the country which witnessed his birth and holy life; but Sir Edwin's book produced a religious revival, or something very like it, among a certain class of semi-intelligent readers who are continually foraging for some new titbit of religion with which to tickle the dull sense of their immortality into a relish for heaven.

There are no Buddhists in India. There are many in Ceylon, and there is a sect of them in Nepal, an independent territory to the north, on the borders of Buddhistic Tibet. The religion vanished from India in the early centuries of the Christian era. The neo-Brahmans set up anti-Buddhas, so to speak, in the figures of Krishna, Mahadeva, and Rama — demigods and idols of the great neo-Brahmanic religions, Vishnu-worship and Siva-worship; and these swept everything else before them until the Mohammedan conquest; and at the present day, in one shape or another, these forms of belief are adhered to by five sixths of the population, the remainder being Mussulmans. The Buddhists are gone, though not without leaving behind them a rich legacy of philo-

Digitized by Google

sophic thought, and many monuments of their artistic genius.

So far as we have any means of judging, the Buddhists were the first builders and hewers of stone in India. Out of something like one thousand temples and monasteries hewn out underground in the solid rock, at least eight hundred, and these the most ancient, are indubitably Buddhistic, and all the most ancient and imposing ruins bear the same sign manual. It is a hopeless task in our present state of information, to seek to ascertain whence they derived the first principles of their architecture, from Egyptian, Assyrian, or Chaldee. Every observer is free to make his own conjectures, and, for myself, I confess that the massive square architecture, the broad frieze, and the ranks of stout, well-made pillars, which characterize the pure Hindu temple, always suggest most strongly a connection with Egyptian art. As for the exceedingly rich carving and high relief work which contrast with the flat stone engraving of Egypt, they are easily accounted for by the difference of material. It is easy enough to cut the most elaborate ornaments out of brown sandstone and soft white marble — quite another thing from working in that marvelous granite which defies ages, and can almost defy the sand-blast of the desert.

That these temples, first raised and wrought to the honor and glory of a very pure religion, should have become necessarily the habitation of all sorts and conditions of gods, is not altogether surprising. The same thing has occurred elsewhere, and many a Roman church is built on the foundations of a heathen temple; not a few are altogether temples, such as the temple of Hercules in Rome. It is the tendency of religions to begin by utilizing the machinery left by their predecessors, and the Hindu sects were no exception to the rule. It would be beyond the province of such a paper as the present to trace, or give a synopsis of, the religions of India. We have to do with gods, little gods and great gods, and their habitations. Some of the little gods are very amusing, and some of the great ones are very horrible; if we laugh at Rama and the monkeys, we must shudder at great clumsy Jagannāth, or Juggernaut, as he is generally called, whose name means the "lord of the world," and beneath whose roof all sects of neo-Brahmans join hands, and are ready to die in protest of his supremacy. The Buddhism of the people who first hewed temples and monasteries out of the solid rock would have been outraged at the idea of worshiping an idol, but not many centuries elapsed before the image of the prophet was set up in the sanctuary, cross-legged and adorned with jewels, for adoration. Even before the image was worshiped there were symbols in use — the wheel of the law, the bodhi-tree (that is, the tree under which a man by contemplation may become a perfect Buddha), and the dagoba, or dome, originally intended for relics.

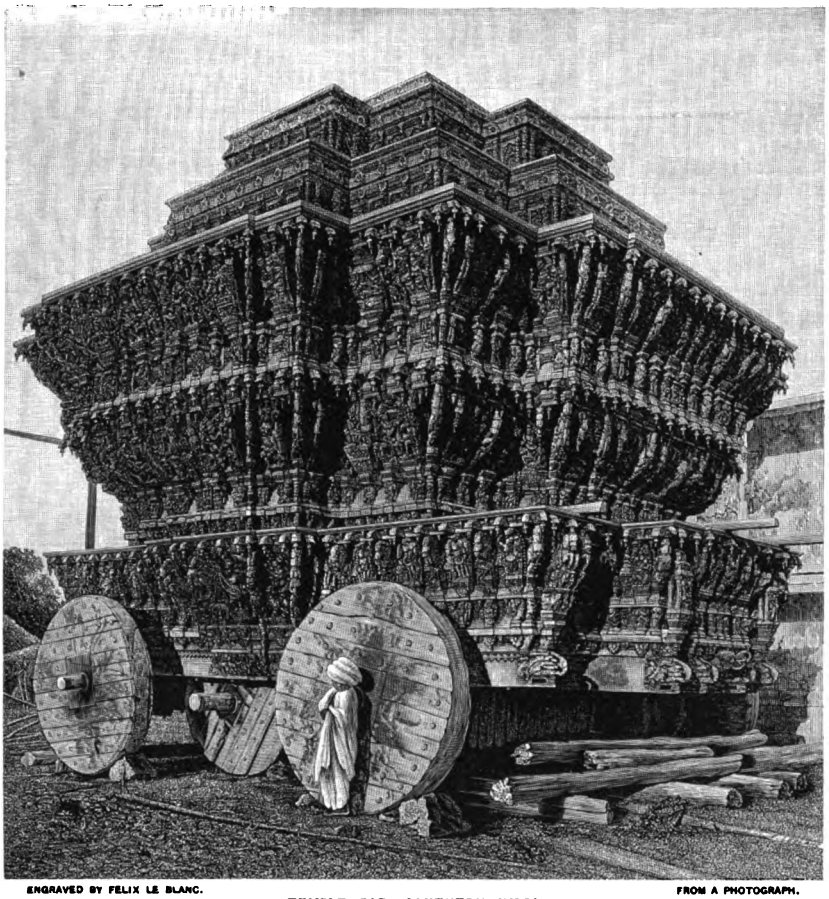


DRAWN BY FRANCIS LATHROP. ENGRAVED BY JAMES TYRAN.

INDIAN LOTAS IN THE COLLECTION OF LOCKWOOD DE FOREST.

So, when the neo-Brahmans, descendants of those Brahmans whom Gautama Buddha had vanquished, once more came forward with a religion to offer, more sensual, more miracle-working, and far more adorned with legend and myth, song and tale, than the exclusive monastic belief to which Buddhism had grown, they found the people ready enough to turn the image of Buddha into an image of Siva, and to build holy places for Rama the monkey-lover on the foundations where the sanctuaries of

Digitized by Google

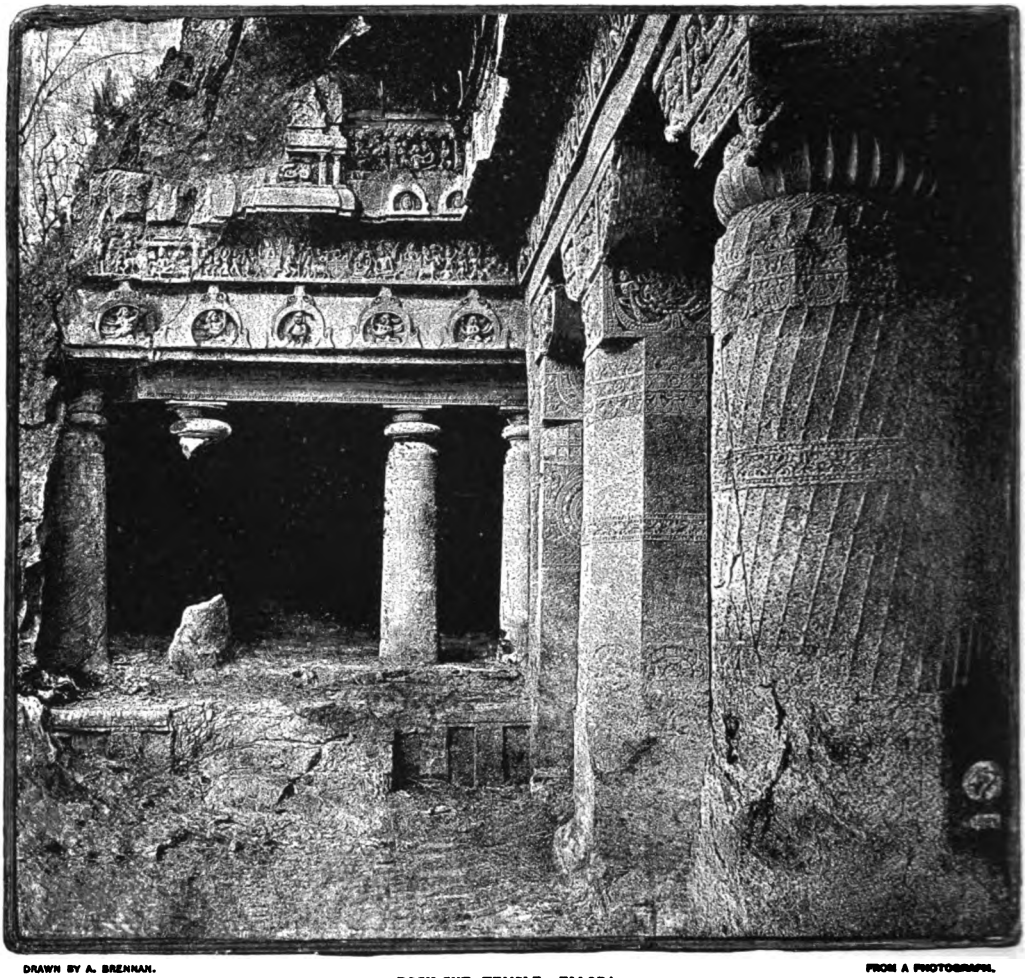


ENGRAVED BY FELIX LE BLANC. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

TEMPLE CAR, SOUTHERN INDIA.

monastic faith and learning had before stood. For the chief of Buddhist institutions was the monastery, and in no Catholic country have the mendicant and priestly orders ever flourished in such numbers, in such wealth, or in such power, as they did in India during the eight or nine hundred years which elapsed from the rise to the extinction of Buddhism. The monks took the vows of poverty and mendicancy as individuals, but the order, as a body, owned vast estates, magnificent buildings, and untold riches. Their error lay in severing themselves too much from the people, in making their religion too abstract for popular comprehension, in leading lives which were too secluded to admit of any breadth of view, and too well provided with good things for any great intellectual activity. They have left but little behind them worthy to be ranked as literature. On the other hand, the doctrines and the whole mode of thought of their founder took such hold upon the people that, centuries after the total extinction of his religion, his ideas — his *modus percipiendi* — are found underlying the literature, the social contracts, and the daily lives of Vishnavite and Sivaite, Jain and yogi; in a word, his tenets have more or less influenced the fundamental dogmas of the many forms of religion and philosophy which have followed upon his, and upon one another. It requires, however, patient study and long reading, with not a little knowledge of reason-history in general, to trace the teachings of the gentle Gautama in the vast sea of speculation commonly termed Hindu philosophy. On the other hand, it needs little insight to see, even in such buildings as the devotion of modern believers has reared within our lifetime to the honor of its gods, that it was the early Buddhist mason whose master hand laid the corner-stone of Hindu architecture once and forever. The symbols have changed, and the elaborate frieze of carved stone no longer bears the wheel and the pagoda, or the figures of Buddha himself, riding on many kinds of beasts, bestowing the benediction with his raised hand. Instead, there are images of gods and goddesses, Kali or Durga, Ganesha with the elephant trunk, Mahadeva, Rama, Lakshmi, and all the three hundred and sixty other deities of the Hindu calendar: there are animals and living things

Digitized by Google



DRAWN BY A. BRENNAN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

ROCK-CUT TEMPLE, ELLORA.

of all kinds except fish, for the fish are accursed. There are all manner of designs grotesque and strange, but interwoven with a richness and skill of which even the finest illustration can give no adequate idea, the little figures and images being executed in as high relief as ever adorned the Lombard Gothic churches with choirs of stone angels and cherubim.

But, in spite of all this ornamentation, the fundamental lines are Buddhist and Buddhist only. The sturdy columns, constantly alternating between the smooth, the fluted, the beveled, and the spiral; the broad capitals, of which the carved curtain falls sometimes a third of the way down the pillar; the imposing steps; the system of chambers and antechambers; and lastly the shrine itself—all these things are found closely defined in the early rock temples, hewn and dug out of the solid stone, the columns carved out of the mass, and never severed from the architrave they support. One hand is visible in all this, and one inspiring genius, creating a school of architecture which even in the Moresque style of the later buildings of the Mohammedan conquest is not wholly lost. The Moslems brought with them their pointed arches and graceful traceries, their minarets and their domes, introducing a style wholly foreign to the spirit of Indian art; but even the intense vitality of the conquering school has not withstood the temptation to make use of Hindu details of ornamentation, while maintaining the plan and principal features of a foreign architecture.

The Hindus were not acquainted with the arch before the Moslem conquest, and the pure Indian style is as remarkable for its flat roofing and square doors as the Egyptian or the Greek, whereas the Mohammedan carries with him his love for the tall springing vault and pointed gateway. Even in the Rani Lepre mosque at Ahmedabad, with its flat roof and square pillars, there is a pointed door on one

Digitized by Google

side, and the panels of stone tracery are of the pointed model.

The other distinguishing feature of Hindu architecture, and one which is never to be mistaken, is the representation in sculpture of men and animals, and, generally, of sentient beings. The Moslems, like the Jews, were commanded not to make images of anything in heaven or in earth, and Mohammed added, "Therefore, if ye must make images, make images of things which have no souls, such as trees or plants." His Sunnite followers have never transgressed this rule, and their friezes and capitals and paneling are either in geometrical patterns, or are ornamented with symmetrically twined boughs and leaves.

The Hindu, on the other hand, never loses an opportunity of introducing gods, elephants, tigers, horses, and birds — anything living that he can think of except fish; for fish have no souls, and the believer in the transmigration of the spirit eats fish with impunity, though he would die rather than eat beef, and has religious scruples about game.

The Buddhists themselves set the fashion of carving human and other figures in their friezes and capitals. These carvings are found even in the rock temples, and were probably introduced before the worship degenerated into an idolatrous adoration of the image of Buddha, set up in the inner shrine. The symbols of Buddhism are found represented in every way in these friezes. The wheel of the law is formed sometimes by a string of figures, alternately male and female, joining hands, and dancing in a circle. The dagoba, or dome, of the relics is commonly pictured in the conical umbrella which a servant carries after the mounted figure of Buddha, and the leaves and branches of the sacred fig-tree (*Ficus religiosa*) are trained and intertwined in the tracery. Buddha is represented as riding upon a hare, an elephant, an ass, and even upon a man's shoulders, and the multitudes of his disciples and attendants complete the train of sculptured reliefs.

The gods of India are everywhere, and yet they seem to be nowhere. The religion has been one long winter of discontent; one prolonged struggle on the part of the people to worship many gods under many shapes, while always on the point of believing in one single divine essence as the cause and creator of all things; a hand to hand fight between polytheism and monotheism, in which the priests have continually endeavored to play the part of conciliators. Vishnu and Siva are now the chief contending parties, and the priests have tried to make them agree by adding a third supreme deity in the shape of Brahma. Of this fact ingenious searchers after collateral evidence for Christianity have made capital, saying that Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva are inseparable, and that the Hindus are evidently in possession of the dogma of the Trinity. As a matter of fact, this is pure nonsense, and contains as much truth as the parallels that have been drawn between Christ and Buddha, Christ and Krishna, Napoleon the Great and Apollo. Archbishop Whately, in his great squib, showed once and for all the absurdity of such demonstrations.

It is now well established that the priests conceived the idea of adding a third deity to the two conflicting ones, with a view to reconciling the existing religions; and, finding one insufficient, they did not scruple to add a fourth in the person of Krishna, thereby destroying the idea of a trinity at a blow.

There are, then, two great Hindu religions, the Vishnavite, and the Sivaite. Vishnu is a pure solar deity, and appears as such in the Vedic hymns. He descends to earth in a variety of incarnations, or *avatars*, as they are called. His last incarnation — generally reckoned as the seventh — was in the form of Krishna, though in the south many Hindus consider Gautama Buddha to have been the sun-god appearing once more in the flesh. As regards the modern religion of Vishnu, however, his embodiment as Krishna is by far the most important; for it was Krishna whom the Brahmans held up to the people to attract by the grossly sensual rites and ceremonies of his worship, when the contemplative monastic system of the Buddhists had grown too exclusive in its observances, and too transcendental in its beliefs, to suit the popular taste any longer. In the great epic poem called the "Mahabharata," a work consisting of about three hundred thousand verses, and which describes the struggle between the sons of Pandu and the sons of Dhritarashtra, Krishna plays a very important part, although the principal religion described in that poem is rather Sivaite than Vishnavite. When he had subsequently become a deity, the five sons of Pandu were also worshiped, not to mention a considerable number of Krishna's wives, themselves considered to have been but the incarnations of female deities. All these are taken and introduced into the Vishnavite religion as divine beings.

Furthermore, there is the incarnation of Vishnu as Rama, again with a divine wife, who is carried off by the king of the demons to Ceylon, whence Rama rescues her by the aid of the monkeys, and their king and chief minister, Sugreva and Hanuman. Rama, his wife Sita, the monkeys, and whosoever, in the great legend of the Ramayana, fought on Rama's side, are all adopted into the Vishnavite religion, and worshiped to this day — so that in Benares, a holy city especially sacred to Rama, the monkeys run wild in vast numbers, and no man dares

Digitized by Google

interfere with them, though they come to his table, and help themselves to his food unbidden. I remember seeing, many years ago, in a newspaper published near Benares, a long letter from some native less orthodox than the rest, complaining bitterly of the torment he suffered from the monkeys walking in and out of his house at all hours of the day; and imploring the editor to use his influence in getting the police to "arrest" these trespassers.

Such is the Vishnavite religion — a huge pantheon in which are collected all gods, demigods, heroes, and animals that can by any stretch of reasoning or tradition be said to have any connection whatsoever with Vishnu; besides, as the two great religions are in practice very tolerant of each other, though theoretically at variance, it is not uncommon to find the gods of Siva's cycle attracted over to Vishnu, and the converse.

As for Siva, he differs fundamentally from Vishnu in that he has not passed through a variety of incarnations, but makes up the deficiency by keeping a number of gods constantly at his beck and call. He has, indeed, many forms, for, as he is alone in his supremacy, he is alternately god of peace and god of war, god of growths and god of destructions. Moreover, he is constantly associated with Vishnu, and the two with Brahma, and again with Krishna. Generally speaking, all sects of *lingam* worshipers are Sivaites, and those who sacrifice any living thing to idols — a practice, however, which is very rare at the present day. Siva is of an older conception than Vishnu, and more nearly resembles Indra, the Vedic supreme god, with his hosts of spirits and subordinated gods. Siva commands Skanda, the god of war; Visabhadra, the divinity of warlike rage and frenzy; Kuvera, the god of treasure; Ganesha, the intelligent, with the head of an elephant, and to whom an invocation is set at the head of many Hindu books, "Honor to the blessed Ganesha"; and Siva is attended by hosts of *yakshas* and spirits of all sorts. Siva and his minor gods, then, compose a second pantheon as extensive and as well-filled as that of Vishnu.

Add to these two the priestly conception of Brahma as associated with both, by which aggregation all the multifarious shapes of divinity and varieties of worship are by one *exequatur* made legitimate, orthodox, and conducive to salvation; add, moreover, the doctrine of the Vedanta, which is as much of a catechism as can be said to exist in India, and which shows that there is only one supreme being vaguely represented by the demonstrative pronoun "that," all else being but vanity, and the result of illusion; then superimpose the universal doctrine of the transmigration of the soul — and the confusion is complete.

Under these circumstances, objects the intelligent foreigner, in the face of a celestial army outnumbering the population of the globe, and of an extremely irascible temper, what position does the ordinary Hindu assume? He shifts his responsibility. He goes to a *guru*, a master in religious matters, and having selected some especial divinity from the heavenly host, he is taught a *mantra*, a mystic text for meditation, which he keeps secret, and repeats to himself during his ablutions, morning and evening. By this text he invokes his special divinity whenever he is in need of help during life, and when he is dying; but this devotion does not prevent him from accepting the supremacy of the divine essence taught in the catechism of the Vedantasara, nor from acknowledging the importance of all the other divinities in his own pantheon, and admitting that those of the Vishnavites if he is a Sivaite, or of the Sivaites if he follows Vishnu, are entitled to consideration. But he hopes that his own divinity will take care of him *in horâ mortis et in die judicii*, and he believes that it is possible by a pure life and devout contemplation, to become so identified with the divine essence aforesaid, as to escape the metensomatosis, or change of body, and to enjoy an immense period of blissful unconsciousness, or of happy rest, in complete independence of the three hundred — or three hundred thousand — gods and goddesses who rule over the earth.

As for the educated people, principally the Brahmans, if questioned in a friendly way, and led on to speak their mind, they will generally admit that they believe in one supreme being, and in various states of life, but that the pantheons of Vishnu and Siva are the creations of an ingenious fancy. They conform, indeed, to the outward requirements of some religion, but they are inclined to put their faith in the monotheism of the Vedic hymns, and to regard the rest as a superstructure.

It has been much the fashion to speak of the grand simplicity and primeval single-heartedness of the Vedic religion, and to regard it as the unadulterated faith of a pastoral people. Grand those hymns are beyond a doubt, and they breathe a high belief in a single supreme God, though abounding with allegory and simile taken from the manifestations of nature's forces. But simple they cannot be called, nor does it seem possible that they can have been composed by a people in any true sense primitive. The language is complex, and the imagery often highly artificial, while meters of great variety are kept perfectly distinct, and never confused. It was in every sense an intricate religion, and it is more than probable that it was never the religion of the people, who most likely followed a form of Vishnavism or Sivaism. Both Vishnu

Digitized by Google

and Siva appear in the hymns, and the former, as the sun-god, is sometimes spoken of as supreme, while Siva generally occupies a subordinate position.

In countries where people live much in the open air, dress simply when they dress at all, and eat what they can get, it requires little effort of imagination or skill of pen to make them seem as primitive as one pleases. As a matter of fact, where it is very easy to live, or, at least, where little thought or labor is requisite to obtain the means of living, a nation endowed with any natural activity is very likely to devote its energies to intellectual pursuits; and the result is sure to be a state of national thought which, in despite of scanty clothing, and rice for breakfast, dinner, and supper, will turn out the very reverse of primitive. India is such a country, and, so far as the Aryans are concerned, always has been. What it was before the Aryan conquest we have no means of knowing, but it is not at all likely that the modern religions and customs belonged to the aborigines prior to that date. It seems much more natural to suppose that the Vedic hymns, and the Vedic faith — if we may so call it, were at all times the exclusive property of the higher classes of Aryans, and that popular religions existed among the masses, as they do now, simultaneously with the highly civilized belief of the Vedic Brahmans. The word *brahmana*, as designating a member of the priestly caste (distinguished from the *brahman*, the officiating priest and singer of the sacred verses), is found only in the very latest of the hymns, showing that no such distinction was necessary before the fusion of the classes which probably accompanied the southward migration.

Whatever India may have been then, any one may go there and see for himself what it is like nowadays. Saddened, oppressed, and weighed down by conquest, mutilated by the sword of the conqueror, and ground to the very dust and ashes of poverty by his relentless imposts and all-devouring avarice, poor and despised,— worse than all, despising herself,— but India still — the land of sunshine and roses, of holy places and sacred rivers, of glorious traditions and glorious nature, whereby the living death of her people glows yet with the colors of a life that is over and past for them. To the careless traveler it seems almost as if she might still be called young. But there is something underlying this outward bloom, this mere exuberance of productiveness; and that something, at first faint and undefined, gains substance and reality and clearness as a man searches under the surface, and brings at last a sorrowful conviction that beneath this splendid sun, and among these gardens of roses and forests of rhododendrons, have been wrought tragedies as dire as any that blacken the history of the world.

F. Marion Crawford.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

IT is told of one of our poets that, when in England, he was asked who took Matthew Arnold's place in America, and he answered, "Matthew Arnold." The reply would still be just, and, excepting as he fills it, the place of Matthew Arnold must long continue vacant. Men of genius are not replaced, and if, dying, they leave their work half done, the loss is irreparable. But Arnold's message was delivered, whether in verse or prose, with an amplitude and distinctness to which few messages may lay claim, and is "full of foretastes of the morrow."

Wordsworth expressed regret that the critics found so much fault with his poetry, because, as he remarked with Olympian simplicity, "They deprive the youth of my country of what would be a blessing to them." A similar feeling as to the ignorance and misapprehension which prevail regarding Matthew Arnold and his work induces me to write briefly as to the impression left by each upon my mind.

Readers of Mr. Arnold will recall the definiteness and meaning given by him to the use of the verb *to know*. To know the Greeks, in his sense, is not merely to have a knowledge of some set of facts concerning them; to be more or less accurately informed as to their appearance, dress, occupations, manners, tastes, language, etc.: it is to enter into the racial phenomena, the peculiar spirit, the elemental and developed genius, of that unique people.

Many say they knew Mr. Arnold whose conversation proves their knowledge to have consisted in having read, with ill choosing, some one or two of his poems, whence to conclude him not a poet; some one or two of his essays, whereby to discover him unsound; or in having met him once, twice perhaps, with the result of having misknown him utterly. It has been remarked that the comparative paucity of the reading public which really knows and appreciates his distinction is a phenomenon of contemporary literary taste.

There are melodies the full sweetness of which the ear immediately seizes. But who that is a

Digitized by Google

musician does not learn to distrust their facile charm, knowing the tendency of too-easy strains to become, after frequent repetition, tame, if not wearisome?

In all art it is the same. The most lasting is rarely first to captivate. Great symphonies require more than one hearing; great poems more than one reading. Examples readily suggest themselves: Keats and Shelley rejected, Millet neglected, Browning and Wagner derided and reviled. It is stated that the directors of the National Gallery delayed during four years and nine months (the term of choice being *five* years) the acceptance of the Turner bequest, and were finally shamed into action only by the scornful and persistent representations of Ruskin. Mozart was followed to his grave by a single mourner, and in the art-temple of the most artistic city of modern Europe the Samothracian Nike has waited twenty years for the appreciation and homage which are its due.

The work of Matthew Arnold is no exception to the rule which obtains concerning things of highest excellence; nor, in relation to that rule, was he himself an exception. Really to know him, it was necessary to know him, if not long, at least long enough, and in an association of sufficient unrestraint, for free and sympathetic interchange of thought and sentiment; and from his sedate simplicity of mind — his distaste for anything approaching affectation — it almost certainly followed that those who, upon a first encounter, looked for pearls from his mouth would meet with disappointment.

Of men of culture Emerson remarks that, upon coming together, they do not straightway fall to discussing the problems which chiefly engross them, but choose rather to speak of the weather, the crops, and topics of a kindred and every-day interest. Only a *poseur* is always effective; he has a little speech ready for each occasion, and remembers constantly that he is in the eye of the world. Men like Arnold and Browning fail to realize that more is expected of them than to be themselves; and so occupied with being are they, that for seeming they have neither leisure nor inclination.

I asked of one who had had the honor of his friendship, "What, above all, impressed you in regard to Matthew Arnold?" He replied, "That he was the most *genuine* human being I ever knew."

False impressions, especially when intensified by our prejudices, are difficult to eradicate; but of the many prevalent concerning Mr. Arnold, I should like to modify a few; and since we shall look on him no more, it may not be out of place to begin with a word as to his appearance.

In reproduction the defects of his face were easily exaggerated, while its finer and more characteristic qualities were of the kind which no photograph can more than suggest. Of his features the mouth was at first disappointing, being unusually large; but the lines were firm, and in conversation the early unfavorable impression was quickly lost. It was the kind of mouth which we associate with generous and sensitive natures, and its smiles were of a winning and whimsical attractiveness.

Before me is a partial copy of a letter written by Lord Coleridge to his friend, Mr. Ellis Yarnall of Haverford, soon after Mr. Arnold's death. In this connection, the following reference to him is not without interest.

I believe [he writes] that a more blameless, nay, a more admirable, man in every relation never lived. He was one of the noblest and most perfect characters I have ever known, and I have known him sixty years. I would not withdraw one word of what I said at the Union [League] Club at New York. It was not generous, it was *true*. I think him the most distinguished person in the old and right sense of that word that we had among us. To think we shall never have such papers any more, never hear him talk to us, never see that bright, manly, beautiful face any more!

"Bright, manly, beautiful!" To those who knew him, so it was.

His look was altogether noble, and though it might not have been true of him, as was said of Edmund Burke, that one could not stand with him five minutes under an awning where he had gone to escape the rain without knowing him to be the greatest man in England, yet one could not, I think, have been long in his presence without recognizing in Matthew Arnold one of the foremost of his time. His unusual height and erect bearing, the thick brown hair, scarcely changed, despite his sixty years, and growing in lines of perfect grace about a brow of peculiar breadth and beauty, the clear, benignant gaze of the blue-gray eyes — these alone must have given him always and everywhere an air of preëminent distinction.

"Male ugliness," it has recently been remarked, "is an endearing quality, and in a man of great talents assists the reputation by mollifying our sense of inferiority." Certain it is that Mr. Arnold's superiority of mien gave offense in some directions, appearing to be regarded as a kind of involuntary criticism. In addition to this, his lofty mental attitude and gravity of demeanor were by some felt to be oppressive, and were misconstrued as pride. Yet proud, in a narrow and selfish sense, Arnold was not. His nature, full of dignity, was yet gentle and singularly sweet, and his interest in the masses was sympathetic and sincere. Though he dreaded the domination of ignorance and vice, believing that salvation comes not by the might of the unenlightened many, but through the influence

Digitized by Google

of the enlightened few, he was always the friend of the people.

During his visits to this country, there were few things in which he manifested so eager an interest as in the conversation of our laboring men as overheard by him from time to time. Frequently he repeated to me sentences which had reached him in the street, upon the trains, or at railway stations, asking, "Is not such intelligence uncommon amongst your working people?" Upon my replying in the negative, he would say, "It is surprising; you would not meet with it in England." A democrat by conviction rather than by temperament, urging democracy as "the only method consistent with the human instinct toward expansion," he was yet an educator, and believed in equality upon a high, not upon a low, plane. Like Ruskin, he demanded of men their best, and with less than their best refused to be satisfied.

Culture,—the sentiment for beauty, the passion for perfection, "the acquaintance with the best that has been thought and said in the world," —this he deemed the remedy for the unideaed frivolity of the barbarian, the arid, self-complacent dullness of the Philistine, the hopeless intellectual squalor of the populace. Against vice and stupidity he waged uncompromising war, assailing them with all the arms of light, with "lucid wit and lambent irony"; but his true temper was "uncontentious, mild, and winning," and his longing was for peace—for tranquil thoughts and equable delights. Life was not to him, as to so many, a series of sorrowful frustrations. He had ability equal to every task imposed; and with his simple tastes and inexhaustible interests, it would have been easy for him to live in the enjoyment of a home wholly congenial, writing, amidst temperate scenes beloved, poetry and criticism which should not die. But the "hopeless tangle of the age," his earnest, wistful solicitude for men, the spectacle of their lives,—ignorant, unlovely, joyless, debased,—compelled him to seek a solution and a remedy for the evils which beset them.

Like Newman, he had weapons of wit, of raillery, of disdain; and he used them freely, unsparingly, hesitating not to wound, if only he might heal. Many, failing to see the importance of his mission, ridiculed him as "an elegant and spurious Jeremiah," and as the apostle of "sweetness and light." But he brought them sweetness, and he brought them light. He overthrew the Philistinism, corrected the taste, and enriched the ideals of two continents.

Mr. Arnold's criticism of America has been widely discussed. I remember that after the marriage of his daughter to an American, a friend laughingly remarked to him, "And now you have given us hostages, and you will never be able to tell us the truth about ourselves any more." Mr. Arnold smiled, and made no answer; but of him it may be said, if of any, "He was so severe a lover of justice, and so precise a lover of truth, that he was superior to all possible temptations for the violation of either."

When to our ears came the first intimation that in us also he had found things of which he did not wholly approve, we were filled with amazement, and a storm of indignation swept over the land. But even in the midst of our wrath, hushing it to sudden stillness, came the news that the great world-critic was dead—that in praise or in blame he would speak to men no more. Then sorrowfully we remembered how wise had been his judgments as to other countries, and we bethought ourselves that of us and of our institutions he had indeed said nothing unkind, but had spoken only as he had spoken of peoples and of institutions old and new. Our size had not impressed him, our numbers had not awed him, our wealth had not inspired him. He had recalled the great nations of the earth, and had remembered that they were neither the largest nor the richest nor the most populous nations. He had thought of little Greece and little England, and had realized that races, like individuals, are developed by adversity; and he had felt that in our strength there lay a weakness; in our extent, our numbers, and our wealth, a menace to our future. "A revealer of racial faults and racial virtues," it was not given him to flatter and prophesy smooth things; rather to awaken in men divine dissatisfactions, to quicken in them the sense of their infirmities, to lead them to the study of perfection.

His love for England will not be questioned: it is written in enduring monuments, in many paragraphs as deathless as the panegyric, familiar to all, which he pronounced upon Oxford, the home of his youth:

> Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!—
>
> "There are our young barbarians all at play!"
>
> And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection,—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side? Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! Home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names and impossible loyalties! what example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all prone? . . . Apparitions of a day, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines compared with that

Digitized by Google

warfare which this queen of romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone?

But Arnold's devotion to his native land is not more apparent in passages such as these than in those sentences wherein he reproves her.

Philistinism! [he says] we have not the expression in England. Perhaps we have not the expression because we have so much of the thing. At Soli, I imagine, they did not talk of solecisms; and here, at the headquarters of Goliath, nobody talks of Philistinism. . . . Philistia has come to be thought by us the true Land of Promise, and it is anything but that; the born lover of ideas, the born hater of commonplaces, must feel in this country that the sky over his head is of brass and iron.

Nor is a true devotion more marked in his praise than in the temper with which he answers the critics of his nation's faults; to Heine's bitter censures replying:

> I chide with thee not, that thy sharp
> Upbraidings often assail'd
> England, my country — for we,
> Heavy and sad, for her sons,
> Long since, deep in our hearts,
> Echo the blame of her foes.
> We, too, sigh that she flags;
> We, too, say that she now —
> Scarce comprehending the voice
> Of her greatest, golden-mouth'd sons
> Of a former age any more —
> Stupidly travels her round
> Of mechanic business, and lets
> Slow die out of her life
> Glory, and genius, and joy.
>
> So thou arraign'st her, her foe;
> So we arraign her, her sons.
>
> Yes, we arraign her! but she,
> The weary Titan, with deaf
> Ears, and labour-dimm'd eyes,
> Regarding neither to right
> Nor left, goes passively by,
> Staggering on to her goal;
> Bearing on shoulders immense,
> Atlantean, the load,
> Wellnigh not to be borne,
> Of the too vast orb of her fate.

"It is impossible," says a recent writer, "for any sane person who knows England, and who knows America, to read Matthew Arnold's exposition of the English character, and say that it is in the main untrue." For ourselves, we may deplore, not that he criticized us, but that one so exceptionally qualified had not the opportunity of knowing and of telling us more as to our defects.

It should perhaps not seem strange that since his death there has been manifest in certain quarters a desire to lessen the influence of Arnold by emphasizing in him the quality of unbelief. "Truth provokes those whom she does not convert," and we are slow to forgive the disturbers of our doctrine. Still, it becomes us to acquaint ourselves with the character of the unbelief we condemn, remembering that it is St. Paul who says, "After the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers."

There were published some time ago, and by an authority whose literary decisions as to Mr. Arnold — excepting in so far as they are biased by theological prejudice — are of the best we have yet had, two papers, treating of Newman as the poet of faith and of Arnold as the poet of doubt. And since the writer is not alone in his attempt to magnify the faith of Newman by contrasting it with what is termed Arnold's "doubt," we should ask ourselves upon what grounds such comparisons are based, and for what good reasons these two are selected as typical of qualities so opposed. In this connection, it is interesting to remember that of modern men of genius Matthew Arnold's favorite was John Henry Newman. Many will recall the noble and characteristic sentences which open the lecture on Emerson; wherein, recalling the days when he was an undergraduate at Oxford, Arnold declares, "Voices were in the air there which haunt my memory still," "Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices! They are a possession to him forever." Of those voices Newman's most deeply penetrated the heart of the impressionable student, and though Arnold afterward came to feel that in becoming a Roman Catholic Newman had adopted "for the doubts and difficulties which beset men's minds to-day a solution which, to speak frankly, is impossible," he never ceased to admire in him the combination of traits — the mingled gentleness and irony, lucidity and urbanity — which had captivated his boyish imagination, nor to revere in him the inspirer of his youth. I know of no picture of Newman so winning, so altogether gracious, as that at the beginning of the lecture on Emerson.

Faith and doubt are dangerous terms, readily interchangeable, and requiring at each recurrence to be freshly defined. That Matthew Arnold had "doubts," there can be no question. But how was he singular in this regard? Had the author of Job no doubts? Had Milton, Goethe, Coleridge, Heine, Shelley, Kingsley, Clough, Tennyson, Emerson, no doubts? Had Newman himself no doubts? In a pamphlet published in 1838, the cardinal attempted, so he tells us, "to place the doctrine of the Real Presence on an intellectual basis, by the denial of the existence of Space, except as a subjective idea of our minds." From this it would appear that he had important doubts, since he doubted the existence of space itself. But the entire "Apologia pro Vita sua" is the history of doubt

Digitized by Google

—the apology of a doubter despairingly seeking shelter from "the devouring flame of thought."

That there is no *via media* in the service of truth, Newman perfectly realized. "My battle," he wrote, "is with liberalism — scarcely now a party; it is the educated lay world." Naturally for him the appeals of truth sounded fainter, and because of his doubts, and the intolerable burden of them, he fled to Rome, finding rest beneath the ægis of authority.

To most of us there come moments of like spiritual lassitude when, wearied in the conflict, we long for like relief; when, the whole head sick, and the whole heart faint, we would gladly fling ourselves upon the bosom of an infallible Church which should bid us think no more. But such moments we account not our noblest moments, nor do we esteem them periods of faith. In the words of Newman — the Newman of an earlier day — we, too, may say: "Considering the high gifts and strong claims of the Church of Rome, and its dependencies on our admiration, reverence, love, and gratitude, how could we withstand it as we do, how could we refrain from being melted into tenderness and rushing into communion with it, but for the words of truth itself, which bid us prefer it to the whole world? 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me!'"

The name of Cardinal Newman has been a great name,— many things besides his own rare gifts conspired to make it so,— but it may safely be assumed that it will be a name less potent in the future. For his faith — a faith in darkness and in ignorance we are obliged to consider it — he battled against the enlightenment of the age, against the spirit of "the educated lay world." He distrusted man's highest endowment, and, in dishonoring reason, dishonored, to quote Bishop Butler, "the only faculty given unto man whereby he can judge of anything." His doctrines are already a kind of anachronism, and many of his pages read like protests from the middle ages. He rejected the ideals of the future, and his ideals will the future reject, remembering him tenderly, yet with compassion, as one whose voice still pleaded in the dawn for the return of a night wholly past. Newman may stand for much that is valuable, for much that is appealing, lofty, spiritual, beautiful, but unless by "faith" we mean the abdication of the throne of intelligence, in a voluntary subordination to visible authority, for *faith* he may not stand.

"No man can be great," says Emerson, "who is not a nonconformist," and certain it is that in their generation the greatest have been accounted heretics, and as heretics condemned. The doubt of to-day becomes the faith of to-morrow, and "incredulity," as Aristotle tells us, "is the beginning of wisdom."

It is not my purpose to attempt a vindication of the religious opinions and teachings of Matthew Arnold. It is necessary only to state what those teachings and opinions actually were, and to free them from some misconceptions. Upon this subject I speak with less timidity because, moved by what seemed to me the erroneous interpretations placed upon them, some years ago I wrote in full my understanding of what the author of "Literature and Dogma" had in that work intended to convey, and, after reading the statement, Mr. Arnold indorsed it fully.

Says the Persian proverb: *To know that we know that which we know, and to know that we do not know that which we do not know — that is true knowledge.* Matthew Arnold had a fondness for knowing that which he knew, and he disliked what he termed "men's insane license of affirmation about God" — their way of talking of him as of "a magnified and non-natural man in the next street." Holding with Bishop Butler that "religion after all is nothing if it is not true," he believed that our faith should at least rest upon foundations which are verifiable; and for these foundations he looked within, finding in the sense of right and wrong in man — in the *Ought*, the mysterious *Thou shalt*, which we name the voice of duty — what seemed to him irrefutable evidence of an enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness! In other words, he believed that we may verify God, may assure ourselves as to the Eternal who cares for, and who demands of us, righteousness.

The Bible was dear to him as it is dear to few, and his knowledge of the Bible was so exceptional as to be, among laymen, well nigh unique. He recommended men to read it, not as a miraculous and talismanic book, but as the best account of the spiritual life of that people who, of all the peoples of the earth, had the greatest genius for conduct — the clearest intuitions concerning the Eternal who loveth righteousness. Conduct he estimated as three fourths of life, and he held with the prophet Micah, that "To do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly" is to fulfil the requirement of the Eternal. *O ye that love the Eternal, see that ye hate the thing which is evil! To him that ordereth his conversation right shall be shown the salvation of God!*

Religion he defined, not as the acceptance or rejection of dogmas, but as "a temper and a behavior," and he urged men to the Bible that they might win from its teachings something of the secret and the method of Christ, something of the mildness and sweet reasonableness of Jesus; that, through its influence, they might come to believe that "the path of the just is as a shining light," that "the gentle shall inherit the earth," that "the pure in heart shall see God."

I once repeated to him some lines of Clough's

Digitized by Google

which pleased him. They were these: "Let there be priests to preserve the known, and let them, as is their office, magnify their office, and say, 'It is all'; but there shall also be priests to vindicate the unknown, nor shall it be accounted presumption in them to maintain, 'It is not all!'" Matthew Arnold had no quarrel with the known, but he himself was a priest of the unknown, and for its vindication he labored till the end. We talk of doubt, but the real doubt was not in him. His eye was single, and in all that is most lovely, most sacred, most abiding he believed; but he spoke, in a time of spiritual conflict and transition-state of opinion, to the needs of a doubt-sick world — a world grown material and skeptical of good, which, casting all faith behind, questions whether it be not well to eat, drink, and be merry, since to-morrow we die.

Long fed on boundless hopes, O race of man,
How angrily thou spurn'st all simpler fare!
"Christ," some one says, "was human as we are;
No judge eyes us from Heaven, our sin to scan;
We live no more when we have done our span."—
"Well, then, for Christ," thou answerest, "who can care?
From sin, which Heaven records not, why forbear?
Live we like brutes, our life without a plan?"
So answerest thou; but why not rather say:
"Hath man no second life? — Pitch this one high!
Sits there no judge in Heaven, our sin to see?—
More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!
Was Christ a man like us? — Ah! let us try
If we then, too, can be such men as he!"

So replied he to the forlorn unbelief of the age; so, and in even loftier strains, in his "East London."

A recent writer, in speaking of these two sonnets, says, "There may be better poetry in the English language, but there are no better sermons." Whatever our differences of opinion, it must be admitted that Matthew Arnold was always, and clearly, on the side of religion, virtue, and the ideal. The last years of his life he devoted to the salvation of men from their *doubts*, and some he saved. In a quotation of incomparable felicity he has defined the infallible Church Catholic, as "the prophetic soul of the wide world, dreaming on things to come." Of that church he preached the evangel, and its wistful musings; its deathless aspirations he declared. Many will say they believed more than he, and therefore did not need him. Let them rejoice, who were already so happy, but let them remember, what in "Literature and Dogma" he distinctly avows, that "he did not speak to them." A benefactor of the race, eagerly interested in its mental and spiritual progress, the future will award him the praise he bestowed on Emerson: "He was the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit."

It is habitual with some, at mention of the name of Matthew Arnold, to speak of what they call his *gloom*. "He is so sad," they say, "so hopeless, so depressing." Of the prevalent misapprehensions concerning him, this seems the most curious; and marveling how any who have read him can have arrived at so inadequate a conclusion, one is tempted to question whether the objectors to his "gloom" can, indeed, have read him, save in the most fragmentary way. Those to whom his writings are undoubtedly known, even where their prejudices lead them to feel that one holding his heretical opinions *should* be gloomy, hopeless, sad, admit that he was *not* so, and bear ready witness to his buoyancy, to the high courage and cheerfulness with which, under conditions the most adverse and dispiriting, "he onward fared, by his own heart inspired." Of his verse Richard Holt Hutton remarks: "It is this sense of pure refreshment in Nature, this calm amid feverish strife, this dew after hot thought, that determines the style of his studies of Nature. His poetry of this kind is the sweetest, the most tranquilizing, the most quieting of its sort to be found in English literature." Mr. Augustine Birrell calls attention to an assertion made in the London "Spectator" that Mr. Arnold's poetry "has never consoled anybody." Of this assertion he indignantly declares:

A falser statement was never made innocently. Mr. Arnold's poetry has been found *full* of consolation! How could it be otherwise? His love of nature and treatment of nature have been to many a vexed soul a great joy and an intense relief. . . . He was most distinctly on the side of human enjoyment. The world's sights and sounds were dear to him: "the uncrumpling fern," "the eternal moon-lit snow," "sweet-william, with its homely cottage-smell," "the red grouse, springing at our sound," "the tinkling bells of the high-pasturing kine" — human loves, joys, sorrows, all interested, touched, or amused him. He is not a bulky poet, — three volumes contain him, — but hardly a page can be opened without the eye lighting on verse which at one time or another has been, either to you or some one dear to you, *strength* or *joy*.

And in this connection we have Arnold's own testimony. Of Emerson he says:

Yes, truly, his insight is admirable; his truth is precious. Yet the secret of his effect is not in these; it is in his temper. It is in the hopeful, serene, beautiful temper wherewith these, in Emerson, are indissolubly joined. He says himself: "We judge of a man's wisdom by his hope, knowing that the perception of the inexhaustibleness of nature is an immortal youth." . . . His abiding word for us, the word by which being dead he yet speaks to us, is this: "That which befits us, embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavor to realize our aspirations." One can scarcely over-

Digitized by Google

rate the importance of thus holding fast to happiness and hope. It gives to Emerson's work an invaluable virtue. . . . Carlyle's perverse attitude toward happiness cuts him off from hope. He fiercely attacks the desire for happiness. He is wrong; "We judge of a man's wisdom by his hope." . . . Wise men everywhere know that we must keep up our courage and hope; that hope is, as Wordsworth well says,

"The paramount duty which Heaven lays,
For its own honour, on man's suffering heart."

Those who talk of Arnold's gloom ignore that playful and unique vein of humor which, threading his thought and conversation like a sunlit strand, lent them charm and brightness. In him the world lost a source of gladness. "He always conspired and contrived to make things pleasant." From those of his own household the statement is ever the same. "He was the very center and joy of our lives." His mirth was as spontaneous and irresistible as that of a child, and the buoyancy and elasticity of his temper were as wonderful as were its mildness and benignity.

But humor, we are told, finds no place at the top of Parnassus, and it would be absurd to claim that there is not in Arnold's poetry, as in most things wholly exquisite, a note of sadness and melancholy yearning. He is the greatest of our elegiac poets; yet "the irrepressible elation of the idealist" was his, and his verse, written with intense sincerity and exaltation of touch, has an out-of-door and incommunicable charm which restores and elevates the mind. If it is true, as Hutton tells us, that in his poems there are the qualities ascribed by Hazlitt to Wordsworth's "Laodamia," "the sweetness, the strength, the gravity, the beauty, and the languor of death — calm contemplation and majestic pains," equally true is it that to certain minds there have come "a refreshment and illumination from his pages, which they have found nowhere else"; that living, as he lived, very near to us, "his verse inspires, in those who care for it at all, an almost passionate devotedness." "One reads his poems," wrote an eminent critic years ago — "one reads his poems for the fiftieth time, and for the fiftieth time one feels inclined to esteem their author for the chief of living poets!"

To our great ones we pardon much, condoning often where we should condemn, but Arnold requires of us neither excuses nor compassion. In him was that rare combination of qualities ascribed to Pericles — a genius the most fervid, with passions the best regulated.

In an article published in the "Manchester Guardian," and entitled "Matthew Arnold — by One who Knew him Well," Mr. Thomas Arnold, the father of Mrs. Humphry Ward, and a man distinguished as one of the more important of those who followed Newman into the Church of Rome, thus writes of his brother:

When we survey the wide field over which ranged the powerful mind of him whom we have lost, — the poetry of every age, classical literature, the philosophy of the Græco-Roman and Christian worlds, all that is best in modern literature, besides the special knowledge of education and its methods which his calling required, — and then consider that more than forty years ago, when he was but twenty-four years old, this man knew that he was, in a certain sense, doomed, — an eminent physician having told him that the action of his heart was not regular, — the spectacle of his unflagging energy all these years, of his *cheerfulness*, his *hopefulness*, his *unselfish helpfulness*, his tender sympathy with all the honest weak, and all the struggling good, seems to bring before us one of the most pathetic and beautiful pictures that modern life affords.

Yes, he who at the time of his death "was probably, all things considered, the most distinguished man of letters of the English-speaking world," while laboring with entire devotedness for the happiness and elevation of men, was himself "surely and visibly touched by the finger of doom."

In this relation a deeper interest attaches to the following extract from one of the last letters which he wrote to this country.

I had been thinking of you [he says], and had sent off to you a republication of one of my books, which contains some new matter, and would, I thought, interest you. Now comes your letter, which I am glad to receive though it tells me of ——'s death. I remember her perfectly; she was a woman of great vigor of mind, and it was a pleasure to me to make her acquaintance. One should try to bring oneself to regard death as a quite natural event, and surely in the case of the old it is not difficult to do this. For my part, since I was sixty, I have regarded each year, as it ended, as something to the good beyond what I could naturally have expected. This summer in America I began to think that my time was really coming to an end — I had so much pain in my chest, the sign of a malady which had suddenly struck down in middle life, long before they came to my present age, both my father and grandfather. I feel sure that the University lecture in Philadelphia had nothing to do with it; the heat did not oppress me, and the beauty of your vegetation was a perpetual pleasure. . . . My remembrance of our last visit to you, and of your tulip-trees and maples, I shall never lose. . . . Think of me when the tulip-trees come into blossom in June.

Five years have passed since those words were written, and it is June. Once more I see the maple green, and the tulip-trees in flower — but

Lycidas is dead, and hath not left his peer!

Florence Earle Coates.

Digitized by Google

THE RED BOX AT VESEY STREET.



PAST the Red Box at Vesey street
Swing two strong tides of hurrying feet,
And up and down and all the day
Rises a sullen roar, to say
The Bowery has met Broadway.
And where the confluent current brawls,
Stands, fair and dear and old, St. Paul's,
Through her grand window looking down
Upon the fever of the town;
Rearing her shrine of patriot pride
Above that hungry human tide
Mad with the lust of sordid gain,
Wild for the things that God holds vain;
Blind, selfish, cruel — Stay there! out
A man is turning from the rout,
And stops to drop a folded sheet
In the Red Box at Vesey street.

On goes he to the money-mart,
A broker, shrewd and tricky-smart;
But in the space you saw him stand,
He reached and grasped a brother's hand:
And some poor bed-rid wretch will find
Bed-life a little less unkind
For that man's stopping. They who pass
Under St. Paul's broad roseate glass
Have but to reach their hands to gain
The pitiful world of prisoned pain.
The hospital's poor captive lies
Waiting the day with weary eyes,
Waiting the day, to hear again
News of the outer world of men,
Brought to him in a crumpled sheet
From the Red Box at Vesey street.

For the Red Box at Vesey street
Was made because men's hearts must beat;
Because the humblest kindly thought
May do what wealth has never bought.
That journal in your hand you hold
To you already has grown old,—
Stale, dull, a thing to throw away,—
Yet since the earliest gleam of day
Men in a score of hospitals
Have lain and watched the whitewashed walls;
Waiting the hour that brings more near
The Life so infinitely dear —
The Life of trouble, toil, and strife,
Hard, if you will — but Life, Life, Life!
Tell them, O friend! that life is sweet
Through the Red Box at Vesey street.

NEW YORK, January, 1894. *H. C. Bunner.*

Digitized by Google

OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND.

METHODS OF SEWAGE DISPOSAL.

IT has hitherto been — and, in fact, it still is — the practice of the world to consider its wastes satisfactorily disposed of when they are hidden from sight. In spite of an almost universal outcry about sewer-gas, filth diseases and infective germs, the great mass, even of those who join in the cry, pay little heed to defects in the conditions under which they are living so long as they are not reminded by their eyes or their noses that their offscourings are still lurking near them.

The life of man involves both the production of food, directly or indirectly, by the growth of plants, and the consumption and destruction of the organized products of such growth. The production and the destruction are constant. Between consumption and renewed growth there intervenes a process which prepares what we reject for the renewed use of plants.

It is this intervening process that we have to consider in applying the comparatively new science of sewage disposal. The process itself has gone on from the beginning of the world, but it has mainly been left to unguided natural action, which takes no account of the needs and conditions of the life of man in modern communities, where "Out of sight, out of mind" no longer suffices.

The sewerage of towns and the drainage of important buildings are now controlled by expert engineers, who rarely fail to do their work reasonably well. The adoption of good methods and appliances for removing liquid wastes from houses and towns is becoming general. It will in time become universal.

This, however, is only the first step in sanitary improvement. It is only the step of removal. It gets our wastes out of our immediate neighborhood; it does not destroy them. It is now recognized that quick and complete removal is only the beginning of the necessary service, and that proper ultimate disposal is no less important to health, to decency, and to public comfort. The organic wastes of human life must be finally and completely consumed. It is not enough to get them out of the house and out of the town; until they are resolved into their elements their capacity for harm and for offense is not ended. It does not suffice to discharge them into a cesspool, nor does it always suffice to discharge them into a harbor or into a watercourse.

Especially in connection with large foreign towns, efforts of the most costly character have been made to obviate accumulations due to the discharge of sewers. The floods made foul with the wastes of the huge population of London have been poured into the Thames until, in spite of years of effort to relieve that river, its condition has become, in the language of Lord Bramwell, "a disgrace to the metropolis and to civilization." The millions expended since 1850 on the still unsolved problem have not thus far effected more than a mitigation of the evil. London is to-day, apparently, as far as ever from its ultimate solution, though of course the former direct discharge of sewage all along the river, and the resulting local stench, have been forever suppressed. The case grows in gravity with the growth of the population, and measures which promise success when adopted are not able to cope with the greater volumes that are produced later. While substantial relief has beer secured in the case of other towns in England, and on the continent of Europe, there is rarely as yet such an early and complete reduction of organic wastes, without offensive putrefaction, as the best sanitary condition demands.

In our own country, New York city, and the towns on the Mississippi and on other very large rivers, have such tidal and flood conditions as to secure satisfactory disposal by dilution and removal. At Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago, the needed relief can, under the methods adopted, be secured only by works of the greatest magnitude and cost, while, as a rule, the smaller towns have yet to devise methods by which, unless they are exceptionally well placed, they can destroy their wastes at a practicable outlay.

Systematic works, chiefly involving removal through intercepting sewers, have, until recently, been confined to cities. Smaller towns are now perfecting their methods of removal, and there is a growing desire to find means for purifying the effluent of sewers which will not cost more than can be afforded. Interest is also growing among householders, who are becoming convinced of the dangers of cesspools, with their retention of putrefying wastes within con-

Digitized by Google

taminating reach of houses and of their sources of water-supply.

In its progress thus far, the art of disposal has worked itself out mainly by progressive practice. It began in the instinctive desire to get offensive matters out of sight. As new difficulties presented themselves, and as the requirements of a better civilization arose, new methods were devised for better concealment in the ground, or for better removal by sewers. In fact, such concealment by the use of vaults, cesspools, and large sewers still remains, with the majority of people, the accepted method of dealing with the more obvious difficulty of the situation. The difficulties which are not so obvious — the real sanitary difficulties — these methods fail to relieve. Indeed, they have greatly retarded their relief, and have made it more troublesome. For the lack of knowledge, which nowhere existed, the world went on for centuries subject to most serious evils, of which it had no adequate conception. It is hardly half a century since the evils attending incomplete sewage removal were appreciated, and radical measures of relief were adopted. In London large brick sewers, not only in the streets, but under and about houses, which had long existed as the seats of foul deposits, now had their condition pointed out, and a "Blue Book" of the British Parliament, published in 1852, set it forth in a manner to secure effective attention. It was shown that these sewers and drains were so large that they could not be kept clean by their natural flow. It was then that the movement for the use of pipes for sewerage and house-drainage received its first great impetus.

The art of sewerage had for many years confined itself to an improvement of the means for distant removal, and the world accepted, and still accepts, as a part of the policy of its great cities, the inevitable construction of majestic and costly engineering works for this service, carrying not only the foul sewage, but floods of storm-water as well. It is now demonstrated that even in London, and in all but a few exceptional conditions, like those of New York, where the whole harbor is flushed twice a day by the great tides that flow along each side of the city, the effect of such works is, largely, to remove the point of deposit, not to prevent deposit; and that the great volume of their discharge has often added to the difficulty of final disposal.

The lower Thames has reverted to a condition which is said to be hardly better than that of forty years ago. As a general rule, wherever a copious discharge of unpurified sewage is made into a river or harbor, the condition grows worse as the population grows larger, and as a heavier duty is imposed on a limited capacity for dilution. Sooner or later the provision of some means of purification, or at least of the removal of the grosser impurities of the sewage, becomes imperative, and the question of sewage disposal assumes greater importance year by year.

The tendency of legislation, here as well as abroad, is toward the prohibition of the fouling of rivers, thus far mainly for the protection of sources of water-supply. This is doing much, and promises to do more, in the way of restricting the free discharge of sewage into streams. There is also a growing sentiment in favor of cleanliness, and causes of offense which have hitherto been disregarded are now attracting attention. Those who occupy lands past which streams flow are beginning to assert and to enforce their undoubted right to have them flow in their naturally unfouled condition.

The adoption of measures for the purification of sewage by some English towns has been compelled by the firm and lawful demand of individual landowners below them; and here, as well as there, the necessity for the purification of sewage assumes increasing importance. This is especially true in the case of towns situated on minor streams. While these are natural and sufficient drainage-outlets so far as storm-water is concerned, they are often insufficient properly to dilute the sewage sent into them. These small towns, many of them having mere brooks for outlets, are growing rapidly, and modern methods of drainage are fast leading to the more and more complete discharge of water-borne filth by sewers.

So, too, on the larger streams, villages are growing to towns, towns are growing to important cities, and conditions which were formerly tolerable are now becoming intolerable. The Schuylkill River, for example, which is the most important source of water-supply for Philadelphia, is lined with populous and growing manufacturing towns, which have only this river for an outlet. The same conditions exist along many of the rivers of the older parts of the country generally, and they are extending westward. It is therefore clear that, in the case of towns not lying on the larger rivers, public sentiment and the rights of riparian owners will demand the increasing adoption of means for withholding crude sewage from them.

It is not the volume of sewage that threatens us; this is due only to water, which, if pure, might flow into our streams with advantage; it is the impurities carried in solution and in suspension in the water, and made difficult of control by it. Could anything like complete separation be effected at the outset, the problem of disposal would be simple enough. Easy means might be devised for the destruction of any amount of solid waste matters, but when

Digitized by Google

these are intimately mixed with from one hundred to one thousand times their volume of water, the difficulty of treatment is correspondingly increased.

The impurities of sewage are organic matters, which, having served the uses of the community, are relegated to the domain of waste. They are the product of life and growth in the vegetable world. They have served their uses, as food or otherwise, and they are now to be prepared for a new cycle of life, use, and rejection. This preparation is effected by resolving them into their elements; only thus can they be made available for new plant-growth. Their organic condition must be completely destroyed before organic reconstruction can follow. Such destruction is inevitable, and is usually rapid. It has long been known that destruction is effected by oxidation, and the oxidizing agent is now known. Save in the case of actual consumption by fire, which is a rapid and intensified oxidation, or by the action of chemicals, the destruction of the organic condition is effected by the growth of infinitesimal living organisms known by the generic name of "bacteria." These organisms live and grow by the consumption of food, which, with the aid of oxygen, they convert into their own substance. This seems to be the last step before the final letting-go of the control of life-processes, which is followed by complete resolution.

When we have reduced the filth of our sewage to a condition in which it may be washed out of the soil, or absorbed by roots, then, and not until then, have we destroyed it as filth; but then it is completely destroyed. In the place of a particle of meat-fiber we have carbonic acid and water and nitrates, all available for the nourishment of growing plants, and all reduced to what is probably the only form in which vegetation can take them up. The same action converts into plant-food the other elements of the sewage. The result is no longer sewage, or urine, or fecal matter, or animal or vegetable refuse; it is the renewed elementary condition of the substances of which these various forms of filth were composed. If a crop is growing on the land, some or all of these resultant products of localized and disseminated decomposition will enter on their new cycle as plant-food. In the absence of such demand they will be more or less completely washed out of the soil by water descending through it. In either case, their career as filth is ended.

Under rude and careless methods, and, indeed, in the absence of method in mere deposits of filth, this ultimate reduction to elements will follow in time; but the process will be offensive and in every way objectionable. With proper methods the desired end is reached more rapidly, and with an entire absence of offense or objection.

Those of the bacteria which are best known multiply by division into two or more parts, each part growing to its allotted size and then dividing again. It has been stated that the *Bacterium termo* divides thus every hour: so that at the end of the first hour each one becomes two; at the end of the second hour these become four; of the third, eight; and so on, until, at the end of a single day, they number more than sixteen million. Sternberg illustrates this wonderful growth by the following statement:

> Let us represent to ourselves a cubic measure of a millimeter. This measure would contain, according to what we have just said, 633,000,000 of rod bacteria, without leaving any empty space. Now, at the end of twenty-four hours, the bacteria coming from a single rod would occupy the fortieth part of a cubic millimeter; at the end of the following day, they would fill a space equal to 442,570 of these cubes, or about half a liter. Let us admit that the space occupied by the sea is equal to two thirds of the terrestrial surface, and that its mean depth is a mile; the capacity of the ocean will be 928,000,000 cubic miles. The multiplication being continued with the same conditions, the bacteria issuing from a single germ would fill the ocean in five days.

The development of these organisms is limited only by the amount of material available as food, and by the supply of oxygen. It is resisted by the protective influence of life, by the presence of conditions unfavorable to bacterial growth, and by the actual absence of an organism to begin the growth. The organism is always abundantly present in sewage, and its development, under natural conditions, begins at once, and continues until the last vestige of available organized matter has been reduced to an oxidized condition, and so made ready to serve again as plant-food. This is the ultimate destiny of the organic impurities of sewage. The suspended matters may first serve as food for fish or insects or animalculæ, but sooner or later they must all pass through the final process of dissolution by oxidation. We may retard this process, as by the use of chemicals and disinfectants, but we can only retard it. Its agents are always at hand, and, when the proper conditions arise, they begin their work.

It is their work, and practically only their work, that completes purification, and the art of sewage disposal consists in suitably subjecting to their action the matters with which we have to deal, in such a way as to favor their activity, and to obviate offensive and dangerous conditions. The methods at the moment most in vogue do not fully accomplish this. They are necessarily empirical. They have been de-

Digitized by Google

veloped under the slow growth of experimental knowledge, and they had proceeded far, and had become well established in practice, before it was known that oxidation depended on bacterial life. The following, which was as much as could then be said, was written as recently as 1888:

It is not likely that towns situated on great rivers or on the sea-coast will, for a long time to come, give thought to any other disposal of their sewage than its discharge directly into the river or into the sea. As the country fills up, and as towns situated on small streams, or on no stream, increase in size and in wisdom, they must perforce seek for some means to get rid of the copious flow of water made foul by its passage through the houses and shops of the people. The indications are clear that legislative control of this matter cannot long be delayed; and there is no more intricate or more interesting problem now presented to the sanitarian than the correct solution of this great question of the future. Its final solution implies a better acquaintance with the ultimate methods of organic decomposition and of filtration than any one now possesses. It seems, however, as though the scientific world had at last reached the threshold of real knowledge concerning the processes by which organic matter is converted into those mineral compounds, which, inoffensive and innoxious in themselves, become, in the economy of life, the direct food of growing plants. It is these processes that we must employ in the successful destruction of all organic waste other than such as is consumed by fire. They go on in spite of us; we may delay them, or conceal them, or change the seat of their activity; we may hasten them, or modify them, but we cannot prevent them. Sooner or later, by combustion, by direct putrefaction, or by indirect fermentation, they will work their destructive end, bringing all matter that has once lived again back to the domain of life. The cycle is unceasing, and according to our action concerning it, or according to our neglect, will its influence be good or bad. Thus far we are not quite sure how our action should be guided.[1]

It was only in 1877 that Schlössing and Müntz demonstrated that oxidation in soils is due to an organized ferment. They found that sewage, slowly filtered through a column of sand of sufficient depth, was completely purified. If chloroform was introduced, benumbing as it were the organisms in the sand, no purification took place until the effect of the chloroform had passed away. They accepted this as a proof—and later knowledge confirms it—that purification is due to living organisms.

The best and most conclusive experiments and investigations that have yet been made as to the processes of purification were carried on year after year under the direction of Mr. Hiram F. Mills, C. E., at the experiment station of the Massachusetts Board of Health at Lawrence. These experiments, made with large filters of earth, sand, and gravel, are set forth in detail in the published reports of the board (1890–1891). They fully confirm and illustrate the theory of bacterial action.

They demonstrated that purification is effected by oxidation taking place in the film of sewage coating the particles of the filter, with a sufficient admission of air to supply oxygen. The essential process is not straining, but bacterial growth. For example, while the paper filter of the laboratory removes practically all of the suspended impurities of sewage, it removes only eleven per cent. of the ammonias, and only eighty per cent. of the bacteria, the slowly moving films passing over the surface of stones as large as the ball of one's thumb lose ninety-seven per cent. of their ammonias and ninety-nine per cent. of their bacteria.

Practically, it was only after this clear definition and demonstration of the processes involved, and of the methods of their application, that we were in a position to work with real knowledge. Only then could empiricism be made to give place to well-established theory. Could we now set aside the influence of long years of practical work, the atmosphere would be greatly cleared; but practical work has a very persistent influence, and the art of purifying sewage will long feel the effect of experience with methods which would not have been devised in the light of what is now known. When the first attempts were made to get rid of the impurities of sewage by artificial means, great importance was attached to their manurial value, and great profit was expected to result from their development in a useful form. The obstacle of extreme dilution was not appreciated, and it was long before the discovery was made that, as with the gold said to exist in sea-water, the attempt to separate these matters by artificial methods would cost more than they were worth.

The belief also prevailed that the chief source of offensiveness of sewage lay in the solid fecal matter that it contained, and this belief still finds much popular acceptance. One of the most prominent sanitary exhibits at the World's Fair, a Russian invention, had the separation of this matter for its chief end, and the description accompanying it urged such separation as the *sine quâ non* and the chief need of hygienic improvement. Even in Paris, where the purification of sewage is being carried out on a very large scale, and where its requirements are well understood, the use of the *tinette-filtre*, which holds back the solid portions of house-drainage until they putrefy, and then allows them to flow to the sewer in this worst possible form, has, within recent years, been allowed to come into extensive use. At Newport the

[1] "Sewerage and Land Drainage," Waring, p. 233.

Digitized by Google

old rule still prevails largely that house-drainage shall be retained in cesspools until it can, after decomposition, overflow as a foul liquid into the public sewers. The fact is that fecal matter is of far less consequence than urine and the waste of the kitchen-sink.

Then, too, it was long thought that if sewage could be purged of its suspended matter,— that which clouds it and colors it,— purification would be effected. An imperfect clarification by mechanical or chemical processes is still resorted to in some cases where a high degree of purification is really needed, although it is now well known that such clarification does not remove from sewage its most putrescible matters, nor its minute living organisms. Imperfect results which have satisfied legal requirements in Europe are, apparently for that reason, accepted as sufficient, in spite of their incompleteness.

The purification of sewage is evidently on the eve of great extension in this country, and its success requires that the importance of making it as thorough as possible should be generally appreciated. If the work is to be done at all, it is worth while to do it well. Half-way measures, like chemical precipitation, may satisfy present legal demands, and they may in exceptional cases be advisable; but they will not meet the requirements of the better-informed public opinion that is now growing up. The means for entire purification are within reach, and imperfect results will not long be accepted as sufficient.

In practical work two cardinal principles should be kept in view, and should control our action:

First. Organic wastes must be discharged at the sewer outlet in their fresh condition, before putrefaction has set in.

Second. They must be reduced to a state of complete oxidation without the intervention of dangerous or offensive decomposition.

As the difficulties attending disposal are due chiefly to the water in which the wastes are borne, sewage should be, in the interest of economy no less than of efficiency, protected against an excess and fluctuation in volume, due to the admixture of storm-water. C. H. Latrobe, C. E., describes a proper system of sewerage as being "an efficient and well-regulated machine for the speedy and unobjectionable removal of water-borne filth, and its delivery as a substantially uniform product at such a point as is desired, and in a condition capable of treatment in a uniform manner by a uniform plant, whether chemical, mechanical, or otherwise."

Only by such uniformity of flow, day by day and week by week, can our problem be simplified and our work shorn of unnecessary embarrassment. This implies the adoption of the separate system of sewerage, by which only the water necessarily fouled in houses and needed for the proper removal of wastes shall be admitted to the flow that is to be dealt with; other means being used for the removal of storm-water, and the filth of streets being taken care of otherwise than by discharge into sewers with the gutter-flow. Street dirt should be swept up, not washed away. This exclusion of storm-water will, perhaps, never be reached in all cases, but wherever it is, or is likely to become, necessary that processes of artificial purification should be adopted, there at least the withholding of storm-water and street-wash should be secured. In the great majority of towns now contemplating sewerage, purification is sure to be demanded sooner or later, and sewerage systems should there be regulated from the outset with that end in view.

In considering the requirements of disposal, we should not be too much influenced by the experience and practice of England, where a natural tendency to conservatism has led to the continued use of methods which would not have been adopted had engineers known twenty years ago what is well known now. It is not unusual to see it stated in discussions of this subject that English experience points to the provision of one acre of sewage irrigation land for each hundred of the population, and projects for irrigation are sometimes rejected here because of the great cost that would thus be entailed. The fact is that no such great amount of land is required for the proper treatment of the foul elements of the sewage. If needed at all, it is needed only to meet the demand of great floods of storm-water containing more or less street-wash, sand, and clay, sent to the fields at a time when they are already saturated with rain. Where all storm-water is excluded from the sewers, this difficulty does not exist, and the irrigation area may be limited to an amount that will, when wet with rain, still admit the volume necessarily resulting from the copious use of water in our houses. Just what this limit is to be cannot now be determined. It will vary according to the character of the soil. Clay will absorb much less water than loam, sand, and gravel will, and ground underlaid with a porous subsoil, or thoroughly underdrained, will absorb more than ground underlaid with compact clay. At the same time, if only heavy land is available, this may be much improved by artificial drainage; and the freedom of its drainage will increase as time goes on, so that it will ultimately be able to cope with an increased flow.

Experience at Gennevilliers has demonstrated that, on permeable lands, even when

Digitized by Google

the sewage is entirely at the discretion of the landholders, so that they may use what they want and as they want it, one acre may receive the sewage of over four hundred and fifty persons. At Breslau, where the storm-water is admitted to the sewers, the proportion is about one acre to four hundred persons. With a suitable soil,—the sewage being entirely free from storm-water, and provision being made for occasional disposal by filtration beds when the condition of the crops indicates the desirability of withholding the sewage from the fields,—one acre for three hundred persons or more would be quite safe. With intermittent downward filtration alone, in its intensified form, one acre may be made to suffice for one thousand persons or more. This capacity was reached, and was much exceeded, in England, in the Intermittent Downward Filtration Works of J. Bailey Denton.

Occupying a middle ground between the combined system of sewerage which takes in the whole rainfall, and the strictly separate system which excludes it all, there is what is known in England as the "separate system," from which street-flow is excluded, but to which roof and yard water is admitted. This is a compromise that secures only mitigation. Like all compromises, it falls far short of the best result. It leads to such wide fluctuations in the volume of flow as to call for greatly increased areas of land to absorb, during storms, surplus water which is of no use to any proper office of the sewers, and which might usually better be disposed of in some other way. The adequacy of the strictly separate system is now, after extensive and various use, so well established in this country that it may be said to be accepted as the best system for the smaller towns, assuring them a regular volume for treatment when the time for artificial purification comes. This will call for much less land than is needed where only the street-flow is excluded, leaving still great volumes of roof-water to reach the fields.

The methods of disposal to which recourse is now had are mainly:

1. Broad irrigation. 2. Intermittent filtration. 3. Chemical precipitation. Sedimentation and straining, while resorted to in rare cases, have little to commend them to favor.

1. Broad irrigation consists in the flowing of sewage in thin sheets over the surface of the ground, in such a way as to bring it into contact with the soil and with vegetation growing upon it, and to allow a soaking of the liquid into the ground, to a greater or less depth, according to its porosity or absorbent character. In its best application, the flow is all absorbed before the limit of the area is reached. The water of the sewage is removed by downward filtration, by evaporation from the surface, and by being taken up by growing vegetation. The impurities are oxidized in the absorbed or flowing liquid, or are strained out by particles of the soil, etc., and are thus so exposed to the access of oxygen that purifying bacterial growth effects their rapid resolution. The *rationale* of the processes of purification with irrigation is practically the same as with filtration. The application of the sewage is intermittent, only so much being applied at once as can be taken up by the land. The intermission of the flow is sufficient to allow the water to disappear, leaving the ground moist, but not wet. It is now ready for a new application, but the longer the time between doses, within reasonable limits, the more complete is the destruction of the retained wastes. As first applied, the flow has the general appearance of dilute soapsuds; rags, vegetable parings, and other grosser solids having usually been withheld by screening. As the flow passes on, its coloring matter having been retained, it becomes clearer and clearer, and, after a sufficient distance has been traversed, it is not only clear but clean. This description relates to the use on smooth land, usually covered with grass, grain, etc. For use in the growth of vegetables, nursery stock, etc., the area is better formed into ridges and furrows, the plants growing on the ridges and the sewage flowing in and absorbed by the furrows.

2. In intermittent filtration large volumes of sewage are applied to small areas of land, submerging it to a considerable depth, and soaking into the earth in the interval between doses. A larger proportion of the impurities of the sewage attaches itself to the particles of soil below the surface than in broad irrigation, and a smaller proportion of the water is removed by evaporation. The success of this method calls for a much more porous soil than is required for irrigation, and ample drainage is more important. The bacterial action extends to a greater depth.

No sharp line can be drawn separating irrigation from filtration. The differences are differences of degree rather than of kind. If an absorptive soil, with good drainage, is used for irrigation, so much of the flow will sink into the ground as to make it largely a filtration system; while with filtration through beds of considerable extent, the surface exposure of the area, after the subsidence of the sewage, differs little from that which follows an irrigation flow.

With both methods the result is good—more or less good, of course, according to the skill of arrangement, and to the carefulness of

Digitized by Google

management. Under the best conditions it is practically perfect, the effluent being freer from organic impurities and from bacteria than the purest river water used for the supply of towns. I was one of a large party of visiting engineers who drank freely of the pure and sparkling outflow of the underdrains of the Gennevilliers sewage-fields.

The Massachusetts experiments showed that the filtration of sewage through very fine, nearly white sand, at the rate of 25,000 gallons per acre per day, and during cold weather, produced an effluent containing less nitrogenous organic matter than the waters of Lake Winnipiseogee.[1]

The adoption of one or the other of these methods will be indicated by quality of soil, area available, cost of purchase, and other local conditions. The ideal disposal-field would be one of such an absorbent character that sewage would not flow to its farthest limit before disappearing in the ground, and with such a slope as to give it a lively flow, and to prevent ponding. It would be, in short, coarse gravelly or sandy land, with a smooth surface and a marked slope. On such land full crops could be grown, even with heavy flooding, at short intervals.

3. Chemical precipitation is a much more artificial system. The sewage is treated with certain quantities of lime, salts of iron, or other chemicals, and the velocity of its flow is arrested by large vats or tanks placed in its course. Something of the nature of a coagulum is formed, having a greater specific gravity than water, and this settles to the bottom, carrying with it enough of the suspended matters to leave the liquid more or less clear and transparent. This clearer portion is drawn off and discharged into a stream or otherwise, and the sediment, known as "sludge," is from time to time removed and subjected to special treatment, the best method being to squeeze out its surplus water in filter-presses, forming solid cakes, which may be conveniently handled. The purification effected is more apparent than real, and precipitation is applicable only to conditions where apparent purification is the chief end in view. It is sometimes supplemented with irrigation or filtration, when it becomes merely a method for withholding coarse, fibrous, or adhesive matters, which might clog the ground and so lessen its absorptive capacity. This is little more than a theoretical advantage, for there is a simpler and much less costly way to obviate such clogging, which, in fact, is rarely serious when the land is reasonably porous.

As has already been said, chemical precipitation is at best a half-way measure. It does not even remove the most putrescible impurities of the sewage, and the effluent sometimes contains more bacteria than the incoming sewage did, owing probably to their development in the tanks during retention.

There is sometimes a controlling reason for adopting this process, as in the impracticability of procuring land suitable for filtration or irrigation; but this applies with much more force and frequency to Europe than to this country. Even where apparent economy suggests the use of this system, it is always a question of paying less money for a less complete result, with a probability that future requirements for better purification may compel an ultimate outlay greater than the cost of an original resort to the better process.

In the application of irrigation and filtration processes, the coarser elements of the crude sewage must be withheld. Solid fecal matter need hardly be considered in this connection. It is so broken up and macerated in its flow through the sewers as almost entirely to disappear. The amount reaching the field is inconsiderable and of no effect, and may be disregarded. There is, however, a certain amount of coarse paper, rags, vegetable parings (which would be objectionable on the score of appearance), and a good deal of paper-pulp sediment and adhesive matters, which, if allowed to flow over the land, might so coat it as to interfere with absorption. This latter is the only element of what in chemical processes goes to make up the large quantity of sludge that calls for special treatment in irrigation. The coarser objects are easily retained by a screen placed near the mouth of the sewer,—preferably a horizontal screen,—over which the water flows, and which has an outlet to the field underneath it.

The withholding of paper pulp and other fibrous matters may be affected by a method applied at Wayne, Pennsylvania, where the flow of sewage during irrigation is at the rate of about 10,000 gallons per hour. The field is divided into five sections of about two acres each, for alternate use. The sewage reaches them over and through straining areas formed of broken stone (macadam), averaging about eight inches deep, seventy-five feet wide, and ninety feet long. These retain most of the fibrous and gummy materials and they gradually disappear.

Just as the coarser parts of the sludge-forming material attach themselves to the surfaces of the broken stone, so the finer parts attach themselves to the surfaces of the earthy particles, grass, etc., over which the flow continues, and the sewage is thus clarified very early in its course.

If the flow were uninterrupted, absorption and purification would soon cease. Fibrous and gummy materials would so accumulate as to

[1] "Report of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts," 1890, p. 254.

Digitized by Google

make an impervious mat over the ground, preventing absorption and aëration. With intermittent application this does not occur; what has been deposited on the field by one dose of sewage is so changed during the dry interval as to lose its felting quality. There is no accumulation from dose to dose, gradually to close the surface of the filter.

In all forms of irrigation and filtration disposal, intermittent application is the key to success. Completeness of purification may be favored by long intervals, but capacity for purifying large volumes calls rather for intervals as short as will suffice to get rid of surface accumulations and to maintain a pure effluent.

The oxidizing organisms are short lived. When their food has been consumed, they disappear, and their disappearance implies a reduction of oxidizing capacity. This can be maintained at its maximum only by keeping up the full working force that the soil we use can accommodate. The condition in this respect cannot, of course, be regulated with anything like exactness, but experience and increasing knowledge will enable us so to adjust the supply to the demands of full activity as to approach more and more nearly to a maximum efficiency. The indications are that the conditions affecting absorption, aëration, and the maintenance of a full supply of organisms will improve with use, and especially with frequent use; so that the capacity of any suitable soil to purify sewage may be increased, not indefinitely, but to a point that has nowhere yet been reached, at least in irrigation.

We are still far from knowing enough of the detailed working of disposal processes to determine what would secure the best results in any given case, but we are at least so sure of our ground that we can work in the right direction; and we can now safely cut loose from the restrictions imposed by early English practice, where — in view of the occasional great increase of flow over rain-saturated land, due to the admission of storm-water to sewers, and of the supposed need for maintaining a good agricultural condition — it was deemed necessary to provide very large areas of land, and where it was thought that, even then, considerable periods of rest were requisite.

Under conditions which are generally available, we may feel safe with an acre for each three hundred of the population, and under conditions which are not very exceptional, one acre per thousand of population may suffice.

The practical results of broad irrigation in works of long standing show that the process, when well carried on, is devoid of all offense, and may be made to yield agricultural returns which will go far toward paying the cost of maintenance. At Gennevilliers, where irrigation and filtration are combined, and where the soil is gravelly, the sewage of Paris is made purer than the best drinking water of that city. Prosperity has been brought into the district, which was originally a poor one. Land that was formerly of trifling value now sells for $2000 or more per acre, and its rental value has quadrupled. The population has increased by one half, and general prosperity has taken the place of comparative penury. The health of the people is excellent, and even in 1882, when there was a cruel epidemic of typhoid fever in Paris, there was none here. The general mortality of Gennevilliers in 1865 was thirty-two per thousand. In 1876 it was twenty-five, and in 1881 only twenty-two. Measures have now been taken to extend the same system over other lands, sufficient for the purification of the entire outflow of the sewers of Paris, save during floods of the Seine, when there is no objection to its direct discharge therein.

Correspondingly good results have been reached at Berlin, Breslau, and elsewhere. In fact, the entire adequacy of disposal by application to agricultural lands has been fully and finally demonstrated. Wherever suitable land can be had, this method of disposal meets with no obstacles which experience has not shown us how to surmount, and it encounters no prejudices which acquaintance with its details does not remove. Sewerage engineers are sometimes asked where it is best to "dump the sewage," and other expressions are used suggestive of the disposal of putrid filth by night-soil carts. Sometimes the owners of adjoining lands object to the establishment of a sewage-field, in the belief that it will become a nuisance.

The fact is that the "dumped" matter is fresh and inoffensive, is mainly invisible save as it clouds the flow, and is a thousand times diluted. If its treatment is properly regulated, it is withdrawn from the diluting water and completely destroyed in a manner that is imperceptible to our senses; and in the case of broad irrigation, with the effect of producing a luxuriant vegetation during the growing season. At Wayne, Pennsylvania, a protesting neighbor, who had apprehended an insufferable nuisance, soon expressed a regret that his land was not so situated that the sewage could be made to flow over it.

If there is still room for doubt on any point, it is as to the character of the few bacteria which escape the action of the process employed, and are found in the effluent. It is not known that disease germs ever exist among these, and it is altogether probable that they do not. So far as these organisms are understood, it is thought that they cannot withstand the destructive activity of the oxidizing and nitrifying organisms which are always present.

Digitized by Google

and it is believed that only these hardier ones exist in the effluent of land-purification works. Certain it is that no instance has been reported where contagion has been carried by such effluents, and experience at Gennevilliers has shown that typhoid fever and cholera, when rife in Paris, were completely arrested at the irrigation-fields. At Berlin, also, it is stated that no disease has been suspected of having been communicated by the sewage to any one of the large populations of the irrigation-farms.

The same methods that are used for the purifying of sewage of towns are applicable, with suitable modifications, to the sewage of single houses. There are hundreds of cases in this country where the whole liquid outflow of the household is perfectly disposed of by subsurface irrigation on a small part of an ordinary village lot. The use of the noisome and dangerous cesspool and vault has given place to a system in which putrefaction is unknown, and in which no menace to health exists — as it always exists in a cesspool system.

Chemical precipitation was adopted at the World's Fair to render the sewage fit for discharge into Lake Michigan at an unfrequented point. This it accomplished. The process was under the control of Mr. Allen Hazen, chemist of the Lawrence (Mass.) experimental station. The results and conditions of the work, where four independent tanks were used, were carefully watched, and constant analyses were also made. Mr. Hazen gives the determinations of a single day (August 16), some of which are as follows:

The sediment in the sewage being "much," it was also "much" in two of the effluents, and "decided" in the other two. It is indicated that the sediment of the sewage being 26, that of the effluents averaged 12½.

The chlorine of the sewage being 4.4, the average of that of the effluents was 5.0. The albumenoid ammonia of the sewage being .95, that of the effluents averaged .45. The free ammonia of the sewage being 3.30, that of the effluents averaged 3.45.

There were 4,000,000 bacteria in a cubic centimeter of the sewage. In an equal volume of each of the four effluents the average was 8,200,000.

About two weeks earlier, when the writer visited the works, there was much odor in and about the building, and the effluent was much colored and had a foul smell. Mr. Hazen's final report will be awaited with interest.

The Massachusetts Board of Health made elaborate experiments in chemical precipitation, reaching the conclusion that

It is quite impossible to obtain effluents by chemical precipitation which will compare in organic purity with those obtained by filtration through sand. It is possible to remove from one half to two thirds of the organic matters of sewage by precipitation with a proper amount of an iron or alumina salts, and it seems probable that, in some cases at least, if the process is carried out with the same care as is required in the purification of sewage by intermittent filtration, a result may be obtained which will effectively prevent a public nuisance.

Where the purpose is to secure such a removal of obvious impurities as to allow the effluent to pass into a watercourse during the few months of its low stages without opposition from those past whom the stream flows, and under other exceptional conditions, precipitation may be used with advantage. It will, in some cases, be a question as to the permanent adequacy of the relief. Will conditions which satisfy riparian owners now continue to satisfy them when they know more about the subject; and will streams into which an impure effluent may now be admitted, because they are not sources of water-supply, continue so long exempt from the effect of legislation looking to the preservation of the purity of streams, as to make it worth while to use a method of only relative efficiency? The conditions of each case must be considered by themselves, and there are doubtless instances where incomplete purification will satisfy the needs of many years to come.

If this incomplete result will suffice, it is even then to be questioned whether it is best to be secured by chemical precipitation. What is needed in such cases is to remove from the sewage its coarse, fibrous, and sedimentary contents, and enough of its suspended matters to reduce its turbidity to about that of the stream which is to receive it. The experience at Wayne indicates that a simpler and more economical way to do this is to be found in irrigation. Thus far it is only indicated, but the extension of irrigation processes will give further opportunity to study the effect of a brief flow under proper conditions, and will doubtless enable us to formulate an effective plan that will suffice for cases where only a clarified affluent is demanded.

Each of the three fan-shaped sections of the Wayne field begins with a screen of broken stone, having an area of about 6750 square feet. The sewage, previously screened of its rags, etc., in flowing over and through these stones, deposits all of its coarser impurities. It then passes over an area about seventy feet wide, having a fall of one foot in three feet, and containing nearly 10,000 square feet. At the lower edge of this a porous barrier collects the flow for even distribution over the next section, which has a fall of one in four, is sixty feet wide, and has an area of nearly 11,000

Digitized by Google

square feet. At the foot of this the sewage has little color, and is freely drunk by dogs. Here it passes through another barrier, and flows over a section, with a fall of about one in six, 120 feet wide, with an area of about 28,000 square feet. The condition of the sewage is now vastly improved. By the time it has reached the lower edge of this section it is perfectly clear and apparently pure. It is often tasted by visitors. It is obviously a better effluent than that of any precipitation works of which the conditions have been published. If the hillside were less steep, the result would be still better. The three sections occupying the hillside vary little in size and arrangement. The combined area of the three is about four acres. These are capable of cleansing, to the extent indicated, over 200,000 gallons of sewage per day, each section having two days' rest to one day's use. That portion of the field that is described above requires attention equal to less than the daily services of one intelligent laborer.

As is usual when the separate system of sewerage is used, the flow has no odor, and all of the retained matters are inoffensively destroyed under free exposure to the air. The effluent at the barrier last referred to is not only apparently pure, but it is nearly pure enough for admission to such a stream as is under consideration; that is, it is fit to be discharged wherever the effluent of precipitation works may be discharged. No sludge is accumulated, there is no outlay for chemicals, and over the lower two thirds of the tract there is a strong growth of grass which thrives with three heavy floodings in one day, followed by a dry condition for two days.

The method of disposal by irrigation or filtration is an extremely flexible one. It is susceptible of modifications that will make it suitable for a great variety of circumstances, and for a wide range of soil and of surface conformation.

It is equally available for a single house, for a village, or for a town, and its processes are so nearly automatic that its use on a small scale entails no material cost or care in maintenance. With a small area for surface distribution near the house, it is only necessary to provide a simple intermittent flush-tank, with an outlet that can be changed to either of the two or three alternate sections into which the area is divided, each large enough to absorb a few hundred gallons of water. Little attention will be needed beyond the periodic directing of the flow to one section or to the other. It is desirable that this ground should be withdrawn from full sight, but only for esthetic reasons; there will be no odor.

In like manner the sewage from a large hotel, or from a dozen houses, or from a village or a town, may be controlled with only such increase of cost and attention as the larger service entails. The important recent improvements in methods of application have been in the direction of simplicity, and the following facts are now fully established:

1. House drainage is practically odorless when first produced. It does not become offensive unless retained until it putrefies — only after a day or more.

2. If applied when fresh to the surface of suitable ground, its water is removed in a condition fit even for safe drinking, and its impurities are completely destroyed, both in winter and summer, without offense or danger of any kind.

In short, the bugbear of sewage disposal has been done away with, and we are now in a position to adopt simple and unobjectionable methods, which will produce a perfectly satisfactory result in all but very exceptional cases.

It will be of interest to the people of New York to know that the treatment herein set forth is especially applicable to the care of the Croton watershed. It is perfectly suited, and it is the only method that is suited, to the complicated conditions there presented. By its means every town, village, residence, factory, or farm that may cause a pollution of the Croton supply can be brought under such control as to be made harmless, at a minimum of cost and at a minimum of inconvenience to the owners. The processes used would be so easily brought under the control of the inspection that would be necessary in any case, that the purity of the water-supply would be permanently assured — as it can be assured by no other means thus far devised.

George E. Waring, Jr.

Digitized by Google

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A Life of Napoleon Bonaparte.

NEARLY two years ago the following statement was given to the press: "One of the next great features of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE will be a fit successor to the famous 'War Series,' the 'Life of Lincoln,' and other important historical works which have first seen the light in the pages of that magazine. This is no other than a new, thorough, scholarly, and yet popular life of Napoleon I. by a distinguished American student and professor of history. Such a work is important and timely because of the abundant new materials furnished by the opening of the different national archives, and by the publication of valuable memoirs. Lanfrey's 'Napoleon' is incomplete, and written with a polemic purpose. Thus far no biography of the extraordinary man has appeared in either English or French which is free from rancor, and attentive to the laws of historical criticism. No one could have so fine a perspective, or be more dispassionate in his judgments, than a competent American writer. The Life will be illustrated in THE CENTURY'S most complete and artistic manner."

Since the above was given out, the preparation of the life has progressed so satisfactorily that the time for the beginning of its publication will before long be definitely announced. Meantime the interest in Napoleon has had a revival that is phenomenal in its extent and intensity — as evinced in a flood of publications; in the preparation of works of art dealing with the period; in the demand for autographs, portraits, and relics of all kinds. Even the theater has taken up the theme, and still the craze increases. As a distinguished Frenchman remarked the other day, "Napoleon seems again to have hypnotized the French people."

Under the circumstances, the timeliness of THE CENTURY'S undertaking is more than ever apparent, and the necessity has become still greater for a full statement of Napoleon's career, and its effect upon subsequent history, unmarred by partizanship, and elucidated by the latest developments of scholarly research.

The Look from Above Downward.

THERE is probably no state of mind which passes so unsuspectedly near to insanity as that in which persons in one set of the social world sometimes regard those in another. The educated but uncultured vulgarian whose ancestor committed some sort of legalized robbery, the result of which is shown in that vulgarian's imperfect knowledge of Latin, and perfection of knowledge in leading "the german" — this person's attitude toward his betters outside of the "set" into which his money has brought him is as lunatic as it is ludicrous. There is no doubt a reality at the basis of social distinctions, and yet these distinctions have acquired so much of the artificial that they create an atmosphere absolutely false. Imagine a naked soul before its Maker, side by side with other souls similarly situated, and the insanity of precedence becomes abhorrently apparent. In literature, if the social insanity has entered the heart of the artist, his work is fatally vitiated; evidences of this fact adorn the long history of the ridiculous.

It is a similar insanity which taints much of the international criticism of our day, especially the criticism by the elder of the younger communities, especially the criticism by England of America. When confined to the social world, it is a part of contemporary gossip, and is not ill-fitted to the conversational requirements of the club, of after-dinner tit-for-tattle, and the pleasantries of the international short story. Confined to such quarters, it can do comparatively little harm, and does doubtless conduce to the desirable gaiety of nations.

But when this tone dominates the organs of criticism, and passes into more permanent forms of literature, it is against good manners and good morals; it is degrading to those who put it forth, and distinctly injurious to the spiritual intercommunication and mutual helpfulness of allied civilizations.

We are led to these remarks at this moment by the sight of a little book that carries on its title-page the stamp of so sweet and gentle a fame that we refuse to name it in a connection so ungracious. We do not even desire to quote the contemptuous phrases with which this once gentle writer adorns his page when reference is made to the American community, because we do not care to identify the book, nor do we wish to preach good morals to one who is possibly more deficient in manners and good temper than actually in morals, and who would not take kindly to transatlantic lecturing in any case. And yet we should like to say, in some inoffensive way, to this writer and to his kind, that we cannot for our lives reconcile his apparent love for spiritual things, and all his many pleasant qualities, with his unchristian libels upon a country of which he is inexcusably ignorant. We should like to say that religious writing is a good thing, but that a man injures his influence as a religious writer by flagrant lying; in other words, that it might be wise to confine one's piety to *one* book, and one's lying to *another*, for then the second book could be thrown away, and the first — perhaps — cherished.

In the little book to which we refer the statement is made, for instance, that in America "art is absolutely non-existent." Now, there is no way to characterize an assertion of this sort except by calling it an injurious falsehood. And why should one be privileged to lie about a nation any more than about an individual? That the author who uttered that preposterous untruth is ignorant of the condition of the arts of wood-engraving, illustration, stained-glass, decoration, sculpture, painting, landscape-gardening, architecture, etc., in the new world is no excuse for his falsehood; though it occurs to us that, for all we know to the contrary, even if he personally should inspect the arts in the new world, he might still be unable to estimate them at their true value, owing to some congenital peculiarity or to lack of training.

The tone to which we refer, and which is particularly

Digitized by Google

prevalent in certain English journals, is, as we have said, similar to that which is apparent in the social world. It implies an ignoble view of life; it indicates a curious lack of humility of soul, an absence of the fearless pursuit of truth. But Americans can easily reconcile themselves to its expression when uttered with the lion roar of a Carlyle. What they particularly object to is the thin imitation of this roar by third- and fourth-rate journalistic critics, whose attitude is singularly like that of the Southern negroes, in the old days, toward the "white folks" with whom their masters did not happen to be acquainted. There is a difference between being snubbed by the colored butler and by the "head of the house." Neither snubbing is pleasant, but the one is a trifle less absurd than the other.

No doubt every thoughtful Englishman deprecates certain faults, certain unfortunate tendencies, in the world about him; so, surely, does every thoughtful American, and the latter, as the former, welcomes helpful, sane criticism from whatever source. American spread-eagleism, unfortunately, is never quite extinct, any more than is the traditional John Bull arrogance. But the tremendous problems that confront all modern society in the old world as in the new should induce a spirit of mutual understanding and sympathy. This is no time for the look from above downward; it is no time for bearing false witness. We commend the latter saying especially to religious writers.

Voting by Machine.

THE opinion is virtually unanimous among the advocates of ballot-reform who have inspected in operation the working of the Myers ballot-machine, that it, or some similar invention, is destined within a few years to come into general use in this country. They recognize in it the next logical step, after the adoption of the Australian blanket-ballot, in the direction of an absolutely secret and honest system of voting. That it does insure not only secrecy and honesty in the voting, but also honesty in the counting, cannot be questioned. In these respects its merits are beyond dispute, as a summary of its methods of operation will show.

It should be said, before entering upon a description of the machine, that it has been tried in many town elections in New York State in 1892 and 1893, and in all cases has worked to complete satisfaction. Its use in town elections was authorized by a law of 1892, which provided that any town might, by a majority vote of its town-board, put the system into operation as an experiment. The law was passed so late in 1892 that only one town, Lockport, was able to avail itself of the privilege in that year. The trial there was so successful, however, that in 1893 many towns, aggregating 50,000 or more voters, were induced to make the experiment, and the result in all cases was a success so unequivocal that no dissenting voices were heard.

The machines are very simple in their operation. They are inclosed in booths, or cabinets, of sheet steel, seven feet high and five feet wide and deep. Each booth is divided by a steel partition into two compartments, one for the voter, which is about four or five feet in dimensions, and the other for the automatic counting-device, which is about one foot by five. The voter enters his compartment by the entrance door, which is guarded, and which locks behind him. The interior is lighted by electricity or a lamp, there being no windows. As he steps inside, the voter sees before him an enlarged blanket-ballot, with the names of candidates arranged vertically in party columns, each column printed in a different color, and to the right of each candidate's name a small knob to be pressed. That is to say, the Democratic ticket appears as a long yellow card, the Republican ticket as a red one, and the Prohibition ticket as a blue one. By pressing a knob at the right of a candidate's name, he moves a numbering-device which registers one vote for that candidate on the other side of the steel partition, and at the same time locks all the knobs for other candidates for that particular office, so that no one can vote for more than one candidate for any one office. If he is an illiterate man, and wishes to vote a straight party ticket, he need know only the color of his party-ticket in order to vote intelligently. All he needs to do is to press in all the knobs on that ticket. If he is an intelligent voter, and wishes to vote for candidates on various tickets, he can very easily do so by making his selections upon all the ballots as they are arranged side by side before him. All the knobs pressed in remain in that position till the voter leaves the compartment by a door other than that by which he entered. This door can be opened only from the inside. The opening of it releases all the knobs, restoring them to their original position in readiness for the next voter, and at the same time unlocks the entrance door. As the outgoing voter closes the exit door behind him, a gong sounds, and the machine is then ready for the next occupant.

The speed with which voting is done by this method is surprising. In an election in the town of North Tonawanda, in April, 1893, there were three machines in use in a total poll of 1359 voters. There were three party tickets, with a grand total of ninety candidates. Not a single mistake or failure was made. The shortest time occupied by any one elector in recording his vote was five seconds, and the longest one minute and forty-five seconds. In the first half-hour 122 electors voted. When the polls were closed, sealed doors at the sides were removed, uncovering the counting-device upon which the vote for each candidate was registered. A wire screen inside the sealed doors so guards the figures that they cannot be reached or changed. Within an hour after the polls were closed, the exact result on all candidates was announced. In small towns in which only one machine has been necessary, like Brighton, with 551 votes, 44 candidates, and two ballots, the result has been announced within six minutes after the closing of the polls. One machine will take the place of ten or twelve voting-booths required by the Australian system.

The merits of this method of voting are obvious. In the first place, the vote is absolutely secret. The voter can leave no trace whatever of the kind of ballot that he has voted, for nothing is recorded except the figures. There is no ballot upon which a distinguishing mark of any kind can be placed to show to an election official that a bribed voter has kept his bargain. In this respect the machine is the only method of voting thus far devised which cannot be circumvented by election bribers. In the second place, there can be no tampering with the count, for it is made automatically and with unquestionable accuracy. In the third place, there is greater speed in ascertaining the result than is possible under any other system. All expense for ballots

Digitized by Google

is eliminated. The use of colors makes unnecessary the granting of aid to illiterates within the compartments.

The objections to the machine are, first, that it affords no means of rectifying mistakes on the part of the voter, for if he presses the wrong knob inadvertently, the vote is recorded beyond recall; second, that it is in the interest of straight party voting of the blindest and most unreasoning kind; and third, that it makes no provision for the voter who wishes to cast a ballot for some name not upon the regular ballots. The first objection is the most serious, though there is this to be said of it, that in all trials thus far made of the machine no mistake of the kind mentioned has been made. The second objection is one that applies to all those adaptations of the Australian ballot-system which arrange the names of candidates in party columns, with a party name, and sometimes an emblem also, at the top. There are nineteen States which have laws providing such arrangements. The third objection is met by an improvement in the machine which its inventor has designed. It consists of a blank column arranged with knobs like the others. When one of its knobs is pressed in, a slot opens in the column in which appears a roll of paper of sufficient width to allow a name to be written or pasted upon it. The slot is closed by the opening of the exit door, and the roll of paper is turned in such a way as to present a blank space to the next voter wishing to use it.

A machine similar to the Myers was invented by J. W. Rhines of St. Paul in 1889. He applied the principle which Myers uses to a desk with a keyboard. When the voter opened the desk, which was placed in a stall in the voting-room in full view of the election officers, a screen was drawn up before the stall, shutting him from observation. The vote was recorded in the same manner as in the Myers machine. The Rhines machine arranged the keys in the alphabetical order of candidates' names under each office, requiring the voter to read and select the name of each candidate for whom he wished to vote; but its inventor also had in mind the adaptation to it of the party-column principle in colors which is employed in the Myers device.

OPEN LETTERS.

Forestry Legislation in Europe.

GERMANY.

I SHOULD like to know who first started the nursery-story, which has been propagated in the United States beyond extirpation, that paternalism in forestry is so rampant in Germany that the owner of forest property who cuts down one tree is obliged to plant two. Curiously enough, in Germany, where forestry is found in the highest state of development,—or perhaps just because of that condition,—laws regarding the use of private forest property are less stringent than among the other nations who have paid attention to the matter.

The various governments own and manage in a conservative spirit about one third of the forest area, and they also control the management of another sixth, which belongs to villages, cities, and public institutions, in so far as these communities are obliged to employ expert foresters, and must submit their working-plans to the government for approval, thus preventing improvident and wasteful methods. The principle upon which this control is based is the one we recognize when we limit by law the indebtedness that any community or town may incur. The other half of the forest property in the hands of private owners is managed mostly without interference, although upon methods similar to those employed by the government, and by trained foresters who receive their education in one of the eight higher and several lower schools of forestry which the various governments have established.

The several states differ in their laws regarding forest property. Of the private forests seventy per cent. are without any control whatever, while thirty per cent. are subject to supervision, so far as clearing and devastation are concerned.

In Saxony no state control whatever exists. In Bavaria, Baden, Wurtemberg, and other principalities, clearing without the consent of the authorities and devastation of private forests are forbidden, and there are also some regulations regarding the maintenance of "protective forests"; but altogether the laws are not stringent.

In Prussia, which represents nearly two thirds of Germany, private forests are absolutely free from governmental interference. When, however, a neighbor fears that by the clearing of an adjoining forest his land may be injured, he can call for a viewing jury, and obtain an injunction against clearing, if such anticipated damage is proved. Since he has to bear not only the cost of such proceedings, but also any damage resulting from the interference, the law is rarely if ever called into play.

The government, either communal or state, can also make application for such a process in cases where damage to the public can be proved from a wilful treatment of a private forest.

From the fact that hardly 10,000 acres have in this way become "protective" forests, it may be gathered that the law has been largely inoperative.

The tendency on the part of the government has been rather toward persuasive measures. Thus, in addition to buying up or acquiring by exchange, and reforesting waste lands,—some 300,000 acres have been so reforested during the last twenty-five years,—the government gives assistance to private owners in reforesting their waste land. During the last ten years $300,000 was granted in this way.

However, voices have called loudly for a closer supervision, and for extension of the control of the state over the use of private forest property.

AUSTRIA.

THE status of forest legislation is very different in Austria, where, with a larger proportion of mountainous territory, the results of the unrestricted free will of private owners are more severely felt. The country on

Digitized by Google

the Karst, along the Mediterranean, which was well wooded, well watered, rich, and fruitful, famous for its mild climate, has been changed into an arid, sterile plain, interspersed with stony and parched hillsides, the replanting of which was made well nigh impossible by opening the country to the hot, dry winds.

This and other experiences led, in 1852, to the adoption of a forest law by which is prescribed not only a strict supervision over the forests owned by communities, but also over those owned by private individuals.

Not only are the state forests (comprising less than thirty per cent. of the total forest area) rationally managed, and the management of the communal forests (nearly forty per cent.) officially supervised, but private owners (holding about thirty-two per cent.) are prevented from devastating their forest property to the detriment of adjoiners. No clearing for agricultural use can be made without the consent of the district authorities, from which, however, an appeal to a civil judge is possible, who adjusts the conflict of interests.

When dangers from land-slides, avalanches, or torrents, are feared, and private owners cannot bear the expense of precautionary measures, the state may expropriate.

Any cleared or cut forest must be replanted or reseeded within five years; on sandy soils and mountain-sides clearing is forbidden, and only culling of the ripe timber is allowed. Where damage from the removal of a forest belt which acted as a wind-break is feared, the owner may not remove it until the neighbor has had time to secure his own protection. That neglect in taking care of forest fires subjects the offender not only to fine, but to paying damages to the injured, goes without saying. In addition, freedom from taxation for twenty-five years is granted for all new plantations, and premiums are paid under certain circumstances. The authorities aid in the extinguishing of fires as well as in the fighting of insects.

Finally, to insure a rational management of forests, the owners of large areas must employ competent foresters whose qualifications satisfy the authorities, opportunity for the education of such being given in one higher, three middle, and four lower class forestry schools.

HUNGARY.

In Hungary also, where liberty of private property rights, and strong objection to government interference, had been jealously upheld, a complete reaction set in some fifteen years ago, which led to the law of 1880, giving the state control of private forest property as in Austria.

ITALY.

Italy furnishes, perhaps, the best object-lesson of the relation of forest-cover and waterflow.

Though provincial governments had for a long time tried here and there to regulate forest use, the first comprehensive measure that recognized the urgent necessity of state interference was the law of 1877. An improved law was placed on the statute-books in 1888.

Under this law, the Department of Agriculture, in coöperation with the Department of Public Works and in consultation with the forestal committee of the province and the respective owners, is to designate the territory which for public reasons must be reforested under governmental control.

The owners may associate themselves for the purpose of reforestation, and for the purpose may then borrow money at low interest from the State Soil-Credit Institution, the Forest Department contributing three fifths of the cost of reforestation upon condition that the work is done according to its plans, and within the time specified by the government. Where the owners do not consent or fail to do the work, the department has the right to expropriate and reforest alone, the owners having, however, the right to redeem within five years, paying price paid together with cost of reforestation and interest. The department has also the right to restrict and regulate pasturage, paying, however, compensation for such restriction, and any other damage arising to the owner in the non-use of his property. It is estimated that over 500,000 acres will have to be reforested at a cost of $12,000,000.

RUSSIA.

In Russia, until lately, liberty to cut, burn, destroy, and devastate was unrestricted; but in 1888 a comprehensive and well-considered law cut off, so far as this can be done on paper, this liberty of vandalism. For autocratic Russia this law is rather timid, and is in the nature of a compromise between communal and private interests, in which much if not all depends on the good will of the private owner. In this it reminds us of much of our own legislation, beautiful in theory, but a dead letter in practice, because its execution is left to those inimical to the laws. If we may trust reports, the law has so far had the very opposite effect of what it intended, owners, from fear of further control, slaughtering and devastating their properties recklessly.

A sharp distinction is made between "protective" and other forests. For the former the government at its own expense prepares plans of management, and relieves of taxation all such forests and new plantations. If expenses of reforestation become necessary, and the owner refuses to act, the government can expropriate, the owner having the right of redemption within ten years. The demarcation of protective forests and their control are placed under a forestry council, consisting of law-officers, officers of the general administration, and of the local forest administration. The owners, however, have much to say in the matter, the tendency being everywhere visible to obviate restriction of private rights on one hand and expenditure of the government funds on the other.

For private forests not classed as protective, the right to clear is to be dependent on the consent of the council, while too severe culling, or the cutting of proportionately too large quantities without regard to reproduction, is also forbidden, but the means for ascertaining infractions are not provided. If any devastation has taken place, replanting becomes obligatory, and the government forester may execute the planting at the expense of the delinquent owner. The foresters must also give to the owners advice concerning management free of charge; but since they are overburdened with the duties in the administration of the government forests, it is not likely that they will be able to superintend all that is demanded of them.

It should be added that the Imperial Bank loans for long time on forests well administered as a matter of encouragement to rational forest management, and the

Digitized by Google

government sustains four higher, seven middle, and thirteen lower forestry schools.

SWITZERLAND.

ALTHOUGH sporadic enactments of the cantons tending to check forest devastation are found as early as the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries, only with the beginning of the present century was the matter seriously taken in hand by the different cantons, when restrictive laws were passed. Owing to defects in these and to the lack of combined action, a federal law was adopted in 1876, which gives the federation control over the forests of the mountain region embracing eight entire cantons and parts of seven others, or over 1,000,000 acres of forest. The federation itself does not own any forest land, and the cantons hardly 100,000 acres, somewhat over four per cent. of the forest area, two thirds of which is held in communal ownership, and the rest by private owners.

The law is quite remarkable as illustrating the rational principles upon which this little republic works, maintaining close relation between the general and cantonal governments, very different from our ridiculous jealousies between State and Federal governments.

The federal authorities have supervision over all cantonal, communal, and private forests, so far as they are "protective forests"; but the execution of the law rests with the cantonal authorities, under the inspection of federal officers. "Protective forests" are those which by reason of elevation and situation on steep mountain-sides or on marshy soils, on the banks of brooks or rivers, or where a deficiency of woodland exists, serve as a protection against injurious climatic influences, damage from winds, avalanches, land-slides, falls of rocks, washouts, inundation, etc. The cutting in these forests is regulated so as to insure a conservative use, and to prevent devastation. Where needful reforestation is mandatory, the federal and cantonal government share in the expense, or may expropriate with payment of full indemnification to the owners. No diminution of the forest area within the established area of supervised forests is permissible, and replanting is prescribed where necessary; nor can township or corporation forests be sold without consent of the cantonal authorities.

The national government contributes from thirty to seventy per cent. of the cost for the establishment of new forests, and from twenty to fifty per cent. for planting in protective forests; where special difficulties in reforestation are encountered, or where the planting is deemed of general utility, the cantonal government assumes the obligation of caring for and providing improvements in the plantings.

The employment of educated foresters is obligatory, and to render this possible, courses of lectures to the active foresters are maintained in the cantons. There is also an excellent forestry school at Zurich.

FRANCE.

BEFORE the Revolution in France, the forest code of 1669 enjoined private owners to manage their forests upon the principles on which the government forests were managed, which was by no means a very rational management, according to modern ideas, yet was meant to be conservative and systematic. During the Revolution a law forbidding clearing for twenty-five years was enacted, and later laws, the most important of which are those of 1860, 1862, and 1882, establish the control of the state over all "protective forests," and make mandatory the reforestation of denuded mountains.

Not only does the state manage its own forest property (one ninth of the forest area) in approved manner, and supervise the management of forests belonging to communities and other public institutions (double the area of state forests) in a manner similar to the regulation of forests in Germany, but it extends its control over the large area of private forests by forbidding any clearing except with the consent of the forest administration.

The permit to do so may be withheld where public interest demands. Heavy fines follow any attempt at clearing such forests without permission, and the owner may be forced to replant. In addition to this, the reforestation of denuded mountain-slopes is encouraged, enforced, or directly undertaken by the government.

The encouragement consists in the granting of financial aid or of plant material in proportion to the general good resulting from the work, or according to the financial condition of the communities undertaking it. Wherever reforestation is made obligatory by decree on account of the condition of the soil and watercourses, and the danger of threatening the lands below, the general council and a special commission have a voice; the territory to be reforested, the plans of work, the time limit fixed for the same, and the amount of aid offered by the forest administration, are published. If the land belongs to communities unwilling or unable to reforest, the government may either expropriate or do the work alone, holding the land until it is reimbursed; this can be done by the cession of one half the land within a given time. If the land belongs to private owners who refuse or fail to perform the work, the state may also expropriate, allowing redemption within five years.

The government, if desired, or where success depends on it, superintends the planting, and also regulates the use of these protective forests afterward.

In order to gain the confidence and coöperation of the communities and proprietors, annual meetings were held in which the government agents explained the advantages and methods of reboisement, and discussed the local conditions and difficulties. These meetings proved of great usefulness in the cause of rational forestry. The education resulting from them, and the success of the reforestation work, had covered, in 1888, an area of about 365,000 acres, of which 90,000 were private and 125,000 communal property, the rest belonging to the state. The expenditure by the state has been $10,000,000, of which about $2,500,000 were for expropriations, and $1,200,000 for subventions. The cost per acre for reforesting was somewhat less than $10.00. It is estimated that 800,000 acres more are to be reforested, and an additional expenditure of $38,000,000 is necessary before the damage done to the agricultural lands of eighteen French departments by reckless forest destruction will be repaired.

Shall the United States learn from these experiences? Shall we take advantage of these examples? How far may we utilize the methods indicated by them?

B. E. Fernow.

Digitized by Google

Goethe on Paper Money.

IT is somewhat singular that in the struggle for a stable and honest currency which has been going on ever since our civil war, in the series of conflicts with greenbackers, silver inflationists, and Populists, we have seen no allusion to the admirable satire upon fiat money, "based on the undeveloped resources of the country," which is contained in the first act of the Second Part of "Faust." Goethe drew his material, of course, from the then comparatively recent performances of the Scotch financier, Law, in France; but he gave his parable a touch of universality which makes it in some ways curiously prophetic of the monetary insanities of our own time.

He significantly ascribes the invention of fiat money to the father of lies. Mephistopheles, who has undertaken to deliver Faust from ennui, brings him (immediately after the Gretchen episode) to the court of the emperor. The court jester is thrown into a trance, and Mephistopheles takes his place. The imperial ministers draw a gloomy picture of the state of the empire. The chancellor bewails the disregard of justice, the reign of violence and fraud; the chief commander complains of the disorganization of the army, largely due to the impossibility of paying the soldiers; the treasurer laments the emptiness of his coffers and the failure of the imperial credit; and the marshal protests his inability to defray the expenses of the imperial cellar. The emperor asks the new jester if he cannot add something to this dreary litany of complaints. Mephistopheles cheerfully remarks that the root of all the evils in the empire seems to be the lack of money, and there is plenty of that—underground. The emperor has, indeed, given away most of his rights, as the treasurer has already said, but the right to all buried treasure is still in the crown—and what a quantity of wealth must have been hidden away and forgotten in the centuries of war and anarchy since the first Roman invasions! He pledges himself to devise a means of making this wealth available.

In an ensuing mask, in which Faust is introduced as the god of riches, the emperor's signature is obtained to a note secured by all the buried treasure in the realm, and redeemable as soon as the said treasure is unearthed. The note is manifolded that very night (Mephistopheles seems to have invented printing for the purpose), and is issued in various denominations from ten to one hundred crowns.

The next day the ministers rush into the imperial presence with glad tidings: all loans have been extinguished, and the court is out of the claws of the usurers; all current bills have been met; the soldiers have received their arrears of pay, and are full of wine and loyalty. The emperor, who had not realized what he was doing, is at first angry at the supposed forgery of his signature, then mystified that his people will take these bits of paper for good gold; but so long as they do, he can hardly quarrel with the relief so opportunely afforded him. In the rest of the scene the effects of the sudden inflation of the currency are indicated in a remarkably vivid manner. The money-changers are taking the notes, and paying gold and silver for them—"with a discount, to be sure," but, still, they are taking them. Half the world is thinking only of revelry, the other (and better) half of new clothes, and everybody is cheering the emperor.

Mephistopheles, in praising the convenience of the new money, anticipates one of the stock arguments of the greenbacker: heavy purses and pouches are done away with; a scrap of paper is easily tucked away in a breast-pocket, in a love-letter, or between the leaves of a breviary. "Majesty will pardon me if, by entering into these petty details, I seem to make little of the great achievement." Faust interpolates a grave sentence or two on the advantage of utilizing undeveloped resources, and on the practical value of the imagination. The wealth on which the notes are based is boundless, and therefore the really profound mind accepts them "with boundless confidence." Mephistopheles reverts to his more practical point of view. The notes are not only handy, but they furnish a stable standard of value. All the trouble of haggling over the exchange of different kinds of coin is done away with. If any one wants metal, he can get it from the money-changers; if they hesitate, "one can dig awhile," auction off the cups and chains he disinters, redeem his notes for himself, and put skeptics and scoffers to shame. The people are rapidly becoming used to the new money, and will soon refuse to do without it. Jewels, coin, and paper will furnish an abundant medium of exchange, easily kept equal to the demands of the country.

The emperor is now seized with a spirit of prodigality, and begins to distribute notes to his courtiers, asking each what he means to do with the largess. He is somewhat disappointed to find that no spirit of enterprise is awakened, that no new social forces are set in motion. The squire, indeed, proposes to pay off his mortgages, a highly laudable intention; but the *bon vivant* proposes to live even better; the gambler's dice jump in his pocket; the miser will add the notes to his hoard. Human nature is just as human as ever, and its various manifestations are simply intensified.

At the end of the scene the old jester reappears, and begs for a share of the imperial bounty. The emperor tosses him paper to the amount of five thousand crowns, with the prophecy that he will use it foolishly, and leaves the stage. The jester incredulously asks Mephistopheles if this stuff has really money value. Mephistopheles tells him that he can eat and drink his fill with it. The jester persists with growing excitement: "Can I buy with it acres, house, and cattle? A castle with a forest, hunting, fishing?" Assured of this, he hurries off, exclaiming:

> This very night in real estate I 'll revel.
>
> MEPHISTOPHELES (*solus*): Who longer doubts that our fool's head is level?
>
> Verily, verily, there is nothing new under the sun.

Munroe Smith.

The Head of Sir Walter Scott.

THE "Journal" of Scott tells us scarcely anything new in the way of facts, but it has had the effect of setting his character in a new light, not so much by altering as by deepening our previous conception of it. But in all the close sifting of the man it has called out, I have seen no mention of the death-mask which, by some miscarriage of taste, disfigures the outer covers of the two volumes, one giving a front, the other a side view. A death-mask always has something of the

Digitized by Google

repulsiveness of death; it is more deathly than the dead face itself, which often retains the living expression, while the cast retains only the sunken and hardened shape impressed by the "marring finger" of death. These post-mortem transcripts of Scott's head are by no means decorative, and should have been placed within and not without, especially as the shape is almost deformity. They are, however, of the utmost interest as revealing the shape of the head, which is only partly suggested in the portraits.

Scott's head has always been a puzzle to those who connect cranial proportion with mental traits, and they have been more willing to pass him by than to attempt to explain him, or they have credited him with qualities not sustained by the record. While I have no disposition to come to the rescue of the philosophers of the tactual and tape-line school, I can assure them that their case is not so bad as it seems; they have only to study it more closely, and by the light of a wider science, in order to bring it within their theories, with the exception of the size of the brain, which, like Byron's, was uncommonly small. But even this need not disturb the phrenologist, for recent science tells us that it is not the size of the brain that determines thought-power, but the amount of surface presented by its convolutions. A large brain may have relatively few convolutions or little working-surface, and a small brain may be so convoluted as to be nearly all surface, the difference being somewhat analogous to that between the radiating power of a cube of metal and half the amount spread out into a thin sheet. The trouble with this explanation is that the phrenologist can make no practical use of it, inasmuch as he cannot thumb and finger the inside of the head. A tape-line no longer suffices to measure mental capacity, and those who wear a hat of the same number as Daniel Webster must forego the happy inference that they could be as great as he if they should try. We are all driven to the old maxim, "Judge no man till he is dead," or to the still older rule of measuring greatness by deeds.

According to the distribution of Scott's brain as indicated by the outside, he should have been a conceited religious fanatic; but he was neither conceited, nor fanatical, nor over-religious. The head suggests by its height, or rather by its retreating length and narrowness, artificial compression,—not wholly a wrong suggestion, for it was by compression that its peculiar shape was produced. The matter is of intense interest when we realize that only a freak of nature prevented that matchless brain from being locked within an inclosure which would have made it that of a microcephalous idiot.

The peculiar shape of the skull is closely associated with his lameness: both were due to a congenital error in bone-making. When about eighteen months old he had a slight illness, caused by dentition. On recovery, he was found to have lost — as was thought at the time — "the power of his leg"; the real fact being that the child refused to move a suffering limb. From some cause, probably congenital, and brought into action by dentition, the process of bone-making was arrested, inducing swelling and shrinking of the limb and lameness, from which he never recovered, though it did not prevent great activity upon his feet. The defect or fault in the bones of the leg extended also to the skull, or, rather, another error in bone-making then showed itself. After death, the examination revealed that there had been "a premature union of the two parietal bones along the sagittal suture," due to an arrest of bone-making along the edges of the suture, which closed like a vise upon the expanding brain. This closure affected only the sagittal suture; the coronal suture was left free, and the brain pushed the vault of the skull up and back, creating the oblong shape so noticeable in the mask, and so similar to that of the microcephalous idiot. When Dr. Charles Creighton once happened to show to a distinguished French anthropologist a skull of one of this unfortunate class, with its boat-shape formation and effaced sagittal suture, the *savant* held it up and exclaimed, "*Voilà*, Walter Scott!" Had this defect in bone-making extended to the other sutures, there would have been no Sir Walter Scott, no increase of horse-hire in the Trosachs, no Scotland of romance, and no Waverleys for the world.

Questions arise which the anatomist and psychologist must answer. The brain of Scott was small; if the bone-making had been natural, and the brain had not been forced to the labor of lifting the skull, would it not have been larger and its convolutions more numerous? In that case, granting that there is a proportion between the size and convolutions of the organ and the mental faculties, what sort of man should we have had? Scott is already called Shaksperean; might he not have been another Shakspere in full measure?

Other questions arise. Some of Scott's senses were very dull, and all were far from being acute. He had but a slight ear for music, never getting farther in his enjoyment of it than ballads of a simple character; his daughter Anne sang down to him. Lockhart says of his sense of smell that when by chance the venison was so ripe as to make the company uncomfortable, Scott was indifferent to it. As to wines, he could scarcely distinguish them apart, confounding them in an amusing manner. His eye was far from being correct. He worked at nothing so hard as upon oil-painting, but with most dismal success — evidently from defect of eye. May not this dullness of the senses be connected with the crowding of the brain, by which the various nerves were weakened? It might also be asked if this unnatural handling of the organ by nature may not have had some effect in inducing that nervous energy with which he wrought, the misplacement turning his energies in a single direction. The most marvelous thing about Scott is the rapidity with which he worked. Carlyle, in his essay, often speaks of the healthiness of the man, which is true so far as his feelings and thought are concerned; but his rapidity suggests morbidness. May it not be connected with the trick nature played upon his brain? Nor can we fail to suspect that it may have had some relation to the disease of which he died. That he died of worry and overwork there is no doubt, but may not an ulterior cause be found in this crowding of the brain into unnatural shape and compass, with the effect of making it unduly sensitive, and predisposed to the malady which carried him off?

The point of these suggestions is that vast and splendid as were Scott's gifts and achievements, he is still entitled to allowance for what Nature intended but failed to do for him through her own fault.

T. T. Munger.

Digitized by Google

The Unity of the Sects.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

AT first sight the Christian sects seem as unlike as the colors of the solar spectrum, and as different from the simplicity and purity of Christian love as red and blue and violet are different from the white light of the sun. One seeks justification by sound doctrine, and sanctification by long creeds. Another tries to lift itself into the heaven of emotional ecstasy by tugging at the boot-straps of free will. Another finds saving efficacy in cadences and candles, music and millinery. Another insures an entrance to heaven by exclusiveness on earth. Another seeks to take the kingdom by the violence of denial and the boldness of free thought. And, among the illiterate, numerous sects seem to believe in salvation by reflex action; *i. e.*, the transference of sensuous stimulus from the sensory to the motor nerves without the intervention of the brain. Such is the view which the multitudes outside of the Church, who have no sympathy with its life and no insight into its thought, take of the differences which separate its members.

Then there is a large class within the Church having the Christian spirit, but lacking the breadth of view which ought to accompany it, who would explain away these differences. One man signs his name in bold John Hancock style, using plenty of ink. Another writes his with a fine Spencerian pen. Common-sense business men accept either signature as valid; but Baptist and Pedobaptist must split into sects because they differ as to the quantity of material used in an act as purely symbolical as the signing of one's name.

One man goes to a concert because he makes up his mind to go, and expects to have a good time. Another goes because he loves music, and music draws him. They do not require separate musicians, instruments, and concert-halls on that account. Yet on this very question of the relative importance of the two blades of the scissors which cut the threads of our fate,— freedom and determinism, free will and determination,— Calvinist and Arminian, Presbyterian and Methodist, must needs divide.

In a political campaign one class of voters are influenced chiefly by dry, hard presentation of facts and arguments. Another class are roused to political enthusiasm by brass bands, transparencies, uniforms, and kerosene-torches. Separate tickets, however, are not placed in the field to represent these issues. Yet ritualistic and non-ritualistic worshipers resist union as obstinately as oil and water.

This tendency to belittle and explain away the sects is as fashionable within the Church to-day as is the disposition to ridicule them in the outside world. And the one attitude is about as shallow and superficial as the other.

Sectarianism, or the disposition to spend everything in keeping up the fences while the fields go to weeds and briers, is indeed a serious evil; and we may congratulate ourselves on whatever inroads ridicule or reason can make upon it. Yet sectarianism is fast dying out, except in new and rural communities. If I, as an orthodox Congregationalist, prefer to have each stage of the spiritual journey precisely described in the doctrinal guide-book, and choose to verify by chart and compass each step as I proceed, I can rejoice that my more far-sighted companion is able to see and follow some shining banner far ahead, and that another has within his own breast as reliable a home instinct in religious matters as beasts and birds have in their temporal concerns. And, to speak of differences in substance rather than in method, the more profoundly I believe that Jesus Christ is very God of very God, the giver of divine life, and the incarnation of divine love, the more confidently shall I trust that he is able and willing to impart that life and love to those who with humble hearts reverence his character, and with obedient wills walk in his footsteps, even though with honest intellects they call him merely man.

Our present danger is not that we shall make too much of sects, but that we shall make too little of them. Sects are not the result of either perversity or folly. The fact is, God and his truth are very great; and man and the average mind of man are very small. To grasp the full revelation God has made of himself in Christ and in his Church is beyond the power of average humanity. The best of us get but partial glimpses of his glory. One sees one aspect of the divine; another, another. Yet amid all the diversity of individual view, there are certain great classes into which the individual differences may be grouped. The grouping together of individuals whose points of view most nearly coincide is the foundation of the sects. And the fact that the sect represents to the individuals who compose it that aspect of the divine truth and love which presents the line of least resistance to the communion of their souls with God is its sufficient justification.

Sects are to the Church what parties are to the State. The abstract idea of the State is too vast and vague for the average citizen to grasp. He is not able to deduce from the first principles of government the proper policy on every issue that comes up. Hence arise at least two opposite parties: one, which we call Republican, emphasizes the grandeur of the nation, vindicates its honor before the nations of the earth, and makes its power felt for the education of the ignorant, the relief of the suffering, and the protection of the wronged throughout the length and breadth of the land; the other, which we call Democratic, has for its mission to vindicate the largest liberty of the individual, to guarantee his freedom from all avoidable interference and unnecessary taxation, and to maintain local self-government. The danger of excessive Republicanism is corruption and tyranny; the danger of too much Democracy is rebellion and anarchy.

Now, the average citizen can grasp with clearness and force the merits of one of these parties, and the defects of the opposite one. In doing so, he is able to render to the State an important service as a partizan which he could not render as a mere citizen. Hence all good citizens must be partizans. The so-called independent differs from the regular partizan, not that he cares less for party, but that he cares more for party. He sees the merits and defects of both parties, and endeavors to ally himself with the one whose merits are most needed and whose defects are least dangerous at any given time.

In like manner the sects apprehend various sides of the one great fact of the love of God manifested in Jesus Christ, and imparted to humanity as the spirit of a new life of human love. One apprehends clearly how lost and loveless a creature man is without this love of God; traces minutely the process by which the grace of Christ gains entrance to the soul; marks off precisely the successive stages of the Spirit's conquest; and so

Digitized by Google

by orthodoxy, or right thinking and right teaching, whether it be Presbyterian or Congregationalist, makes the love of Christ a reality and a power in the world. Its body of doctrine is lacking in grace and warmth, no doubt; but it gives to its adherents strength for patient endurance, noble self-sacrifice, and far-reaching practical endeavor beyond any religious force the world has ever known.

To see the beauty of holiness, and to express worship in worthy and appropriate symbols, to organize human life into an enduring instituted embodiment of the sweetness of charity, is the special mission of the Episcopalian. To protect from change and cheapening the divinely ordained sacraments which signify the reception and communion of this same love of Christ, is the chosen work of the Baptist. To keep live coals upon the altar of Christian gratitude and joy, and to keep the way of repentance and forgiveness ever open to the wandering and the lost, is the glorious service in which the Methodist is an example to us all. To think out freshly and work out practically in relation to present problems this same love of God, is the perilous and arduous path on which the Unitarian ventures.

Evolution, in the words of its prophet, is "a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity through continuous differentiations and integrations." The sects are differentiations of the great Christian principle, and are essential to its evolution as a practical power among men. They are the special organs the Church has developed for the performance of special functions. To reduce them to uniformity would be seriously to impair the vigor and vitality of the Church as a whole.

Not uniformity, not union by ignoring differences, but oneness in the midst of differences,—the organic unity of members having features and functions entirely unlike,—is the goal of evolution for the Christian church.

It is the mark of a weak administrator to seek to compel his colleagues and subordinates to share his own views and plans. A strong man will seek to associate with himself the strongest men whom he can find, regardless of whether they agree with him in matters of detail or not, and then let the final policy of his institution or enterprise be the resultant of the wills of all these strong contending forces. The divine ruler of the Church has chosen the collision of sects with their several ideals, in preference to the stagnation of one-man power, and the deadness of uniformity. Sects are evil only when they become sectarian—that is, when differences of apprehension count for more than the object apprehended; when the private preferences of men are of more consequence than the love of God. The sect principle must in many cases be sacrificed even by those who appreciate its worth. In small country villages it is the duty of the members of the various sects to form a union church, since a union church in such villages is the only strong and efficient church possible. This does not imply that a union church is in itself better than a Methodist or an Episcopal church. It is simply the best they can afford; just as the district school where all grades are crowded into one, and the country store where everything from a toothpick to a horse-rake is huddled together, are the best school and store the country village can afford.

In the cities and large towns greater concert of action, and better division of territory, guided perhaps by a common council composed of representatives of each sect, are needed to coördinate the missionary efforts of the various members of the one church in the place. Greater comity between boards of home and foreign missions is also a crying need.

These sacrifices, concessions, and agreements, however, are by no means inconsistent with a full appreciation of the worth of sects. And it is not by obliterating the lines that separate them, but by deepening our consciousness of the bond that holds them all together as differing members of one organic body, that we must expect to avoid the evils of sectarianism without destroying the life and vigor, the liberty and originality, the independence and enthusiasm, of the Church.

As the State needs citizens who serve party well for country's sake, so the Church needs members whose fidelity to their particular sects is animated and sustained by devotion to that modern Catholic Church of which all sects in whose veins flows the blood of Christian love are useful and honorable members.

BRUNSWICK, ME. *William DeWitt Hyde.*

American Artist Series.

JOHN DONOGHUE. (See page 837.)

ON a Brooklyn dock, in the case in which it came from Rome, and perhaps one day to be sold for freight and custom charges, lies a colossal piece of sculpture, the greatest effort of an art life of over twenty years, a life spent in hard study in America, France, Italy, and England by a man whose artistic intuition can hardly be said to be second to that of any of our sculptors. This statue, "The Spirit," modeled by John Donoghue in Rome, was intended for exhibition at the World's Fair, but such a work calls for large outlay in material, models, casting, etc., and with the shipping of the statue Donoghue's resources were exhausted. As no one was found to do what, it would seem, the directors of the Fair might well have done,—pay for its transportation to Chicago, and for its setting up there,—the chances are that it will never be seen. But I cannot believe that Mr. Donoghue's great work will have this abortive ending. There is no lack of interest in art on the part of our people, and doubtless some one will be found who, for the honor of art, and the credit of the country, will resurrect this statue from its packing-case grave. Its worthiness may surely be inferred from the example of Mr. Donoghue's work reproduced on page 837 of this magazine—"Young Sophocles Leading the Chorus of Victory After the Battle of Salamis"—and from other works by the same artist shown in the United States in former years.

Mr. Donoghue's statues and reliefs are distinguished, dignified, and sculpturesque. They are builded, doubtless, on a Greek foundation, but are modern, and his own. There is in all good contemporary sculpture (whether from the standpoint of the purist this be a good quality or not) a tendency to the picturesque, in the form of warmth, of fleshiness, and of color. This tendency is felt in Donoghue's work, but is well restrained, for with him the sculptor is above the painter, the artist above the decorator.

John Donoghue was born in Chicago, Illinois. Soon after his twenty-first year he took up seriously the study of art, entering the Chicago Academy of

Digitized by Google

Design as a student in 1875. Upon leaving the Chicago Academy he went to Paris, and became, at the Beaux-Arts, a pupil of Jouffroy. In 1880 he exhibited at the Paris Salon a bust of "Phèdre," with which he made a success. One year later circumstances compelled his return to his native city. In 1883 he again went to Paris, to study under Falguière. From there he went to Rome, and set up an atelier, where the work which we engrave and several other statues were made. All these were exhibited at the Salon. After a period of portrait sculpture in Boston, he went to London, where he spent two years, and from there again to Rome, where "The Spirit" was modeled.

W. Lewis Fraser.

Origin of the Name "Stonewall" Jackson.

GENERAL D. H. HILL'S article in the February CENTURY having discredited the commonly accepted derivation of General Thomas J. Jackson's nickname "Stonewall" from an incident of the first battle of Bull Run, Major William M. Robbins, on reading the article, wrote to the Charlotte, North Carolina, "Observer" to say that he himself heard General Bee exclaim to a remnant of the Fourth Alabama, in which he was a lieutenant: "Yonder stands Jackson like a stone wall. Let 's go to his assistance."

A Sharpless Portrait of Washington.

MR. HENRY BOWERS of Brooklyn informs us that he is the possessor of the original crayon by Sharpless from which, evidently, the needlework portrait by Miss Sharpless, printed in the February number, was made. Mr. Bowers's picture was given by General Washington to Mrs. Hannah Cushing, wife of the Justice, and sister of Mr. Bowers's great-grandfather.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The Department of Athletics.

[PREFATORY NOTE: It is now well known that the decisive factor in the presidential election of 1896 was the issue of Athletics. That this issue was sprung upon the convention by the Hon. G. Hector Braun is also recognized. Hitherto, however, it has been supposed that no verbatim report of his great effort existed. We have lately learned that a student of Wellesley took down a few of the opening and closing paragraphs, merely as an exercise in shorthand, and was fortunately not carried away — as were the press reporters — by the excitement of the scene. Her notes are here given for the first time to the public.]

SPEECH OF THE HON. G. HECTOR BRAUN.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I have listened, I fear with ill-concealed restlessness, to the eloquent speeches of other honorable delegates. While admiring the skill and fervor they have devoted to the championing of bygone issues, I have felt a longing to step forth from the moldy air of antiquity into the fresh breezes of to-day.

The history of mankind is one of progression. Step by step the nations toil up the long stairway of improvement. The printing-press gave a foothold from which to spring to the phonograph. The phonograph in turn raised us to the level from which to clamber to the detective camera, and thence to spring into the saddle of the safety-bicycle, and upon pneumatic tires we glide forward toward — what?

Shall these instruments for the conquest of the world be wasted in renewing the struggles of the past? Shall the rifleman fling aside his repeating firearm to return to the slings and arrows of the middle ages?

There has been progress in other fields. Why should we retrace the beaten paths of politics? Enough — ay, more than enough, has been said upon questions of petty finance. Tariffs, treaties, silver — all these touch little but the pocket. Education, copyright, civil-service reform, ballot systems — these are questions of more moment, no doubt, but they belong to the realm of intellect and morals. They have had their day. In vain are these issues stuffed anew with oratorical straw. The people refuse to be moved by them.

A deadly lethargy is creeping with gigantic strides over the prostrate body politic. Do you deny this? Come then to the proof!

Take up that great barometer of public opinion, and consult its lengthening columns. Interrogate the press. "What moves our people to-day?" With the united voices of ten thousand cylinder-presses comes the unanimous reply, "Athletics!"

For us of to-day it is difficult to realize the benighted state of our forefathers. First fell the daily papers; the weeklies and the magazines offered only a short resistance; the great reviews longer withstood the advance, and it is only a few months since that the "Revue des Deux Mondes" signalized its surrender by its great article upon "Base Ball dans les États-Unis."

The Renaissance discovered the literature of the ancients; the age of Elizabeth applied the lessons taught by the giants of old; and then there came a pause.

Now as we see the fading of our own century, and feel the quickening of a greater time, we have learned to find in the games of ancient Greece the soil from which sprang the flower of her perfect blossoming! The crown of wild olive overshadows the puny laurels of Homer, of Phidias, of Æschylus. For us Leonidas is Greece. We see now why they reckoned by Olympiads!

. . . . . .

Even did we so wish, it is too late to stem the advancing tide. It remains only to direct it. The tariff, silver, banking, centralization — yea, even the great woman question, pale into insignificance before the looming grandeur, glory, and supremacy of Athletics. With the eye of faith the patriot may see the blessed day when every citizen is a perfect athlete — when the President may turn from breaking the hammer-record to affairs of state; when the presidents of our colleges may

Digitized by Google

surmount the hurdles as gracefully as even the senior class, fresh from the triumphs of the intercollegiate meetings. Nay, I do not despair of witnessing sharply contested tennis-matches between the representatives of Sorosis and the W. C. T. U.

. . . . . .

There are Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, of War, even of the Post-office, and of Agriculture. We have a Secretary of the Interior; where is the Secretary of the *Exterior*, the Minister of Athletics?

As England's wars are won upon the playgrounds of her great public schools, the fate of these United States hangs upon the flight of foot-balls and the strokes of base-ball bats; the swinging of our tennis-rackets but marks out the path that the gleaming saber must one day traverse to meet the charging foe. While the finances and the estates of our citizens claim the sedulous care of our politicians, statesmen, and diplomatists, shall the very physique of Americans, native and foreign, be left to the aimless development of casual circumstance?

And can these grave issues be left to chance? Too well we know the lawless times in which we live. Too often upon the close-cropped fields of gore and glory is heard through stern, set lips that fiendish roar of the populace, "Play Ball!" Who has not seen the helpless, unsupported umpire or referee shrink with paling cheeks from the awful responsibilities thrust upon him, as ten thousand dry throats hoarsely cry, "Goal! Goal!" when there is no goal — and as many raucous gullets bellow, "No goal! No goal!"

Our present state, disguise it as we may, is but anarchy. There is no standard, no settled basis upon which the nation can firmly rest with both feet. What are the questions of the day? Listen:

"Shall collegiate athletics be confined to undergraduates?" It may be; but, says the skeptic, "What *is* an undergraduate?" and behold the Constitution, the statutes, the courts,— nay, even the press,— all are silent and dismayed!

"When is an amateur not an amateur?" What Philadelphia lawyer can frame a reply? The old precedent of the door ajar lets in no light upon this vexed question.

"Where shall the odd game be played — on the home-ground or upon neutral territory?" Who shall say? The learned faculties of our moss-grown universities ransack their dusty libraries in vain.

. . . . . .

Shall we, degenerate sons of Magna Charta, of the Bill of Rights, of the Declaration and the Emancipation Proclamation — shall we be stricken down by the stony paw of the Sphinx of Athletics? We must face the crisis! For the sake of our children we must evoke order from primeval chaos!

The Government with its strong arm must settle these things. Once there is a Department of Athletics, minor details will settle themselves.

Let us look forward a little. Does not the imagination portray the new Age of Muscle — a time when every ball-game will have its Government umpire? At first, no doubt, there will be need for other than moral support; but soon the regiment of regulars and their machine-guns — the bayonet on the ball-ground — will be a tradition. The uniform of office will be respected. When the official umpire, backed by the entire strength of national authority, says, "Out!" it will *be* out. A few short, sharp engagements with the turbulent classes, and order will reign in Warsaw.

Records will then be preserved in the national archives. The Government timekeepers, statisticians, and judges, in their neat blue uniforms, will settle all questions without appeal — save, of course, to that palladium of our liberties, the Supreme Court. And of that august body our greatest authorities upon athletics will then be the honored members.

Bounties to encourage record-breaking, and a pension-list for disabled and superannuated collegians and others will no doubt follow in due time. All these, though, are but minor matters. Now the supreme issue itself is before a sovereign people.

Shall we have a Department of Athletics? — or are the citizens of the world's greatest republic to admit before all nations that they will educate the mind alone, and leave its foundation, the body, without the governmental supervision so freely accorded to minor branches of human interest?

To put the issue is to answer it. Away with legal cobwebs!

Let the coming President appoint his Secretary of Athletics, and the sovereign people in one united wedge will overcome all opposition, until they shall kick the ball of progress high over the goal of triumph!

[WILD confusion and tumultuous cheering. The nomination immediately followed, and the world now knows the result.]

Tudor Jenks.

The Lost Friend.

I LOST a friend, and gained thereby
  A lover generous and true;
I spoke with grief the fatal Nay,
But dreamed when love was once away
  Our friendship would renew.

But only sorrow came instead,
  Nor was renewed sweet friendship's growth;
I scorned the gift Fate chose to send,
Nor deemed the lover was the friend,
  And so I lost them both.

Mary Berri Chapman.

Development.

YES, people change: we did, you know;
Last August, just a year ago,
  You wore red poppies in your hair
  That night at Brown's; I called you fair,
And you were pleased I thought you so.

The music, throbbing soft and low,
Seemed filled with joy — or was it woe?
  I could not tell, for you were there —
    Yes, people change.

To-night your gown 's like drifted snow;
The wedding-march peals softly, slow;
  For Tom a bridal wreath you wear,
  And I — some way I do not care.
I should have cared a year ago —
    Yes, people change.

Helen Nicolay.

Digitized by Google

Miranda.

THEY had "a small and early" at "The Elms" across the way,
Where the season's budding beauties blushed in summer-time array;
A galaxy of loveliness rose beaming on the view,
And only tresses harbored gloom, and only eyes were blue;
But in all that starry gathering the fairest spot to me
Was where the sweet Miranda poured the coffee and the tea.

Oh, her face was like the lily when the sunshine follows shower,
And the men around her hovered like the bees around a flower.
How they hungered for her glances when her lids were lifted up!
If she smiled on one 't was sweeter than the sugar in his cup;
And her little trills of laughter seemed celestial melody
To the swains who watched Miranda pour the coffee and the tea.

Skilful sculptor never molded who could reproduce the turn
Of the arm of sweet Miranda as she tips the steaming urn.
Yellow blooms will be the fashion when the news is spread abroad:
Each gallant of the country-side will woo the jealous god;
For before the season 's over, tête-à-tête, for happy me,
Will Miranda's dainty fingers pour the coffee and the tea.

Clinton Scollard.

Aphorisms.

WHEN the Creator wishes a vehicle for his thought, he makes an artist.

A sane speech dropped into a heated discussion acts chemically — it precipitates the sediment.

The only really popular thing is mediocrity.

Self-love cures its own wounds.

To know oneself, one must get an outsider's view of it.

It is entirely possible to love a small person largely; the thing is subjective, not objective.

Charity begins at home, but vanity heads subscription lists.

Travel may make an insular man at least — peninsular.

It is of no use for my friend to protest he loves me if he refuses to share my cakes and ale.

Constancy is not an obligation which I have incurred: it is the need of my own soul.

I have known an explosion to follow the dropping of an idea into an empty head.

Some people join a church in the same way that they take out an insurance against fire — and for the same reason.

Dorothea Lummis.

The Widdy McGee.

SAYS I t' meself, ez Sunday kim in,
A-courtin' th' widdy I now will begin;
'T is Sunday, an' sure 't is good luck t' set in,
Though 't is always good luck t' court Widdy McGee:
Says I t' meself — but the day it went by,
A-courtin' the widdy I niver went nigh.
A mavis at morning sang merrily by;
Sure, 't was bad luck it meant t' court Widdy McGee.

Says I t' meself, ez Monday kim in,
A-courtin' th' widdy I' ll now thry ag'in;
There 's time enough yit, for good luck t' set in,
An' good luck is waitin' for Widdy McGee:
Says I t' meself — but I got a bad fright,
Th' torch o' th' waxwing I saw wid its light;
An' I swore by th' saints at th' ill-omened sight,
O 't was bad luck it meant t' court Widdy McGee.

Says I t' meself, ez Tuesday kim in,
A-courtin' th' widdy it may be 't is sin,
But there 's luck in odd numbers, I 'll thry it ag'in;
A man is a fool to fear Widdy McGee:
Says I t' meself — but a starling flew past,
Away in th' sky a-skurrying fast;
Sure, th' witches were nigh, an' they 'd have me at last,
Says I, I don't dare t' court Widdy McGee.

Says I t' meself, ez Wednesday kim in,
Ez three times is out, now good luck will begin;
I 'm niver afeared t' thry it ag'in;
She 'll charm away witches, swate Widdy McGee:
Says I t' meself — an' close by on a tree,
An ol' crow; an' faix he kept lookin' at me.
Th' divil was in it; 't was plain ye could see
I 'd niver go courtin' that Widdy McGee.

Says I t' meself, ez Thursday kim in,
Th' time it is flyin', an' if I would win
Th' Widdy McGee, I must haste t' begin.
Th' divil take luck, when wid Widdy McGee:
Says I t' meself — but what should I see
But a magpie, ez evil a bird ez can be!
Was it somebody else, or sure was it me,
Or worse than all else, was it Widdy McGee?

Says I t' meself, ez Friday kim in,
'T is an unlucky day, I don't dare t' begin
A-courtin' the widdy, lest worse luck set in;
There 's a year and a day t' win Widdy McGee:
Says I t' meself — an' the sedge-warbler sang,
An' all o'er the meadow it merrily rang.
Wid its note o' good luck I hurried alang,
But nowhere could find that Widdy McGee.

Says I ez the Saturday morning kim in,
Ez she comes from confession I 'll courtin' begin,
An' divil a bit do I care if 't is sin,
Nor for all o' the luck on land or on sea:
Says I t' meself — oh, how shall I tell,
O' the luck that badly on that day befell?
I wish I was hung an' dhrowned in a well,
For another, that day, wed Widdy McGee!

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

"Look in Thy Heart."

THE Poet says, Look in thy heart and write!
But thou, demand what is that heart of thine —
The home of rancor, grief, unrest, and spite,
Or filled with love of man and dreams divine?

Titus Munson Coan.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google

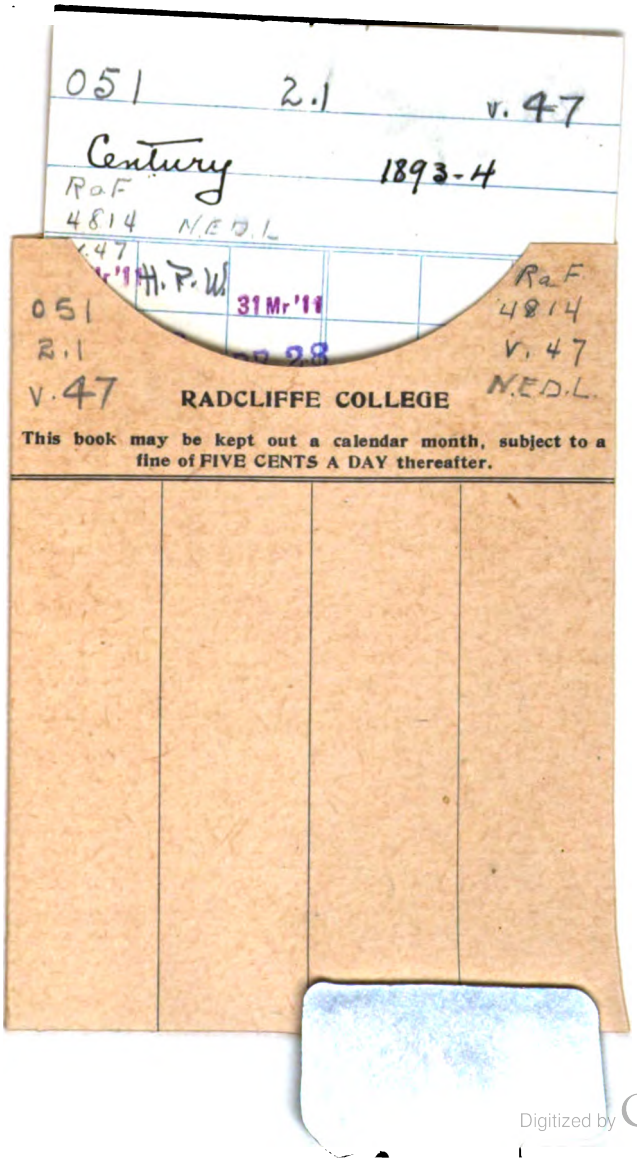
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

3 2044 048 605 083


051 2.1 v. 47
Century 1893-4
RaF 4814 N.E.D.L.
H. P. W.
31 Mr '11
051 2.1 V.47
RaF 4814 V.47 N.E.D.L.
RADCLIFFE COLLEGE
This book may be kept out a calendar month, subject to a fine of FIVE CENTS A DAY thereafter.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google